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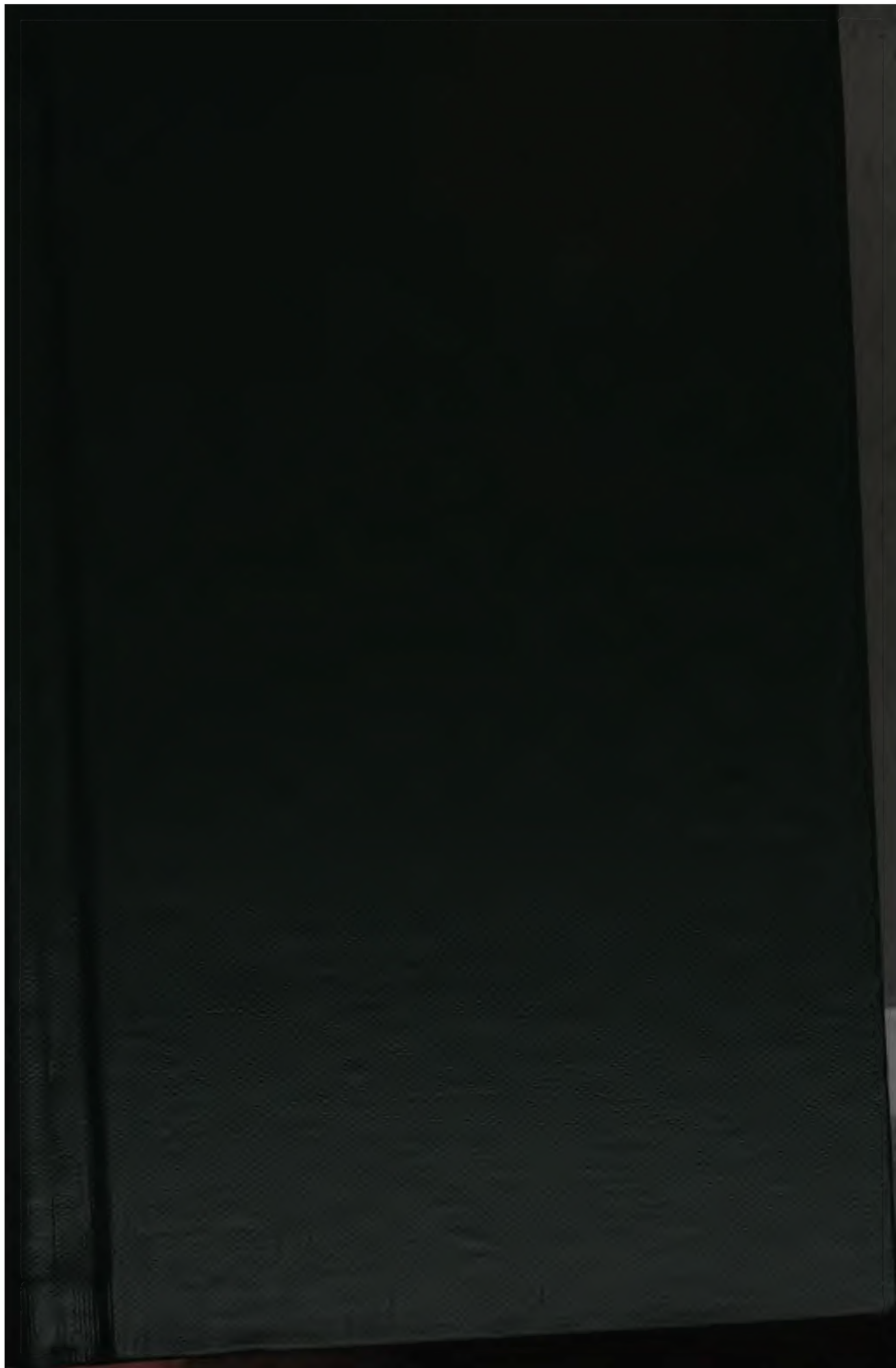
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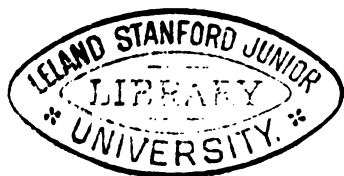


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RUSSIA AND ENGLAND.

SELDOM has the death of any public man caused so sudden and so great a change in public feeling towards him as the death of the late Tsar has caused in England. The resignation of the illustrious patient during his lingering and painful illness ; his discharge of his public duties almost to the last day of his life ; his unostentatious piety ; his exemplary character as a husband and father ; the purity of his court ; his splendid service, in spite of many provocations, to the cause of peace ; together with the pathos of the most solitary of widowhoods, that of the bereaved consort, still young, of the greatest of autocrats, out of whose life one blast of desolation has swept all the greenness and the blossom—all this has appealed to the imagination and sympathy of our nation at large with a force and directness as genuine as they are universal. The knowledge of it helped to cheer the last days of the dying Emperor, and its first fruit was visible in the order sent to the Russian fleet in the East to cultivate friendly relations with the British fleet. The Russian press has reciprocated the friendly sentiments of the British press, and both countries were thus prepared to welcome and applaud Lord Rosebery's announcement of the better understanding which his Government, aided by the Prince of Wales, had succeeded in establishing between the two Governments.

The present, then, seems a favourable opportunity for reviewing in brief the causes of antagonism between the two countries, and for inquiring whether their political interests clash in any part of the world. For, after all, the policy of every nation is, in the last resort, governed by what it believes to be its interests. If Russia believed that her interests would be served by thwarting British policy and damaging or destroying our rule in India or elsewhere, I have as little doubt

that she would eventually yield to the temptation as I have that England would prove just as fallible under the stress of a similar temptation. The difference between the two nations is that Russia takes a much more enlightened view of her interests in this respect than England takes of hers. In a despatch during the controversy on the Eastern Question in 1877 Prince Gortschakoff said: "It is really painful to see two great States [Russia and England], which together might regulate European questions to their mutual advantage and the benefit of all, excite themselves and the world by an antagonism founded on prejudices or misunderstandings." * This is the language of reason and common sense, and Russia has often, during the last half-century, striven to come to a friendly understanding with England as regards both India and Turkey. From the point of view of British interests we have no motive for thwarting Russian policy in Turkey, except for the purpose of preventing her from using Constantinople or any other coign of vantage in the Ottoman Empire as a base of operations against us in India. But if it can be shown that Russia has no designs on India, it is obvious that her operations in Turkey cannot affect us injuriously, however they might affect Germany and Austria and the nascent Principalities which are rising over the ruins of the Ottoman domination in Europe. I do not insist on the declarations of Russian Sovereigns and statesmen that Russia has no designs on India, though such declarations have been frequent and emphatic. In 1877 Prince Gortschakoff derided the alleged designs of Russia on India as a fable "belonging to the domain of political mythology." And in the same year the Tsar solemnly declared that he "had not the slightest wish to menace the interests of England either with regard to Constantinople or Egypt, the Suez Canal or India. With respect to India, his Majesty not only considers it impossible to do so, but an act of folly if practicable."† But I am going to build no conclusion on those declarations, convinced though I am of their sincerity. For the sake of argument, I will even assume that they were all intended as a blind to lull England into a treacherous dream of fancied security while Russia was secretly preparing mischief against her. I am ready to make any concession against Russia, provided believers in the Russian bugbear will make one little concession to me in return, namely, that Russia is not a nation of lunatics. Putting the Tsar's good faith and motives aside, is it true, in matter of fact, that to harbour any design of invading India would be not only to aim at the impossible, but to perpetrate "an act of folly, if practicable"? Let me test the assertion by the irresistible logic of facts.

Let us then consider, in the first place, what an invasion of India by Russia would mean in a military point of view. Her last war against Turkey obliged her to put about half a million of men into

* "Turkey," No. 1 (1877), p. 736.

† "Turkey," No. 9 (1878), p. 2.

the field, and it took her nearly a year to defeat her foe. Yet she was fighting for the most part in the midst of a friendly population. Her lines of communication with her base were free from any risk of interruption. She had the aid of Roumania in her commissariat and in supplying her with 30,000 excellent troops, and of Servia and Montenegro, who engaged a considerable number of Turkish troops. If, with all these advantages, it took Russia nearly a year to subdue the Ottoman Empire, would she be likely to invade India with a smaller army than she found necessary to launch against Turkey? But considering the absence of railways and the nature of the country she would have to traverse, 500,000 men would certainly require double that number of camp followers. There would, therefore, be a million and a half of human beings to feed. The Afghans would be bitterly hostile, for whatever their feelings might be towards us, they would aid us heartily against the invaders of their country. The conquest of Afghanistan required some 70,000 of our best troops in the last war, and the Afghan army is much better armed and drilled than it was then, and would, in case of a Russian invasion of India, have all the aid that we could give it in officers and war material. Nor are the Russian possessions in Central Asia so securely consolidated that Russia could absolutely depend on the loyalty of the Khanates. The march of an army of invasion from the Oxus to the gates of India would be a terrible undertaking even if there were no dangers *en route*. The intervening space bristles with a series of lofty mountain ranges, in which there are but few passes, most dangerous to an invading army, so that a large force would have to be left behind to keep open the communications.

Taking all these facts into consideration, we may safely assert that by the time the Russian army reached the frontier of India it would be reduced by half its numerical strength; in other words, Russia would face us with an army of 250,000 men. But that army would be at a great distance from its base, with a hostile country—mountainous, roadless, barren—behind it, and probably a population largely disaffected within its own frontier. The preparations and the march together would occupy many months, and that interval would give us ample time to prepare for the invaders. Besides harassing them on the march by co-operation with the Afghans, and doing our best to stir up disaffection in their rear, we should be able, as they issued from the few passes available, to meet them in greatly superior strength, aided as we should certainly be by the forces of the native princes. We should be close to our supplies, with nothing to interfere with the lines of our communication; and our resources in men and means would be practically inexhaustible. Defeat to the Russian army under such circumstances would mean annihilation. Its prestige

gone, swarms of enemies would rise up behind and around it to cut off its retreat; and the blow of so great a disaster would not only imperil the position of Russia in Asia; it would shake her to her centre in Europe.

But let us, for the sake of argument, assume the improbable contingency of our being defeated in our first encounter with the Russian army of invasion. This would be serious, as it might encourage disaffection on the part of some of our native population. But we should have made ample preparation for such an event; and with the certainty of being able to rely on the loyalty of the most warlike tribes, the loss of a battle would not be the same thing to us that it would be to Russia. To her it would be absolute ruin; to us, with all India, and the sea, and a land seamed with railways, behind us and under our control, it would only be a misfortune from which we could soon recover.

But if, contrary to all rational calculations, Russia should succeed in breaking our power in India and driving us to our ships, she would only be at the beginning of her troubles. She would be obliged to conquer India for herself. Her only chance against us would lie in seducing a large proportion of our Indian subjects from their allegiance and turning their arms against us. But does any one suppose that the natives of India would help Russia to get rid of us in order to put their necks under her yoke? "Ah! Jamie, Jamie," said "the witty monarch" to his brother, when he told him of a rumoured plot against the king's life, "you may be very sure that nobody will kill me in order to make you king." We may be very sure that the natives of India would not help to kill our rule in order to put that of Russia in its place. So that Russia, after driving us (*ex hypothesi*) out of the country, would find herself surrounded by hostile populations—both those who helped her against us and those who fought on our side. She would have to subdue India for herself and reorganise its Civil Service; and no one who will take the trouble to think out the problem can doubt that Russia would lose much more than she gained by the conquest of India.

And what possible motive could Russia have for wantonly running so tremendous a risk? The loss of India would be a great blow to our prestige and pride; but it may be doubted whether any other great Power would care to step into our place. India is a poor country, and the rapid growth of population under a civilised government is making it gradually poorer. Its possession is certainly more useful to us than it would be to any other Power; and Russia is, of all Powers, the one to which India would be of least use. It would be more likely to impoverish than to enrich her exchequer, even if she got possession of it without striking a blow. She needs no outlet for a redundant population. On the contrary, her population is far

too sparse for the territories over which she rules. And in the event of war with a superior naval Power India would be a great embarrassment to her. In short, if the enemies of Russia could devise a scheme more certain than any other to lead her to ruin, it would be to tempt her to engage in the desperate hazard of a war of conquest in India. Her possessions are already vaster than she can properly manage, and what she needs—and every Russian statesman knows it—is a long spell of peace to develop her enormous resources and consolidate her unwieldy empire by the gradual diffusion and enlargement of liberal institutions, of which she already possesses the model and framework in her ancient provincial assemblies. So that in refusing to believe that Russia has any designs upon India I am not crediting her with any transcendental unselfishness, or any unusual freedom from political ambition. I am simply judging her by the rule of self-interest, and giving her credit for nothing beyond the possession of ordinary common sense and reasoning faculties. Well might Prince Gortschakoff characterise this craze about a Russian invasion of India as an absurdity “belonging to the domain of political mythology.” The invasion of India, as the Emperor Alexander II. said truly, is “not only impossible, but would be an act of folly if practicable.” Our own highest military authorities have always taken that view of the question. Lord Hardinge, who afterwards succeeded the Duke of Wellington as commander-in-chief, ridiculed the fear of a Russian invasion of India as “a political nightmare.” “Lord Hardinge is quite right,” said the Duke, when this was reported to him. “Rely upon it, you have nothing to fear from Russia in that direction.”

But is it equally certain that Russia would not use her position in Central Asia to trouble us in India in the event of a war between her and England? Certainly Russia would set a unique example of magnanimity if she failed to avail herself of any chance of crippling her adversary. But so long as we rule our Indian subjects justly Russia, with all the will in the world, could do us no harm. Well governed and contented populations are impervious to foreign intrigue. But if we mind our own business and look after our own interests, what possible quarrel can we have with Russia? An invasion of India, as I have shown, would argue so deliberate an intention to commit political suicide on the part of Russia, that we may dismiss all arguments founded on such an hypothesis to the realm of fairy tales. The only imaginable *casus belli* between the two countries would be some aggression by Russia on the Ottoman Empire; notably any movement having for its object the conquest and permanent possession of Constantinople. But England is not specially interested in Constantinople, except in so far as its possession by Russia might be supposed to give her a *point d'appui* for attacking India. But would it do so? Only on the assumption that we should

be able in case of war to use the Suez Canal for warlike purposes. But that is impossible for two reasons. We are debarred by an international treaty which has closed the canal against the warships of all belligerents; and even if there were no international barrier, no Government would be so mad as to make the venture, for it would simply be sending its ships into a trap. The best living authority on that subject is Lord Charles Beresford, who has made a special study of it. It is his opinion that a belligerent could easily detain his adversary's ships in the canal for at least three weeks by sinking an obstruction in their path. It is obvious, therefore, that no Government would run such a risk even if the canal were not neutralised by international agreement. And, besides, the sea voyage to India has been so abridged that there would be no inducement to run the smallest risk in using the Suez Canal. It follows that Constantinople has no bearing at all on the defence of India, and, consequently, that England has no special interest in keeping Russia out of it. Indeed, if the safeguarding of India be the supreme aim of our policy in Turkey, the voice of prudence would seem to counsel our Government to encourage Russia to Constantinople. For does any one in his senses imagine that Russia at Constantinople, with the rich inheritance of the Sick Man at her feet, would be so stark mad as to engage, for no conceivable reason, in a policy of Quixotic adventures in India? In short, Russia has no motive to vex us in India, except in so far as it might enable her to give us checkmate in Turkey. On the other hand, we have no motive, from a British-interest point of view, to checkmate Russia in Turkey, except for the purpose of preventing her from vexing us in India. Our respective interests, viewed in the dry light of reason, clash nowhere. Of all the Powers of Europe we are the two who have most to gain by a friendly understanding, and most to lose by a policy of antagonism. If, therefore, I do not advocate the substitution of Russian for Turkish rule at Constantinople, it is not because I fear any danger to British interests from such a solution of the Eastern Question, but because I do not think that an exclusive regard to its own interests is the noblest or the most beneficial aim of a nation's ambition. The capital of European Turkey belongs of right to the Christian population of European Turkey; and it ought not to be beyond the capacity of the confederate statesmanship of Europe to make such provision as shall leave Constantinople to its rightful owners when the Ottoman's hour of doom shall have struck.

But is it certain, after all, that Russia desires Constantinople? I can imagine the smile of incredulity with which some readers will greet that question. Well, let us again apply the test of self-interest. If it can be shown that it would clearly be to the interest of Russia to possess herself of Constantinople, I will admit that she will

endeavour to obtain possession of it, all protestations to the contrary notwithstanding.

Russia has never had a more ambitious or more imperious Sovereign than the Emperor Nicholas, and there is no doubt that he might have occupied Constantinople in 1829, had he wished to do so. This has been sometimes disputed, but on insufficient grounds. Granting all that has been said as to the inefficient state of the Russian army of invasion—and the evidence on that point seems to me far from conclusive—still Russia was not exhausted, and she could have reinforced her army without any great difficulty. But Turkey was utterly exhausted. Her fleet destroyed; her old army system just abolished; her new levies demoralised by defeat; her exchequer empty; she lay prostrate and helpless at the feet of her conqueror. Nor was any of the great Powers prepared to offer any resistance to the military occupation of Russia by Constantinople. All acknowledged that the Porte had, by its insolence and misdeeds, forfeited the sympathy of the civilised world. The reason of Russia's self-restraint on that occasion was given by Count Nesselrode, three months after the Peace of Adrianople, in a private letter addressed to a member of the Imperial family—not published at the time, and therefore free from any political *arrière pensée*. The Imperial Chancellor's letter states Russia's policy so frankly and succinctly that it deserves to be put on record:

"There was nothing to prevent our armies from marching on Constantinople and overthrowing the Turkish Empire. No Power would have opposed, no danger menaced us, if we had given the finishing stroke to the Ottoman monarchy in Europe. But, in the opinion of the Emperor, that monarchy, weakened and under the protection of Russia, is more advantageous to our interests, political and commercial, than any new combination which might force us either to extend our territories by conquest, or to substitute for the Ottoman Empire some States which would not be slow to compete with us in power, in civilisation, in industry and wealth. It is on this principle that his Imperial Majesty has always regulated his relations with the Divan."

In the summer of 1853 Count Nesselrode made a similar disclaimer officially on behalf of his Imperial master. The Eastern Question was then approaching an acute stage. The abominations of Turkish misrule had gone from bad to worse, and the Emperor Napoleon, smarting from a snub recently administered to him by Nicholas on his assumption of the Imperial title, and anxious to establish his position in the brotherhood of European Sovereigns by a great war in alliance with England against the Monarch who had dared to snub him, contrived the Crimean War. Unfortunately for the cause of peace, there was another man of potent influence, who also had a private quarrel to avenge with Nicholas—Sir Stratford Canning, then British Ambassador at the Porte. Between the two England

was skilfully manœuvred into what I humbly venture to consider one of the most unjustifiable wars of modern times. Napoleon's private grudge was quickened by his desire to enlist Catholic France in support of his *parvenu* * dynasty, and the rivalry between Rome and Russia for the protectorate of the Holy Places in Jerusalem was dexterously seized upon for that purpose. Meanwhile the Emperor Nicholas had begun to despair of prolonging much longer the life of the Sick Man on the Bosphorus, and he took England accordingly, through her Ambassador at his Court, into his confidence. Those confidential conversations with Sir Hamilton Seymour our Government afterwards published in order to influence public opinion in this country in favour of the Crimean War. They would, I imagine, have a contrary effect if published now. The following extracts will be read with interest :

"With regard to Constantinople, I am not under the same illusions as Catherine II. On the contrary, I regard the immense extent of Russia as her real danger. I should like to see Turkey strong enough to be able to make herself respected by the other Powers. But if she is doomed to perish, Russia and England should come to an agreement as to what should be put in her place. I propose to form the Danubian Principalities, with Servia and Bulgaria, into one independent State, placed under the protection of Russia; and I declare that Russia has no ambition to extend her sovereignty over the territories of Turkey. England might take Egypt and Crete; but I could not allow her to establish herself at Constantinople, and this I say frankly. On the other hand, I would undertake to promise on my part, never to take Constantinople, if the arrangement which I propose should be concluded between Russia and England. If, indeed, Turkey were to go suddenly to pieces before the conclusion of that convention, and I should find it necessary to occupy Constantinople, I would not of course promise not to do so."

On a subsequent occasion the Emperor said :

"I would not permit any Power so strong as England to occupy the Bosphorus, by which the Dnieper and the Don find their way into the Mediterranean. While the Black Sea is between the Don, the Dnieper and the Bosphorus, the command of the strait would destroy the commerce of Russia, and close to her fleet the road to the Mediterranean. If an Emperor of Russia should one day chance to conquer Constantinople, or should find himself forced to occupy it permanently, and fortify it with a view to making it impregnable, from that day would date the decline of Russia. If I did not transfer my residence to the Bosphorus, my son, or at least my grandson, would. The change would certainly be made sooner or later; for the Bosphorus is warmer, more agreeable, more beautiful than Petersburg or Moscow; and if once the Tsar were to take up his abode at Constantinople, Russia would cease to be Russia. No Russian would like that. There is not a Russian who would not like a Christian crusade for the delivery of the Mosque of St. Sophia; I should like it as much as any. But nobody would like to see the Kremlin transported to the Seven Towns."

The son and grandson of Nicholas were strenuous advocates of this policy, and it has, in fact, been the settled policy of Russia, as

* It is his own expression in announcing his election as Emperor.

expounded by her leading statesmen and newspapers, from the time of Nicholas to our own. I shall be told by some—but their number is diminishing—that Russian professions and assurances are not to be trusted. My experience—and perhaps I know as much by reading and travel as most of those who make the assertion—is that Russian professions in matters political are much on a par with those of other politicians, our own included. But I have purposely abstained all through from building any argument on Russian professions. It is solely by the rule of selfishness that I am testing the policy of Russia, and I say that the language of Nicholas about the Sick Man and the fate of Constantinople bears the stamp of transparent honesty, because it is the expression of an enlightened self-interest. The possession of Constantinople by Russia would be the beginning of the end of the Russian Empire. It was the language of common-sense which declared that “the immense extent of Russia was her real danger.” But that, although a serious, would not be the dominant, element of danger in the possession of Constantinople by Russia. Her political centre of gravity would inevitably be transferred to the banks of the Bosphorus, and Russia, once there, could not help encroaching on the independence and development of the Danubian and Balkan States, which would have the sympathy of Austria and Germany—not to be reckoned on as remaining always sentimental—behind them. And in addition Russia would become a composite empire, partly Muscovite and partly Byzantine. Moscow would be jealous of the new Byzantium, and Byzantium would hate Moscow; and Greeks and Serbs, Roumanians and Bulgarians, with Austria and Germany at their back, would be plotting mischief on the flanks of the unwieldy empire, and fostering the seeds of dissolution, which would certainly fasten on Russia as the possessor of Constantinople.

We may be sure that Russian statesmen see all this quite as plainly as any outsiders, and we may therefore feel confident that they are not likely to risk the ruin of the empire for the more than doubtful gain of being masters of Constantinople. But, however that may be, there is one argument against Russia's possession of Constantinople which renders all other arguments superfluous, inasmuch as it is decisive—the argument of impossibility in the present condition of the political world. If England gave Russia *carte blanche* to occupy Constantinople, there are at least two great Powers, and several small ones, which would step immediately to the front and put a veto on the acquisition. If, as Nicholas saw, the master of Constantinople could command the outflow of the Don and Dnieper, he could also command the mouths of the Danube—a river in which Germany and Austria, and Roumania, Bulgaria and Servia, are far too deeply interested to let any other great Power dominate its com-

munication with the sea. The eagles of Russia cannot float from the battlements of Constantinople, were she foolish enough to try the venture, before the morrow of the day on which she has Germany and Austria, together with Roumania and the Balkan States, prostrate before her after a battle of Armageddon. We have, in fact, been all these years foolishly pulling the chestnuts out of the fire for other people to our own serious risk and damage. It has suited Germany and Austrian interests well to make John Bull the guardian of Constantinople on the absurd plea that it is one of the keys of India. They have thus been enabled by means of British blood and treasure to drive the pressure of the Russian Colossus off their own frontier in Europe on to our frontier in Asia. Russia is bound to find a free outlet to the sea, and if she is forbidden it at the Dardanelles, she will take it in the Persian Gulf. For my part, I see no objection, from the point of view of British interests, to her having it in both places. Granting that Russia can have no possible motive for troubling us in India or elsewhere, if we do not wantonly frustrate her legitimate aspirations by foolishly fighting the battles of other people, the Russian fleets in the Indian Ocean and Mediterranean Sea would have every inducement to cultivate the friendship, none to provoke the hostility, of the fleets of England. Why should it be assumed that the addition of the Russian navy to the navies of other nations in the Mediterranean must necessarily disturb the balance of power as against England? It seems to be a necessity for some of our countrymen, including great statesmen, to enjoy the luxury of having some foreign bugbear to keep their patriotism up to the mark. As late as 1862 Lord Palmerston blamed the "timidity" of the Duke of Wellington, in 1830, in allowing the French to take possession of Algeria—"a possession which, whenever we have a war with France, will give us trouble and cause us much annoyance." He opposed the making of the Suez Canal because "the political objects of the enterprise are hostility to England in every possible modification of the scheme. . . . We have on the other side of the Channel a people who, say what they may, hate us as a nation from the bottom of their hearts, and would make any sacrifice to inflict a deep humiliation upon England." * That was only six years after the *entente cordiale* between France and England in the Crimean War; and, without committing myself to Lord Palmerston's opinion, I must own that he had much better ground for it than the Russophobists have for theirs. At this moment, and for some years past, the Power that has set itself to malign the good name of England and damage British interests is France, if we are to judge her by the language of her press and by her acts in Egypt and elsewhere. I have lately spent two winters in Egypt, and while I gladly bear testimony to the splendid work done in the valley of the Nile by means of the British occupation, I must add

* Ashley's "Life of Lord Palmerston," vol. ii. p. 224-326

—what is a matter of notoriety to any one who looks into the facts—that the amelioration of Egypt would be tenfold what it is but for the persistent intrigues of France and her obstinate resistance to every project which has for its object the improvement of the material condition of the country or the well-being of its people. The truth seems to be that we have for years past been so complaisant towards France that she apparently thinks that she may take any liberty with us with impunity. In exchange for our amorphous occupation of Cyprus—that white elephant of diplomacy—we sanctioned a French protectorate in Tunis, which has been turned into a virtual, and will on the death of the Bey be turned into a formal, occupation of the country. And we made at the same time certain reservations about Biserta, which have since been set at nought; that landlocked lake, in which all the navies of the world could with ease ride at anchor, having been turned by France into the most formidable arsenal in the world. And against whom? Gibraltar lies between Biserta and Toulon, and Malta is not far off. Talk of Russia on the Bosphorus! What is that compared with France at Biserta, with Tunisia and Algeria in her possession, and with the undeveloped wealth of Morocco, within sight of Gibraltar, tempting her to intrigue for its possession also. If British supremacy in the Mediterranean be essential to our defence of India, then France is the foe to be feared, not Russia. If we play our cards well, a Russian fleet in the Mediterranean would be much more likely to be the friend than the antagonist of England. The friendship of Russia would be most valuable to us, for it is on our mutual antagonism that the adversaries of England, in Egypt and elsewhere, rely. And our friendship would be still more valuable to Russia. Let it go forth through the bazaars of the East that there is a friendly understanding between the two countries, and we should have no difficulties in India, nor Russia in Central Asia. Financially, too, such an understanding would be of inestimable value to Russia. While I am writing her statesmen are rejoicing at the ease with which they can borrow money since Lord Rosebery announced the *rapprochement* with England.

And this attitude towards Russia, be it remembered, represents the traditional policy of England till the Crimean War interrupted it. In our last wars with France Alexander I. of Russia was by far the most loyal of our allies—the Tsar whom Pitt described as “the most magnanimous and powerful prince” of his age in the sacrifices which he had made “for the deliverance of Europe.” And when Mr. Tierney greeted Pitt’s eulogy with a sneer, the Minister retorted: “Does it not promise the deliverance of Europe when we find the armies of our (Russian) allies rapidly advancing in a career of victory, at once the most brilliant and auspicious that ever signalised the exertions of any combination?”*

* “Hansard,” vol. xxxv. p. 1046.

And while our traditional policy towards Russia has been that of friendship, with occasional co operation in the cause of freedom, our traditional policy towards the Ottoman Empire has been one of coercion, in union with other Powers, when the Porte refused to listen to reason, as the Porte always does refuse until it sees coercion looming menacingly in the near distance. When the Porte refused to obey the Treaty of London giving freedom to Greece, England joined Russia and France in coercing the Sultan. In a "Memorandum on Greek Affairs," * sent to Lord Goderich on December 6, 1827, Lord Palmerston says :

"It seems now to be perfectly certain that the Porte is obstinately determined to refuse compliance with the demands of the allies with respect to Greece ; and unless, therefore, the allies are determined to abandon the objects for which they coalesced, and to expose themselves, by so doing, to the derision of the whole world, it becomes necessary for them to concert, in pursuance of the agreement they have entered into, for the accomplishment of the ends of the Treaty of London. *Persuasion, reasoning, and threats having failed to sway the Porte, actual coercion must be resorted to.*"

That is the only effectual policy in dealing with the Porte. But Navarino taught the Turks a lesson which they have never forgotten. Since then "actual coercion" has had no occasion to go further than a bloodless demonstration of military force. The landing of 10,000 French troops in Syria after the massacres of 1860, together with a few British Blue-jackets, sufficed to hang the ringleader of the massacres—a pasha under orders from the Porte—to pacify the country, and to give autonomous administration to the Lebanon. And we have it on the authority of the Grand Vizier and the Foreign Minister of the Sultan that the Porte would never have run the risk of war with Russia in 1877 if they had not been assured of the active support of England. It is a notable fact, too, that when Lord Palmerston defended in the House of Commons the new status given to Turkey by the Treaty of Paris, in admitting the Sultan into the community of European Sovereigns, he said : "We did not engage to maintain in the Turkish Empire this or that race—one dominant party or the other"—a plain intimation to the Porte that unless it fulfilled its engagements to put its Christian subjects on an equality in all respects with the Mussulmans it would forfeit its rights under the Treaty. It is needless to say that from that day to this the Porte has never performed a single one of those engagements.

And this sensible policy towards the Porte was not then the appanage of one British party more than another. Burke said :

"I have never before heard that the Turkish Empire has ever been considered as any part of the balance of power in Europe. They despise and contemn all Christian princes as infidels, and only wish to subdue and

* Published for the first time by Mr. Evelyn Ashley in the *Times* of January 18, 1877.

exterminate them and their people. What have these worse than savages to do with the Powers of Europe but to spread war, destruction, and pestilence amongst them? The Ministers and the policy which shall give these people any weight in Europe will deserve all the bans and curses of posterity."

Sir James Mackintosh said, sixty years ago :

"It was bare justice to Russia to say that her dealings with the Ottoman Power for the last seven years had been marked with as great forbearance as the conduct of that Power (Turkey) had been distinguished by continued insolence and incorrigible contumacy." *

And he then goes on to describe the horrors committed by the Turks in Greece. Sir Robert Peel, in a speech in the House of Commons, March 24, 1828, said :

"Previous to the signature of the Treaty (of July 6, 1827) an information was given to his Majesty's Government that it was the intention of Turkey to remove from the Morea the female part of the population and the children for the purpose of selling them in Egypt as slaves, &c. Distinct intimation was given to Ibrahim Pasha that so violent an exercise of rights—if rights they could be called—that a proceeding so repugnant to the established usage of civilised nations, never would be permitted by his Majesty, and that this country certainly would resist any attempt to carry such an object into effect."

In the same debate Lord John Russell said :

"We believe the battle of Navarino to have been a glorious victory, and a necessary consequence of the Treaty of London, and, moreover, as honest a victory as had ever been gained from the beginning of the world."

At the time of the Crimean War Lord Aberdeen said :

"Notwithstanding the favourable opinion entertained by many, it is difficult to believe in the improvement of the Turks. It is true that, under the pressure of the moment, benevolent decrees may be issued ; but these, except under the eye of some Foreign Minister, are entirely neglected. Their whole system is radically vicious and inhuman. I do not refer to fables which may be invented at St. Petersburg or Vienna, but to numerous despatches of Lord Stratford (de Redcliffe) himself, and of our own consuls, who describe a frightful picture of lawless oppression and cruelty." †

One of the most enlightened and sagacious State Papers ever written was a Memorandum which the late Prince Consort submitted "for the consideration of the Cabinet in October 1853,"‡ on the eve of the Crimean War. He there warns the Cabinet against the danger of allowing the Turks to manœuvre England into a war which, by depriving Russia of her protectorate over the Christian population of Turkey, would enable the Turks

* See "Hansard," 2nd series, vol. i. pp. 400-1, 409.

† Sir Theodore Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort," vol. ii. p. 523.

‡ "Life of the Prince Consort," vol. ii. p. 526.

“to obtain themselves the power of imposing a more oppressive rule of two millions [he means in Turkey in Europe] of fanatic Mussulmans over twelve millions of Christians. The war ought to be carried on unshackled by obligations to the Porte, and will probably lead, in the peace which must be the object of the war, to the obtaining of arrangements more consonant with the well-understood interests of Europe, of Christianity, liberty, and civilisation, than the reimposition of the ignorant, barbarian, and despotic yoke of the Mussulman over the most fertile and favoured portion of Europe.”

The whole of Lord Aberdeen's Cabinet approved of the Prince's Memorandum, with the solitary exception of Lord Palmerston, who, in contradiction to his own previous policy, was now, under the spell of Louis Napoleon's influence over him, a violent Russophobic, soon to become as violent a Gallophobist. Unfortunately Palmerston, and not the Prince Consort, formulated the policy of England in the Treaty of Paris in 1856. He got Turkey recognised, for the first time, as one of the Powers of Europe, and, instead of freeing the Christians of European Turkey from the curse of Turkish misrule, he was content to accept instead the empty promises of the Sultan in the Hatti-humayoun. It is, however, only fair to him to add that when the Treaty of Paris was discussed in the House of Commons, Lord Palmerston declared that if the Porte failed to fulfil its obligations under it, the rights accruing to it from that Treaty would lapse, and the right of the Allied Powers to interfere would revive. On that principle Lord Palmerston acted four years afterwards, when, as Prime Minister, he sent an English fleet in union with French troops to coerce the Porte into obedience to the will of the Allied Powers and grant autonomy to the Lebanon in reparation for the massacres in Syria. I have no doubt, therefore, that Palmerston, following his own precedent, would now be ready, if he were with us, to sanction the march of Russian troops across the frontier in Armenia, and send a British squadron into Turkish waters, to compel the Porte to grant autonomy to the Armenians on a larger scale than that of the Lebanon. Even the Kurds would rejoice, for they, too, though nothing like the Christians, suffer from the abominable misrule of the Porte. Nothing less than this will meet the necessities of the case. Remonstrances and threats on one side, and promises and commissions on the other, are sheer waste paper.

But the truth is that the people of this country are profoundly ignorant of the Mussulman system. If they understood it they would know that the Sultan cannot, without forfeiting his throne, perform any one of his promises to do justice to his Christian subjects. The government of Turkey, like that of every other Mussulman State, is a theocracy, and is bound in the fetters of a Sacred Law, of which no Mussulman ruler or Government can alter a single article. Non-Mussulman subjects are thus doomed to perpetual servitude. By the Sacred Law

they are bound to pay, in addition to other taxes, a heavy annual tribute for the right to live; and when the tax-gatherer collects this tribute from the Christian he is to "treat him very harshly, as by shaking him, beating him on the breast, or even dragging him on the ground; and should say to him at the same time, 'Give the tribute, O tributary, O enemy of Allah!' And this he should say in order to disgrace him." My quotation is from the *Multka*, the authoritative digest of the Sacred Law of every Mussulman State—a law, I repeat, as incapable of abrogation in any one particular as the Koran itself, and a law which is now in force in Turkey. By the same unchangeable law Christian evidence is never admitted against a Mussulman; and as no Mussulman will give evidence against a Mussulman in favour of a Christian, the result is that the Christian is absolutely without redress in law. And he has no other means of defence, for Christians are forbidden by the Sacred Law to have arms.* It is, moreover, death to a Christian to convert a Mussulman, and death also to the Mussulman who is converted. Christians must be distinguished from the Mussulmans by wearing coarse clothes, and by dwelling apart from the Mussulmans. They must not enter the same bath as a Mussulman, or draw water from the same well. The Christian must at the risk of his life rise before a Mussulman, though the Christian be a nobleman and the Mussulman a beggar, and any Mussulman who feels himself affronted in this respect has a right to put the Christian to death on the spot; and similarly for wearing clothes of the same material and colour as the Mussulman. Nor let it be supposed that these are obsolete regulations, like forgotten laws in our statute books. They cannot become obsolete; they are ever active, and are enforced now in Turkey, as can be proved by the reports of British Consuls. I beg the reader to understand that I am understating, not exaggerating, the facts. I have read every Consular report and every Ambassadorial dispatch on the state of the Christians in Turkey, from 1852 to 1880, and I am ready to prove every assertion which I have made by overwhelming evidence. Moreover, I have with my own eyes seen the Mussulman system at work in Europe, Asia, and Africa during repeated visits. Visitors to Constantinople and Cairo, or any other Mussulman city, without knowledge of the system in its unchangeable law and practical working, and after conversation with some Mussulman official, whom they find pleasant enough, return home with an absolutely false idea of what Mussulman rule means to the non-Mussulman subjects. There lies the *crux* of our position in Egypt. Liberals and Tories alike talk of our evacuating Egypt when we have placed our reforms there on a stable footing. We cannot place our reforms on a stable footing except by remaining in Egypt.

* This does not now apply to the province of the Lebanon, which was withdrawn by France and England in 1860 from the direct rule of the Sultan.

Our reforms—abolition of slavery included—are, for the most part, opposed to the Sacred Law, and that Law would revive and energise the moment our backs were turned. The Khedive and his Ministers, even if they were convinced of the benefits accruing from our reforms, would be powerless to arrest the ruin of them all.

This shows the utter futility of any reforms in Armenia short of delivering the Christians from the operation of the Sacred Law. The recent massacres in Armenia are no extraordinary exception to the ordinary condition of the Christians there: they are only illustrations on a large scale of what is going on there always. And even massacres on as large a scale often occur there, though no report of them reaches Europe, except occasionally in Consular reports, which, perhaps, are not published, or do not get into the newspapers. Layard bears ocular testimony to a massacre in Armenia, during his travels there, which is quite as heinous in point of numbers, and more horrible in its details, than the worst of what has lately been reported from Armenia.* Yet no report of that massacre ever reached England. I do trust that public opinion in this country will energetically back up the Government in its efforts to unite the signatories of Berlin in common action to secure the autonomy of Armenia. No good will come of the Turkish Commission, and a representative of the British Government *accompanying* the Commission will do more harm than good unless he makes an independent inquiry afterwards, with a British guarantee of safety to the witnesses. No Christian will dare, in the presence of the Sultan's Commissioners, to violate the Sacred Law by giving evidence against a Mussulman, for he will know only too well that the consequence of his doing so will be a dungeon or death, with the probable desolation of his home, when the foreign representative or representatives are out of sight. No inquiry in Armenia can be independent which is not conducted by foreign representatives apart from Turkish officials. But why any inquiry? The evidence in the Foreign Office is ample. What is needed is not inquiry, but action.

MALCOLM MACCOLL.

* The number slain in that massacre, according to Layard, was 10,000, all "massacred in cold blood," besides "a large number of women and children carried away as slaves." And there was not an atom of provocation. Beder Khan, an officer of rank in the employment of the Sultan, thought the Armenians were becoming too numerous and needed diminishing. This, coupled with the desire to possess their goods and women, was the sole provocation. A thousand of the fugitives, "women and children as well as men, concealed themselves in a spot where the mountain goat could scarcely reach. Unable to get at them, Beder Khan Beg surrounded the place, and waited until they should be compelled to yield by thirst and hunger. Then he offered to spare their lives on the surrender of their arms and property—terms ratified by an oath on the Koran." I give the end in Layard's words:

"The Kurds were then admitted to the platform. After they had disarmed their prisoners, they commenced an indiscriminate slaughter; until, weary of using their weapons, they hurled the few survivors from the rocks into the river Zab below. Out of nearly 1000 only one escaped." See Layard's "Nineveh," pp. 24, 127, 134-5, 169, 175, 201.

RECOLLECTIONS OF JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

By the late MRS. ALEXANDER IRELAND, Author of the "Life of
Jane Welsh Carlyle."

IT was on October 1, 1889, that I went down by Mr. Froude's invitation to spend a few days at his country-house, the Molt, Salcombe, near Kingsbridge. It had been proposed to me to write a memoir of Mrs. Carlyle, and I felt that no step could be taken without my consulting Mr. Froude, who, as executor, had it in his power either to encourage my undertaking, or to show me plainly that the thing had better not be done, or not done by me. I left Paddington Station at nine on a lovely day, and arrived at the little station of Kingsbridge about five ; then had a drive of about seventeen miles to the Molt. The country was exquisite ; but darkness crept on long before I heard the gravel under the wheels, and found myself at the door of the Molt. I was ushered into the drawing-room, where were two young ladies, the daughters of Mr. Froude. The room struck me as very quaint and pretty, antique and tasteful. I was cordially welcomed, and was just enjoying a cup of tea, when Mr. Froude came into the room. A fine man, above the ordinary height, and with a certain stateliness of aspect, younger-looking than I had expected. He must have been about seventy ; well knit, but slender ; a fine head and brow, with abundant grey, not white, hair ; handsome eyes, brown and well opened, with a certain scrutiny or watchfulness in their regard—eyes which look you well and searchingly in the face, but where you might come to see now and then a dreamy and far-off softness, telling of thoughts far from present surroundings and present companionship. The eyes did not reassure me at that first interview, though they attracted me strangely. The upper part of the face undeniably handsome and striking, but on the mouth sat a mocking bitterness, or—so it seemed to me—a sense of having weighed all things, all persons, all books, all creeds, and all the world has to give,

and having found everything wanting in some essential point ; a bitterness, hardly a joylessness, but an absence of sunshine in the lower part of the face. A smile without much geniality, with rather a mocking causticity, sometimes seen ; and the facial lines are austere, self-contained, and marked. Laughter without mirth—I would not like to say without kindness—but Froude's kindness always appeared to me in much quieter demonstrations. His manners struck me as particularly fine and courteous ; but if one was of a timid nature, one need only look in his face and *fear*. By-and-by we assembled for dinner, and he gave me his arm.

The talk fell upon "growing old," and Froude asked me how *I* felt about it. I said I thought it a happy thing.

"How so?" asked Froude, sharply.

"For one thing," I said, "so much less makes us happy. We *expect* less of life."

"Oh, as to *that*, one learns to expect *nothing*," he said bitterly ; "in youth one had ideas of splendid possibilities, of all sorts of reforms, and good deeds, and so on—one intended to set the whole universe straight, to do wonderful things ; but one soon finds it all hopeless—that there's nothing whatever to be done. And one gives it all up, and just goes on like other people ; but I don't see that one is much the *happier* for it."

On the table before us were some maccaroons, the ordinary kind. Froude pointed to them and said :

"Now, Mrs. Ireland, I'm going to ask you a question I've asked every guest who has visited me for the last ten years. Why is it that those biscuits always have three almonds on the top—always in the same position? You find these biscuits all over Europe and America, and elsewhere, but I never see them without the three almonds on the top. What do you suppose is the meaning of it?"

I laughed, and said : "Well, Mr. Froude, I shouldn't think there is any meaning whatever."

"The only rational reply I ever had," said Froude.

"But I don't think it a very rational question, father," said Miss Froude.

"Yes," he said, "it's a *very* good question for the people who think they *know everything*," and he looked severely at me for a single moment.

After coffee we talked again. He said Carlyle was fond of saying exactly what he thought of people, and never fancied it could hurt them. Naturally much pain was given when these utterances were published, and came to people in that cold, fixed form, and without the great guffaws of laughter which took off much of their harshness when said.

"There was Mrs. Procter," said Froude ; "I believe I grieved her

very much in the publishing of the 'Reminiscences.' She never forgave me. It was that word 'menagerie,' as applied to her mother's house, that did the mischief."

I laughed, and added, "But it was such a *capital* word," and he laughed again.

"Carlyle," said he, "simply saw things and people as they *were*, and so did Mrs. Carlyle. She had a description in one of her letters of Browning, which would have driven the poet *wild*, and I asked Carlyle, on one occasion, if I should publish it, and he said, 'Aye! aye! *why not?* It cannot do the man any harm to *know what a sensible woman* thought of him.' But," added Froude, with a keen look at me, "you see I *didn't* publish it!"

"Carlyle disliked Wordsworth," said Froude. "He said Wordsworth was always looking at people as through the wrong end of a powerful telescope, seeing them clearly, but exceedingly small—exactly as Carlyle sometimes did himself, and Mrs. Carlyle too."

Froude showed great kindness, but little demonstration, to his immediate circle, so far as I observed.

In a conversation at breakfast he said he would always rather have people *separately*, than *together*.

"In a committee, for instance," said he, "you get the united folly and *not* the united wisdom of the whole."

On this day I was asked to make one of a party for a boating expedition. Mr. Froude's son had already started in a tiny skiff, and we were to go in a rather larger boat, accompanied by three sailors. The morning was bright, with a fierce wind and dark blue sky, with white clouds here and there.

We walked through the pretty grounds to the private landing-stage, the party consisting merely of Froude, his elder daughter, and myself. The young lady spoke somewhat apologetically as to the wild look of the sea, her father's love of danger, her hope that I would not feel myself compelled to go, &c. But I was in no mood to manufacture fears, and felt none. The arrangement in the boat was that Miss Froude sat amidships, facing the rudder end, where I sat beside her father. The three men disposed themselves at the stern end of the boat. There was a mast, but no canvas hoisted; the wind and tide were both against us, and it was slow work for the strong men to pull against both, and thus we slowly made our way past Salcombe, and towards Kingsbridge, with a sense of laboured strain in our progress, and an indescribable vividness of colour in sea, land, and sky all around. I sat in the stern of the boat, Mr. Froude holding the tiller-ropes in his hand. He talked to me, but we sat apart, so far as the narrow dimensions of the craft permitted. I sat somewhat sideways, not to incommode him, and steadied myself by holding to an iron hook which was near my hand. Froude's conversation was

memorable. Once or twice we saw the little skiff with young Froude, but we never remained beside it more than a few moments. After a couple of hours or so the order was given to go homewards, and a large sail was hoisted. Now, with wind and tide in our favour, and, the latter beginning to blow most violently, we literally flew along the water. The sensation was overpowering, exhilarating, and deeply exciting. I sat very still, but the sight of the glittering water, over which we passed with such breathless rapidity, the desperate sense of having *let go* of any slight hold we possessed of the elements, caused me for some moments to close my eyes.

There was a whistling, keen cry in the wind, and we were hurried along by sheer force of the current of air and water. Opening my eyes, I was suddenly aware of a change in the scene. An ominous blackness lay on the water immediately around our little boat. The sun still shone at a distance, but we seemed in night. The cry of the wind was raised to a wild shriek, the water rose tumultuously, the fierce gale came down one of those "chines," as the Devonshire folk call them—one of those narrow clefts between two hills. The sky, too, had changed; the sail almost struck the water; rain and sleet fell abundantly.

Just before this change of weather, I had been saying to Mr. Froude: "I shall never believe that I have been here—it is all like a dream to me—this experience." And my companion had said: "You are like the lady who saw a ghost in her dream and would not believe in it. Shall I grasp your arm, and leave a black mark as a sign? or is there any other way?"

His dark eyes were very close to me, and I added nervously: "Oh, I am only joking."

"But," he continued, "will nothing remain to you of these sights and impressions after you leave us?"

"To me," I said, "all will remain; but I despair of ever conveying any true impression to another."

He made no reply. The "squall" repeated itself furiously, and we shipped a good deal of water, the sail again dipping terribly. The little craft could not be righted. Froude, who still held the tiller-ropes, said, with what seemed to me a sardonic smile, and perfectly unmoved:

"Are you afraid?" He spoke loudly—for the roar of the elements made it needful.

I met his look, and said quietly: "Not in the least!" on which he turned his head from me.

The storm now grew more violent. Miss Froude, who was self-possessed, but very pale, said, so as to be heard:

"I think we are in danger, father." To which the reply, given without a tinge of emotion, was:

"Very likely."

It flashed through my mind with the strange rapidity that is born of such moments, that a near possibility lay at hand of our all being drowned—since the capsizing of a pleasure-boat in deep waters has often led to such an end. I saw, in my mind's eye, the submerging of that little unmanageable craft. I thought: Here is Mr. Froude seventy years of age—myself fifty—he not longing to live—I not longing to live. Hitherto I had been careful not to touch him, but with the violent movement of the boat I felt an inclination to catch at his arm, but *did* not. "Still," thought I, "if we drown it will be together;" and conscious myself of entire physical disability, it might, after all, have been that we should have clung together in that supreme moment. It takes me more time to write this than was allowed for the thoughts to flash through my mind. For again Froude's voice said, close to my ear:

"*Are you ready?*"

And something nerved me up to add distinctly:

"*Quite* ready. The place, and the hour, and the company will do very well, if it is to be *now* and *here*!"

"Well," said he dreamily, "if 'tis not now 'tis yet to come—the readiness is all——"

And almost as soon as the words were spoken the boat righted, the stress of the storm abated, and we got under shelter of some rocks.

Then Froude said coldly: "Don't trust to first impressions, Mrs. Ireland!" And he gave me one of his unfavourable, searching looks.

The men pulled the boat up into a little cove, and we got out while they put all to rights as well as they could.

No emotion whatever was expressed on any side, but one of the men looked pale. We again took our seats in the boat and made for the landing-place. On the homeward sailing, in calm and sunless water, Froude said to me:

"You are not afraid of the sea! I had an American gentleman of some note here with me lately, and took him out, and we had a bit of a squall; and this man turned positively *green* with fear."

"He was probably sea-sick," said I.

"Oh dear no!" said Froude emphatically; "he was in a rage to think that such an important person as himself was like to meet his death in our wretched mud-puddle! It was simply a contemptible consciousness of self that made him green."

The conversation, on this boating expedition, had turned much upon Arthur Hugh Clough, towards whom Froude evidently felt great affection. Indeed, he spoke of him with real tenderness, and extreme admiration.

"Poor Clough!" he said, "his heart was pretty well worn out;

he could not have lived any longer, and never would have done any more. His was a fine, spiritual nature, with the highest ideals, the deepest conscientiousness."

Froude spoke much and kindly of Matthew Arnold, but contrasted him, in many points, with Clough.

"*Mat Arnold*," he said, "had a useful sort of *working* conscience, and plenty of smartness,—but——" and the speaker's eyes became thoughtful and dreamy, and he relapsed into silence. He was often silent after touching on any theme which warmed him.

A slight but significant trait marked our disembarking after the squall at sea. Froude stooped and gathered a flower, a common pink thing, called, I believe "*sea-thrift*," or "*sea-pink*," and gave it me, with some trifling remark. The matter was only noticeable as occurring after such very near risk of none of the party gathering flowers on "this earthly ball" any more.

On a subsequent day Froude gave me a curious account of the first time he had met Swinburne—at a dinner, where Matthew Arnold, Ruskin, Lord Houghton, and other literary men were present. Swinburne must have been little more than a boy at the time.

After dinner, suddenly the door opened, and a little figure appeared—a "boy-man"—and, bounding past the guests, stood upon an ottoman, so that he could well be seen.

"The lad began spouting some of his most outrageous poems," said Froude, "some of his very *worst*!" And the narrator smiled bitterly, continuing: "We all sat in amazement till he finished, when Ruskin, making his way through the company, hurried up, and took Swinburne fairly in his arms, saying, "How beautiful! how divinely beautiful!"

Swinburne, it will be remembered, was, at this time, little more than a boy.

* * * * *

Words of mine cannot describe the extraordinary beauty of this place, "*The Molt*," as it appeared to me. Sitting at my bedroom window, I felt I could cast a pebble into the deep blue sea far below.

Between the house and the sea lie grounds with sloping velvet lawns, close cut and deep in tint; here and there spreading cedar-trees, the ilex, the acacia. On the walls of the house the wisteria, which, however, was not in blossom at the time of my visit; but the Gloire de Dijon roses hung their fragrant blooms, the heliotrope grew like a tree, and one whole wing was loaded with great fragrant magnolia blooms. Winding paths led gradually down to the landing-stage, past an orange garden and many plots of almost tropical vegetation. A low, grey stone wall bounded the pleasure grounds, and over it the Pampas-grass drooped its heavy heads nearly into the sea beneath!

The house itself, large, low, rambling, seems cut out of the living rock, which towers behind it, and is crowned with trees and greenery. The deep purple of the sky reminded me of Italy; the incessant murmur of the sea down below gave me a sense of sadness and of peace. I sat one morning on a garden seat on the terrace overlooking the sloping lawn, with all the marvellous beauty of the place imprinting itself unalterably on my mind. Breakfast was over, and the freedom of an English country-house gave me the opportunity of quiet thought for a while. By-and-by the French window of Froude's study was pushed open from within, and he walked towards me. It was with a decidedly disparaging and doubtful air that he approached me on the occasion I have alluded to. His step left the crisp white gravel, and fell on the deep, close turf on which my seat was placed. I said :

"I shall always be so glad I came here."

"That is what you feel *now*," he answered pointedly; "better wait and see what you have to report in a few days!"

I looked up, and met what I thought a satirical smile—it was rather gruesome.

"I don't know what you mean, Mr. Froude," I said, and he laughed outright.

"As to that," he continued, "you see, I am trying to make myself agreeable at present, and so, I suppose, are *you*? Later on—well—one can't tell." And he laughed again.

In our conversation on the subject of Mrs. Carlyle, Froude questioned me with a pertinacity and a searching intensity tolerably hard to bear. I, knowing what I had any chance of knowing of this woman's life as closely as *my own*, bore patiently the almost intolerable ordeal, answering quietly and in as few words as I could.

At length he said, looking keenly down at me :

"Ah—you are not very easy to catch—but who was 'Cuittickins'?" (Alluded to in several of Mrs. Carlyle's letters.)

"That was Bishop Terrot"—I replied—"Episcopalian Bishop in Edinburgh."

"Ah"—said Froude sharply—"but why '*Cuittikins*'?"

These I explained to be the tight-buttoned gaiters worn by ecclesiastical dignitaries—and my companion laughed heartily.

On the same morning I said to him, as we sat in the study :

"I have formed my own opinions of the character of Jane Welsh Carlyle—and nothing can alter them."

"I have no wish to alter them," he said shortly. "I am the last person to do so."

"With this view," I said, "I have brought with me a lecture written by me for the Literary and Philosophical Society of —, and

delivered quite three months since—and *dated*, as you see. This is my bulwark of defence. For this lecture is the essence of my memoir—if I am to write one—and unless I am wrong in my *facts*, I shall incorporate it intact in the more permanent form." I then asked permission to read it to him. "It will give you less trouble," said I, "than deciphering my writing—and you must hear it, as, if the genuineness of my book is ever questioned, here is my reply."

Froude assented, and I commenced my hard task. He only stopped me once. It was where, in quoting Miss Jewsbury's account of the scene in St. George's Hospital, I used *her* expression as to the sweet and smiling calm on the face of the dead woman. Here Froude made a quick action with his hand, and said :

"That is *wrong*—I never saw a *sterner* face in my life." The reading ended—I sat quietly—and Froude said : "Yes, you shall do the book. It wants a woman—and a wife—and a happy wife."

So the point was settled.

I remained some days after this at the Molt, and had much talk with Froude, whose speech was golden. In one of our earliest talks he said :

"And why do you want to meddle with biography? Why can't you be content to write three-volume novels?"

"I have no invention," I said.

"Then I suppose you can't write that sort of 'rot' out of which Rider Haggard and such men make their thousands?"

"I am not clever enough for that," I replied.

"That answer is disingenuous," he said.

"Well," said I, "I *don't* want to write those books."

"*That's better*," said Froude, and turned away. But afterwards he renewed the subject and said : "I am glad you don't come to me saying you think you have a *mission*, of any kind, or want to remove a veil from the eyes of mistaken humanity on *any* subject—or to do anything grand or philanthropical—or that sort of idiocy. I have heard so much of that kind of thing."

"Oh dear no!" I said. "I want to put a little money in my pocket. I have no other motive, and as a publisher asked for the book, I took the necessary steps. Nothing more."

"*That's well*," said Froude.

It was a trial to me on several occasions to find myself taking a hand at whist with Mr. Froude as my partner—and evidently an accomplished player. I, only equal to what is called "family whist," felt myself often at fault, on one occasion making a very decided and stupid *blunder*. I saw the muscles of Mr. Froude's face contract involuntarily. He was too well-bred to manifest a moment's impatience.

"I am sorry I made such a stupid mistake," said I, while the cards were being dealt for the next hand.

Then Froude spoke with some shyness :

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Ireland! don't talk like that. Never say you are in the *wrong*! Let all the rest of the world be wrong, but do *you* be in the *right*!"

"Those are *your* tactics," I said; "but you surely don't expect *me* to carry them out?"

He looked at me with some kindness in his eyes, I thought, and said: "No! not *you*, perhaps." And the matter dropped.

Speaking of Arthur Helps on one occasion, Froude said that when Helps first came to visit him, he said:

"Now, before we begin, let me ask you one question. Do you keep a diary?"

"No," said Froude, "*and I never mean to!*"

"All right," said his guest. "Had you kept a diary, I would never have spoken a word in your presence."

I was impressed with a certain reticence observed by Mr. Froude in speaking of Mrs. Carlyle. We have it in her *own letters* that she must, at one time, have actually contemplated leaving him. And the idea must have been discussed in Froude's presence. For he said to me that Carlyle had showed remarkable equanimity at the prospect—a prospect which might possibly be regarded in the light of a half-jest (one of those jests, however, which have within them a terrible grain of earnest). Carlyle had replied that he was *very* busy, full of work, and did not think, on the whole, that *he should miss her very much!*

This proposal and this reply—were they pure jest, or half earnest—had, at any rate, caused keen pain to Mr. Froude, as was seen in his flashing eyes when he told the anecdote, and heard in the vibrations of a voice which bore a singular power of expressing emotion, while an absolute immobility of other manifestation prevailed. He impressed me as an idealist of a very high order, and his truths lay oftentimes deeper than what we are pleased to term *facts*. He did not wish to tell the world more than it must inevitably know of the *vie intime* of the Carlyles.

He withheld more than can ever now be known.

But in forcing himself to the truthful and terrible pictures he has given the public, he at least protected these dear friends from the utterly unscrupulous and monstrous distortions that would certainly have been presented by some sensational writer or other, who, with half the truth and an unbridled realism, would have produced a portrait for the world to gape at and gaze at. The position was a hard one, but Froude never flinched. We have only to remember Mrs. Stowe's theories about Byron and Lady Leigh to illustrate our meaning.

Speaking of "humbug," Froude said: "Of course, there always must be humbug, while the world lasts."

"Yes," I said, "there must be *self-deceivers*, at any rate, but not necessarily those who deliberately and knowingly wish to deceive others."

"Well," he replied, "if the people first deceive *themselves*, they naturally take in *others*."

"But," said I, "there is surely a choice between the blindness of self-deception and the cold and calculated deception imposed upon the unwary?"

And Froude laughed and said: "I suppose there *is* a choice; but the clever deceivers have one merit, at least—they have an object in view—the *others* are generally such fools."

On one occasion the talk turned on Roman Catholicism—the priesthood.

"I don't like them," said Froude; "but perhaps *you* do."

"Not at all," I answered. "I have no leaning that way."

"Ah! so you say," said Froude, with a keen glance at me. "But I daresay they will make a convert of you yet."

And he laughed.

"No," I said sternly, "they never will."

"I'm glad to hear you say so," was his rejoinder; "but I should enjoy it immensely if they *did* convert you, and then I should have a little talk with you on the subject."

One lovely afternoon, just before I left, we started on a walk—Miss Froude, Mr. Froude, and I—through what is called "The Earl's Walk." The pathway seems cut in the side of the rock overhanging the sea, the rocky sides clothed with greenery, while arching shrubs make almost a darkness broken only now and then by opener spaces; the sun shone in golden arrows here and there, and the deep murmur of the water below was never quite lost. Now and then came a vision of the whole scene—point and headland and bay, one after the other—very exquisite and harmonious.

The talk was desultory. At a sudden turn in the winding path we came on a party of six or seven pedestrians, ladies and gentlemen, headed by a lady, who, introducing her friends and her husband, expressed much disappointment at finding Mr. Froude bound for a *walk*, and not "at home" that particular afternoon.

"You see," said she, "when one has friends down from town, one has but two attractions to offer—the fine scenery, and a *call on Mr. Froude*."

This speech was perhaps not altogether a wise one. But the company had driven some miles, and left their carriage at ———, and then walked some miles, and now found themselves within twenty minutes' walk of their avowed object. They were doubtless literary people,

too, an Oxford professor or so, and a recently returned Indian warrior, the names only heard by me, and now forgotten. But Froude could not be "lionised." He was not a man to "show his paces." He responded with perfect courtesy to the appeals made to him, and said quietly :

"It's rather unfortunate, but I wish to open this part of the country to my friend, Mrs. —, and I must go a little further round the Point ; but my daughter will be delighted to go back with you to the Molt." And, raising his cap, he made his *adieux*.

I had stood back, and now wondered if I should say, "Pray don't consider *me* in the matter." But instinct told me that such a speech would be ridiculous, and would expose me to a sharp and well-deserved "*snub*." It was not I, essentially not *I*, who *was* being considered. Mr. Froude simply did not choose to be forced to entertain his friends' friends. And he was right. So I held my peace. We walked along with very little conversation. But, on our return, the whole party were seated on the lawn, and footmen were bringing out afternoon tea, fruit, &c., and I went to my own room. The visit was not a long one.

The next day I left the Molt.

But more than once I had occasion to see Mr. Froude at his house in Onslow Gardens, and had further opportunity of studying that deeply interesting personality.

An awkward incident marked one of these calls of mine. It happened that I had been at the Kensington Museum a few days before, examining Greek models, reproductions of various antique, and sometimes not very attractive, classic torsos and casts of celebrated statues.

Mr. Froude accompanied me on one occasion, and told me much about what interested him. Some weeks later, I had been at luncheon with him and his family in their own home, and, the meal over, the ladies had just bid me good-bye, as I had some literary questions to ask of Mr. Froude. He and I were just adjourning to the library, when he stopped a moment, and, pointing out a bust on a bookcase, the centre of three full-sized and dignified representations in marble, he said :

"I must not forget to show you the very latest addition to my treasures. What do you think of it ?"

I looked up, and, with my head full of the galleries and museums I had been visiting, said :

"It's a very terrible head, and most repellent."

"Yes," he said, "I agree with you. "Now, who should you say it is ?"

I, being ignorant about these things, answered vaguely :

"Nero, perhaps, or one of the old Borgias ?"

Mr. Froude laughed and said :

"Try again ; you ought to know it."

"It's a horrid-looking thing," I said, "*whoever* it is."

"*Atrocious!*" said Mr. Froude emphatically. "Is it not? Well, I'm sorry to say it's a bust of myself, just presented to me by Sir Edgar Boehm. Very kind of him, wasn't it? And now, of course, I have to stick it up there in a very prominent place, and show it to all my friends. Pleasant, isn't it?"

"Boehm doesn't see you with my eyes," said I. "It doesn't remind me of you in the least."

And he laughed heartily, and said:

"*That's* well! I didn't think I was quite such a ruffian as that!"

Froude rarely spoke of having known Mrs. Carlyle, and I was left to infer whether he saw her often or seldom, and whether it was friendship or mere acquaintance that formed the tie between them; or whether he had letters from her, or had ever possessed her confidence in any way.

Once only did he speak more personally of her while I was with him, saying, "At any rate, she told me I was the only one of her husband's friends who had not made love to her." He certainly felt a deep compassion for her. But it was never expressed to me, in so many words.

[In a letter to Mr. Ireland, Mr. Froude thus spoke of the Life of Mrs. Carlyle: "You may well be proud of Mrs. Ireland. In indifferent health, and under conditions severe and trying, she has executed a most difficult and delicate work with remarkable success. Her own generous and enthusiastic sympathy with her subject alone could have enabled her to go through with it. The book can have done nothing but good. Some day or other the world will understand Carlyle's own action in preparing these Memoirs, and will see in it the finest illustration of his own character. Mrs. Ireland has brought that day appreciably nearer. I rarely or never read literary criticisms in newspapers. They are mainly written to order by persons who know nothing of what they are writing about. They are, however, the echoes of the public opinion of the time, and so far as I have seen, Mrs. Ireland and you may be well satisfied. To yourself, as so old a friend and admirer of Carlyle, it must be peculiarly agreeable that from your home has come a work which marks the return of the tide."]

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THE

MORAL ASPECT OF DISESTABLISHMENT AND DISENDOWMENT.

THE events of the last Session of Parliament have probably brought before the minds of men in this country more vividly than ever the whole question of the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church of England. It is well that this should be so. There is always a danger, especially in this country, of assuming that something or other is *inevitable*, and so, without full consideration, allowing it to "go by the board." This danger has undoubtedly threatened the Church, and the opponents of the Church have well understood the strategic advantage of it. Repeat a thing often enough, and the human mind becomes accustomed to it. "Liberationists"—so called—had kept on repeating that disestablishment and disendowment must come, until they had partly succeeded in leavening men's minds so that they were in danger of a *laissez-faire* policy, in danger of allowing a great folly to be committed, and a great wrong to be done from the growing habit of taking for granted that it was sure to happen, and so not looking the fact in the face.

From this point of view the somewhat premature and overbearing action of certain Welsh members may prove to be of use to the cause of the Church, and may help the country in some measure to realise the right and wrong of this great question. It is important, therefore, for all men who exercise the responsibility of the franchise, and who may influence any section of public opinion, even in the very slightest degree, to consider as dispassionately as they can the moral aspect of the whole matter.

I.

There is something certainly remarkable in the extreme divergence

of opinion which appears to exist on this question. What seems to one set of men to be nothing else than one of the gravest moral wrongs which can possibly be committed, another set of men advocate on the professed grounds of its being an act of justice. When a Churchman, however, endeavours to consider the question as calmly and as impartially as he can, he cannot be blamed for unfairness or accused of cynicism if he discounts to a certain extent the *moral* enthusiasm of the opponents of the establishment and endowment of the Church. This is so, if for no other, at least for this reason. No one can shut his eyes to the fact that the moral aspect of things is peculiarly blurred in politics. It would be unfair to say that politicians neglect the demands of right and wrong, but it is true that, to the ordinary mind, things are said and done in politics which a high-minded and honourable man would scarcely allow himself to do or say in the concerns of private life. Of course, this by no means proves that politicians are not high-minded and honourable men. Questions of right and wrong in far-reaching matters are not so easy to decide upon as might appear at first sight to a moral enthusiast. Prudence is itself a virtue, although not always an attractive one. Caution is often wisdom, although it is also often cowardice. Large views have to be kept before the minds of those who guide the destinies of a great nation, and all sorts of considerations come in which must be taken into account in weighing in the balance the question of right and wrong. This is true. It is, however, also true that politicians and statesmen, especially in democratic days, are placed under grave temptations. It is true also that they are not always able to realise, amidst the cares of State, the vast magnitude and the deep seriousness of questions which touch something much greater than the State—viz., the Church. It is also true that, whilst on the one hand a Churchman may be tempted to defend what appear to be the temporal interests of his Church on partisan principles, so, on the other hand, Dissenters may be tempted to assail these from motives which are not free from an admixture of jealousy. We are all human, and therefore subject to grave temptations. To the present writer it appears that the question of disestablishment and disendowment, as it has been brought before the country in the recent discussions about those dioceses of the Church of England which are mostly connected with Welsh counties, has been treated by the opponents of the Church—whether they be right or whether they be wrong—with a cynical levity and unfairness which goes far to discredit their main contentions. If we try to put aside the exigencies of politics at the moment, and the unhappy jealousies which naturally arise from the relations of Dissent with the Church, we shall surely make no grave mistake in appealing to thoughtful men on all sides to consider the *right and wrong* of the question from the point of view of a Churchman.

And here, in passing, it may not be inopportune to enter a protest against a somewhat common form of attack on the Church as well as on other institutions. It is now looked upon as a telling argument in certain quarters as against the defenders of the Church, to say that establishment and endowment are "contrary to the democratic ideal." This is surely absurd. This is begging the question. The real question must be, Is a measure of disestablishment and disendowment right or wrong? If not wrong, is it, or is it not, opportune and wise? In no case are we justified in supporting the notion that democracies are and may be specially immoral, and that because we are a democracy we are therefore justified in doing wrong. Doubtless we are passing through a time of transition in this country. Old party names still exist, and are sometimes used somewhat cynically to delude the unwary. The names are not dead. They have, however, lost their original meaning. The true question, surely, for reasonable men is, not whether a measure of disestablishment and disendowment is "Liberal" or "Conservative," "Radical" or "Tory," but whether it is right or wrong, and if not wrong, is it opportune? Is it wise?

II.

First, as to the question of Disestablishment.

This surely throws us back upon history. You have before you the spectacle of a vast and venerable Church. She has powerful offshoots, which are bound to her in very close ties of communion. She has had a striking history. Being partly human as well as divine, she has made mistakes; she has sometimes been narrow and sometimes been wrong; but she has enlarged her borders and corrected her mistakes, and shown a spring of vitality which is quite remarkable. She has exercised, and is still exercising, a vast influence upon those races who are in the forefront of civilisation. She is mixed up with the homes and habits of the English people. She has not been without a considerable influence upon those Dissenters who do not give to her their allegiance. If, like other religious communities, she has at times been narrow or hard, she is liberal in the truest sense of the word; and in her own teachings—whatever may have been the action at times of some of her officers—she has been wider in her sympathies towards mankind than any division of her Dissenting children. As a matter of history, she has always had close relations with the State, and holds, in consequence, a position of considerable temporal dignity. Disestablishment means that this connection should be severed, and this temporal dignity, as far as possible, diminished. The question is, is it within the rights of the English people to do this if they see fit? and, if within their rights, would it be wise? To the former of these questions we are inclined to answer

in the affirmative; to the latter, in the negative. The ordinary Erastian, however, who scarcely troubles himself with history, holds view something of this sort as to the "Established Church." He imagines it to be a corporate body founded by Henry VIII. when he abolished "the Popish religion." He considers that it exists for the purpose of teaching certain doctrines, which it must be careful not to teach with too much definiteness; that it is intended to do a certain amount of moral police-work, chiefly among the poor; that it is useful for guarding against anarchy and helping on good government; that it is, in fact, a department of State for religious purposes; that its officers are paid by the State; that its dignities and privileges are conferred upon it by Parliament; that the property it holds is "national;" that its existence depends upon the decisions of the Legislature as to whether it is a useful department or not; that it may rightly be swept away if something else is found to be better, just as Parliament, if it pleased, might sweep away the Board of Admiralty or the Board of Trade; that when a nation creates, it can justly, when it wills, destroy; and that when political exigencies appear to demand, the hour of abolition or destruction has rightly come, with due regard, more or less—according to our usual English instincts—for vested interests.

To those who pay any attention to history and have any serious belief in the Christian Church, a series of statements of this sort—which fairly represents an Erastian view—is about as false as it is possible for the human mind to conceive. From the very earliest dawn of history, Christianity appears in our islands shaped in its action by certain principles which the Church of England teaches to be of divine obligation and according to the mind of Christ. She does not deny the name of "Christian" to some who fall short of some of these principles, but she holds their maintenance to be necessary for true and full vitality for any body which is a part of what the Creed calls "One Catholic and Apostolic Church." Among these principles are included—a threefold ministry, handed on in succession from Apostolic hands, Holy Baptism as the Sacrament of initiation into the Church, and Holy Communion as the Sacrament of continued life, and the authoritative profession of the faith as summarised in the Creeds. In some Christian bodies these are held to be matters more or less variable. To the Church of England and those who are bound to her teaching, they are of the *esse*, not merely the *bene esse* of the Church. The early Church of these islands probably derived its Faith and Orders from the Churches of the East which were more directly taught by the Apostle St. John and his disciples. After the invasion of the Saxons, and their conversion by the mission sent by St. Gregory the Great, and through the work of St. Augustine and others, an amalgamation seems gradually to have taken place.

This represents that part of the Catholic Church which holds jurisdiction in the British Islands; it derives its Orders by a double strand of succession from Eastern and Western Christendom, and it is that body which is called now the Church of England. This Church then, historically speaking, has its origin not from Henry VIII. but from Christ when He gave power to His Apostles before His ascension, and reinforced that power by the gift of the Holy Ghost on the Day of Pentecost.

III.

Recalling this we are reminded of what is the real meaning of "establishment." In those early days it was the Church that converted, civilised, and helped to organise, the nation. It was by her that the excessive power of the Crown and of the great nobles was in some measure restrained. It was from her assemblies that the national Parliaments took their origin. It was under her sheltering wing that—in defiance of the overbearing action of kings and barons—the municipal corporations gradually obtained their freedom and power. As a matter of fact it was the Church of England which "established" the State of England, and not the State which "established" the Church. I may venture here to quote words of my own written some years ago on a kindred subject. "What the phrase 'established Church' really means is nothing else than a record of the fact that there always has been, from the dawn of English history, and that there still exists a close connection between that part of the Catholic Church which has been for so many centuries the teacher of the English people *and* the State which it so greatly helped to create. The Church always has been 'established' in England, *i.e.*, its roots are deep in the national life. Itself having a divine origin and exercising divine functions and being organised on a divine plan, it has always been nearly united with the State, which represents the civil order and which was itself built up and consolidated in great measure through the influence of the Church."

"There have, of course, been many modifications in the manner and degree of such a connection, but there it has always been. This can be seen more clearly by means of an analogy. Lord Macaulay says, in speaking of the British Constitution: 'The present Constitution of our country is to the Constitution under which she flourished five hundred years ago what the tree is to the sapling, what the man is to the boy. The alteration has been great, yet there never was a moment at which the chief part of what existed was not old.' The same may be said of 'Establishment.' The Church herself has always been divine; her divine principles have never varied; her degree and manner of connection with the civil power, these, which are not of the essence of her divine being, *have* varied; still, in England,

that connection always has been. Religion, the Christian religion—their Catholic heritage, the English Church—has always been recognised by the English people as a vitalising force in the foundation and maintenance of their national life; the Church of England, to use the ordinary phrase, has always been ‘by law established.’”

There are certain features in the history of the Church of England which have to be borne in mind in order to realise the bearing of these modifications. (1) Like the rest of the European Churches, she was in close connection during the Middle Ages with the See of Rome. The old principle maintained by St. Cyprian, of the independence of each episcopate, had been gradually more and more disregarded, and things were creeping on towards the more monarchical view of Church government which has been so fully developed in the modern Roman communion. From time to time, as is well known, there was more or less resistance in England to what were considered the encroachments of Rome, and this was especially the case from the end of the thirteenth and all through the fourteenth century. The Statute of *Præmunire*, passed in Richard II.’s reign, is a noteworthy example of resistance to what appeared to be extravagant assumptions on the part of the Popedom which might seem in conflict with the national character and legitimate independence of the Church. Still, from time to time, the Roman See succeeded in acquiring some of the powers properly belonging to the local episcopate, or even those of the Crown. When this was the case, the relation of the Church to the State was, of course, thereby partially modified. There were, in fact, all along the course of history, variations of more or less magnitude, but still a relation subsisted.

(2) Whatever disturbance in this relation of Church and State was effected by the claims of Rome was brought very clearly before the minds of men at the time of the grave changes commonly known as “the Reformation.” The question as to the divorce of Henry VIII. and Catherine of Arragon gave *occasion* for a return to the ancient state of things. The *cause* for such a return lay much deeper. The important point in regard to the matter before us is that then the relation of Church and State—in other words, “the Establishment”—was more exactly *defined*. The King, as is well known, desired to entirely alter the proper relation by having himself declared Supreme Head of the Church without any limitation whatever. This scandalous effort was defeated by the courage and determination of the clergy. Convocation stood firm when the King was successful enough with the Commons, and insisted on the title being allowed “only so far as the Law of Christ permitted.” It has been asserted that the King managed to obtain the signature of the Bishops to the extreme statement of his supremacy without the necessary limitation. Whether this be accurate or not, there is no doubt of their *intention*. There is no doubt that the Church always resisted any attempt to make the

perfectly legitimate supremacy of the Crown in temporal matters into a spiritual despotism. Further, this limitation, of such grave importance, was emphasised more distinctly in the reign of Elizabeth, and further still in that of William III. Thus, where the action of the Crown seemed likely to upset the old relation, the Church, under enormous difficulties, stood firm. On the other hand, where the action of the Roman See appeared to interfere with that relation again the Convocation showed determination to resist. It was Convocation who petitioned the Crown on the subject in 1531. It was Convocation that insisted on the Church of England being freed from undue interference on the part of the Popedom. It was by the action of the Church herself that her independence of the Roman See was finally asserted, and the last Act of the session of Parliament of 1531 embodied and ratified the proposals of Convocation. Thus, by the act of the Church, and then by the law of the land, the old and true position of the "Establishment" was vindicated as against encroachment either on the side of the Pope or of the King.

IV.

From the Reformation struggle the Church of England emerged with her ancient "Establishment" more clearly seen and defined, but it was merely a fuller re-statement, or re-settlement, of what had been all along the course of her history. The independent power of the Church of England in matters of faith, worship, and discipline was re-asserted, while at the same time it was maintained that she in no way desired to separate herself from the Catholic body. Parliament declared, and the Act is, I believe, still in force, that, while the Church of England was independent of Roman jurisdiction, there was no intention whatever

"to decline or vary from the congregation of Christ's Church in anything concerning the very articles of the Catholick faith of Christendom."

And Convocation asserted that

"the unity of the Holy Church of Christ is not divided by distance of place, nor by diversity of traditions and ceremonies, diversely observed in divers Churches for good order of the same. . . . That as the Churches of England, Spain, Italy, and Poale (*i.e.*, Russia) be not separate from the unity, but be one Church of God, notwithstanding that among them there is great distance, diversity of traditions, not in all things unity of opinions, variation in rites, ceremonies, and ordinances . . . so such diversity of opinions, &c. . . . doth not dissolve and break the unity which is in one God, one doctrine of Christ and His Sacraments preserved and kept in these several Churches, without any superiority or pre-eminence, that one Church by God's law may or ought to challenge over another . . . for the said Churches, with all other particular Churches, compacted and united together, do make and constitute but one Catholick Church or body."

While the Church of England, then, asserted her right as a "particular Church" to exercise the necessary powers of self-govern-

ment, she, on the other hand, maintained her old connection with the State. The dealing with spiritual matters was to be in her own hands. The supremacy of the Crown was to touch "temporalities" and all ecclesiastical causes which affect in their consequences temporal concerns. From this most Englishmen have believed that, while the Church has a certain addition of temporal dignity and *prestige* from her connection with the State, the nation has the immense blessing of formally and solemnly recognising the claims of religion and of the Christian faith as seriously influencing national life.

It is quite true that from this have arisen certain dangers and disadvantages. If in ages past the Church sometimes unduly encroached upon the province of the civil power, in later times the reverse has been the case, and well within the memory of man the civil power has had to be resisted in England, and has been successfully resisted by Churchmen, just as has been the case abroad, when it attempted unduly to encroach on the province of the Church. Still, it is difficult to doubt that, *on the whole*, this relationship between Church and State in England, which is as old as the history of the nation, has been and is of the highest advantage to the cause of religion. I may venture, in this connection, again to quote words of my own, written now many years ago :

"There are, indeed, blessings from the 'establishment' which go far to strike the balance in its favour. If the Church appear less free than if 'disestablished,' on the other hand, she has, what she would otherwise lose, a great leverage and a great opportunity for doing the Master's work. Her system of patronage may be anomalous, but, though it needs correction in various ways, and is at this moment undergoing some reforms, yet, on the whole, it 'effects what is to be desired.' The establishment of the Church, in fact, in spite of certain difficulties and dangers, on the whole *works well*. The English people may be slow to assimilate new ideas, but they are a shrewd and practical people; they are deeply religious; they are capable of understanding the truth that life must be guided by other than logical considerations; they feel the revived energy and vigour of the Church in the last fifty years; the working classes, especially, have wakened up to a keen appreciation of the blessing of being Churchmen; bishoprics have been increasing; churches of extreme beauty have been built in large numbers; at least one great cathedral has risen in a southern diocese, and another been practically created out of a parish church in a northern; the laity have shown an earnestness, devotion, and vigour unparalleled in any age of the Church's history; good works abound and are multiplied; the English people feel probably more than they ever did before the greatness and blessing of the English Church: humanly speaking, therefore, they are most unlikely to tolerate an act of suicidal folly such as would be the severance of the age-long connection between themselves as a nation and that branch of the Catholic Church which has been planted in England since the dawn of history. It would be most unsafe, in a time like this . . . to prophesy with positiveness, but it may be fairly said, without committing ourselves to over-hasty *pronunciamientos*, that the disestablishment of the Church of England is farther off than ever, and that the Minister who would attempt the task would be obliged first successfully to delude the English people—a people of calm judgment and common sense—and then to dig down to the very foundations of the national life. Such a man is hardly likely to be found."

But since these words were written * there has been found a handful of persons who have begun to try to compass disestablishment piecemeal. The assault on the Welsh dioceses is remarkable. (1) It is an unheard of attempt to create a sort of "local option" in Church government. (2) It has been proved, beyond controversy, to be bolstered up by abundant misrepresentations. (3) If it were carried out, *cui bono?* Who on earth would be any the better for it?

On the whole, as to *right and wrong*, as to the moral aspect of disestablishment it would seem that (1) if the English people, as a whole, were to decide upon severing the old connection, and breaking with history, they would be within their rights. They could do so without committing an injustice. To many religious minds it would appear to be a grievous disaster, and to argue a degree of levity and thoughtlessness in the nation to which, happily, it has generally been a stranger. Still it could not be said that the nation had not a right to take such a step if it pleased. (2) Piecemeal dismemberment is quite another question. It would be a very grave injustice to allow a scratch majority in a feeble and divided House of Commons to decide such a question, stimulated by the calls of political expediency, and without having the question put "fair and square" before the *whole* country and the *whole* Church. It is impossible not to feel that the attempted dismemberment of the Church by rending away a few dioceses from the ancient connection is an act of very serious wrongdoing. No Church and no nation with any remnant of self-respect left could permit this kind of fantastic peddling and meddling with so grave a question in a kind of "local option" spirit. Long ago the American Republic showed the world how well they understood this in matters of State existence on a large scale, when they refused to permit the Southern States to quit the Union, and one may well hope and believe that Englishmen will show themselves equally sagacious and just-minded in the matter of their Church. The question of disestablishment must be decided for the *whole* Church. In justice, *all* the dioceses of the Established Church must, in the question of establishment or disestablishment, stand or fall together. Did the nation—looking the whole matter in the face—decide on such complete disestablishment, it might be a cause of serious sorrow to all who love their country, but at least—however difficult and disastrous it might be—it could not be described as *unjust*.

V.

When Disestablishment is spoken of, however, always Disendowment is meant as well. Those who are either avowed enemies of the Church or who profess a desire for her improvement by altering her present *status*, invariably in their assaults, fix their eyes upon her *endowments*.

* In 1889.

The first argument of opponents is that the endowments of the Church constitute *national property*. This of course may be traversed at once. The endowments of the Church have had their origin in the same way as all others. In every form of religion, pious and earnest persons are sure to give of their substance to promote the interests of their creed. These gifts, when they take a more permanent form, result in *endowments*. Other religious bodies in England, besides the Church, are in this way *endowed*. The larger endowments belonging to the Church are only larger because her career is so much longer, and her age so venerable. It is evidently untrue to speak of the property of the Church being *national property* any more than that of Dissenting bodies—Wesleyans, or Baptists, or Congregationalists. They stand in precisely the same category. It is, moreover, very well known that at this moment the Church is strained to the utmost in meeting the demands made upon her. Can it possibly be pretended that it is *just* to deprive her of possessions—sorely inadequate for her necessities—which, were these wantonly taken from her, can be of no benefit to the community—on the ground that these are *national property*, when, at the same time, other religious bodies are allowed to retain *their* possessions which are *national property* just as little and just as much?

No Churchman, indeed, can desire to see the Dissenting bodies subjected to confiscation, and robbed of such property as they possess. But to confiscate in the case of the Church, and not to do so in the case of Dissent, is at least *unjust*. And, looking at the matter from an ethical standpoint, we may fairly contend that such a step is morally wrong.

It is sometimes asserted that the State *gave* endowments at the Reformation, and so has a right to *resume* them. To begin with, supposing we grant the premiss, how about the conclusion? It is at least an unusual view to assert that a giver has always a right to take back what he has given! It might, perhaps, be argued that if the State gave endowments for the purposes of the Church and to support and promote the Christian religion, there would be some justification for it if it resumed these gifts on finding the purposes for which they were given grossly disregarded. In the case we have before us we have the Church, especially in recent years, discharging her office and fulfilling her duty with exceptional devotion and success. How could the State, then, be justified—even on the above supposition—in crippling her energies, and hindering her work by diverting her funds from their proper uses to the mending of roads, diminishing of the rates, or erection of lunatic asylums? But, besides this, the assertion that the State *gave* the endowments is in the highest degree inaccurate. By all means, if the State has given anything, let it (although it is a somewhat astonishing proceeding), if it has determined to have nothing to do with religion, and to act with

a high hand, resume its gifts if it please. The Church will not lose much. Even the "conscience money" which accrued from the "gifts" or "foundations" of Henry VIII. did not come from "the State." The king had robbed the Church. He had robbed her to the tune of some fifty millions, which he was able to spend upon himself and his adherents. He restored to her about a tenth of a million! His "foundations" were no State "gifts," and never were State property. The State as such has not endowed the Church at all, any more than *as such* has it endowed Dissenting bodies. Parliament doubtless has *power* to do anything. It will not, however, be contended, even by the most devoted believer in the moral value of majorities, that it has also the *right*. To confiscate the property of one religious body, and a body confessedly doing good work for the people, and to leave the property of other religious bodies untouched, is—whatever else it is—manifestly *unjust*, and therefore morally wrong.

It is sometimes contended that disendowment is justified because the Church is "rich." The first answer to this is that the main proposition is the reverse of true. The Church is not only not "rich," but she is a great deal too poor for the work she has to do. The vigour and activity of the Church during the last half-century cannot be denied. Whatever may have been her faults, she is hard at work, both laity and clergy, for the moral, spiritual, material assistance of the people. At the moment she is strained to the utmost to meet the claims made upon her. Is this a moment to call her "rich" and confiscate her property? Sometimes it is cynically observed that the State could never afford to allow a religious corporation so "rich" to pass from its control! This is often asserted, and it is a remarkable assertion. If disestablishment took place to-morrow, the Church would not have passed from *such* control of the State as the State has ever a right to exercise over her. She would still be controlled by the State in all temporal matters, as she is now, as every religious body in a country must be. But even if it were not so, such an argument as this amounts to a cynical assertion that our national acts are to be guided not by *justice* but by *jealousy*. This is scarcely a contention to win the moral approval of mankind! Surely, also, in national life as in private life it is necessary to remember that the Eighth Commandment runs, *not* "Thou shalt not steal except from rich people," but "Thou shalt not steal."

To many minds also it appears clear that gifts given for the support of religion cannot be alienated from their original purpose without the sin of *sacrilege*. To this it has sometimes been answered—one would imagine scarcely with even a profession of seriousness—that the decreasing of rates, or the giving additional sums to hospitals or asylums, or the granting increased facilities for making roads, while churches are closed and ministrations have to cease—that these are highly *religious* purposes! The scarcely veiled cynicism of such a

contention deserves no answer from serious men. Suffice it to say, in the interest of the morality of language, we must use words in their proper meanings. On the question of sacrilege, however, we need not dwell, for, however real the contention may be, by a large number of persons nowadays this is treated as a *sentimental* objection. It is difficult to see what is *sentimental* in contending that gifts given so purely for one, and surely a very high purpose, should not be wantonly applied to another! Still passing this over, there remains a further considerations which is certainly not open to the charge of being a *sentimental* grievance. It may be contended that some great national need should override what would appear at first sight the obvious considerations of justice; that in a choice of difficulties, the least has to be chosen. Well, we are inclined to answer that it is difficult to believe that any real blessing can come out of obvious wrongdoing? *Fiat justitia, ruat cælum!* But let that pass. For a great national benefit, the Church may be pillaged. That is the contention. What is the great national benefit? There is none such. The Church, to say the least of it, is an obviously useful factor in the life of the people. After all—however cynics may sneer at Churchmen for defending endowments—after all, money is needed. The poor want help, and it is from the clergy they get it in a thousand ways. The clergy are citizens. They have to pay their rates and taxes, and, like other men, pay their way. Cripple the Church in her resources, you necessarily cripple her power of work. Will the teaching, the consolation, the religious education, the social and moral help she gives—will this be compensated for by a temporary lowering of the rates, or an improvement in the mending of some roads—say, in Wales? Nothing is to be gained by a measure of such glaring and fatal injustice as disendowment would be, except the satisfaction of some feelings of envy and jealousy among a certain number of opponents. This is scarcely a motive for serious legislation which should move a great people.

VI.

It is true indeed that if the Church in this country lose the dignity of "Establishment," and be robbed of her possessions, she still will work and win. The loss to the English people, however, would be grievous indeed. In the great cathedrals, and in many parish churches, the daily sacrifice of praise and prayer is maintained. In many parish churches also, and at least in some cathedrals, the Lord's appointed way of "the perpetual memorial of His Passion" in the daily offering of the Eucharistic Sacrifice is loyally observed. As time goes on we may confidently hope that, where it is not so, men in authority, especially in our Cathedrals, will waken up more fully to their responsibilities, and do their duty. All this sanctifies the life of the nation. Supernatural work, which every religious man must value, cannot be

done by "national monuments" or "national museums," and these, we are sometimes told, our great cathedrals are some day to become. More and more as the needs of this age enlarge, mission efforts are being made with ever-increasing success, and our cathedrals and churches are becoming in the highest sense the spiritual homes of the people. But far more than that. Supposing confiscation and pillage were decreed; in the great centres of civilisation, in our large towns and great cities, the earnest laity would doubtless—as in great measure they have done—stand by their Church, and support their religion. Imagine, however, the country parishes! On the whole, the country clergy, and the clergy generally, are manly, duty-loving, hard-working men. There are black sheep everywhere, but, *on the whole*, the English clergy are a body of men of whom the English people need not be ashamed. The constant ministrations, and quiet influence for good, of such men *must*—if confiscation come—be lost to the people. There are, it is well known, any number of useful and philanthropic undertakings dependent in great measure on the parish clergyman and his family, and of the highest benefit to the people. These would have to go. Doubtless, as is the case with some Dissenters, Sunday services might—at least in some places—be kept up. But Sunday services are the least part of the work of the parish priest. For a religious and home-loving people like the English, it is not to be told what a benefit among them have been the homes of the country clergy. It is difficult to realise how great, in this way alone, would be the loss if the policy of confiscation were ever to prevail.

It would appear then that—whilst disestablishment, if resolved upon, would be indeed a misfortune to the people but not an injustice—disendowment would be morally indefensible, as well as an act of wanton waste. It is to be hoped the English people, when once they fully face the question, will never permit so great a wrong.

I can best sum up the feelings, as it seems, of a very large number of Churchmen—and, one would hope, of just-minded men not members of the Church—on the subject in words of my own written now five years ago, but still, I think, true:

"After all the clergy are not the Church. They are a necessary part of her divine constitution, but they are but her ministers. It is the whole body that would suffer. To 'establish' one form of the Christian religion among many, in a young country, is one thing; to 'disestablish' in an old country that which has always been 'established' is another. To disestablish the Church would be for the State, as such, to disown religion; to disendow the Church would be for the State to rob the people.

"This is being more understood. In spite of the efforts of demagogues men are understanding more and more how great a blessing is a Church whose doors stand open to all. There were days of laxity and idleness, and 'fulness of bread,' and neglect of duty in the Church of England, as in other parts of Christendom: these days are, thank God, for the most part, gone. The envious, the controversial, and the unbelieving may rail at her and dwell upon her faults and minimise her virtues; not so religious-minded men.

Pious Nonconformists are more cordial and generous in their thoughts of her, even though by some Nonconformists one has reason to fear that politics are preferred to religion, and jealousy is ranked higher than justice. Still there are those who resist the temptation, and see clearly that robbery is wrong. Children are turning more towards their mother. She is losing her stiffness, which did so much injury, while clinging to that changeless faith which it is her office to proclaim.

"Every hour she is rising up more and more to the needs of the time. She has always been a reforming Church, with the deliberateness, it may be, but also with the solid sense of English character. She needs still reforms, and she above all welcomes them, for she has never declared herself immaculate, and is wide awake to many of her own faults. She needs reform, wise and well considered, from time to time: revolution and confiscation she does not need. There is no need why such lustre as her 'establishment' sheds on the nation should be dimmed; no reason why such force as her endowments may lend her for advancing the cause of Christ should be diminished. Less and less, one would hope, are the people likely—as they will see her strength and helpfulness—to be betrayed into any measure which will cripple her usefulness: and while neither they nor their clergy will endure any tampering by the civil power with the Church's doctrine and worship, they and their clergy love the nation whether in or out of the Church's borders, and are prepared, in increasing energy, to use all gifts that the Church inherits in her long history, for the advancement of the highest needs of this great people, and in using such their prayer, their effort is, 'Show Thy servants Thy work, and their children Thy glory.'"

After all is said, nothing so galls the human mind as *injustice*. Whatever may be said as to establishment or disestablishment, that is a question of wisdom, a question of utility, a question of prudence. It is not a question—considering the greatness of our history—to be dealt with in a hurry, or from political exigencies, or in a spirit of levity, but it seems to us that, however unwise such a step might be, if the nation determined upon taking it they could do so without actual moral wrongdoing. Disendowment is quite another matter. It is morally indefensible, as matters stand. To do its advocates justice, they hardly take the trouble to discuss it as a matter of right and wrong. It may be hoped, however, that with the great body of the English people the matter will be treated in quite another spirit. The English people as a whole are a religious people, and a people with a strong sense of the duty of justice and of fair play. For a time they may be deceived by interested agitators, and have dust thrown in their eyes by wire-pullers or politicians, but it may be hoped that they will waken up and face facts at last. If so, there can be little fear of the issue. They will feel, it may well be believed, not only the inutility but the *injustice* of proposed measures of disendowment. They will scarcely approve waste in the interest of envy, and wanton robbery of the poor to meet the cravings of social jealousy. Once awake, they are on the whole a practical people and also a religious, and they are not likely—we may hope—to forget that "the righteous Lord loveth righteousness, His countenance beholdeth the thing that is just"

W. J. KNOX LITTLE.

SULTAN ABD-UL-HAMID.

LIKE the Pope at Rome, the Sultan is a self-constituted prisoner in his palace. Like Alexander III. he is in constant fear of assassination. There is something pathetic in his appearance once a week, when he visits the mosque at the gate of his palace, to keep up the tradition that the Caliph must be personally accessible to all true believers. There must always be a thrill of sympathy in the hearts of the spectators when this pale, care-worn man suddenly appears, guarded by thousands of soldiers, solitary and friendless in the midst of a brilliant retinue—the successor of proud monarchs—at whose very name the world trembled, but the occupant of a crumbling throne for whose defence he trusts no one but himself.

A better acquaintance with him strengthens rather than weakens the feeling of sympathy. He has never failed to win the heart of any European who has been admitted to any degree of intimacy with him. All find in him noble and attractive qualities which they cannot but admire. If we compare him with previous Sultans there is not one during the present century, unless it be his grandfather Mahmoud II., whom he does not surpass intellectually and morally. If we compare him with those of the last half of the last century, the contrast is so great that it is hardly possible to realise that he is of the same stock. Except in religion he is much more a European than an Asiatic.

He is no more of an Oriental despot than was the late Czar, and many of the fine qualities discovered in the Czar since his death are equally characteristic of the Sultan. In personal ability I should say that the Sultan was his superior. They came to the throne under very similar circumstances and adopted essentially the same policy. They both carried it out successfully, but the task of the

Czar was easy in comparison with that of the Sultan, who was almost immediately involved in a war with Russia, and saw his Empire dismembered before he could carry out his plans. Alexander II. was assassinated just at the time when liberal ideas seemed to have gained the ascendancy, and his son, who had become the heir through the death of his brother, crushed out this Liberalism with an iron hand and made himself as absolute as Peter the Great. Abd-ul-Aziz was assassinated by conspirators who undertook to give Turkey a constitutional government, and the present Sultan came to the throne through the insanity and deposition of his brother Murad. With no experience or training to fit him to govern, with little education or knowledge of the world, he seemed destined to be a tool in the hands of Mithad Pasha. With Russian armies camped at the gates of Constantinople there seemed to be little hope of any revival of the Turkish power. But with the help of England he first rid himself of the Russians and then, in spite of England and all Europe, rid himself of the conspirators who had put him on the throne and established a government as personal and despotic as that of Alexander III. Whether this policy was a sure one or not it required a man of distinguished ability to carry it into execution.

It is also as true of the Sultan as it was of the Czar, that this policy was not adopted through personal ambition or the love of power, but from a sense of duty to religion and country. We cannot eulogise the one and condemn the other. So far as we can judge, the Sultan is a sincere and honest Mohammedan, and regards himself as a true Caliph—a successor of the Prophet—the chief defender of the faith, under God the absolute arbiter of its destinies. He has undoubtedly done his best to reconcile the interests of the Caliphate with those of the Empire.

In short, he is an honest, able man, overworked and oppressed by the task which he has undertaken, of kindly spirit, keenly sensitive to criticism, distrustful of all around him, in constant fear of assassination, with a keen sense of the dangers by which his Empire is surrounded; naturally disinclined to commit himself on any important political question, but yet possessed of considerable moral courage and self-confidence.

It is probably impossible for any Christian or European to criticise the policy of his reign in a way which would seem to him just or accurate. We cannot look at things from the standpoint of a Caliph, but it is not so difficult to understand what its influence is likely to be upon the fate of the Empire. As a national policy we may discuss it as freely as we do that of the Czar.

In one particular it is condemned by most enlightened Mohammedans as strongly as by Christians. His attempt to concentrate the whole administration of the Empire in his own hands has led to the

establishment of a dual Government, that of the Palace and the Porte. The whole machinery of government exists at the Porte. There are Ministers and fully organised departments. There is a Council of Ministers and a Council of State. All business is supposed to pass through their hands, and the whole administration is supposed to be subordinate to them. All is, of course, subject to the supreme will of the Sultan, but his official advisers and his official agents are at the Porte.

In fact, however, there is another Government at the Palace of Yildiz, more powerful than the official Government, made up of chamberlains, moollahs, eunuchs, astrologers, and nondescripts, and supported by the secret police. The general policy of the Empire is determined by this Government, and the most important questions of State are often treated and decided, while the highest officials of the Porte are left in absolute ignorance of what is going on. It is needless to add that the Porte and the Palace are at sword's-point, and block each other's movements as far as they can.

The Sultan evidently believes that he is equally independent of both these Governments, and decides all questions, great and small, for himself. In form he does so, but no man can act independently of all his sources of information, and of the personal influence of his *entourage*. Under the present system he makes himself responsible for every blunder and every iniquity committed in the Empire, but he has disgraced three distinguished Grand Viziers for telling him so, and seems to have no idea of the causes of the intense dissatisfaction with his Government which prevails among his Mohammedan subjects. If he could emancipate himself from the harpies of the Palace and abolish his secret police, this discontent would disappear at once. It is this dual Government with the practical supremacy of the irresponsible officials of the Palace and the terror of the secret police which constitutes the only real danger to his throne. If we have another revolution here this will be the cause of it.

There is another evil connected with this system which may lead to serious difficulties with foreign Powers. All foreign relations are supposed to be managed through the Minister of Foreign Affairs or the Grand Vizier, but these officials have no power and but little influence. They can promise nothing and do nothing. The Sultan is not easily accessible and can seldom be reached effectively, except through some of the officials of the Palace, and they are moved only by money. Many are regularly in the pay of foreign Powers, but for anything of special importance large sums are demanded for distribution among the officials. I know one case where £100,000 was demanded, and the Chamberlain had the impudence to assure the broker that one-half of it would go to the Sultan himself, which was no doubt a slander. But these Palace officials have many of them

become enormously rich within a few years through such transactions.

It is not simply the corruption growing out of this system which involves the country in danger. Grand Viziers and Ministers of Foreign Affairs have also been bribed ; but in all delicate diplomatic questions it is essential to treat with responsible agents, and to discuss them with such agents in a way in which it is impossible to treat with the Sovereign himself. This is as true in countries like Russia and Turkey as it is in England.

The present system has been a serious injury to Turkey. It has roused the hostility of all the Embassies and led them to feel and report to their Governments, that there is no use in trying to do anything to save this Empire ; that it is hopelessly corrupt, and the sooner it comes to an end the better for the world.

Another point on which enlightened Mohammedans are generally agreed in condemning the policy of the Sultan is in the administration of the army and navy. It is apparent to all the world that the navy has been allowed to go to decay.

While Russia has been building a magnificent fleet in the Black Sea, Turkey has not even kept up the fleet built by Abd-ul-Aziz. The old ironclads which cost so dear, but which held the Black Sea in the last war, have lain at their anchors ever since in the Golden Horn. Turkey has ceased to be a sea Power. She still has an army, and it is said that, if furnished with money, she could in a few months put 400,000 men in the field ; but Turkish critics claim that this army is not much better than the fleet ; that its officers are named by Palace favourites ; that there have been no general manoeuvres for many years, and that there has been no drilling in the use of the new arms which have been bought, and that in case of war the troops would be at every disadvantage in comparison with those of Russia. The Sultan has taken special interest in organising the Koords into "Hamidic Cavalry," but these regiments will add nothing to the strength of the army in case of war, and they are a curse to the country in time of peace. Another curious criticism comes from Turkish sources. They say that the garrison of Constantinople has been pampered and petted to such an extent by the Sultan that it has lost its discipline. I am not a soldier, and cannot pretend to judge of the nature of the criticisms upon the army, but some of them are confirmed by facts manifest to all the world.

The Turks, as well as the Christians, also condemn the laws restricting personal freedom, which have increased in severity every year. In many ways these laws are more galling to the Turks than the Christians. Abd-ul-Hamid inaugurated his reign by proclaiming a Constitution and establishing a Parliament. These were greatly ridiculed abroad, but they were popular here, and the Turkish Parlia-

ment was an astonishing success. Mohammedanism is a democratic religion, and the Turks took to the work of discussing their grievances with even more zest than the Christians. This was especially true of the Arab members. The lower house was a unique assembly, and Achmet Vetrik Pasha was a unique presiding officer. The speeches and the discipline were decidedly Oriental, but it was a success, and, had it not been abolished, it might have revolutionised the government of the Empire. For this very reason it was abolished, and the Sultan, having rid himself in various ways of all those in sympathy with it, gradually built up the present system of universal repression of all freedom of speech and thought. This is secured by a system of espionage by the omnipresent secret police, and a censorship the absurdities of which are beyond imagination. This police system seems to have been modelled after the famous "Third Section" in Russia. It spares no one, from the Grand Vizier down. Nothing is too insignificant to escape its notice. It searches the letters in the post. It reads every telegram. It notes every word spoken. It fills every place with spies; and men are exiled, imprisoned, or disappear without any trial.

The censorship excludes from the Empire every book which refers directly or indirectly to Mohammedanism, or to the Turkish Government, as well as all other books which the censor may consider dangerous. Nothing can be printed in the Empire without his approval. Books are seized and newspapers suppressed even after they have had the censor's approval. A paper was suspended for a week in Constantinople not long ago for publishing the statement that the King of Korea changed his Ministers as often as he changed his wives—this being regarded as a covert attack on polygamy. Certain words—hundreds of them—are forbidden altogether, such as dynamite, assassination, anarchy, all astronomical terms which might apply figuratively to the Star (Yildiz) Palace in which the Sultan lives, all words which might be construed to imply the truth of anything religious or political of which the Sultan does not approve.

These laws apply to Turks and Christians alike.

But beyond this every effort is made to restrict the rights of Christians as such. It is extremely difficult to obtain permission to build a church. All the influence of Protestant Europe has thus far failed to induce the Government to permit the erection of a Protestant church in Stamboul. Christian schools are also hindered and hampered in every possible way. And of late Christian religious books—made for the exclusive use of Christians—have been suppressed by the censor if they contain any Christian doctrine which *implies* the falsity of Mohammedanism.

This general policy of repression probably accounts for the special policy which the Sultan has adopted in regard to the Armenians, a

policy which cannot fail to result, sooner or later, in the further dismemberment of the Empire by Russia. It is a simple unvarnished fact that unless Russia does occupy Armenia the Christian population will be exterminated. No other Power can save them; and when England understands the alternative she will applaud rather than resist the advance of Russia, as she did after the massacres in Bulgaria. The terrible massacre of Armenians at Sassoun, near Moosh, in August last, by the Turkish troops, with its accompanying horrors, was not an isolated event. It is not often that four thousand people are slaughtered at once; but the process of gradual extermination has been going on for years, with exactly similar scenes repeated on a smaller scale from week to week. The organisation of the Koords into "Hamidic regiments," under the special patronage of the Sultan, has legalised these raids and accelerated the work of extermination.

In Asia Minor the Sultan has had some excuse for the persecution of the Armenians, in the establishment of revolutionary committees; but even there and in Constantinople he has acted on the principle that all the Armenians are natural enemies to be crushed by force, instead of peaceful and loyal subjects, which they certainly were fifteen years ago. No Armenian, however loyal, has been safe from plunder and imprisonment, and, although on two occasions the Sultan has seemed to relent, and has released a very large number of innocent men from prison, the general policy of repression has not been permanently changed.

As all this restriction of the rights of Christians in general and this persecution of the Armenians is in defiance of solemn promises and treaties, it has alienated whatever friends Turkey may have had in Europe, and, however it may appear from the standpoint of a Caliph, it can only end in the ruin of the Sultan. He trusts to the fact that no concerted action on the part of the Great Powers is possible so long as Europe is divided into two hostile camps and England is isolated. But this will not prevent Russia from acting alone, as she has done before, and, as Russia now commands the Black Sea, Turkey could make but a feeble defence. There are statesmen in Turkey who understand this very well, but they are not at the Palace.

The policy of the Sultan in regard to Egypt is also open to criticism from whatever standpoint it may be considered. It has been hostile to England from the first. In the abstract, it is reasonable for the Sultan to oppose the occupation of any part of his Empire by a foreign Power; but when we come to concrete facts, we find that the original occupation of Egypt, and all the subsequent humiliations of the Sultan, grew out of his own mistaken policy, and especially out of his hostility to England or his distrust of her sincerity. There can be no doubt that he secretly supported and encouraged Arabi Pasha, and hoped

that this movement would lead to a great Pan-Islamic revival and the overthrow of Christian power in Asia and Africa. His agents stirred up the fanaticism in Egypt and Syria which threatened a general massacre of the Christians and made necessary the armed intervention of England. His faith as Caliph got the better of his discretion as Sultan.

And again when Lord Dufferin used all his skill to induce him to unite with England in a joint occupation, he listened to the advice of his enemies rather than his friends, and rejected a plan which would have saved his honour and given him a new hold on Egypt. If he had followed the advice given him at the time by one of his best friends, he would have put England in a very awkward dilemma. He was advised to accept Lord Dufferin's propositions, and then *go to Egypt himself* with his troops. This would have been an assertion of his sovereignty which would have increased his *prestige* in the Moham-medan world enormously, and would at least have forced the hand of England.

But he has contented himself with simply intriguing with France and with the discontented in Egypt to make the position of England as uncomfortable as possible—unable to see that whatever may be the final settlement of the Egyptian question his power there has come to an end, that he has nothing to gain but everything to lose by treating England as an enemy. England is really the only country from which he gets honest and disinterested advice, the only country that manifests an active interest in the good government and prosperity of Turkey. There are other Powers as deeply interested in the fate of the Empire as England, but they seem to have given up all hope of saving it, and they content themselves with defending and advancing their private interests, leaving the Empire to go to ruin as it may. There is no longer any concerted action of Europe at Constantinople for the improvement of the condition of the people.

There is little to be said in defence of the policy of the Sultan on any of the points which have been mentioned. It can be explained on the ground of his isolation and the ignorance and corruption of his *entourage*, but it has been none the less fatal to the best interests of Turkey. This is all the more unfortunate since it is evident that under more happy circumstances he might have saved his Empire instead of ruining it. In certain directions, when he has evidently acted on his own initiative, he has attempted and to some extent accomplished great things, and proved himself a wise as well as a generous Sovereign.

He has restored the financial credit of the Empire. When he came to the throne the country was bankrupt. The interest on the debt was no longer paid, and the Treasury was paying as much as 40 per cent. interest on small local advances. A costly war followed and

some of the richest provinces in the Empire were lost. But he recognised his obligations, settled with his creditors, and agreed to an arrangement which must have been more galling to his pride than accepting the Treaty of San Stefano. He agreed to the establishment of a foreign control over a portion of the revenues and the whole administration of the Public Debt. He has supported it loyally and made it a success. He found the vast domains and properties belonging to the Crown in the hands of officials who wasted and plundered them, and he had the moral courage to appoint an honest Christian to be Minister of this Department and to support him in cleansing it and reducing it to order. He tried to do as much with the Ministry of Finance, but failed; and the corruption of the general administration is as great as it ever was, forming a striking contrast to that of the Public Debt, which is managed by foreigners. The taxes are excessive. There is endless oppression and corruption in the collection of them, and the whole administration is rotten to the core. There is no help for it under such a Government as this. It is but little better in Russia.

Still the Sultan has fully appreciated the necessity of maintaining the credit of the Empire, and in spite of all this corruption he has been successful. The credit of Turkey in Europe has steadily improved, and will continue to do so as long as he supports the foreign administration of the Public Debt. There is little chance of his extending its powers, but it can hardly be repudiated except in case of war, when there would be a fair excuse for confiscating its revenues.

The Sultan has also shown his wisdom in the efforts that he has made to improve the roads and develop the industry of the country. The initiative has been taken in many cases by the Public Debt Commission, but the work has been done with his approval, and he has also established model farms and schools of agriculture and the arts. He has encouraged the investment of foreign capital in the building of railways, as well as in mining and manufacturing. This is all the more remarkable from the fact that he dreads nothing so much as the increase of foreign influence in the Empire.

If the orders of the Sultan had been honestly executed we should have good roads everywhere in the interior of the country, although he has totally forgotten the vicinity of the capital, probably because he never drives out himself. The roads exist on paper, and in many cases have been well made by competent engineers; but even these, when once made, are utterly neglected, and soon go to ruin. In some cases the roads are made with no bridges, in others there are bridges with no roads; but, after all, the means of communication have wonderfully improved under Sultan Hamid. That they are not what he has ordered and paid for is his misfortune and not his fault. The

railways are built by foreign companies, with concessions which make the Government responsible for the payment of interest, and they are extending quite as rapidly as these demands can be met by the revenues of the State.

The efforts of the Sultan have not been fruitless. There has been real progress during his reign in the development of agriculture and commerce. The amount of land under cultivation is much greater than it was twenty years ago, and there has been a decided increase in both exports and imports.

The Sultan has also devoted all his energies to the improvement of the sanitary condition of the Empire, the erection of hospitals, the organisation of a competent medical service, and the relief of suffering. For the accomplishment of these ends he has been lavish in his expenditure of money, he has sought advice from the highest authorities in Europe, and interested himself in every discovery of modern science, with a purpose that his people should lack nothing possessed by any other nation.

The ignorance and stupidity of most of his agents and his own inexperience in such matters have led to much that was absurd and ridiculous and to some results positively evil; but this is not his fault. He deserves the highest praise. It is a new thing in the world to see a Turkish Sultan attempting to cleanse his Empire from filth and disease, and rivalling the most advanced countries in the world in his efforts to care for the health of his people. No doubt he has been moved to this in some measure by his natural kindness of heart and sympathy with suffering, which he manifests so often in his gifts to the unfortunate, not only in Turkey, but in other parts of the world, as when he sent £300 to the sufferers by the great forest fires in America. But this is something more than simple philanthropy. It is the far-seeing genius of the statesman, and of a statesman in sympathy with the advanced ideas of the age. We may laugh at the absurdities and incongruities in the execution of his orders. We cannot help it when we see a box of soiled clothes disinfected by squirting a weak solution of carbolic acid over the closed lid; or when we see a circle of chloride of lime put around a man dying of cholera in the street lest the microbes should crawl out and attack the surrounding spectators. But all the same we cannot but admire the wisdom of a Sultan who puts aside the prejudices of his religion and the habits of his race to care for the sanitary condition of his subjects.

In still another respect the Sultan has risen above the traditions of his family and race, and manifested his appreciation of Western civilisation. He has done more for the education of his people than all the Sultans who have gone before him. It is true that he does not favour Christian schools, and has devised many new regulations to restrict their influence. Perhaps he feels as one of his Ministers did

some years ago when he replied to a protest against the closing of a Christian school, that the Christians were already far ahead of the Mohammedans and must wait until the Turks caught up with them.

But as far as Mohammedan schools are concerned we live in a new era. The Sultan believes in education as a mighty power for the uplifting of his people. He has not only filled Constantinople with schools of every kind known in European capitals, but he has established a regular system of schools throughout the Empire, and all real estate is taxed to support them.

This work was undertaken immediately after the last war, and apparently the Sultan was led to realise the importance of it from what he had learned of the influence of education upon the Bulgarians. But whatever may have first turned his attention to this subject, his interest in it has steadily increased, and the work has been pushed on with unflagging zeal. He was undaunted by the fact that he had neither teachers nor text-books. Buildings were erected, students were collected, teachers were appointed, and the schools opened. Probably such schools have never been seen before, but in the reign of universal ignorance there was no one to ridicule them. It was a beginning, and great progress has been made since, in supplying text-books and improving the teachers. Most of the schools are still of a very inferior order, but their influence is already felt in the country. Whether their influence will be altogether in favour of such a government as that of Abd-ul-Hamid remains to be seen. I doubt it very much.

In many respects the foreign policy of the Sultan has also been mostly of high praise. His distrust of England has been unfortunate, but not unnatural, and aside from this he has managed to keep on the best of terms with all other nations, without committing himself to any of them, since the Congress of Berlin. In the most important crisis of his reign—at the time of the revolution in Eastern Roumelia—he followed the advice of England in opposition to all the other Powers, and refused to send troops into the province. His whole attitude toward Bulgaria has been that of a wise statesman. He has several times dared to offend Russia to support and aid the Bulgarians, accepting them as his natural allies, although they were so little time ago his rebellious subjects.

He has kept clear of all entangling alliances, resisting with equal firmness the advances of his friends of the Triple Alliance and the pressure of his enemies—Russia and France. If war comes he will be free to make his own terms, and will probably follow the lead of England. He has known when to be firm and when to yield to pressure. His chief blunder has been already mentioned. He has made his relations with the Embassies difficult by taking away all authority from his own Foreign Minister.

If Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid would come out of his palace, restore to the Porte its full responsibility, disband his secret police, trust his Mohammedan subjects, and do simple justice to the Christians, his life would be far more secure than it is to-day, with all his precautions; his people and all the world would recognise the great and noble qualities which they now ignore, and welcome him as the wisest and best of all the Sultans.

The sad pity of it is that he will never do it. It is too late. The influence of the Palace favourites is too strong. He will appear in history not as the Sultan who saved the Empire, but as the one who might have saved it and did not.

AN EASTERN RESIDENT.

CONSTANTINOPLE, 1894.

SHAKESPEARE AND PURITANISM.

IT was surely one of "life's little ironies" that closely surrounded Shakespeare's home in his latter years with an atmosphere of Puritanism. By the close of the sixteenth century he had won the foremost place amongst the dramatic writers of his time—perhaps of all time; and from a merely financial point of view he had achieved great and rare success. Rumours of his fame in London must have reached Stratford; and, apart from any such rumours, he was a conspicuous and notable figure there. But neither his London fame nor his local importance would seem to have mitigated the growing animosity of his native town towards plays and play-acting, or prevented this narrow-minded feeling from expressing itself in various resolutions which certainly a self-conceited and irritable person might easily have taken for personal insults. It is commonly and with reason supposed that Shakespeare lived much less in London and much more at Stratford in the closing period of his life. In 1597 he had bought the best house in Stratford, and probably a year or two after that purchase moved his family from Henley Street and resided at New Place, as it was called. From the beginning of his career probably he had looked forward to such a conclusion.

"And as an hare whom hounds and horns pursue
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return, and die at homé at last."

The aspirations which Goldsmith so confesses were not perhaps very intense or confident; at all events they proved vain enough. But Shakespeare not only aspired; he also resolved. And presently he found his dream fulfilled. There he was "at home at last." And one cannot say he was a prophet altogether without honour in his own

country. There are many indications that in some respects and in some quarters he was highly esteemed. But yet, if the Corporation had specially wished to be impertinent, which there is no reason for suspecting, they could scarcely have taken steps more obviously tending that way than those they did take. Many a man would certainly have packed up bag and baggage, and shaken the dust off his feet against a place that began to treat with such abhorrence the profession of which he was the most distinguished ornament. For on December 17, 1602, this sapient Corporation voted that

"no Play or Interlude shall be performed in the Chamber, the Guildhall, nor in any other part of the House or Court, from henceforth, under pain that whatever bailiff, alderman, or burgess shall give leave or license thereunto should forfeit for every offence ten shillings."

It would appear that this order was imperfectly obeyed, some at least of the civic body retaining their intelligence and not being wholly eaten up by "zeal of" what, no doubt, they imagined was God's "house." So, some ten years afterwards, it was renewed, with a very serious augmentation of the fine, which may perhaps be regarded as a measure of the rate at which the Puritanic spirit had been spreading in the place. Ten shillings was a fairly heavy fine, equivalent to some £2 or more of our money; but in 1612 the fine was raised to £10, over £40 of our money, a fine practically prohibitive and fatal. What did Mr. Shakespeare of New Place think of these municipal performances? How did the author of such notorious profane pieces as "Hamlet," "Macbeth" and "King Lear"—how did he comfort himself when he met Mr. Bailiff in the streets or any public resort or at any private party? Happily he did not live to hear of yet another outbreak of this anti-theatrical fury, which was displayed in 1622. For some six years, then, he had ceased to fear "slander, censure rash," if ever he feared them, as is like enough; he had finished "joy and moan"—could neither delight in what was sensible and generous in men's actions, or grieve over what was silly and malignant. In 1622 the local authorities actually paid the King's Players—Shakespeare's own company—a certain sum *not* to act in the hall. Presumably, the orders we have mentioned had not been, or could not be, enforced, there being so much human nature in man, as has been profoundly observed; but somehow or other the enemy must be kept away from the premises, and so this time he was bought off. As the Anglo-Saxons bribed the Danes to vacate our coasts, so the Stratford aldermen paid down 6s. of their coin to be delivered from such unwholesome visitors as the King's Players.

How, we say, did Shakespeare regard such zealots and such zealotry, whilst he lived in the midst of them and it? Emigrate to some more reasonable and considerate neighbourhood we know he did not. Perhaps he was not aware of one, as all the land was so gravely

infected with that same malady of Puritanism, to use the term in its worst sense. Perhaps his associations with the place of his birth and his youth and all his early memories were too deep and too sacred to be disturbed by the petty dogmatists whose perception of what was great and good in the world around them was so miserably unenlightened and limited. Perhaps, with a perception contrasting immensely with the narrow outlook of such opponents of his craft, he was able to recognise and appreciate something not altogether unworthy in the motives and in the conduct even of persons so purblind and so self-sufficient. However it came to pass, it seems clear that Shakespeare, under circumstances of great trial and vexation, possessed his soul in patience. It is highly credible that even that Bible which was being so incessantly and obstinately misquoted he knew better and understood better than those who were for ever flinging texts at his profession. Certainly his works are in harmony with the best spirit of it, as truly as much Puritanic action is in harmony with the worst spirit of it, if we may so speak—that is, seems based on the example of characters and deeds in the Old Testament that are not and were not meant to be exemplary. It may be true that “all Scripture is written for our learning”; but obviously we may learn much from the lives of men who are not admirable or to be imitated. The high charity inculcated by the Apostles is undoubtedly more nobly illustrated by Shakespeare than by many of those who denounced and anathematised the stage. Of him it may be said with singular fitness that he faithfully obeys St. Peter’s instructions: “Be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another; love as brethren; be pitiful; be courteous, not rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing, but contrariwise blessing.” Shakespeare, amidst the Puritanic fervour and bigotry of Stratford and of England, is surely a very striking and suggestive figure. We propose now to make a more careful study of this figure than has, we think, yet been attempted.

It need scarcely be remarked that there were many degrees of Puritanism, or that there were amongst the Puritans many excellent persons, high-minded, pure-motived, and even men of learning and culture—men having little in common with the unrefined zealots who did so much to discredit an honourable title. Nor can it be doubted that in course of time, by the stress of circumstances, this party included, for a certain period at least, a large proportion of the best Englishmen of the day. Not for one moment must the services of Puritanism be forgotten. But on the present occasion it is rather its harmful and mischievous side, or, rather, it is a debased form of it, that is presented to us. It comes before us as the enemy of culture and art—as interfering clumsily and disastrously with innocent recreation and pleasure, that exercised also an inestimable moral force, and, if properly understood and directed, made for righteousness no

less truly, and often with infinitely greater effect, than its own long-winded sermons and eternal homilies. It was a grievous national calamity that there should be engendered a blind, mad feud between the Church and the Stage. The Church was thereby weakened and narrowed; the Stage was branded and demoralised. Thus the power of each for good was sadly disabled and crippled; the best capacities of each deplorably mutilated. These two institutions, that might and should have worked so harmoniously side by side, quarrelled fiercely and savagely. They banned and cursed each other; and scarcely yet, after a disreputable wrangle of nearly three centuries, is there a satisfactory reconciliation.

It was during Shakespeare's life that this lamentable disruption took place. We can see it gradually coming on at Stratford-on-Avon. When Shakespeare was a boy, it did not exist; before he was forty, it was, as we have seen, a fact—an unsightly fact.

During his boyhood and youth players were frequently entertained by the Stratford authorities. And it is interesting to notice that the bailiff (there were not "mayors" at Stratford till 1664) who initiated such entertainments was Shakespeare's own father. In his year of office (1567-9) he granted licences to play in the town to two of the leading companies of the day—viz., the Queen's Players and the Earl of Worcester's. Before that year we learn from the Chamberlain's accounts that Stratford had its local celebrations of St. George's Day; we find payments for "scowryng sent Georg harnes," "to Walter for ryding sent Georg," "to hym that bare the dragon," &c.; but not till then was there a regular performance by professional actors, not till then did the "Bottoms," and "Quinces," and "Suouts," and such rude amateurs, make way for histrionic artists. And so, it may be noted in passing, that Shakespeare *père* was probably in part answerable for the turn taken by his son's genius. That the elder Shakespeare was the first to introduce a *corps dramatique* into Stratford is all the more noticeable because that same gentleman had been fined a few years before—in 1564, the year of his famous son's birth—"for defacing an image in chapel." Of course, one cannot speak positively, but that entry suggests that John was something of an ultra-Protestant—an embryonic Puritan in fact. If so, then as late as 1568-9, a Puritan magistrate—unless John had changed or modified his views in the interval—saw nothing unholy in admitting play-actors within the precincts of his jurisdiction. However this may be, the custom begun was kept up, and well kept up, for nearly thirty years. In 1573 the town was visited, and contributed to the expenses of the visit, by the Earl of Leicester's Players; in 1576 by "my lord of Warwick his Players," and again by the Earl of Worcester's; in 1577 by Lord Leicester's and Lord Worcester's; in 1579 by Lord Strange's; in 1580 by Lord Derby's; in 1581 by Lord Worcester's, and "the Lord Barlett his Players"; in 1582 by Lord Worcester's; in 1583

by "the Lord Shandowe's Players; in 1584 by Lord Oxford's, Lord Worcester's, Lord Essex's; in 1586 by "the Players"; in 1587 by the Queen's, Lord Essex's, Lord Leicester's, "another company," and Lord Stafford's; in 1592 and 1593 and 1596 by the Queen's; and in 1597 by "four companies of Players." And then rose the tide of Puritanism; and in 1602 and 1612, as we have seen, Plays were inhibited. Credibly enough, this inhibition was not approved by everybody. In fact, its reinforcement shows that it had been transgressed. And even after the renewal, one bailiff rebelled. In 1617, *vs.* is paid to a company of Players, "per Mr. Bailif's appointment." But evidently the frequent public and official welcomes of strolling companies cease about the year 1597, the very year, as it happens, in which Shakespeare was buying unto himself a large and comfortable house, and arranging for his subsequent withdrawal from the excitements and fatigues of the metropolis, that he might exchange

"fumum et opes strepitumque romæ"

for the calm and quiet of his birthplace.

But in one respect at least his calm and quiet were to be marred or to be endangered. He found himself in an unfriendly air, his profession suspected and stigmatised, and both himself and his London friends—probably Ben Jonson on his visits did not conduce to a removal of the local prejudice—looked upon as little better than the wicked, little better than sons of Belial—at least so far as their craft was concerned.

How thoroughly Stratford was Puritanised, and how all the country round was very much of the same complexion, and so how uncongenial to Shakespeare, it might be thought, were the town and the immediate vicinity, and the whole county, we shall now sufficiently demonstrate. Warwickshire was, in short, one of the chief Puritan districts of England. The contiguous shires of Leicester and Northampton were also remarkable in the same respect. And in another contiguous shire, not far from the Warwickshire border, was Banbury, a stronghold of the sect.

It was one of the counties in which "private classes"* were organised, and the book entitled, "The Holy Discipline of the Church described in the Word of God" (*De disciplina ecclesiastica ex Dei verbo descripta*), designed as a platform of Church discipline, was widely accepted, being "subscribed" by all the members of those "classes." Coventry and Welstone were amongst the places at which the Marprelate Press was for a time located. It was with the town of Warwick, at the head of Leicester's Hospital, that he whom Dugdale designates the "Standard-bearer of the Puritans,"† the famous Thomas Cartwright, was for many years con-

* See Neal's "Puritans," i. 314, Ed. 1837.

† See Brook's "Lives of the Puritans."

nected. There for some time he preached without a licence, his hospital being exempt from the jurisdiction of the prelates; and he was a preacher of singular attraction and power—*e.g.*, we are told that when it was his turn to occupy the pulpit at St. Mary's, Cambridge, "the sexton, on account of the multitudes who flocked to hear him, was obliged for their accommodation to take down the windows of the church." And no doubt the persecutions he had endured and was enduring from those bishops and archbishops who, egged on by the Queen, were bent upon placing on men's necks what Milton calls an "iron yoke of outward conformity," had greatly enhanced his reputation; and from all the neighbouring villages and towns, and we may be sure from Stratford, the people would gather to listen to one whom the Star Chamber and the High Commission thought worthy of the high honour of their condemnation. He was "indefatigably laborious," we are told, "a constant preacher, when he enjoyed his liberty. During his abode at Warwick, besides taking the most exact care of the hospital, he often preached at both the churches on the Lord's day, and at one of them on Saturday." Thus Warwick, during Cartwright's mastership—he died at the end of the year 1603—was the cynosure of Puritanic eyes, certainly "of neighbouring eyes." Another of the foremost leaders of Puritanism was Warwickshire, by birth at least, whatever his subsequent connection with the county: William Perkins, for some time the chief light of the party at Cambridge, and of remarkable influence there, making his College, viz., Christ's, a great Puritanic rendezvous, was born at Marston, a village some few miles south of Nuneaton. He, too, we are assured, was a highly impressive—perhaps, we should say, an extremely formidable—preacher. "He used," says Brook, "to apply the terrors of the law so directly to the consciences of his hearers, that their hearts would often sink under the convictions; and he used to pronounce the word *damn* with so peculiar an emphasis that it left a doleful echo in their ears a long time after." He, too, had his troubles with the Star Chamber and the High Commission. He styles the year 1592, "when many of his bretheren were cruelly imprisoned for Nonconformity," "the year of the last patience of the Saints." The Warwickshire Puritans would not forget he was one of their "worthies"; and perhaps dwelt with pride on his effective enunciation of that terrible verb.

Of the Grevilles of Beauchamp's Court we will speak presently. In several other parts of the county there were Puritans of distinction—distinction enough to draw upon them reprimands and yet harsher sentences from the powers that were. "Innumerable indeed," writes Brook in the introduction to his well-known work, "were the hardships under which the Puritans groaned. By the rigorous proceedings of the ruling prelates the Church was deprived of many of its brightest

ornaments; and nearly all its faithful pastors were ejected, especially in Northamptonshire, Warwickshire, Leicestershire, Norfolk, and Suffolk." Clearly, if these prelates had wished to encourage and promote Nonconformity, they could scarcely have done their work better than they did; they were, in fact, carefully founding and establishing it with quite surprising sagacity. However, episcopal insight and foresight do not now concern us. What we have to note at present is the number of clerical suspensions, and ejections, and exclusions that resulted from Puritanism in Warwickshire. Thus,

"Mr. Evans, a worthy and conscientious minister, was presented by the Earl of Warwick to the vicarage of Warwick, but Dr. Whitgift, then Bishop of Worcester, refused his allowance."

John Oxenbridge, of Southsea, was convened before the High Commission in 1576 for Nonconformity. John Hooke, minister of Wraxall, was suspended in 1583 for the same offence. Thomas Lever was for a time Archdeacon of Coventry. And the list of such cases might easily be lengthened, even if we confine ourselves, as is necessary for our present purpose, to Shakespeare's contemporaries.

But let us now turn to Stratford itself and the immediate vicinity. In Stratford, Puritanism abounded. Shakespeare's own elder daughter was a Puritan, at least after her marriage, probably enough before, as Puritan preachers were rife in the place. Her epitaph tells us how she was

"Witty above her sex, but that's not all,
Wise to salvation was good Mistress Hall;
Something of Shakespeare was in that, but this
Wholly of him, with whom she's now in bliss."

That very phrase, "wise to salvation," is not insignificant, as it was a favourite one with the precisians. Her husband, Mr. Hall, a distinguished physician, was "a zealous Protestant," that is, a Puritan; "and this I take to be a great sign of his ability," wrote Bird, the Linacre professor, in 1657, "that such who spare not for cost and they who have more than ordinary understanding, nay, such as hated him for his religion, often made use of him." * Unquestionably the words "such as hated him for his religion" refer to the Doctor's "zealous Protestantism." We wonder if he read his father-in-law's plays? But this cannot now be considered. In the year 1596 there was appointed Vicar of Stratford one bearing a name well known amongst the Puritans, and to be yet better known through his son Nicholas and Nicholas' son Adoniram.† This was Richard Byfield. Probably in the time of his ministrations were begun the lectures that were given in the town by various Puritans of eminence from Banbury and elsewhere, as well, no doubt, as by the Vicar

* See Colville's "Worthies of Warwickshire," p. 371.

† Adoniram has the honour of being mentioned in "Hudibras"; see iii. 2, 640.

himself. William Whateley, a native of Banbury, and after education at Christ's College, Cambridge, and sitting at the feet of the above-mentioned Dr. Perkins, chosen lecturer, and afterwards presented to the vicarage there, was one of the most famous of these visitors.

"Mr. Whateley and several of his brethren," says Brook, "delivered a lecture alternately [*i.e.*, in turn, we presume] at Stratford-upon-Avon. On account of its great usefulness, it was continued many years, till it was put down by the severity of the prelates. They considered the lectures as a means of promoting Nonconformity; therefore, however useful it might be in effecting the conversion and salvation of souls, it was deemed unfit to be continued. Accordingly, the Bishop of Worcester observes that after this lecture was discontinued, his diocese was less troubled with Nonconformity."

Certainly at Banbury Whateley made his mark.

"He possessed excellent parts," to quote Wood's "*Athenæ Oxonienses*," "was a noted disputant, an excellent preacher, a good orator, and well versed in the original text, both Greek and Hebrew; but being a zealous Calvinist, a noted Puritan, and much frequented by the precise party for his too frequent preaching, he laid such a foundation of faction in Banbury as will not easily be removed."

"His piety," says Granger *apud* Brook's "*Lives*," "was of a very extraordinary strain; and his reputation as a preacher so great, that numbers of different persuasions went from Oxford and other distant places to hear him. As he ever appeared to speak from the heart, his sermons were felt as well as heard, and were attended with suitable effects."

One can imagine the crowds slowly moving along by New Place towards the parish church when it was known that this celebrated divine—who seems to have been a good man as well as a popular preacher—was about to hold forth. The Halls would join them; and haply Shakespeare himself, if he chanced to be down from town. Whateley was appointed lecturer at Banbury in 1605. So his visits to Stratford might well fall within Shakespeare's lifetime. He died in 1639, deeply lamented, as a passage in his epitaph, given by Brook, quaintly informs us:

"Whatso'ere thoult say who passest by,
Why, here's enshrined celestial dust,
His bones, whose name and fame can't die,
These stones as feoffees weep [*? keep*] in trust.
Its William Whately that here lies,
Who swam to's tomb in's people's eyes."

Another Stratford lecturer who enjoyed high repute was Dr. Robert Harris, for forty years Rector of Hanwell, near Banbury, a great friend of Whateley's. "What a fair of souls," says his biographer, "was then held at Hanwell and Banbury by these two brothers! How did religion flourish! How did professors thrive!" He was evidently much in request. Besides being a constant preacher at home, he lectured with others at Deddington, a few miles south of Banbury; "and for some time he kept a lecture alone at Stratford . . . every

other week, unto which there was a great resort both of the chief gentry and choicest preachers and professors in those parts; and amongst them that noble and learned knight, Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlcot [the grandson of 'Justice Shallow'] had always a great respect for him." Later, he was elected a President of Trinity College, Oxford, where he died in 1658.

Thus Stratford-on-Avon was a Puritan centre, and from the country round came troops of Christians to be illuminated by the burning and shining lights that were set in its pulpits. Amongst these troopers, there can be little doubt, was the first Sir Thomas Lucy and his son, as well as his grandson; for the ultra-Protestant leanings of the Lucys were plainly exhibited as early as the reign of Henry VIII. John Fox, the martyrologist, on account of his Reformation sympathies deprived of his Fellowship at Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1545, "left naked of all human assistance," found "a safe refuge in the house of the worshipful knight, Sir Thomas Lucy, who received him into his family as tutor, and he remained there till his pupil no longer needed instruction." It was while at Charlecote that in the parish church, on February 3, 1546-7, Fox married Agnes Rendall, of Coventry. His pupil was the Sir Thomas who possesses the not altogether flattering distinction of having sat for Justice Shallow. He succeeded his father in 1551-2, and died in 1600. It was with him that Shakespeare, when a young man sowing his "wild oats," was for some cause or other brought into collision—possibly enough for believing, as was then not uncommonly believed, that "venison is nothing so sweet as when it is stolen," and acting up to his creed. Shakespeare and he must certainly have met again in later life under very different circumstances—have haply in neighbouring pews "sat under" Mr. Nicholas Byfield or Mr. Whateley. Without doubt Sir Thomas would often form one of such congregations, and at such times might be softened into forgiveness of the laughter raised in London at his expense. Certainly his heart was with the Puritans. As Knight suggests, we may be pretty sure a favourite volume with him would be "The Acts and Monuments of these Latter and Perilous Days, touching Matters of the Church; wherein are comprehended and described the great Persecutions and horrible Troubles that have been wrought and practised by the Romish Prelates." He was against the intervention of the ecclesiastical courts in favour of ritualistic observances, and when in Parliament, in 1584, presented a petition against such intervention—deprecating the prosecution of certain ministers "for omitting small portions or some ceremony prescribed in the Book of Common Prayer."

Another distinguished squire, who in all probability also rode in to hear the eloquent Puritan preachers, was Sir Fulk Greville, of Beauchamp's Court, near Alcester, created Lord Brooke in 1620,

murdered at Brooke House, Holborn, in 1628; "Servant to Queen Elizabeth, Councillor to King James, and Friend to Sir Philip Sidney." He was a man of the world, and also a man of culture; but though by no means so extreme in his views as his cousin Robert of Thorpe Latimer, in Lincolnshire, who succeeded him—he whom, on the one side, Scott describes as "fanatic Brooke," that "the fair cathedral [of Lichfield] stormed and took," and on the other side Milton, having known him personally, speaks of as a "right noble and pious lord, who, had he not sacrificed his life and fortunes to the Church and Commonwealth, we had not now missed and bewailed a worthy and undoubted patron of this argument" (in favour of the freedom of the Press)—yet certainly inclined to the ultra-Protestant party. Thus he writes to another cousin, one Greville Verney, of Compton Murdack, in Warwickshire, then residing in France: "My hope and request is to you that your principal care be to hold your foundations, and to make no other use of informing yourself in the corruptions and superstitions of other nations than only thereby to engage your own heart more firmly unto the truth." And perhaps the phrase in his epitaph that follows those famous words, "Friend to Sir Philip Sidney"—viz., *Trophæum Peccati*—indicates the same proclivity, but the meaning is somewhat obscure. "A trophy of sin" probably means that his lying there dead is a proof of sin's triumph, for "by sin came death." Possibly it may mean that he is a "trophy over sin"—a proof of sin's defeat—i.e., of man's salvation.* At all events, this curious phrase—the inscription was penned by himself—agrees with some of his sonnets, issued under the title of "Cælica," in revealing a deeply religious spirit.

We think we have now shown fully enough how the atmosphere of Stratford in Shakespeare's time was charged with Puritanism. Every fresh visit the great dramatist paid to what was, it is fairly certain, always the place of his home, he would find the atmosphere of it more and more so charged. How, then, did he fare under such circumstances? Could he breathe in such an air? Or did his soul die within him, pining for

"The breath of heaven fresh blowing, pure and sweet,
With day-spring born"?

Now, what is to be specially noticed is Shakespeare's wonderful magnanimity in these strange surroundings, his abstinence from all rage and fury, such as so many of his contemporary playwrights break out into—his serene acceptance of a position so novel, and one might naturally expect so irritating. He never for a moment loses his temper, and repays the "heated pulpeters" in their own coin;

* The question is, in grammatical terminology, whether the genitive *peccati* is objective or subjective.

for there can be no doubt he must often have heard hard things said of the stage, and its supporters and adherents, by well-meaning but narrow-minded religionists, who never really understood, however often they had the text on their lips, that "the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof," never grasped the sense of that phrase, "the fulness thereof," but were perniciously convinced that only their own scanty bit of the earth was the Lord's, only their own petty plot, their "little Bethel," or local "Ebenezer."

Derisions and abusings of Puritanism are as conspicuous by their absence in Shakespeare's plays as they are frequent and bitter in plays of his contemporaries. Not so often can any references to it be detected. We will mention what these are, or at least the unmistakable ones. In "All's Well that Ends Well" (act i., sc. 3, 56), the Clown ranks "young Charbon the Puritan," along with "old Poysom the Papist," as not less liable than he to suffer conjugal infidelity:

"For young Charbon the Puritan, and old Poysam the Papist, how some'er the'r hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one; they may joul horns together, like any deer i' the herd."

The Clown treats the old religion and the new, or rather the new phase of the new, with equal indifference. No doubt the name Charbon connotes the fiery zeal of the Puritan; and Poysom, perhaps a variation of poison, something yet more detestable in the Papist. A little below in the same scene in the same play, the Clown, bidden by the Countess of Rousillon to be gone and do as he is commanded, makes answer meditatively:

"That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done! Though honesty be no Puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart."

In the "Winter's Tale" the Shepherd's son tells us that Perdita

"hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers, three-man-song-men all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means and bases; but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes."

A laughing allusion to the feeling shared by the Puritans with Luther and other Reformers, that "the devil" should not have all the good tunes, and the habit, designed to prevent such an objectionable monopoly, of putting pious words to secular airs, whatever the associations.

In "Pericles," a play certainly only in part written by Shakespeare—but that matter need not debar a quotation from it, as he is at least a joint author—in a disreputable place, it is said that Marina "would make a Puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her"—would reclaim and convert the very father of all profligates, should he attempt to win any favour.

But the play in which Shakespeare most nearly approaches—but only approaches—the subject of Puritanism is unquestionably “Twelfth Night.” There is a touch of the Puritan in Malvolio, but the merest touch. Fabian’s remark, “You know he brought me out o’ favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here,” cannot but remind one of the Puritan disapproval of popular sports; and the stiff and ungenial respectability, and the acrid manner of the Steward were certainly features vulgarly associated with those unpopular pharisees, who often enough seemed, rightly or wrongly, to “the man in the street” to cultivate the art of being disagreeable.

“Marry, sir,” says Maria of him to Sir Toby, “sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.”

Sir Andrew.—O, if I thought that, I’d beat him like a dog!

Sir Toby.—What, for being a Puritan? Thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir Andrew.—I have no exquisite reason for’t, but I have reason good enough.

Maria.—The devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths; the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellences, that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Surely the notion that Puritanism *quâ* Puritanism deserved only kicks and lashes is sufficiently exposed and censured by putting it into the mouth of such an arrant fool as Sir Andrew Aguecheek, who also informs us he had “as lief be a Brownist as a politician.” Even the reckless Sir Toby has misgivings as to its justifiableness. However this may be, the quick-witted Maria at once revokes a term which she is not slow to see she has hastily misapplied.

In this connection should be noticed how Shakespeare altered the name of his famous fat knight from Oldcastle to Falstaff. It is not improbable that certain descendants of Lord Cobham expostulated with him for taking their ancestor’s name in vain. But it is also certain that the high esteem in which he was held by the Protestants had much to do with that change. At the close of the amended version of the two parts of “King Henry IV.,” Shakespeare takes an opportunity of stating that Falstaff is *not* Oldcastle, and asserting his belief that *Oldcastle died a martyr*—a very significant announcement.

Thus Shakespeare took no part in the Puritan-baiting that became a favourite dramatic pastime. And this forbearance is to be accounted for not only by the general fairness and comprehensive sympathy of his nature—by his splendid incapacity to believe only ill of a large section of his fellow-creatures and his fellow-Englishmen—by his innate repugnance to mere abuse and vilification, but also by the fact, emphasised in the paper, that at Stratford he was brought into such

close and intimate contact and acquaintance with so many specimens, public and private, of the Puritan breed. Annoyed and vexed as he might sometimes be, and often undoubtedly was, by the self-complacency and omniscience and final judgments of these persons, trying as it must have been to hear some "chosen vessels" pour out their wrath on the stage and all connected with it, as we can scarcely doubt he sometimes did, yet he was never made unjust or truculent. He saw too well, however unrighteous and rabid their philippics against the theatre, and other honest and wholesome and excellent entertainments, that

"There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out."

Their acrimony might well seem to him somewhat oblivious of the real spirit of Christianity, and their opinions sadly wanting in breadth of view and in a real knowledge of the subjects on which they delivered themselves with such assurance; but he had a profound respect for the uprightness of their intentions and their genuine sincerity, and the substantial goodness of their hearts and lives.

Happily, to show that we do not speak quite without book, we are able to give a very suggestive illustration of the attitude of Shakespeare in his private life towards the Puritan divines who from time to time favoured Stratford with a visit. In the Chamberlain's accounts for 1614 is to be found this remarkable entry:

"Item, for one quart of sack and one quart of claret wine, given to a Preacher at the New Place, XXd."

By way of explanation, we must point out that it was customary for the Corporations of towns, at least in Warwickshire and Leicestershire, to pay distinguished visitors the compliment of sending them a present, generally of wine, to the house, public or private, where they were staying. When Sir Thomas Lucy, or Sir Fulk or Sir Edward Greville came into Stratford, this little attention was usually shown them. And, with the growth of Puritanism the same civility was often extended to the itinerant lecturers. Evidently one of these gentlemen was, in 1614, the guest of Shakespeare; and together, perhaps assisted by a neighbour or two who dropped in, they discussed a bottle of sack and a bottle of claret, supplemented, it may be suspected, by other bottles from the cellar of New Place.* There, in the parlour or in the garden by the bowling-green, they sat hobnobbing, the preacher, haply Mr. Whateley himself, and the actor and

* "In the (Leicester) Chamberlain's account for 1622 there are no less than thirty entries of presents of wine to different preachers—a gallon being no unusual quantity to be given an individual" (Kelly's "Notices Illustrative of the Drama and other Amusements at Leicester," p. 97). Clearly, however it may have been with their preaching these preachers themselves were dry—very dry.

playwright, the respective glories of Banbury and of the Globe Theatre.

"O qualis facies et quali digna tabella!"

Surely some capable artist will paint the scene for us. Both host and guest must have been the better for such intercourse—the more catholic and human. But probably the guest derived the greater advantage from it; his ideas of the drama must have been illumined and enlarged; and he must have realised that there were other ways of benefiting the world besides pulpit ministrations, that comedies and tragedies might do excellent service no less than his own expositions and discourses, and that of the author of them it might be said—if the guest was fortunate enough to have read "*Much Ado about Nothing*"—"the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make."

When Shakespeare made Sir Toby Belch ask that immortal question—viz., "Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?" he had probably in his mind the local headquarters of Puritanism, that very Banbury from which in later life his guest, or guests, probably came.

Assuredly that was precisely the question then needing to be put to the overbearing zealots who threatened by their intolerance to make life intolerable; and we may venture to hope that that well-timed remonstrance was not without some influence in assuaging the fanatical temper of that age as well as of ages since. At all events, it is pleasant to know that at New Place itself some of the "virtuous" enjoyed their "cakes and ale."

JOHN W. HALES.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

WHILE for the brief period of a Parliamentary recess Employer's Liability legislation is in abeyance, it is not surprising that persons interested in the subject should once more turn over in their minds the various practical problems involved in the question at issue. Mr. Provand, writing a few months ago in this REVIEW, expresses himself appalled at the magnitude of the burden which in the case of very serious accidents, like that of Pontypridd, the proposed liability might be found to lay upon individual employers. It might reduce them to ruin. It might defeat the entire object of the liability, by referring the claimants for compensation to a bankrupt purse. "Such accidents," says Mr. Provand, "are like shipwrecks." These are the days of great enterprises, which involve correspondingly big risks. In the making of the Manchester Ship Canal, no less a sum than £100,000 would have been at stake in the shape of Employers' Liability, swelling by that amount the cost of the undertaking; in the construction of the Forth Bridge, £60,000. Risks so huge are too heavy for individual firms to bear. In the interest of the men themselves whom it is desired to protect, they ought to be made to rest upon a wider and firmer basis. Accordingly, Mr. Provand comes to the conclusion that employers ought to join shoulders together in order to ease the yoke by broadening it, under the supervision, and it may be the guarantee, of the State, whose interference may well be demanded in a matter of national importance.

It so happens that Germany has, for something more than eight years, had national accident insurance in force among a large portion of her people. And it is interesting to note, after what Mr. Provand has said, what a totally different aspect colossal disasters, like those

referred to, have assumed—from an economic point of view—under the equalising influence of linked liability. There are catastrophes on record in Germany scarcely less destructive than those which have troubled us. I have a list of some of the most recent, furnished to me by the head of the Miners' Insurance Corporation, a body comprising 1902 establishments (342 coal mines in our sense, without reckoning "brown" coal), employing collectively 424,440 hands (284,938 in coal mines alone), and paying annually £18,977,000 in wages. There have been accidents, since the Act has come into operation, involving the loss of 52, 56, 57, and 61 lives at a time, and leaving correspondingly 100, 122, and 150 widows and orphans to be provided for, at a cost, under the moderate German tariff, of £800, £1000, and £1200 a year. (There are no lump sum compensations.) Charges like these would have seriously taxed, they might have positively crippled, individual employers. In the accounts of the Corporation they figure as subordinate items, lost amid the general expenses. The ordinary, everyday accidents of tumbles and bruises, crushings under slipping earth and falling rock, and machine accidents, are answerable for very much larger amounts. Risks, being reduced to an average, have lost their exceptional terrors.

The German Government, when submitting to Parliament its great series of working men's insurance measures, had, of course, very much larger objects in view than the mere lightening of a burden, which in fact it for the first time created, on employers. The late Emperor's message to Parliament heralding the "Social-Political" programme reads like a modernised and very much amplified edition of Henri Quatre's legendary promise of a "*poule au pot*." The working classes were to be pacified and propitiated by a new and great boon, designed to win their hearts back from Socialism, which appeared alarmingly on the increase, to "patriotism"—that is, to the support of the Government. That is now generally admitted. The German Socialists are no favourites in this country; but we ought to be fair to them in this matter. In the absence of any but a mere handful of Liberals—and those not very practical-minded—and of anything at all in the shape of Tory Democrats, there is absolutely no party but theirs in Germany to champion working men's interests. And I am bound to say that, whatever be the extravagances of socialist speakers in Parliament and on the platform, among the socialist working men whom I have consulted about shortcomings of the new insurance law I have heard literally nothing which did not seem perfectly fair and reasonable, and which, indeed, I did not find as frankly advocated by employers and officials. In the matter of working men's insurance the Socialists have taught the German Government an exceedingly useful lesson, which, unfortunately, required pressing home—and not upon the Government alone—even

though it be by political agitation. It is only amid the struggles and the strikes of recent decades that we have, all of us, learnt to be thoroughly fair to the working classes—fair in the sense, not only of paying the wages agreed on, but of allowing, as part of the price which we pay, for all that goes to make up the cost of production of labour: the wear and tear of muscle, of health, exposure to danger, &c. The German Government, to its credit, learnt its lesson well. The German Emperor's message acknowledges, in large type letters, that working men have a "rightful claim" (*Anspruch*) to compensation for accidents. That admission practically settled the choice of the machinery to be constructed. For you cannot give a working man a "rightful claim" to compensation for accident, and then go on to exact that he shall in every instance fight that claim through a Court of Law, against a powerful opponent, and before a judge who may take this view or that, and pilot his case through a perfect archipelago of legal technicalities, pleas, and conflicting opinions. To concede a "rightful claim" was to lay it down that the claim should be dealt with by the simple, uncontentious, so to speak automatic, process of insurance rather than by litigation. There were, indeed, other considerations to enforce this choice. The German Government had tried Employers' Liability—in a shape similar in principle to our own—and had distinctly found it wanting. The German Employers' Liability Act of 1871 was not, perhaps, a very strong measure. Only in the case of railway employment, actually on the rails, did it secure compensation as a matter of course; in other "dangerous" callings—employment in quarries, mines, factories, &c.—it gave the injured workman the right to claim compensation at law, provided that he could show the employer to have been in fault. Such proof was not, as a rule, easy to produce. Large numbers of cases were dismissed. In some of the small minority allowed the Courts awarded such exorbitant damages that the whole matter became reduced, in Herr Baare's words, to a game of chance, in which the workman stood to gain the position of a small capitalist or to drop to the status of a beggar. Time after time had the mischief been pointed out and redress demanded.

In endeavouring to remedy this defective state of things, the German Government, it must be admitted, produced a good workable scheme. There are flaws, no doubt, in the Accident Insurance Act. It has not, so to speak, the courage of its own principles. It denies to working men the full voice to which they seem entitled. It hands them over, to some extent, like chattels or implements, to be "repaired," or else paid for, at the owner's sole option. It gives workmen a great deal, no doubt: nine-tenths of the cases now compensated would not have been compensated under the old law. But at the same time it takes from them something which they had, which they

valued, and which they now miss—*fully adequate* compensation in grave cases. Nevertheless, when one finds that administrators, employers, and working men alike admit that in the main the measure has worked well, and served its ends; when employers as a class willingly submit to burdens which are not trifling, and display a zeal in the execution and perfecting of the measure, and political opponents withdraw their opposition; and when one country after another decides to follow in the footsteps of Germany—Austria first, then Switzerland, then Roumania, then Sweden and Norway, and lastly, Italy and France, all accepting in the main the German method as a model—there can no longer be any doubt that on the whole the scheme is a good one for its purpose.

There are now ostensibly something like 18,000,000 persons safeguarded under the Act against loss by accident, great or small, from the spraining of a muscle to total disablement for life. In reality the number insured is smaller by some millions, because a portion has been counted twice over; but, on the other hand, a fresh 2,000,000 or more are to be added next session. In 1893, 223,000 persons or families were in receipt of accident pensions, to the amount of about £2,000,000. The exact figure has not yet been ascertained. The compensations paid in 1892 to 177,000 persons amounted to £1,617,000. It can scarcely be contended that for so great a benefit the £3,040,000 which industrial employers have had to pay towards this service in the last year (the sum includes a considerable contribution towards a large reserve fund), and the £505,000 which agricultural employers have added on their own account, represent an extravagant price. Liability would press far more heavily, and secure much less good. The cost of administration, though absolutely large, is very much less than the proportion currently paid by well-managed private and commercial insurance companies. One gentleman, who has had experience of establishments of both kinds, assures me it is smaller by more than 50 per cent. And it deserves to be noted that in some important points experience has altogether falsified the apprehensions which Mr. Provand appears to entertain. The number of accidents has *not* been increased through carelessness such as a knowledge of being insured has been held to favour. On the contrary, though unquestionably *notices* of accidents have multiplied, as the rights conferred by the Act have become more generally known, serious accidents have become appreciably fewer, and care for their prevention has become more active. I shall have to quote some remarkable figures under this head. Then, again, the annual “ups and downs” of statistics, which might have been looked for—a heavy access of accidents in one year, a temporary decline in another—have proved a matter of anticipation only. In practice, the current has remained remarkably steady, adding a further argument to the case

for insurance as opposed to liability. Risks and neglect, spread over so vast a constituency, equalise themselves with surprising regularity.

Of a measure so complex, so varied in its details, and so full of minute regulations, a review article admits of giving but the merest outline. Some of the figures collected will be found of interest. One fact which they teach is particularly worth noting. It appears that in industrial employment no less than 53·13 per cent. of accidents occurring, and in agricultural as many as 65·49 per cent., are preventible. Probably these relative proportions do not vary materially in different countries. Statistics are given indicating the nature of injuries, and the frequency of their occurrence in various seasons, months, and days. They show that it is generally pressure of work, fatigue, and such natural causes as frost, fog, and excessive heat which produce accidents. The largest number of injuries are done to arms and legs. Machinery is accountable for a heavy proportion; but it is interesting to note that accidents caused by belts and shafts and other appliances used for the transmission of power, though representing a very formidable figure, vary proportionately very much less from year to year than other accidents, no matter what be the peculiar trade.

However, into all these matters I cannot now stop to go. I shall have to confine myself to the consideration of three points which concern the general structure and the utility of the measure, and which in view of the suggestion to adopt something of the same sort among ourselves, ought to be of interest. Those three points are: (1) the organisation of the machinery of insurance; (2) the apportionment of the cost; and (3) the regulation of the award.

In respect of organisation of its machinery, the German Government, acting as a pioneer in the matter, was driven by circumstances to a course which does not appear to recommend itself to any of its neighbours. It proceeded piecemeal, applying the principle first to one trade and then to another. It began, in 1884, with industrial factories. In 1885 it extended the Act to railways, carriers, river and canal boats, and all ordinary appliances of locomotion. In 1886 it took in soldiers and military employés. In the same year it once more appreciably widened the scope of the Act, making it applicable to labourers on farms and in forests. In 1887 it conceded insurance benefits to seamen, limiting, however, the application to vessels of 50 tons and upwards, and devising special machinery for the purpose, which appears to have worked well. And now it proposes to insure at least 2,000,000 more, a number including all small handicrafts, labourers in small employment, seamen in vessels of under 50 tons, counting-house clerks, athletes, jockeys, and even prison labourers. The only class which under the new law will be left unprovided for is that of domestic servants. But it is understood that they are to

be included as soon as a new Master and Servant Act shall have been passed. Once this is accomplished, the aim professed by the late Emperor will be fully realised, and every one supporting himself by labour of any kind will be absolutely safeguarded against loss by accident up to the measure, for the present, of earnings not exceeding £100 a year, which in some callings has been extended to £250. Under the voluntary clauses of the Act persons drawing a larger income, even employers, are permitted to insure themselves in the same way, but only up to the limit fixed for compulsory insurance.

In the peculiar circumstances of its case the German Government, not altogether unnaturally, yielded to the temptation to group the persons to whom the Act was made applicable according to trades. Without subdivision of some sort the scheme would obviously have proved unworkable. And there was an additional, very potent argument in favour of such grouping, which was bound to have weight with Prince Bismarck. Grouping by districts would infallibly have intensified "particularism," the keeping alive of a feeling of local separation between State and State. It has had that effect in the case of old age pensions. Grouping by trades, on the other hand, could scarcely fail to help in welding the various nationalities into one. So, indeed, it has turned out. Under the influence of a common material interest, employers now forget that they are Bavarians, and Prussians, and Württembergers, and have all learnt to think and feel as Germans.

The administrative advantages of grouping by "trades" ought to be self-evident. Such grouping, as a matter of course, produces a large volume of "expert" opinion, which is most valuable in a body formed for the object of assessing risks in exact proportion to the danger incurred, and of keeping down the number of accidents; it also creates a powerful tribunal of class opinion no less serviceable for keeping employers on their good behaviour in the safe conduct of their concerns. But, on the other hand, it is considerably more expensive than grouping by districts. Dr. Freund, one of the most clear-headed of administrators under the Insurance Acts, estimates that by organising by districts and uniting the administration of accident and old age pension funds, a saving might be effected, sufficient to make the State subsidy to old age insurance—which in the last year amounted to £565,000—superfluous. In Bochum, as Director Behrens pointed out to me, of the three or four "corporations" domiciled in that town, only one, his own miners' corporation, possesses sufficient means to maintain a working men's hospital. There would be at once greater benefit and greater economy if the three or four bodies, locally united, could keep up a hospital in common and pay for their own cases *pro rata*. There is waste in the "Courts of Arbitration," waste in sending letters and witnesses and officers backwards and

forwards. The system of trade-grouping, moreover, causes very considerable delays, a serious matter in working men's insurance. "Cases which ought to be settled in two or three days now sometimes take as many months," so the head of one great corporation in Berlin admitted to me, "keeping the injured out of their pensions all the time." The system increases appreciably the amount of writing and account keeping, and it necessitates a large staff of officers. When it comes to be told that the Corporation of Chemical Industries includes pencil-makers, charcoal-burners and knackers, the Corporation of Wood Industries, hay-pressers, and umbrella-makers, and the Corporation of Dealers in Food Stuffs the owners of bathing establishments, it must be apparent how thoroughly artificial is the whole structure, and how small an amount of inter-relation there really is among the trades grouped together. Trade-grouping, moreover, taxes districts very unevenly, burdening one and sparing another. Thus, among jobbing masters, Hamburg, which ought to contribute 31,704 marks, pays only 15,169; whereas Berlin, which ought to pay 104,798 marks, pays 130,668. Trade-grouping, furthermore, causes a great deal of trouble and annoyance to governing bodies, by assigning to them very scattered constituencies, which cannot be conveniently governed by the same methods. It is often very difficult to collect contributions from the small men, living at a distance, and in not a few cases the collection costs more than it yields. In the Corporation of Mine Owners, in 1892, it was necessary to collect 154 contributions by legal process; in the Corporation of Jobbing Masters, probably numerically the largest in Germany, and most largely made up of small men, more than 7000 have to be so levied every year. The small men would be under far better control under a provincial authority near enough to make its pressure felt. The system moreover produces endless disputes and bickerings. There are perpetual squabbles among the several corporations, somewhere about 150 per annum in the building trades alone, on questions of membership, and amount, and the responsibility of each corporation. The trouble of being sent from pillar to post amounts to a serious hardship to the working men, and in some measure even defeats the object of the Act. According to the "trade" arrangement a man may belong to five or six corporations at a time, acting under one or another at various hours of the day. He may be constantly "in and out," insured at one minute and uninsured at the next.

Now none of these defects are possible under what the Germans call the "territorial" arrangement, the grouping by districts, which system proved an absolute necessity in the case of agricultural labourers, and which, on account of its simplicity and economy, the French Government has decided to adopt. And surely, even under a "territorial" system, expert opinion is available upon trade questions

within a smaller area. There are some trades and industries, no doubt, peculiarly circumstanced, such as mines and metallurgic industries, in respect of which trade-grouping seems imperatively called for. But for the mass of trades, public, and even expert, and to some extent official opinion is coming round strongly to the view that a *mixed* system, blending "industrial" with "territorial" is most likely to answer its purpose. It is perfectly true that the Austrian Government has recently admitted its own "territorial" system to be inferior to the German "industrial"; but that, as the very text of the admission shows, is not because it is "territorial," but because it is unduly "bureaucratic."

Excess of bureaucratism is a danger which in its own accident insurance the German Government has very happily avoided. The great merit of its measure, in fact, is, that it bases the entire administration of insurance on the principle of full and free self-government. This was done in order to gain over employers to its acceptance. It has had the effect of enlisting their vivid interest, which alone could render the Act workable, making it desirable to them that accidents should be few. Hence comes that ample library of "regulations for the prevention of accidents," which have been framed by experts and are allowed the force of law. Hence an entirely new system of factory inspection, by experts, under rules far more stringent and searching than any which Government could impose. Non-compliance means fines, doubling, trebling, quintupling of contributions, and placing the peccant member in a class pillory. Hence, moreover, that liberal expenditure on curative appliances and a zeal, warming in some cases to enthusiasm, for good surgical and medical treatment of the injured. It is true that the same egotistical interest is apt to push corporations to acts of economy which are open to the interpretation of niggardliness. Injured men are sent to "orthopædic" establishments to have their stiffened limbs made flexible by special gymnastics, on cranks and treadles, which in many cases involve serious pain. No wonder the workmen often persuade themselves that that orthopædic treatment, which they *must* submit to or forego their pension, and the object of which is to save employers' money in the end, is intended to "torture" them off the compensation list. The treatment itself is exceedingly good, and no doubt employers mean it to be kind. But the workmen should have a choice. There are some who, like the late Lord Derby, may "prefer the gout." The anxiety betrayed by corporation officials to promote the re-marriage of widows, whose "commutation" worthless men are often waiting to snatch up and squander, is attributable to the same cause. And that great grievance of all to working men, the frequent resort to "Clause 65," which permits Insurance Corporations to reduce or stop pensions in consideration of an assumed partial or entire recovery of an ability to work is, of

course, rendered formidable by the suspicion that self-interest is being studied to excess.

But when employers have only their own class to deal with, the setting of an employer to watch an employer works to admiration. It is true, as has been said, that notices of accidents multiply. But as regards *serious* accidents, deaths and the like, there is a steady and considerable diminution. Thus, on railways, the proportion of deaths to accidents has dwindled from 37·6 per cent. in 1886 to 21·2 in 1892, the proportion of permanent disablement from 29·5 per cent. to 14·9. No doubt the total number of accidents on record is now larger, and so the smaller percentage does not mean as great a falling-off as it appears to indicate. But it is an undisputed fact that serious accidents have grown less frequent. It is the same in mines, in metal industries, and in breweries. (The last-named establishments, it may be interesting to note, are answerable for proportionately the largest crop of general accidents.) And the regulations issued by the Corporation of Chimney Sweeps have produced a most beneficial effect in imposing upon builders an improved system of construction which appreciably diminishes risk from fire. These are undoubtedly results on which the German Government deserves to be congratulated and which speak well for insurance.

To hurry on to the second point, the apportionment of cost—German “method” has of course done its best to complicate matters by a multiplication of accounts and actuarial hair-splitting. There are corporations with sixty clerks and more, having 800 letters coming in and going out per day, and a perfectly bewildering collection of wages-sheets and books and tables in which every incident of business is minutely noted. There are corporations with as many as twenty-six, as many as 100, different “classes of danger,” further sub-divided into sub-classes. And the “co-efficient” serving as unit by which to regulate contributions, and produced by a curious calculation in which the peculiar degree of risk and the sum of wages paid constitute the determining factors, runs as a rule to a figure of ten decimals. In agricultural insurance the land tax serves as standard; at the present time agricultural accident insurance is responsible for an addition of about 17 per cent. to that tax.

Contributions are levied in three different ways. The beau-ideal of the Insurance Department is to make every year bear its own burden by *capitalising* the value of each compensation granted, according to an ascertained actuarial value—on an average at about ten years’ purchase—and collecting it once for all. A surcharge of 10 per cent. is added to create a reserve fund. That method has, however, been found burdensome and has been adopted only in respect of one corporation—that of Canal and Road Constructors. In the vast majority of industrial corporations the annual expenses—

having been defrayed, so far as pensions go, by the Post Office, which delivers the money without charge to the recipients in their own homes—is apportioned at the close of each year, plus a surcharge, which began at 300 per cent. and has now dwindled to 30, and which goes to endow a permanent insurance fund. That is to prevent an over-burdening of the future in favour of the present, and, generally, to give stability to the institution. But, inasmuch as it represents money withdrawn from production to be laid up idle and unproductive, it is a thorn in the side of not a few employers. The Miners' Corporation alone has already a reserve of about £1,000,000, which is to increase to £1,250,000 or more. In all, the reserve fund now amounts to nearly £6,000,000 and it is still to grow. When it is remembered that in addition to this fund there is a reserve fund of £5,250,000, already amassed under the head of sick insurance, and another of £12,250,000 under old age insurance—£23,500,000 in all, withdrawn from fructifying employment, to be locked up, almost every penny of it, in Consols and similar securities—it will not be difficult to account for the irritation felt by employers. The masters are now made to pay annually in all no less than £6,950,000 for workmen's insurance. The workmen themselves add nominally £6,350,000 out of their own pockets; but some of this, in respect of agricultural and domestic employment under old age insurance, is likewise really paid by the employers. Herr Krupp alone pays in respect of his establishment £12,500 for accident insurance, and another £12,500 under the other two heads. Agricultural insurance corporations are not required to lay up a reserve. In two or three years the interest received on the reserve—it is thriftily laid out at 3·67 per cent. on an average—will be available towards the annual expense.

The third kind of levy, simply by premiums, is practised by one large corporation only, in respect of small employers attached to it. In that case the corporation acts to all intents and purposes as a commercial insurance company.

However serious may be the burden laid upon production by the other two classes of insurance—Sickness and Old Age—Accident Insurance cannot be said to press upon it with excessive gravity. There are a few employers who apprehend that it will disable Germany from competing with other countries; but the number of such pessimists is not really large. Dr. Schäffle lays it down that German industry can support an insurance tax of from 3 to 7 per cent. on the wages paid. Accident Insurance at present imposes on an average only a little over 1 per cent. There are, no doubt, "dangerous" industries more heavily weighted. Thus, mine-owners pay somewhere about 2 per cent. on the wages; owners of quarries 3 or 4 per cent.; building trades about 4 per cent.—but in some of their branches, I am informed, considerably more. For textile industries

the figure is only '6 per cent. The cost of management is moderate, however alarming a show it may have made at the beginning. In the first year it very naturally amounted to more than the compensation. Now it has shrunk to about 17 per cent., and before long it is expected to dwindle to 8 per cent. or less. But that is merely administration proper, without counting journeys, inquiries, and the like. In this respect it is not very easy to arrive at an exact figure, owing to the curious subdivision of accounts.

It remains to consider the method adopted for assessing pensions. This ought, in truth, to be a perfectly simple matter. However, red-tape, pedantry, and political jealousy among them have managed to complicate it. The mere business of claiming is made easy enough. The State has utilised for that purpose its ample machinery of local authorities ready to hand. The Parish Police is charged with collecting the notices, ascertaining the fact of injury, and forwarding its report thereon to the Insurance Corporation. Injuries cured within the first thirteen weeks are not allowed for, being legally chargeable to the local sick fund, to which employers contribute one-third. The facts ascertained, the Corporation sets about estimating the extent of injury done. The law allows as maximum compensation a pension of two-thirds of the injured person's supposed ordinary earnings—which are ascertained by a rather curious calculation of averages. That pension is to remain in force so long as the injury continues. Two-thirds being the maximum, of course partial disablement is allowed for proportionately, and it is not very much to be wondered at that in practice such fractional calculation has led to something like a fixed tariff, so much per cent of the two-thirds for the loss of a leg, so much for the loss of an arm, down to small amounts of 5 per cent. or thereabouts for small disablements which are popularly known as *Schnapsrenten*—"dram pensions"—and are supposed to amount practically to mere gratuitous gifts. The whole thing sounds a little comical, if not disparaging, to the workmen who, Herr Liebknecht declares, are really treated in this matter as serfs were in the Middle Ages, when an equivalent price was fixed by law for every limb disabled. The most conspicuous flaw in all this arrangement is, that serious injuries are inadequately allowed for, and, more particularly, widows and orphans are treated in a decidedly niggardly manner. A widow without children is not entitled to more than 20 per cent. of the two-thirds pension—that is, say, upon 15s. a payment of only 2s. Then there is the troublesome clause allowing for partial or total recovery, and that obnoxious compulsion to submit to orthopædic treatment. Really a more serious defect than those just mentioned is this, that the extent of the injury is ascertained in what cannot be to the workman a satisfactory manner. The workmen themselves have no voice in the first valuation. Hence, a perfectly bewildering

number of appeals, which cause vexation and delay, and sometimes keep the injured persons out of their pensions for months together.* This would be a more serious hardship for the workmen, if it were not that at the top of the insurance hierarchy there stands an officer in whom both employers and employed repose implicit confidence, and who generally manages to secure substantial justice so far as the law permits. In the first instance the Employers' Corporation proceed by themselves. They have in every district "confidential representatives," whose office it is to assist the Corporation doctor in assessing the damages. It is the doctor who makes the report. That is the grievance. The men in many cases see reason to distrust the medical officers paid by the Corporation. They suspect them of undervaluing injuries. As a matter of fact, the doctors are often wrong, sometimes seriously so. Dr. Max Hirsch proposed in Parliament that the men should be allowed to employ their own doctor in addition. Seeing that the Rhenish Miners' Corporation does the very same thing, to check the ordinary doctors—whose interest leads them, in that particular locality, to favour the men, among whom their chief business lies—and that by such means it has saved its members £9350 in one year in pensions, one would think the proposition a fair one. However, it was negatived, and the men have to submit to examination by one doctor only. On his report the employers make their award. Of course an appeal is lodged against the decision in a very large number of cases. It would not be surprising if there were even more appeals, especially as appealing does not cost the workmen a stiver. The tribunal of second instance is the "Court of Arbitration," presided over by an official personage, and composed, apart from him, of an equal number of representatives of employers and of working men. Unfortunately the working men are not quite fairly elected, as we should say. The Government wished their representatives to be returned by the organised trades (*Gewerkschaften*). Herr Windhorst objected, and, rather than wreck the Bill, the Government consented to their return by the committees of the sick funds, bodies which are themselves elected in a very haphazard way, and generally include a predominating proportion of foremen, overseers, and the like, who represent the employers rather than the labourers. Moreover, the workmen representatives not infrequently show themselves shy and timid, and the least change in their employment *ipso facto* vacates their appointment. From the Court of Arbitration another appeal lies to the Head Office, which again sits on such cases with employer and working-men assessors, and whose decision is final, and generally gives satisfaction. The new Bill,

* It deserves to be mentioned that in the State Railway Department, in which the authorities have not their own purses to consider, while having it at the same time in their power to give an additional bonus in the shape of employment kept open, the number of workmen's appeals is smaller and contentment is generally greater.

while remedying some defects, more particularly in respect of that evasive game of hide-and-seek between different corporations more or less liable, proposes to take away this power of re-hearing from the chief insurance board, leaving to it jurisdiction only in cases of error. But this proposal seems so unpopular alike with employers and working men, more particularly with the latter, that I do not think it is likely to be carried.

Unquestionably the German Accident Insurance Act is open to serious criticism. But when all is said, it must be admitted that it answers its purpose. The defects and flaws are all on the outside. The kernel is sound. The eight years' experience which the measure has gone through in Germany may be taken satisfactorily to settle the question whether accident insurance on a national scale, carried down to the minutest cases of injury, is practicable, and whether, being practicable, it gives relief and satisfaction to the working classes, without unduly burdening the employer. Practice has shown that it does. Practice has shown that it is a good deal more efficacious, while, at the same time, less ruffling and irritating, than ~~X~~Liability. Practice has shown that at a cost which is perfectly tolerable to production, workmen may be adequately insured—because the addition necessary to make compensation sufficient where at present it is not so, would mean a very trifling increase. At the same time, employers have been relieved of a serious danger; a small regular payment has been made to stand in the place of risks, unknown, uncertain, and which might very possibly prove ruinous. One cannot be surprised at the fact that neighbouring States are addressing themselves to apply in their own cases the same useful principle—not one State only, but six or seven, including important commercial countries like Italy and France. In our own country, where, in view of our larger industrial enterprises and the greater costliness of risks, insurance ought to commend itself *a fortiori*, it may be objected that the workmen have only last Session pronounced against the practice of “contracting out,” and that insurance is, after all, nothing but wholesale and compulsory “contracting out.” But the objection was in that case pointed, not so much against the principle as against the inadequacy of its application, the contracting for compensation which in some cases represents only one-fifth of that which is just. The question of wholesale insurance has never yet in this country been fairly put either to workmen or to employers. After the successful experiment of Germany, it cannot be said that among ourselves, who are generally more practical and more fair-minded to working men, insurance does not promise to solve the problem of compensation for accident very much more satisfactorily and economically than individual liability.

HENRY W. WOLFF.

JAMES DARMESTETER.

A GREAT light has been quenched, a noble heart is stilled, and a large mind will no more illumine the past, influence the present, divine the things to come. At two in the afternoon of October 19, without suffering and without a struggle, unconscious of the separation that would have cost him so much to accept, his heart still full with the dreams of affection and happiness, his mind with plans for future work and action, James Darmesteter, seated at his writing-table, drooped the head, heavy with knowledge and thought, on his frail chest, and vanished from among us.

Throughout the world, from Oxford to Bombay, and from St. Petersburg to Boston, those who worked with him for the great international cause of modern learning and research were struck with grief when they heard of the disappearance of their distinguished comrade, and of the source of strength from which they had gained so much, and on which they counted for so much hereafter. The most illustrious of them all, Professor Max Müller, expressed their deep feeling and their regret in words that are final :

"He was a scholar in the best sense of the word, such as France alone seems able to produce. Just now France is rich in brilliant Oriental scholars, but Professor James Darmesteter was *facile primus inter pares*. By the freedom with which he soared above his hard, plodding work, he reminded me of Eugène Burnouf. By his wonderful and almost poetic power of composition he was little inferior to Renan. And by the soundness and the sureness of his judgment he seemed to carry on the great traditions of such men as Lenormant senior and Quatremère." *

Such was the judgment of competent scholars on his philological work. But they are not alone in their regret. Thinkers who care

* The Times, October 22, 1894.

for the future of mankind know that a pure and shining star has suffered eclipse in the uncertain sky to which men look for some ray of light and consolation in their darkness. Darmesteter wrote but rarely for the wider public of letters, but, among them too, the strength, the suppleness, and the grace of the pen now laid aside were appreciated at their true value. And those who founded the *Revue de Paris* with him know what mental activity, what energy and practical sense were combined with his delicate nature. But his loss can only be fully felt by those who were near to him, gladdened by the warmth and tenderness of his heart, and intimate witnesses of the movements of enthusiasm and affection of a man habitually reserved. It is because I was one of these that I have been asked to portray the friend so suddenly lost to us. If I have undertaken the task, it is not without much hesitancy, for my hand still trembles with the pain of the sudden separation, and I feel that I am incapable of rendering completely in words all the traits of a mind so rare and so complex in its originality. I trust that I may be pardoned if my touch is uncertain, my sketch incomplete; I hope, at least, that the impression it will leave may on the whole be just.

Darmesteter was no mere scholar buried in his books, apart from the questions, ever renewed and ever the same, which are of passionate interest to the world. He took a personal and a living part in the struggles going on around him. He sought to moderate, nay, to end, the conflicts between opponents for whom he had an equal sympathy and an equal pity, by speaking to them the words of peace that lay hidden in their own hearts. And so he has earned the right to be known beyond the narrow world of philologists and men of learning, among whom his name will live. These men also labour after their own fashion at the great and never-finished temple which humanity builds to the unknown god; but, well content if they succeed in laboriously fixing a single stone, or in driving out some usurping idol, it is only rarely and in the silence of their own hearts that they think of the general ordering of the edifice,¹ and of the form that it must ultimately take; nor do they reveal their vision of the future to the unquiet crowds that wander beneath the unfinished arches and throng its outer courts. Darmesteter conceived a plan of the temple in his mind—an ancient plan renewed for the needs of a new time; and proclaimed it with the authority given to him by his patient work at its foundations, with the catching emotion of a throbbing heart, and a persuasive and stirring eloquence. It is because of this, and because of a fate at once brilliant and troubled, full of happiness and yet melancholy, that many men turn towards the pale figure so suddenly effaced with sympathetic questioning.

We live in an anxious and a troubled age, and men's souls seek on all sides for help and guiding; we have returned, he wrote himself,

to the times described by the prophet: "Behold, the days come, saith the Lord God, that I will send a famine in the land, not a famine of bread nor a thirst for water, but of hearing the words of the Lord: And they shall wander from sea to sea . . . and they shall run to and fro, and shall not find it. In that day shall the fair maidens and the young men faint for thirst." And for these thirsty ones that he saw around him he pointed to a place where he beheld cool springs, and pools filled with the water from heaven. . . . Was the oasis to which he wished to lead us in truth but a mirage? It may be that the wayfarers shall fall exhausted in the desert; or perchance leave it by some other way than that which he believed he had discovered or found again. Yet none the less will they owe admiration and gratitude to him, as to all those who seek to open up the way of salvation, and who for the love of them—with a courage and suffering known to the pioneers alone—brave the arid winds and burning sands; even when their songs fail to show the way, they beguile the feverish advance and make the travellers for a moment forget the weariness of centuries, the hope incessantly deferred.

I.

James Darmesteter was a Jew. His name points to a German origin, and as a matter of fact his family, although it had been established in Lorraine for some generations, originally belonged to the Jewry in Darmstadt. It was because of this fact that when the Jews were obliged to take family names, James's great-grandfather chose that of Darmstädter, which the French registrar wrote down Darmesteter. The family of Brandeis, to which his mother belonged, was also established in Lorraine, but came originally from Prague:

"From it had sprung, in the course of generations, a number of learned doctors; one of them left a name which is still famous among the Jews of Central Europe as that of the last doctor of the Cabbala. . . . Genealogical legend, untroubled by a gap of some ten centuries, boldly goes back to Rabbi Akiba, the inventor of the method of the Talmud, and the instigator of the last Jewish revolt, that of Bar Cocheba, under Hadrian."*

We must not be misled by this German origin, nor the German name of Darmesteter, for in James there was nothing German. It is only in our days, since the freeing of the Jews both from their self-created seclusion and their civil subjection, only since the doors of the Ghetto have been battered down both from within and without, that we can speak of French, English, German, or Italian Jews.

Nor does this apply to all of them, for in the countries where they

* I quote these lines from the admirable memoir of his brother Arsène, which James wrote as a preface to his "*Reliques Scientifiques*" (Paris: Cerf, 1890. Two vols. etc.) This memoir should be read by all those who desire to know something of the early days of these two men, both so distinguished and cut off so prematurely.

are many in number there remains a refractory mass of them, unpenetrated by the outer air and light. Until our own century, or nearly, the Jews remained Jews pure and simple, without imbibing the genius or the feelings of the nations in whose midst they were encamped. I do not wish here to deal with the extremely difficult and complex question of the formation of the Jewish race.* However complex and various may be its origins, it is certain that for a thousand years it has received no fresh influx, and that its purity and identity have remained untouched. A Jewish family that had long been settled in Germany and came to settle in France, was neither German nor French; it was simply Jewish, whatever might be its language. For such a family Germans and Frenchmen were *Góim* (Gentiles) alike, and to them the national passions, wars, successes and disasters were equally matters of indifference, except in so far as they were likely to react on their own fate. Things began to alter with the *Aufklärung* movement which sprang up within and around Judaism in the eighteenth century, the movement pre-eminently represented in Germany by the names of Moses Mendelssohn and Lessing. In France the state of affairs was transformed by the law passed in 1791, which made the Jews French citizens like the rest. It is thus a new spirit, unstamped with any nationality in the modern sense of the word, and not yet attached to any real fatherland, that the Jews have brought to the different nations of Europe who, following more or less completely the example set by France, have adopted them into their midst. From the adaptation of the Jewish genius to the genius of the various nations, new and often marvellous combinations have arisen, such as that offered by the poetry of Heine, which could only have blossomed on a Jewish plant grown on German soil. And as the mind and character of the modern Jew have been formed by a diversity of traditions and aptitudes, old and new, in the various countries of civilisation, so his heart has been divided between different affections. The spirit of the old unchanged Jews, who never felt truly at home in the countries where they sojourned, who were indifferent to the struggles of the peoples among whom they lived, and either submitted to their yoke or exploited them, has not entirely vanished, and its manifestations have helped to provoke the unlovely outbursts of anti-Semitism. But by the side of these Jews, some of whom have not yet acquired the idea of country, whilst others have put it aside as an unnecessary burden, there are to be found in every land Jews who are very decidedly—nay, passionately—patriotic.

When the hearts which once beat so ardently for Jerusalem become strongly attached to their new country, they give to it the

* See the very interesting commentary of James Darmesteter on the famous lecture by Renan on this subject, in the article, "Race et Tradition" ("Les Prophètes d'Israel," pp. 247-278).

accumulated affection of centuries. It was thus that France inspired James with an adoration into which gratitude and filial love, reason and mysticism, entered. He saw in her not only all her past, but all the possibilities for the future that he thought should be hers. Her mistakes and her faults made him suffer the more keenly because he longed to see her become purer and greater. But he felt with an unconquerable faith that she would overcome at last, and one day approach the ideal he dreamed for her, the ideal of justice, of freedom, of beauty, and of love. By adopting as her children those whom she had so long rejected, our dear France has gained many sons who have served and loved her faithfully; she has found none attached to her with a more tender devotion than the boy who was born at Château-Salins (now French, alas! no longer) on the 28th of March, 1849, in the house of a small Jewish bookbinder.

II.

James did not remain long in his birthplace. As early as the year 1852 his father came to Paris to seek for a prosperity which he did not find. He went to live in a dark and narrow street of the *Marais* quarter, in which on a Friday evening the Sabbath-light may be seen to burn in nearly every window. And then, owing perhaps to the sudden deprivation of light and air, perhaps to the narrow way of living to which the family was condemned, the child, up till the age of three robust and rosy, began to be undermined by a mysterious malady, which made him suffer as it were intermittently and at long intervals, until his twenty-fifth year; and at the moment of adolescence prevented him from attaining the ordinary stature and proportions of manhood. His physical constitution could not but have great influence on his moral development. From childhood upwards he had to suffer the innumerable small wounds that in such a case are inflicted, often unconsciously, never with a full knowledge of their cruelty. His natural sensitiveness thus became heightened, and at the same time he took pains to hide it. "It was at school," he writes (in some private notes to which I have had access) "that I began to assume the mask of irony in self-defence." To those who read the look in his eyes, luminous and tender, direct and full of depth, who saw the bright smile that lit up his face when a friend appeared in the room, the mask seemed neither thick nor hard to penetrate. And beneath the silence, scarcely interrupted by an occasional half-expressed epigram, it was not difficult, from a word here and there, or some involuntary outburst, to divine the ardent and tender spirit, capable of great enthusiasms, and subject to moments of profound depression, with the impulsive and ingenuous character of a child, the sensitiveness of a woman, the zeal of an apostle.

The sufferings of such a soul imprisoned in so frail a body, all poets will understand; and a poet who felt this anguish in his own person has told it in undying laments. When James went to Florence, some years ago, the fellow-countrymen of Leopardi were struck by the resemblance of his fate to that of the singer of Sappho; he was familiarly called the little Leopardi. But the pessimism which more than once passed over his spirit did not strike root so deep in him as in the soul of the great poet of Recanati, nor produce such bitter fruit. He was saved from it by his own affections, by his love of mankind and country (which in themselves imply the spirit of optimism), by his scientific work, and by the love with which he was ever surrounded.

But his life, already so frail, was destined to be shaken by a series of sudden and tragic blows. In 1868 his father died suddenly while lighting the candles for a religious festival; twelve years later, his mother, who watched over him with a jealous love, fell from the high window of their little apartment and was killed on the spot. Eight years afterwards, on the 16th November, 1888, his elder brother, who had always been his guide and his support, and who had opened up the way for him in life, died of the malady that was later to strike him down. It was only by a miracle that James withstood the terrible shock caused by the death of his mother: the second loss he could not have withstood had it not been for the firm and gentle hand that had been placed in his a few months previously, and for the tender help it gave him. More fortunate than Leopardi, he learnt the meaning of happiness in its purest and most ideal form, and could at last satisfy the immense need for loving that was in him. It was in these last few years that the powers of his mind and his heart attained their full strength and development.

The cold wind of despair, which had at times dried up and contracted his soul, yielded before a warm breeze of spring; the old year's snows melted away, and the sap of life sprang up within him:

*"La joie a pour symbole une plante brisée,
Humide encor de pluie et couverte de fleurs"*

What might not have been yielded by such a plant caressed at last by the west wind and warmed to the core by a sun as kindly as it was tardy? Harsh nature has allowed us to see no further. But she to whom this miracle is due will find her one consolation in the thought of having wrought this renewal; of having given to him she loved years of happiness beyond his own dream, and brought to maturity the fine faculties of his mind and heart; of having so helped in the achievement of labours that long must bear beneficent and abundant fruit.

III.

On leaving the elementary school James went to the *Talmud Torah*, "a kind of little lycée and seminary combined," at which his brother had already spent three years. He has left a charming description of this singular school; but he does not say that the dry scholastic methods which were there applied to the study of the Bible and the Talmud gave him a distaste, amounting almost to hostility, for the narrow yoke of the law interpreted by commentators and casuists. Nor did he bear this yoke for long. One of the generous foundations, of which there were so many among the Jews, enabled him to enter the boarding-school which was at that time under the direction of Mr. Joseph Derenbourg (now member of the French Institute) and to attend the daily classes at the Lycée Bonaparte. Thus his cherished dream was realised. He wanted a freer and wider teaching, and perhaps as much from antipathy to the Talmudic scholasticism as from his innate tastes, he longed to develop by means of purely literary exercises the gift for style which he felt was latent within him. "And then, too," he writes in his notes, "I was ambitious. I had heard that every year there was a competition among the *rhétorique* forms of all the schools (of Paris and Versailles) in Latin composition, that the prize given was called the *prix d'honneur*, and that it was the highest of all school distinctions.* I said to myself that I would go to the lycée and win the *prix d'honneur*."

At the lycée he soon became the head boy, and in 1867 left the *rhétorique* form with the famous *prix d'honneur*, which he had won for putting fine Latin sentences on the dying lips of Demosthenes. To these academic exercises he had given himself up heart and soul. In after-life he referred with disdain to "the pleasing and sterile teaching, the elegant routine of the lycée"; he almost regretted not having continued to attend the quaint and modest classes at the *Talmud Torah*. I am no partisan of that too purely formal kind of instruction that cares less for substance than for form, and teaches boys rather to speak than to think; but to the lycée James none the less owed much. The art of composition and the gift of expression may be purely frivolous when they do not serve to give relief to an original thought. But when the thought is there they are of the greatest value, not only in communicating to others, but because they develop it and give it precision in the mind of the thinker himself. Nor was it only the easy command over form that James learnt at school—he gained freedom of thought; the ancient and modern worlds became apparent to him in all their complexity; his taste was formed; it was there that he learnt to know Tacitus and Pascal, the

* The French text runs, "La plus haute distinction de l'Université." French secondary schools are under the same general direction as the Faculties, and together form the "Université de France."—TRANS.

two favourite authors whose works remained on his table until the day of his death, and also the poets of the time, and especially Hugo, for whom he long kept a passionate admiration.*

On his promotion from the *rhétorique* form to that of *philosophie* he was enchanted. With scarcely a word of guidance from his masters he studied one system after another, and retained an amazing grasp of them all. Among his most profound and original articles are the essay in which he seeks to trace back the great Cosmogonies of India and of Greece to anterior mythological conceptions, and that on the Supreme God of the Aryans.† In this essay he appears as an Hellenist, as well as an Orientalist; the result of the thorough studies of the lycée is evident.

But the years spent there, happy for his mind, were yet sad for him, for his new life had separated him from his brother Arsène, and save for a few hours in each week he was without his only confidant, his protector and tender friend. At last, in 1868, he left the lycée, and crowned with the paper laurels of the school comedy, he had to face life. What was he to do? He was, of course, advised to enter the École Normale, which continued the studies of the lycée; he refused to submit his mind to this new schooling. He took the *baccalauréat* and the *licence ès-lettres*, and the *baccalauréat ès-sciences*, and passed his law examinations; he wrote a novel, a play, and much verse, which he judged later to be mediocre, but which was good practice for his pen. "I knew not what to do," he writes: "Arsène had found his career at the 'École des Hautes Études. He tried to instil into me the spirit of philology, but failed. I am very slow to take up new ideas, although quick to develop them when once I have understood. . . . I spent my time in studying at random. . . . I worked at the natural sciences, for which I thought I had a gift, but I cared only for vague generalisations without that interest in detail which is the beginning of wisdom. . . . I wanted to write a synthetical description of the world. I decided to give ten years to it; that I would devote the first nine years to the study of the nine sciences successively, in the order of Comte, and that I would write my book in the tenth." This wonderful plan was soon abandoned; the counter-attractions of literature, philosophy, and history proved too powerful. James had learnt, in pastime, English, German, and Italian; enchanted by Byron, Heine, and Carducci, he planned a history of the "Satanic" literature. Then again he wished to write a "Poetic History of the French Revolution," in which he would have brought together its echoes in the poets of all nations; or, haunted by the religious problem which his separation from Judaism had raised in his consciousness,

* "Hugo, the most Biblical of modern geniuses," he wrote somewhere. For him the praise was supreme.

† "Essais Orientaux," pp. 106-208; and CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, October, 1879.

he dreamed of a general history of religions. But in the midst of all these dreams he made but little advance ; those who had expected most from him began to shake their heads ; but James himself did not lose confidence, nor was he conscious of wasting his time.

Nor was the time really lost. Fortunate indeed are those who, between the studies of youth and their first original work, are able to spend a few years in the state of fruitful vacillation during which the great decision that must finally be taken is secretly prepared. Meanwhile the eyes and ears are awake to every sight and every sound, the hesitating hand essays each task it meets but only to quit it, and the mind traverses the world freely, seeking for the place of which it must soon take possession and not knowing that this has been marked out beforehand. Our French youths, so early enrolled and "specialised," know little of these delicious and profitable wanderings ; Darmesteter, owing to the ignorance in which he still was of his true vocation, could give himself up to their full and unbounded delight. These four years were as profitable to him as the months are to the pure-bred colt before he is taken to the race-course, when he is left to skip freely on the plain, to charge against the wind and to follow his shadow in the sun.

But daily life was hard for the poor free-lance. He was obliged to give lessons for several hours a day, to climb stairs that made him painfully breathless, and to meet faces whose indifference froze him. And then came the suffering of the war and the Commune which made his heart bleed, and shook his faith in his country and in justice. In 1871, a young man of twenty-two, he found himself without guidance, without light from within or without, feeling that he was capable of accomplishing great things, but knowing not where the harvest which he was to reap lay ripening.

IV.

An effort of will put an end to a state of indecision which might finally have become dangerous. He saw the futility of his many and fruitless attempts, and recognised the necessity of undertaking some well-defined task and following it up resolutely. He had been attracted towards the East by the lovely reveries just collected by Michelet in his "*Bible de l'humanité*," and his knowledge of Hebrew already opened one of the gates of this great world to him. He decided to follow the advice of his brother, and in 1872 he entered the *École des Hautes Études* (at which Arsène had just been appointed lecturer), and to devote himself to Oriental studies, without deciding for the moment to which branch he should attach himself specially. It was at the *École des Hautes Études* that he became sure of his real vocation, and that he submitted to healthy discipline

a mind which, left to itself, might have made too bold an attempt on the world, and advanced to the conquest of truth rather by adventurous leaps than by sure and methodical progress.

After two years' study his professors declared that they had nothing more to teach him and that it was now for him to add to our knowledge. The master, at once cautious and bold, ingenious and circumspect, who had succeeded in both rousing and controlling his youthful enthusiasm, undertook to point out the way he should take. He directed James towards a particular region of Oriental science, the study of the Iranian religion; a province which the heroism of Anquetil-Duperron and the masterly sagacity of Burnouf had in former times made almost French ground, and 'on which M. Bréal himself had brilliantly maintained the rights of the first occupants. It was, in spite of the work of these men and of English and German scholars, still an ill-known country, of which the approaches were studded with obstacles, the roads hardly opened up, and in which a few cultivated spots stood out as oases in the midst of vast deserts. To venture into it needed more than exceptional courage and endurance; it needed an exceptional equipment. The domain of Iran touches both on the Semitic domain and on that of India; he who would study it must be acquainted not only with the successive languages of ancient and modern Persia (of which some, like Pehlvi, offer almost inextricable difficulties) but with Sanskrit, Hebrew, and Arabic, and with the ideas which have found expression in these tongues during the last thirty centuries. Darmesteter advanced boldly, and his first steps were marked by new conquests. For twenty years he explored, without wearying of his task, the most arid and the most attractive regions alike of this mysterious territory, and its map after his passage is incomparably fuller and more precise than it was before.

His first work was a study of two of the Zoroastrian *Amchasbands*, *Haurvatât* and *Ameretât*,* which from the outset revealed the surprising extent of a knowledge so rapidly acquired, his elegance in composition, his subtlety of thought, and the soundness and brilliancy of his style. Two years later, in his book on "Ormazd and Ahriman"† (his thesis for the Doctor of Letters), he attacked the central problem of Zoroastrianism. Professor Max Müller at once entrusted the young man with the arduous task of translating the "Avesta" into English, for the great collection of "Sacred Books of the East" published by the University of Oxford. While giving himself up chiefly to this difficult piece of work, Darmesteter wrote on various subjects, and collected later in two volumes the "Études Iraniennes,"‡

* Twenty-ninth *fascicule* of the "Bibliothèque de l'École des Hautes Études," Paris, Bouillon.

† Twenty-ninth *fascicule* of the "Bibliothèque des Hautes Études."

‡ "Études Iraniennes," 2 vols. 8vo, Paris, Bouillon, 1883.

each of which marks a scientific advance. Soon, however, he became convinced that a real comprehension of the "Avesta," which is in great part a ritual, was only possible in the midst of the people who still practise the rites on which it comments, or to which its recital forms an accompaniment. In February 1886 he sailed for Bombay, in order to obtain from the Parsees, who still keep alive the sacred fire of the Magi, the information he needed for the completion of his work. From Bombay he went to Peshawur and Abbottabad, where he spent several months in studying the Afghan language; and he there made the important discovery that Afghan is the still surviving continuation of the language of the ancient Medes, improperly called Zend, in which the sacred book of Iran is written. And meanwhile, like the geologist, who in the midst of the austere labours of excavation and boring, picks a posy of wild flowers by the way, he gathered together a rich collection of Afghan popular songs—a treasure as precious as it was unexpected, both for poetry and folklore.*

On his return he undertook, this time for France, a complete translation of the "Avesta," accompanied by an ample commentary. In four years he finished this heroic task,† and, on its completion, the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres awarded him the prize of twenty thousand francs, given every ten years for the work within its purview which during the decade has, in its opinion, "done most honour or rendered most service to the country;" and the decision was ratified by the whole Institute. But the English translation still remained unfinished, and he was pressed to complete it. He reconstructed it throughout, and finished his revision in eighteen months. It was to the correction of the proofs of this new version that the last hours of his scientific work were devoted. The introduction is almost complete, and will be published by his wife, whom he had associated with him in his work, while the compilation of the index is entrusted to a learned and devoted disciple.

I cannot hope to give here an account of the whole of Darmesteter's work on Iranian subjects; of this, more capable judges have recorded, or will record, their estimate elsewhere;‡ but its essential characteristics may be briefly stated. Darmesteter mastered, conciliated, and combined the methods of the two schools which before him shared, or rather disputed, the study of the "Avesta." The one school took as its sole guide native tradition, represented in writing by the Pehlvi translations and commentaries, and preserved by the Guebres of

* "Chants Populaires des Afghans," Paris, 2 vols. 8vo, 1888-1890, published by the Société Asiatique.

† "Zend-Avesta, Traduction nouvelle avec Commentaire Historique," Paris, 1892-1893, 3 vols. in 4to (published in the *Annales du Musée Guimet*).

‡ M. Barbier de Meynard, President of the Société Asiatique, read an admirable memoir on Darmesteter's work before the Society on November 9th. M. Bréal is writing one on the same subject for the *Annuaire de l'École des Hautes Études* for 1895, about to be published.

to-day; the others regarded these traditions as without value, and paid attention to the Zend text alone, interpreting the language with the help of Sanskrit, and the religion with the help of the Vedas. Darmesteter laid down the principle that the explanation of the "Avesta" must be sought in tradition first of all, but that it needs to be completed by the methods of etymology and comparison. It was this twofold means of investigation that enabled him to follow the development of Mazdeism from its remote origin down to the latest forms into which it has crystallised. Dualism, which is the fundamental idea of this religion—*i.e.*, the antagonism between the principles of good and evil (Ormazd and Ahriman)—dates in part from the old naturalistic conceptions which form the basis of all the Indo-European religions; but the powerful and original form which this took is due to the Iranian genius, personified by legend under the name of Zoroaster.

Of the "Avesta" itself, with its combination of quaintness and grandeur, at once repelling by its strange and surprising puerility, and commanding our admiration by its moral elevation, Darmesteter was inclined to attribute the composition and present form to comparatively recent times. He discovered in it the influence of Buddhism, of the Bible, and of Greek philosophy; and thought that it had been drawn up about the time of the Christian era with the help of previously existing elements which can no longer be discerned with certainty. On these conclusions doubts have been thrown by competent critics. The existence of Jewish influence is an especially contestable point, because the things common to Genesis and the "Avesta" may both derive from that vast Chaldean source from which there can, at the present day, be no doubt that Hebrew tradition has borrowed, and which may possibly, at some future time, after further investigation, prove to be the great reservoir of science, religion, art, and fable, from which the whole of ancient Asia derived sustenance.

Of the Mazdean religion, which he analysed with so much patience and so much power, Darmesteter has also left a synthetical account. The lecture which he gave at Bombay in 1887 before a Parsee audience forms a curious incident in the history of ideas.* The representatives of the ancient religion, of which Darius, the son of Hystaspes, made profession four-and-twenty centuries ago in the inscriptions engraved on the rocks of Behistun, listened to the young sage from the West with admiration and surprise as he interpreted the faith of their fathers, showed the great place it had held in the world, and rendered homage to the moral value of its teachings. In the incessant war of Ormazd against Ahriman, although his choice is left free, man is forced

* The lecture was printed in the *Bombay Gazette* in February 1887; a very small number of reprints were also struck off.

to take part with one or other of the combatant armies. Each good thought, good word, or good deed makes for the good principle; each bad deed makes against it. Thus, during his lifetime, man may be the fellow-worker and the soldier of the God of good, who must finally triumph at the end of the ages. In a wide and bold generalisation the speaker showed how the six Asiatic religions—Brahmanism, Mazdeism, Buddhism, Judaism, Christianity, and Islam—which have become the religions of humanity, all conspire towards one high moral end; and pointed out that none has given a more powerful impetus to man's moral activity than the religion of Zoroaster. The Parsees were touched by the eloquent picture of the past; they responded to the lecturer's appeal to create a foundation for the publication of their old manuscripts, and the name of the French Magus has remained dear and honoured among them.

At the same time that his scientific studies had taken a precise direction James Darmesteter had found his place and occupation in life. He was appointed *répétiteur* for Zend at the École des Hautes Études in 1877, then *directeur-adjoint*, and finally *directeur*. In 1885 he was appointed to the chair of the Persian Languages and Literature at the Collège de France. During all this time, not content with his researches on Ancient Iran, he extended his studies into the most varied fields of the great Oriental domain.*

In 1885, when the fantastic appearance of the Mahdi suddenly offered to the eyes of a sceptical world a terribly real incarnation of some of the oldest dreams of the religious imagination, he delivered at the Sorbonne an address, sparkling with wit and learning, on the origin, the predecessors, and the inevitable successors of this strange personage. He proved himself as familiar with Islam as with Iran, and showed that the Mahdi corresponds to the son of Zoroaster, who is to come at the end of time in order to fight with and conquer Ahriman.†

In 1877 he published a delicious study on "The Origins of Persian Poetry,"‡ in which he showed what this poetry had been before its classical period properly so called, and with a skilful hand culled the most delicate flowers of these all but unknown gardens. It was there, among other charming verses, that he found the distich in which a poet of the ninth century, Chahid of Bactriana, expressed a poignant truth by so original a figure: "If pain gave out smoke like a fire, the world would for ever be darkened."

I have no space even to mention here the many essays he wrote on subjects of philology, mythology, and literary history in the

* "Essais Orientaux," Paris, A. Lévy, 1883, 8vo.

† "Le Mahdi depuis les Origines de l'Islam jusqu'à nos jours," Paris, Leroux, 18mo, 1885. Translated into English by Miss Ada Ballin under the title "The Mahdi," London, Fisher Unwin, 12mo.

‡ "Les Origines de la Poésie persane," Paris, Leroux, 16mo, 1877, published originally in the form of articles in the *Journal des Débats*.

scientific journals, which looked on his collaboration as an honoured distinction. But the honour was for him when, in 1882, the Société Asiatique asked him to become secretary to that body. The heavy undertaking which this implied he accepted joyfully, and faithfully fulfilled. He succeeded Renan, and seemed to be the only man capable of succeeding him. Among the duties of the office is that of writing an annual report on the progress of Oriental studies, and to do this adequately there is needed not only the knowledge, rarely given to one man, of the four or five different territories of their vast domain, but the gift of arranging in order and throwing light on materials of the most diverse origin, sureness of judgment, great tact, immense reading, and a mind always on the alert. The seven reports written by James Darmesteter are models in a kind of work in which Burnouf, Mohl, and Renan had variously excelled. His last report (that of 1893) is in great part devoted to the exposition of Renan's work as an Orientalist. But he could not refrain from giving a clear and profound account of the intellectual life, as a whole, of the master who had exercised on him, as on the whole world, so great an influence. He was unique in being able to speak with equal mastery of the scholar, philosopher, and poet who wrote the "*Histoire des Langues Sémitiques*," the "*Avenir de la Science*," and the "*Souvenirs d'Enfance*." It was a happy destiny that made it his duty to perform the task, and that gave to the world an adequate interpretation of so complex and even deceptive a nature, unchanging in its depths, but infinitely mobile on the surface, beneath the varying play of light and shade.

My account of James Darmesteter's relations with the East would be incomplete without a word on the "*Lettres sur l'Inde*,"* which revealed new aspects of his understanding and his powers. Journeys in England, Spain, Greece, and Turkey had accustomed his eye to take delight in the varied aspects of nature, and had given him insight into the various forms of human life. In the story of his stay in India he exhibits his power of luminous portrayal and keen observation. The accounts of his dealings with his good friends the Afghans are *genre* pictures, piquant as they are true. But the voyage also developed a new side of his intellectual activity, the existence of which could scarcely have been suspected: the philologist and the dreamer proved to be a politician and a man of affairs. He was received with honour by the highest Indian officials, and mixed familiarly with the humblest classes of the subject populations. He studied attentively the springs of government, estimated the silent and opposed forces which have been hitherto maintained in equilibrium in this enormous and complicated machine, and he pointed out the defects and fissures which may one

* Paris, Lemerre, 12mo 1888.

day lead to a stoppage or an explosion. He returned from India with a better knowledge of men, and with his experience and the field of his thought widened in every direction.

V.

The great labours in the domain of Oriental and more particularly Iranian studies, that would have absorbed or exceeded the powers of any other man, left Darmesteter leisure to satisfy the other needs of his being. One of the many intellectual shoots which sprang up during his early manhood had become a tree, but none withered; he remained what he was by nature—a thinker, a patriot, a poet, and a writer, as well as a scholar. His prodigious power of work, equalled in no other man I have met, enabled him to combine the most various intellectual occupations without fatigue. One of those to which he returned oftenest in the course of his life was the study of English poetry. This poetry, which suggests more than it expresses, was admirably suited to his own personality, which in matters apart from pure science, ever remained enveloped in a certain mystery, both for others and himself; he never translated it into a completely objective form, or with the precision of definition so dear to the Latin genius.

On English poetry Darmesteter wrote some exquisite and too little known chapters,* and among others, a study of Wordsworth (a closed book to most French readers), a marvel of sympathy and comprehension. He published an edition of "Macbeth" (now used in more than one English University), preceded by a masterly study of the development of Shakespeare's genius.†

He was the first to make known in France the poet who has been called the modern Shakespeare (but a Shakespeare for the study), Robert Browning; and discovered to us the poem of Hervé Riel, which we should hold doubly dear. In 1871, when England sent to Paris, shuddering and hungry, the splendid subscription (£120,000) which relieved so much misery, Browning contributed to it by sending to a periodical‡ a little poem in which he tells the act of simple heroism, too little remembered in France, of an obscure sailor of Le Croisic. It is impossible, too, to read without being moved, the delicate and touching study of Miss Toru Dutt, the young Hindoo girl, dead at the age of twenty, whose tender little heart bled so for the misfortunes of France, and who had translated a

* "Essais de Littérature Anglaise," Paris, Delagrave, 12mo, 1888.

† The preface is republished in the "Essais de Littérature Anglaise." The volume on Shakespeare in Leconte and Oudin's series of "Classiques Populaires" must also be mentioned in this connection.

‡ The Cornhill Magazine.

selection of French poetry into English before she essayed to give new life to some of the old legends of her own country.

But James Darmesteter's masterpiece in this kind is the preface which he wrote in 1888 to his translation of the poems of Miss Mary Robinson.* The originality of a poet, difficult as it always is to convey, has never been delineated with more power and delicacy, followed up with more sympathy, expressed more happily; never, perhaps, have one mind and heart been more interpenetrated by another. A volume by Miss Robinson had reached him during his stay at Peshawur. Read in absence and solitude, the lines, with their grace and depth and their penetrating music, waked in him all the echoes of thought and feeling. When he returned to Europe he became acquainted with the author of "Darwinism" and "An Orchard at Avignon," and two lives that seemed parted by every external circumstance became united, alas! but for a short time. But for six years two of the fullest and deepest-noted lyres touched by the breath of these latter days were attuned in magic harmony. And thus in a world where life and our dreams seem to meet but for mutual destruction, for once poetry became real, and reality an exquisite poem.

But, save in this one episode, poetry was only the music of his hours of recreation. His thoughtful and profound spirit was still preoccupied with the search after the ideal, and troubled by the agitation that followed his rupture with his ancestral belief. In the heaven of his thought he did not re-enthroned the fallen Jewish god, nor did he erect the cross of the Christian Calvary. But the pale crucified man of Jerusalem still haunted his heart; he could neither embrace nor put him from him. In the prose poems united under the title of "*La Légende Divine*,"* he has expressed the complex sentiments with which he regarded the Son of Mary. He loved him in so far as he was the incarnation of what was highest and purest in Jewish tradition; he could not forgive his faithlessness to this tradition; he believed that his kingdom was at an end, and grieved that it should be so. In the finest of these poems, suggested by a magnificent passage in Isaiah, he pictures Christ himself descending into the Scheol and finding there the gods whom he has dethroned: they insult him, then ask him to join with them in cursing man, who creates and then destroys them, as a child might break and cast off the playthings he has himself made. . . . But the poet returns to the earth and finds it drear and empty, devoid of faith and hope, "mothers, weeping over their dead children, no longer raise their eyes to heaven;" men's souls scorched by the simoom of nothingness, some despairing, some rebelling, others absorbed in the enjoyment

* Paris, Lemerre, 18mo.

† "*La Légende Divine*," 12mo, 1890. "*La Chute du Christ*" had been published by Charavay, in 1879, and appeared as a translation from the English. [A part of the poem was in fact originally composed in English.—TRANS.]

and the trouble of the moment. "And a few there were who watched the great inanimate madness roll on past them and through them: who wept, when the tears came, without hope and without a malediction, and when their hour struck, fell, disdainful, and with a smile on their lips."

But in spite of this affected stoicism, the man who wrote these lines was manifestly not indifferent to the sudden crumbling of the divine in himself and in the world. Even to face the universe with disdain or a smile is still to put something of one's heart into one's philosophic contemplation.* It is still a religion. James at that time thought that he had lost all belief. He suffered in the loss, and the very act of suffering implied the seeking for a new religion. He was destined to find it in the Bible, of which he had rejected the letter, but of which, later, he discovered, renewed, and announced what seemed to him to be its true spirit. But before dealing with what may be termed the "prophetic," and what is the most original portion of his achievement, a word must be said about one other aspect of his complex personality: I mean its patriotic aspect.

James Darmesteter was, as I have said, an ardent and almost mystically ardent patriot. In 1881 he published, under the pseudonym of J. D. Lefrançais, a little book called "*Lectures Patriotiques*," which should find a place in all French schools.* In it he sings the praise of the France of history, but more especially the France of the Revolution in its purest and highest aspirations. The Jews who owe to the Revolution their emancipation and their status, are led to look on it as a kind of revelation of justice and peace. While condemning with horror its crimes and its excesses, Darmesteter was inclined more and more to attribute to it an almost divine character. It was associated in his mind with the adoration which he had for Jeanne d'Arc. Jeanne d'Arc was for him a first and sublime revelation of the conscience of the people of France, and she and the Revolution were to him "two of the sublimest things that have ever appeared on this earth."†

But while our two great political parties each claim the pure heroine of Orleans for their own, James raised her above the region of discussion as an angel of fraternal concord. In his own politics he was inspired by her, and, like her, by what is greatest, deepest, and most durable in the soul of the nation. Here we find the source of the magnificent article published, soon after its foundation, in the *Revue de Paris*‡: The consideration of our recent history led him to an illuminating and exalted political philosophy. He, like Jeanne d'Arc,

* The fourth edition, in 12mo, was published in 1891 (Delagrave).

† He expressed his admiration for Jeanne d'Arc more fully in a finely written and very interesting article published by the *Nouvelle Revue* in 1879, "*Jeanne d'Arc jugée par les Anglais*."

‡ "*La Guerre et la Paix Intérieure de 1871 à 1893*," *Revue de Paris*, Feb. 15, 1894.

saw that our sufferings could only be healed and our strength restored by the love of all for all ; and he proposed a general disarmament of our hatreds and our envies in a great movement to help the poor, which would morally make France the first of nations, and would cause the seemingly dried-up sources of our moral life to flow again on every side.* Unfortunately the sublime sermon excited only sterile or impotent admiration, and Radicals and Conservatives, Socialists and Individualists, continue to fight on the bosom of the mother country. "C'est grand' pitié du royaume de France !" said our *bonne Lorraine*.†

These notions of peace and justice bring us back to the most cherished conception of the latter years of James Darmesteter, a conception in which religion and philosophy, love of mankind and patriotism are united. It rests essentially on the idea that the modern spirit is in truth a very ancient one. The greatness of the French Revolution, and its madness, are summed up in the belief that abstract justice may be made to reign upon earth. The belief was held already by the Jewish prophets, and a Frenchman of the stock of Israel could not but be struck by the identity of inspiration in the two cases. On the other hand, of all the methods by which man has expressed his relation to the infinite, Hebrew monotheism, interpreted in a certain sense, seems to be that most capable of lending itself to an alliance with the results of experimental science. It was on these bases that the author of the "Chute du Christ," taking a higher stand than that of the selfish seeking after personal happiness which leads inevitably to either despair or renunciation, believed that humanity might build up a new faith, in which Christianity, rejuvenated, would hold communion with science. The idea appeared for the first time in a pamphlet published in 1881, and entitled "Coup d'œil sur l'Histoire du Peuple juif," ‡ which first revealed in the learned Orientalist a great writer and an original thinker. The religion of Israel in its essential features, and excluding its legends and its observances, the religion as it was conceived by the prophets according to the author (and to Renan), is capable of becoming the eternal religion, for it is reducible to two dogmas—the Divine Unity, and the belief in the future reign of God upon earth ; "that is to say, the unity of law in the universe and the earthly triumph of justice among men. These are the two dogmas which at the present time light up the way for the scientific and social advance of mankind ; their modern names are "the 'unity of force' and the 'belief in progress.' . . . Humanity, as she is dreamed by those who wish to be called freethinkers, may possibly

* With this article, which caused so much sensation at the time, must be mentioned the one on the death of President Carnot, published on July 1.

† Jeanne d'Arc.

‡ Published first independently, then in the "Essais Orientaux," and again in the "Prophètes d'Israël."

renounce with her lips the Bible and its work; she cannot reject it from her heart without plucking out her most precious possession, the belief in unity, the hope in justice."

Thus, after his long journeyings through the many worlds of thought, the mind and heart of the schoolboy of the *Talmud Torah* returned to the Bible, from which he had turned away, and found there satisfaction of his need for truth, and of his yearnings for justice. Plainly, only a Jew could conceive this idea, or frame this ingenious adaptation of ancient dogma to modern thought; only a Jew could summon wandering and dispersed humanity to assemble and take refuge beneath the tabernacles of Shem. It was the soul of the prophet of Israel living again in the descendant of Rabbi Akiba.

"Woe," he wrote, "to the scholar who approaches the things of God without having in the depths of his conscience, in the indestructible foundation of his being, an unknown sanctuary from which now and again there rises the perfume of the incense, a verse of a psalm, the dolorous yet triumphant cry of his fathers, with which in his childhood he called out to God, and that brings him into sudden communion with the prophets of old."

To the working out of this idea James devoted himself more and more ardently. We find it developed and more closely defined in articles published in 1881, 1883, and 1888, and finally in 1891 he gave it its historic basis and its most complete expression in his masterly study on the "Prophets of Israel."* He shows there how little importance the prophets attached to the official religion, and even to the precepts of the law, and that they uttered curses upon their times, not only because of men's impiety, but for the hardness of their hearts and their contempt for justice. "I hate, I despise your feasts," said the God of the shepherd Amos. "Though ye offer me burnt offerings and meat offerings I will not accept them, neither will I regard the peace offerings of your fat beasts. Take thou away from me the noise of thy songs, for I will not hear the melody of thy viola. But let judgment spring forth like the waters, and justice like a mighty stream." And then, associating for once Greek thought with Jewish feeling, he quotes the immortal lines of Lucretius, in which he says that true piety consists not in prayer at the altar or the sacrifice of victims, but in the contemplation of the world with a pure and untroubled spirit, and he concludes: "The religion of the twentieth century is contained in these two cries; it will spring from the union of prophetism and science."

Thus the latest prophet, a Jew by race, a Greek by culture, a Frenchman in heart. We ask ourselves if the twentieth century shall indeed fulfil his prophecy? Is the Jewish heaven destined still to work in the ferment of the times to come? The God of the Bible is

* Published, together with other essays, in a volume entitled "*Les Prophetes d'Israel*," Paris, Calmann Lévy, 1892, 8vo, and 1894, 12mo.

external to the universe, and He governs it arbitrarily; to interpret Him into the fundamental unity of natural forces acting immutably and blindly, ever in the same way under the same conditions—is this anything more than the exercise of a subtle imagination? and can this ingenious piece of exegesis serve as a basis for science? Has the belief in progress resulting from the slow evolution of humanity—a belief which, moreover, is weakening in men's minds—has this anything to do with the promise of the reign of heaven upon earth brought to us by a God-sent Messiah? Whatever be the answer reserved by the future to these questions, the translation into modern language of the old songs of hope, lost in the torment of the night of time, is none the less moving and splendid. The part of revealer and the spreader of the truth which the prophets assigned to Judah is assigned by their successor to the France whom he loved. He calls her to shine forth in beauty, justice, and truth, so as to be a light to the nations; he foresees her, by the sole ascendancy of her genius and her faith, leading them into the way which she was the first to find. The ideal always contains something chimerical. Its function is to rouse noble and fruitful aspirations; and those who mould their natures on the model here set before them will assuredly become loftier and larger-minded, more generous and more just, more French in the sense in which our friend used the word.

But the apocalypses written by Darmesteter raise a more delicate problem even than the scientific question or the social question, I mean the religious. He not only asserted that the old Jewish prophetism was capable of regenerating the world by means of truth and justice, he wished to make Christianity return to the source from which it sprang. He believed that the Church would only find its salvation and recover its empire over men by returning to the spirit of Amos and Jeremiah. In his opinion Christian Messianism, by transporting the kingdom of God far from the earth and from this life, had deprived it of its power for good in the world; while at the same time it had imbibed and become inseparably attached to a supernatural element, that in Judaism had remained more external, and could be abandoned without danger to its efficacy on men. He addressed the Church without hostility, with respectful admiration, and a sincere desire for concord, and invited her to renew herself for all time by returning to the cradle of her youth. He thought thus to construct not only a religion, but the only indestructible religion. But what is a religion that denies the intervention of God in life, and thereby knows no prayer; a religion which does not promise a future life to repair the injustice of this one? So long as there are men who cannot be content with human knowledge, or rather with human ignorance, who cannot be resigned to death and to

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suffering without a reason, so long will they only give the name of religion to something which offers them an explanation of the world and the promise of infinite happiness. By putting an end to earthly Messianism, and proclaiming "that its kingdom is not of this world," Christianity has separated religion for ever from the domain of science and of politics; it has created its own domain, above and apart from the others, where alone it is really itself.

To call the love of truth and goodness religion may be to ennoble still more our noblest instincts, but it cannot satisfy a need of an entirely different kind which religion alone can satisfy. "If," says Darmesteter, "the Church misses her destiny, if in the name of an immutability that is only a fiction of dogma contradicted by her history from its very beginnings, she opposes a *non possumus* to the demands of the future, the inevitable work will be accomplished otherwise if less easily; the spirit of the coming times will lose the advantage of this marvellous instrument of unity and propagandism, and the scientific sect alone must bear the charge of the world." Yet if the Church were to renounce her part as a means of mystic communication between the soul and God, if she did nothing more than affirm the unity of natural laws and the principle of progress, in what respect would she really differ from the "scientific sect"?

What must always command our admiration in the meditations in which Darmesteter has expressed the thoughts of his forefathers, as in the burning eloquence of his predecessors twenty-six centuries ago, is the ardent, passionate, and ingenuous love of justice, the lovely and veiled goddess whom we adore, though her face is unknown to us. With this, James combined a love of that peace which the prophets, more prodigal of the red-hot cautery than the healing balm to the wounds of men, hardly more than dreamed of for the distant future. It is only in the Messianic times that the wolf shall lie down with the lamb, the lion shall feed with the sheep, and "a little child shall lead them." Darmesteter would have wished to see the coming of these days, and to be that blessed child.

Nor did our *bon Lorrain* weary of preaching concord and love. If he had taught in the Middle Ages he would have been called "Doctor Pacificus." He loved peace with a large-mindedness born of the power to perceive the lofty reconciliation of apparent contradictions, with the tenderness of a heart that knew suffering, but neither hatred nor envy.

But he was capable of indignation. We discover the vehemence of the old *Nebim* in the noble pages and the vibrating words in which he brands the form of literature that enervates France within and dishonours her abroad;* and in the anathema he launched

* See the *Revue Bleue* of March 2, 1889.

against the cynical avowal of the man who boasts that in 1871 he held the leash within his hand, and secretly let loose the dogs of war.* But his holy anger did not long weigh down his spirit, which especially during these last few years had become free from all bitterness and filled with serenity. He announced with confidence the good news of the reconciliation of men's minds through science and of their hearts through love; he was preparing, when he was touched by the wing of Death, to give us what he called *l'Évangile Éternel*, by which he meant a collection of all those things in the old Hebrew Bible that can still strengthen, raise, and console all mankind, and direct its way towards the "Land of Promise," caught sight of by the prophets and perceived again by their descendant.†

VI.

I am far from having traced a complete picture of James Darmesteter's intellectual activity; his mind opened up new ways in many other directions yet. But I fear that I should weary my readers if I asked them to follow him along all the paths he trod without fatigue; such, for instance, as in his profound observations on the true nature of what is called folk-lore,‡ and his curious investigations into the relations of Chinese art with that of India and of Greece.§ The whole world found a reflex in a mind so open, and each reflection in it assumed new colours. The agility of his brain was marvellous. After unearthing fresh discoveries with the utmost labour and resolution, he would suddenly take wing, soar with incomparable ease, and then, like a lark lost in the blue, utter song from a height to which the eye could scarcely attain. He was, indeed, the "winged, light, and sacred being" of Plato. But lofty and free as he was in his flight, he was well able, when there was need, to take firm footing on the ground. Those who knew him best were those in whom he roused most wonder, and who became most deeply attached to him by his charm of disposition, his affectionate goodness of heart. Those to whom the chief feature in his face and in his character was something cold, bitter, and sarcastic, only saw him at those moments of his often troubled life, when, like a sensitive plant, he drew in and shielded himself from contact that gave him pain. He was indeed inclined at times to be somewhat disdainfully severe in judgment, nor did he refrain from mocking at pedantry, self-conceit, and frivolity; but, as with the sting of a bee, there was no

* See the *Revue Bleue* of November 26, 1892.

† He also proposed to make Zarathustra (Zoroaster) reply to the singular interpreter he has found lately in Nietzsche.

‡ "Romania," vol. x. (1881), p. 286.

§ "Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature."

venom in the wounds he inflicted. And how warm and deep was his affection towards those who had found the somewhat hidden way to his heart! Beneath the scholar and the philosopher there was a child, simple, charming, and tender, afraid of being discovered, only to be divined now and again, and never yielding himself up wholly. And if it is true that those who knew him best admired and loved him most, and now mourn him most deeply, who shall measure the grief of her to whom he opened his soul, and who, perhaps alone, knew him fully!

We may define a writer as a man who can translate his personality into his style. Darmesteter must therefore be called a writer, and, in certain of his works at least, a great writer, because he was able to render the various shades of his feeling and his thought by words, turns of expression, and imagery. His style has been called, and rightly called, magical. It corresponds to the ideas which the word evokes, by its changing colours, its sudden flashes, and its glimpses of a far-off horizon, caught sight of but for a moment. It is often pervaded by a peculiar kind of irony, at once kindly and transcendental, full of brief allusions and unexpected similitudes, the point of which is barely hinted at, and left for the reader to discover with a smile. It is occasionally not free from strain or obscurity, resulting from the isolation in which the author had long brooded over his ideas. It is a very spiritual style—I mean, rather, one far removed from the material, in which the words are chosen for their power of suggestion and the indefinite prolongation of thought which they awake. It gives the idea of something not fully and completely realised, of something loftier than itself, and it is perhaps that that gives it its special power of making the reader linger. Darmesteter was not one of those artists who have complete mastery over their subject and their art, and who work with the full consciousness of what they wish to accomplish and of what they are capable; his work has the puissant attraction of those sketches in which one feels that the master has dreamed more than he has put on the canvas, and in which the imagination, untrammelled by a too definite contour, follows out the lines beyond the point where the hand has ceased to trace them.

This preference in art for the suggestive to the exactly-expressed is not only, as I have said, a characteristic of English poetry in which James Darmesteter recognised a trait of his own nature. It is a characteristic of the poetry of the Bible and of the Semitic spirit, and one easily understood by the mind of the Teuton, the Celt, or the Slav, but difficult of comprehension to those who live in the pure tradition of classical genius. By this trait, by his supple and subtle intelligence, by the power of "speculation" which some

Jews exercise in things of business, others in the things of the mind, by his whole conception of the world, by his abstract love of justice and his Messianic patriotism, Darmesteter stands out as a Jew and a Frenchman, an honour alike to his race and his country. He shows us what new powers are brought to the world in the best examples of a type unknown to a previous age, what rare fruit and undreamed-of flowers may be borne by the mysterious palm of Israel, grafted on the old oak of France.

GASTON PARIS.

THE COLONIAL CONFERENCE.

THE Colonial Conference met at Ottawa, with the special blessing of the British Prime Minister, and amidst predictions that it would do great things for the improvement of the relations between the mother-country and the colonies. In the way of sentiment, the relation is hardly susceptible of improvement, since the feeling of all British colonists, in Canada and elsewhere, is as cordial as it can possibly be towards the mother-country. We all look, and whether the political connection continues or not, shall ever look, with the same pride and affection to the central hearth of our race and the illustrious parent of our free institutions. In the way of practical improvement much could hardly be done by this Conference. The "delegates," though men of mark, were accredited, not by the colonial Legislatures, or by the people of the colonies at large, but only by the Governments; and the Governments are partisan and ephemeral. Over the Conservative Government of Canada, weakened by the failure of its Protectionist policy and by the disclosure of its relation to the contractors, the axe of doom is generally believed to hang, and the policy of the Liberals in Canada would be widely different, in regard to Imperial and commercial questions, from that of the Conservatives. Scarcely had the Conference risen when one of the Australian Governments fell; so that in a few days its delegate would have been left in the air. The incident is suggestive of the difficulty which the Imperial Federalists would find even in organising their constituent assembly; since, with colonial opinion and colonial Governments always shifting, the members would perpetually be in danger of finding their credentials withdrawn. In Canada the delegates of the other colonies were received and entertained with the cordiality due to their personal distinction as well as to the communities which they represented.

But the feeling that our destinies were not in their hands, combined with the secrecy deemed necessary to their debates, prevented much interest from being taken in their proceedings by any but the friends of Imperial Federation.

Nevertheless, the result has been important as morally settling fundamental questions, and as tending to bring the Imperial Federationists down from the region of sunlit vapour to that of solid fact.

The subjects of the Conference were limited to trade relations, and the means of communication by steamships and by telegraph. The question of defence, and of colonial contribution to it, was excluded by omission. But the omission was significant, especially at a time when Great Britain was trembling for her command of the sea, and her merchants were holding meetings to call for a large augmentation of the fleet. It seemed to indicate that the Imperial Government despaired of a favourable response to any appeal on the subject of common armaments. Apart from their formal Conference, the delegates had opportunities of touching on this vital topic. Yet they abstained. Nor did the historical bellicosity of the address presented to them by the Imperial Federationists of Canada elicit anything more than historical bellicosity in reply. Morally speaking, we may take it as pretty well settled that the colonies will not contribute to the defence of the Empire. Australia, it is understood, has no intention of repeating what she did in the case of the Snakin Expedition. As to Canada, her High Commissioner has already said that she considers herself to have done enough in constructing the Canadian Pacific Railway, improving the canal communication, and putting down the rebellion of the French Half-Breeds in the North-West. Upon that avowal ensued a collapse of the Central Federationist Committee. It has been since explained that what the High Commissioner meant was not that Canada had done all that she could ever do, but that what she had done in the past was an earnest of what she would do in the future. The explanation will hardly restore the committee to life, since it holds out no hope that Canada will in the future, any more than in the past, do anything or contribute anything unless her local interests are concerned. In fact, there is no need on the part of the Canadian Commissioner for any fencing with the question. He may as well plainly say at once that no Canadian Government with any regard for its own life would venture to propose contribution to British armaments in a Parliament in which French-Canadians hold the balance. The French-Canadians have no reason to be, nor are they, hostile to Great Britain. But they are French. They grow more French every day, as the connection between them and their mother country, long suspended by the French Revolution, is renewed. Their flag is the tri-colour. One of their leading journals the other

day proposed to boycott the Provincial Exhibition, because the place of honour was given to the British flag. Attached to British institutions they are, in the sense that they like to have votes, while too many of them like to have votes to sell. That they are attached to Great Britain in any other sense, or would make sacrifices for the connection, only a French politician enlisted in a Dominion party, and looking to office at Ottawa, would pretend. In the case of a war between Great Britain and France, the hearts of the French, if not their arms, would be on the side of their own mother country. If Newfoundland enters the Confederation, the French claim will have powerful support at Ottawa. A body of French militia was dispatched with the militia of British Canada to put down the French Half-Breed rebellion; but it was not sent to the front, and both the colonels, being politicians, retired from the theatre of war. Englishmen think always of Canada as British, leaving the French Province out of sight. Yet the French are over fourteen hundred thousand in number; they are gaining on the British element in the city of Quebec, where the British are now but a remnant, in the eastern townships, once entirely British, and in the eastern counties of the British Province of Ontario. Their own Province, lying between Ontario and the Maritime Provinces, and commanding the St. Lawrence, is the keystone of the arch of Confederation. They have extended across the line and largely colonised the adjacent States of the Union. Of Imperial Federation they abhor the very name, and the late Governor-General was at first coldly received by them, because they had been led to believe that he came out in that interest.

Great Britain, then, has fair notice that the burden of Imperial defence, especially of the naval part of it, is to be borne by her alone; and she has to consider what advantages the political connection offers to countervail the cost and peril of defending dependencies in the most distant quarters of the globe. An Englishman surely need not at once be dubbed a traitor, or even a little-Englander, because he inclines to the belief that his country would be stronger in reality and better able to cope with her enemies if she were relieved of such a load. The Jingoës are angry with us because they think that we are trying to make them moral, when the fact is we are only trying to make them safe.

With military and naval confederation, commercial confederation may be said practically to have received its quietus from this Conference. The proposal of the Conference, or of the majority of its members, is that Great Britain shall discriminate by means of preferential duties in favour of colonial products. This, British statesmen of both parties have united in declining to do, and they have the leading organs of British opinion on their side. Even the *Times*,

which has lent itself warmly to the Imperialist movement and to whose support that movement owes the greater part of its force, frankly avows that England cannot afford to sacrifice her foreign to her colonial trade. It holds that a commercial union must include the United States; a suggestion which to the ear of a genuine Jingo, of the Canadian Jingo above all, sounds like a proposal of association with the devil. By some sagacious delegates the Conference was warned of the futility of expecting that Great Britain would consent to a total change of the fiscal policy which during the last half-century she has pursued, and which has brought her a flood of wealth. Mr. Forrest, the delegate for Queensland, pointed out that a reduction in the wealth and purchasing power of Great Britain, such as the change must involve, would be injurious to the commercial interests of the colonies themselves.

"England is a great manufacturing country, and she does not and cannot produce what she exports. Therefore she must purchase the greater portion of the raw material, and if she is to maintain her position she must obtain such material as cheaply as possible. She must also obtain the food for her people as cheaply as possible. I cannot, therefore, see how England could at present alter her Free-Trade policy. With regard to all other countries, their policy cannot be relied on. To-day they might admit our goods. Then another Ministry comes into power, and to-morrow our goods are excluded. But the policy of England is continuous and, for the reasons stated, I think it will remain so, at any rate for some considerable time. Let us not lose the substance for the shadow, and in this connection it is just as much our interest to foster and encourage the trade of England as it is to extend the trade of Australia, for in so doing we are merely fostering and extending our own trade. In fact we are helping ourselves. Our great products are wool, meat, hides, tallow, wheat, sugar, minerals, wine, and fruit. We send all, or nearly all, our surplus to England, and what she does not consume she manufactures and distributes all over the world."

Let the Colonies learn from the mother-country's example that the best of all protection is freedom; and instead of trying to drag her back to the political economy of the Middle Ages adopt that of reason, ratified by British experience, themselves. In this way they will best show their loyalty to the mother-country, and strengthen the connection so far as it depends on colonial trade. A Canadian politician in England spouts loyalty like a geyser. The same man in Canada is the chief author of a tariff which has for its main object the capture of Protectionist votes by the exclusion of British goods.

If there is any question ruled by geographical circumstance and in which communities at the opposite ends of the earth are not likely to agree, it is the question of tariffs. Even in the record of the Conference we can see the germs of the discord which would arise if an attempt were made to enforce an Imperial tariff. Australia appears to look askance at the special treaty between Canada and France, while the intimation that improved means of transport might bring

Australian products into the Canadian market was received with anything but transport by the Canadian producer. Even with regard to the recommendation of an Intercolonial cable and of a subsidy to a fast line of Atlantic steamships, the Australian delegates, though they acquiesced, appeared less warm than their Canadian colleagues.

Of this question a main factor depends on the further question whether the best line of military and naval communication between England and her Indian or Australian possessions is across the North American continent. Most Empires have had a land base. The Roman Empire had, for, large and motley as it was, it lay in a ring-fence. The same was the case with the Empire of Charlemagne and with the transitory Empire of Napoleon. The Athenian and Carthaginian Empires had a sea base, and they were dissolved when the empire of the sea was lost. The Spanish Empire in America had a sea base, and in that case there was no intervening power, though those waters were presently infested with buccaneers. Between Great Britain and her distant possessions there are intervening Powers. That she is no longer sole mistress of the sea, as she was at the close of the war with Napoleon, and that, though still more than a match for any one of the navies which have since grown up, she might be overmatched by a league, or at least constrained by it to concentrate her naval forces for the defence of her own shores, the professional writers on defences seem to admit. The other day when there was a loud cry for an increase of the fleet to uphold British ascendancy in the Mediterranean, a voice was heard, less loud but not less significant, asking whether the ascendancy of England in the Mediterranean could any longer be upheld without withdrawing the indispensable protection from her own shores. How, then, can the sea base be best secured? Surely by keeping as far as possible to a single route with only one line to guard; to an all-sea route entirely commanded by naval force; and to a route as little as possible infested by the navies of the great Powers. These conditions seem to be fulfilled by the route round the Cape of Good Hope. The route across the American continent involves two trans-shipments and the necessity of two separate convoys, one across the Atlantic, the other across the Pacific, where it would be necessary to guard against the naval force of Russia, and may some day be necessary to guard against the naval force of China and Japan.

It is assumed that the Canadian Pacific Railway, which forms the means of transit, is entirely within British territory, and, therefore, perfectly secure. The Canadian Pacific Railway is not entirely within territory even nominally British. It passes through the State of Maine, and would be closed against the transmission of troops and munitions in case of a war between Great Britain and any Power at peace with the United States. The troops would have to be sent

round by the Intercolonial from Halifax to Quebec, at the latter of which places they would strike the Canadian Pacific. The Intercolonial, after costing sixty millions of dollars, has till quite lately been operated by the Government at an annual loss, and is in a reduced condition. It is also liable to snow blocks. This has been vehemently denied. But the "Canadian Statistical Year Book," published in 1890, said: "The difficulty of keeping the track of the Intercolonial free from snow during the winter will always be the source of an expense to which other roads are not liable in the same degree."

The Canadian Pacific also is liable to accidental detentions, as the delegates had reason to observe. In the mountain region it is exposed to avalanches and snow-blocks, which have rendered necessary the erection of an immense range of snow sheds. But it is also exposed to floods and landslips. The other day the upper waters of the Fraser River, along the deep trough of which it runs, rose, owing to the sudden melting of snow in the mountains, fifty feet; the railroad was submerged for miles, and traffic was stopped for eleven days. This may happen any spring. A landslip blocked the Great Thompson River for forty-eight hours.

Canadian Jingoism the other day was telling the people of England that nothing prevented the Americans from making war on them but the British fleet and the five millions of Canadians. This is rabid nonsense, and worthy of notice only because it shows the British public what Canadian Jingoism is. Canadian Jingoism, stimulated by its British counterpart, will embroil England with the United States if it can. More than once it has nearly succeeded, and at this moment it is busily raking up, by patriotic celebrations and military parades of the school-children and fiery orations, the rancorous memories of the war of 1812, and even that of the Fenian raid of 1865, which, it might be supposed, Canadians would be glad to bury. Its violence may lead England to reflect whether interference with trans-Atlantic politics and relations is altogether a safe game. Left to themselves, the Americans have not the slightest inclination either to attack England or to aggress upon Canadian independence. But if ever the Jingo should succeed in provoking them to war, the Canadian Pacific Railway would be entirely in their power. In the prairie region, stretching over eight hundred miles, through the mountains, and along the north coast of Lake Superior, there is nothing whatever to protect the line from their attack. Nor would there be much difficulty, whoever might be the enemy, in finding means of blocking it on the north shore of Lake Superior or in the mountain district where it spans or skirts deep gorges, and a little dynamite would make a breach such as could hardly be repaired for weeks, equivalent, in the swift march of modern war, to months or

years. Even the Intercolonial, though its line was chosen specially with a view to keeping it beyond the range of American invasion, might be raided from the north frontier of Maine.

By Sir Charles Dilke and others the Canadians have been fervently exhorted to arm. Against whom are they to arm? In the United States there are now a million of Canadians, and probably another million of their children. Will the Canadians who have remained at home arm against their kinsmen on the other side of the line? Will the French-Canadians of Quebec arm in a British quarrel against the French-Canadians of New Hampshire and Vermont? Will the Irish of Montreal and Toronto arm in a British quarrel against the Irish of New York and Chicago? Canadian politicians, in a moment of Imperialist rapture, have told the confiding Briton that Canada has an army of 400,000 men. Nothing corresponds to this but the letter of an Act of Parliament making military service obligatory between the ages of eighteen and sixty. The enrolled Militia numbers 35,000 men, of whom half are called out for a fortnight in each year. Besides the Militia, there is a permanent force of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, limited by law to 1000. This is the whole army; navy there is none; and so far from there being any disposition to increase war expenditure, the farmer's party, called the Patrons of Industry, which carried a number of seats in the last elections in Ontario, is moving to have the Militia abolished altogether as waste of the public money. The life of the Military College at Kingston is threatened. Nobody, except the wildest Jingo, either dreams that American invasion is coming, or fancies that it could be resisted if it came. Any force which Great Britain might have in Canada would probably be at once withdrawn. To leave it in face of overpowering odds would be to court loss and dishonour. So thought Lord Sherbrooke, and he said that Palmerston agreed with him.

England has been led to believe that the Canadian North-West will soon be the seat of a great British population which will effectually guard the road. There is at present little apparent ground for this belief. When the Canadian Pacific Railway was built, Sir John Macdonald predicted that by 1891 there would be a million of people in the North-West, and that the receipts from the sale of lands there would amount to seventy millions. There are now, in 1894, not much above a quarter of a million of people in the North-West, while land sales have not paid for surveys and management. As a wheat-growing speculation the region has failed, though the wonderful fertility of the soil may, in spite of the severity of the climate, hereafter make it the home of a considerable population. Wheat cannot be raised there and exported at a profit in competition with other countries, such as India and the Argentine, where labour is very cheap. The prediction uttered at the time when the Canadian Pacific

Railway was built, that the road would never pay for the grease on its wheels, though then derided as false, has, in fact, proved too true. The dividends of the road are paid, not by the line between Ottawa and the Pacific coast, for the construction of which as a public work the subsidies were granted, but by the eastern section of the line where its subsidised competition is killing the Grand Trunk, and by the American branches and connections. The Company has been actually discriminating in freights in favour of American and against Canadian traffic, in order that it may under-cut American roads, and derive the means of paying its dividends from that source. Were the American branches of the railway to be brought under the Interstate Commerce Act of the United States, or the Bonding system stopped, for which a party in Congress is strenuously contending, stockholders of the Canadian Pacific would soon feel the effect. It should not be left out of sight that by the adoption of the trans-continental route the military connection of Great Britain with her Australian, and perhaps with her Indian, possessions would be entirely in the hands of a private railway company, and one which, however great the skill shown in its construction and management, has not earned, on its own side of the water at least, a high character for scrupulousness or moderation. When the road was built it was proclaimed to be a strictly Canadian and patriotic work, in which no American was ever to be allowed to have a share. Sir George Cartier, then a leading member of the Dominion Government, affirmed this with an oath. An American has been vice-president; an American has been manager, and virtually master; Americans hold stock, and may hold as much more as they please.

These, however, are questions, not for us civilians, but for military and naval men, who, besides the authority of experts, have the advantage of freedom from the conventional restraint which deters politicians from saying anything against national pride or rooted prejudice. A politician in public poses as the leading champion of Imperial aggrandisement, and strikes an attitude of indignant patriotism when it is proposed to give up the Ionian Islands, a possession which yielded not a halfpenny of profit, was always causing trouble and scandal by its fractiousness, and, in case of a Mediterranean war, must either have been held at a ruinous sacrifice of force, or abandoned with disgrace. But when his confidential correspondence comes to light, his private belief is found to have been that the Colonies were "millstones round the neck of England, and would soon be independent."*

The whole subject of Imperial relations calls for the earnest attention of British statesmen, not only in respect of the change of circumstances without, such as the growth of foreign navies, but in

* See Lord Malmesbury's "Memoirs of an ex-Minister," vol. i. p. 344.

respect of the change of circumstances within. Empires hitherto have had either an Emperor or some strong Government at their centre. The Roman Empire was created by a powerful aristocracy in the Senate House, spurred on by popular opinion in the forum, a combination not unlike that by which the British Empire was founded. But the event proved that even an Imperial city, the child of conquest, was not Imperial enough to rule a subject world. It was necessary to give the Empire an Emperor. Of the Carthaginian Empire the fatal weakness apparently was faction in the ruling Assembly at Carthage. It might have been saved by an Imperial Dictatorship of the House of Barca. Popular passion wrecked the Empire of Athens. That of Alexander broke up on the death of its founder. The Spanish Empire was held together by a despotism; so, during its short existence, was the Empire of Napoleon. The Russian Empire is autocratic. It is needless to say that all the great Oriental Empires have been autocratic, and that it would be impossible to conceive of their existence on any other footing. But Great Britain is now a democracy, and as her democracy is limited by no written Constitution, it is likely, when the Newcastle programme has been carried out and the House of Lords has been deprived of its veto, to be the most unbridled democracy in the world. Yet England, to her present burden of Empire, is proceeding to add African dominion, with all its complications and quarrels. The fertility of Nature is inexhaustible, and a Socialistic, Home Rule, and Jingo Government is the latest product of her womb.

The Roman democracy, if a slave-owning democracy could be called democratic at all, was intensely and narrowly patriotic. So was the aristocracy by which the British Empire was formed; and it had the taxing power, so that it could make the nation pay, a condition which, as the last Budget proved, is now reversed. But the British artisan, if he has any political convictions, is a Socialist and a patriot, not so much of his country as of the labour market and the trade union. That a Parliament elected by him, or in which his representatives hold the balance, will sustain a Jingo policy is as unlikely as anything can be.

How the King's Government was to be carried on was the well-known question of the Duke of Wellington upon the passing of the first Reform Bill. How the Queen's Empire is to be carried on after the adoption of universal suffrage, female franchise, "one man one vote," payment of members, automatic registration, and the unicameral system, nobody has thought of asking. But the question will presently force itself on the consideration of statesmen. It is, indeed, already forcing itself on their consideration in reference to India, where the interference of the House of Commons is fast becoming a more serious danger than Russian invasion or native

insurrection, and is justifying the forecast of those who regarded with misgiving the assumption of the Indian Government by what was delusively called the Crown, but was, in fact, the House of Commons.

In regard to the part of the question connected with Canada, the ears of the British public seem to be almost closed against any representations but those on the Imperialist side, much as they were closed against representations on any side but one upon the eve of the American Revolution. Nor does anything which flatters their prepossessions seem too much for their belief. An Imperial Federationist opens a series of letters on the Canadian question in the *Times*, with the statement that the territory of Canada (the habitable and cultivable territory, of course, is meant) comprises thirty-five per cent. of the British Empire, and covers nearly half of the North American continent. This, probably, is received by the readers of the *Times* without misgiving. Nor would they criticise the same writer's assertion that Canada's best market cannot be in America, because her productions and those of the United States are the same, as though the same things were produced over the whole continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast and from Louisiana to Labrador. The writer's illusion and that of his readers might have been dispelled if they had seen the anxiety with which Canada watched the debates on the American tariff.

Faith was also, I fear, placed in the statement of Sir Charles Tupper when, in the pages of this REVIEW, he told England that his Government had been confronted by a conspiracy of men with whom the Liberal leaders in Canada, Sir R. Cartwright and the Hon. W. Laurier, were closely associated, to hand over the country to the United States.* No man could be less capable than Mr. Laurier and Sir Richard Cartwright of association with a conspiracy of any kind; nor has either of them ever been an Annexationist. If there was any conspiracy, it was on the other side. The Tory Government, finding that its Protectionist policy was growing unpopular, determined to dissolve Parliament and snap a verdict. Having to assign a reason for the dissolution, it told the country that negotiations for commercial reciprocity were on foot with the Government of the United States, and that with a view to them a popular mandate was required. The American Secretary of State at once published a letter declaring that no negotiations whatever were on foot between the two Governments. The Canadian Government then fell back on the story of a conspiracy on the part of the Liberal leaders to betray the country to the Americans. This story was supported by means alien to British

* Of the three persons united, according to Sir C. Tupper, in this conspiracy, Mr. Farrer was an Annexationist opposed to Commercial Union; Mr. Hitt was the mover of a resolution in favour of Commercial Union at Washington; and Mr. Wiman was a Commercial Unionist and a declared opponent of Annexation.

honour, such as the use of documents stolen by a spy from a printing office, the publication, with mendacious comments, of private letters which had been stolen or betrayed, and in one case by an actual fabrication. Institutions in the New World must rest, not on blind allegiance but on public conviction, and the political relations of Canada to the mother country and the United States have been openly and freely discussed, though never without an express recognition by those who advocated Independence or Continental Union of the permanent authority of the mother-country and the necessity of gaining her consent to any change. The cry of conspiracy and treason is an electioneering trick. By none is it more loudly raised than by the Canadian politicians before-mentioned, who in England are passionately loyal, and in Canada court Protectionist votes by framing tariffs for the exclusion of British goods.

By the correspondent of the *Times* above-mentioned, as well as by all the members of his party, the British public is assured that there is no such thing in Canada as a desire to join the American Union—Annexation, as one party calls it; Continental Union, as it is called by the other. Everybody who lives in Canada is sensible of the difference between real and conventional opinion. It is often conventional opinion that English visitors elicit when they converse with officials at Ottawa, or put leading questions to the people. To "Max O'Rell," who is not an Englishman, the people would speak more freely. And this is "Max O'Rell's" diagnosis:

"At present the number of Canadians in favour of uniting their country to the States is only about one-fourth of the population. Although there are but two political parties, the Liberals and the Conservatives, wherever the annexation question is discussed there appear to be four camps: people in favour of annexation; a party, largely composed of the best society, preferring the present state of things; another, which advocates federation; and a fourth, which would like to see Canada an independent nation. To the last-named party belong most of the French-Canadians. They naturally detest the idea of federation, because it would mean to them political annihilation; and as these people form a large and rapidly increasing population, I imagine that the scheme of federation is little likely ever to be adopted by Canada."

It may be added that "Independence" is often used as a soft and cautious name for annexation. Precise statistics of opinion cannot be given. It fluctuates with circumstances from time to time, and is largely swayed by commercial influences, especially by the degree of access enjoyed by Canada to the market of the United States.

The British public, if it wishes to form a safe judgment on this case, must bring itself to believe that an Englishman, heartily loyal to his country, prizing above all things her interest and her honour, as proud as any of her sons can be of her glories in war as well as in peace, and, above all, of her glories in the field of colonisation, may, with all the facts daily before his eyes, be sincerely convinced that it

will be a happy day for her when she bestows her blessing upon the reunion of her race in America, renews the bond of affection with the whole of it, and, in emancipating a dependency, shows herself indeed to be the mother of free nations.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

NOTE.—Since this paper was written, it has been cabled to us here in Canada, on the authority of Sir Charles Tupper, that the Dominion Government has offered, in case of war, to place the “Royal Canadian Regiment of Infantry” at the service of the Government of Great Britain. The “Royal Canadian Regiment of Infantry” is nothing but a name for the four “schools,” or companies of instruction, of which the regular Canadian infantry consists. As it is for the purpose of instruction that the “schools” are formed, a good authority has denied the power of the Government to tender them for general service. However that may be, the offer amounts to very little, the “schools” being already paid by the Dominion, and the command of all the forces being already, by the British North America Act, vested in the Crown. It is noted that the offer appears to coincide with the High Commissioner’s efforts to rouse opinion against the embargo on Canadian cattle.

THE NEW SECULARISM.

SECULARISM is literally this-world-ism. And though it has come to be popularly identified with a very militant form of unbelief, its essential characteristic is a refusal to be drawn into any kind of speculation, believing or unbelieving. Whether exhibited merely as a secular habit of life, or as a pretentious philosophy of life, it professes devotion to the facts of sense and experience as distinguished from assumptions relating to possible super-sensuous worlds. It does not deny the existence of such worlds, but regards speculation about them as a profitless expenditure of human energy unlikely to furnish helpful motives for the guidance of man's life. The part of wisdom is to understand the laws and master the forces of nature, so to utilise them for present practical and indisputable good. If George Eliot's *other-worldliness* be the extreme positive pole of churchism, *this-worldliness* is the extreme negative pole of materialism.

The old secularism is dead. Peripatetic lecturers may still, in dingy halls and before dingier audiences, galvanise the thing into some convulsive mimicry of life. But Higher Criticism and the New Theology have taken the wind out of the sails of Ingersoll and Foote, while a thousand pulpits are engaged in showing that faith and worship may exist and flourish anew on "the fairy tales of science and the long results of time."

The new secularism comes fifty years after the old, and, like it, is the child of the age. Fifty years ago the splendid audacities of physical science dazzled the eye of faith, and ever since a few men have lived who could not see heaven for the sun. To-day, however, it is the sociological question that engages the deepest attention and attracts the fondest hopes, and it is from this the new secularism

springs. The likeness and the difference between the old and the new are apparent at a glance. Both concern themselves primarily with physical conditions—a planet, a human body—but the latter lends itself more freely to the world of sentiment and aspiration. To what extent the new is a development of the old is a question which would lead us too far afield. But assuredly as the older secularism claimed to be a gospel for the whole man, physically considered, it begins to find that it can only fulfil its prophecy through modern socialistic materialism. Man is not all brain, and the bald rationalism of the Hall of Science fails before the positive demands of modern humanitarianism. The age is impatient of mere negations. It has discovered that man has a back and a belly as well as a brain, and the question how to clothe the one and fill the other has eclipsed public interest in Cain's wife and the mistakes of Moses.

The new secularism is undoubtedly an advance upon the old. It is greater in itself, and has within it vaster possibilities, if also vaster perils. The older secularism threatened at most the Church; the new threatens the State also. It links itself with the positive reform movement, and is fast making itself a power in the realm of politics. Recognising that the human spirit cannot live by destruction of the theoretically bad, it enlists the humanitarian sentiment of the age in the construction of the supposed practical good. It tries to float the political economy of Marx upon the religious sentiment of Mazzini, and with this twofold appeal to the lower and the higher moves forward to the capture of the modern world. Significant of much is this attempt to enlist religion on the side of revolution. Such monstrous unions have ever accompanied the break up of old orders and the establishment of new. We stand on the confines of two ages, and may expect to see the birth of hybrids.

The evolution of the new secularism out of the old is very conspicuously seen in its doctrine of *environment*. All evil is the result of environment; but change that, and all is well. In the plainest possible language it is affirmed that regeneration must come from without instead of from within. The ideal individual will be developed by the ideal society, not the ideal society by the ideal individual. Here science is dragged in to buttress Socialism, and many earnest reformers have unthinkingly consented to this pernicious heresy of materialism. The equally potent influence of *heredity* is apparently not counted on. The fact that theologians have involved their doctrine of "original sin" in some contempt is allowed to conceal the significance of the other fact that a heredity of selfishness and greed has persisted through countless generations, and is not likely to be eradicated by any change of environment that even Socialism can bring about. And if historic religion has made too much of

heredity and too little of environment, the remedy is surely not that of a shallow secularism which ignores one-half of science and nearly the whole of religion. If the new secularism will not learn the doctrine of heredity from science, it need not be blind to the plain teaching of history, that the surest way to cheat the body of its rights is to deprive the soul of its privileges, and that to seek the body's good, rather than the soul's, must terminate in ruin to both.

The helplessness of socialistic materialism—speaking of it now in its widest sense—before the great moral questions of life is clearly illustrated by its attitude towards the obstacles which withstand it in the shape of human selfishness, or fear, or even honest distrust and disbelief. Those human souls which will not, or cannot, adapt themselves to the new environment must be coerced into submission, or, in the last extremity, violently dismissed from the scene. With charming *naïveté* it announces its intention to retain the death penalty till the social state is finally established, and then to abolish it as inconsistent with an era of equality. Even those who can hardly be counted amongst red-cap revolutionaries take no pains to conceal their opinion that the last resort of State Socialists may be to violence, glossing over their threat by appeal to the example of the Puritans and other liberators. "Be my brother, or I will slay thee," is its ultimatum. Surely here is the most abject confession of materialism. For, the cause of Socialism in a country like ours, restrained by no repressive laws, is one that ought to make headway by its own moral influence. Any just and peaceful condition of society must be one that enlists all the moral and spiritual forces of society on its side. Its *methods* as well as its *aim* must be persuasively moral. If it contemplate physical force, however distantly, it puts itself thereby outside the number of moral forces, and stands revealed as a dead, brute materialism. For it plainly declares that it puts material good above mercy and truth.

A new ideal of character emerges with this social secularism. When the standard of life is removed from character to condition, and when society is made the end of character instead of character the end of society, the personal virtues necessarily recede, and the social qualities become conspicuous. Such personal and spiritual virtues as purity, meekness, holiness, patience, are distantly scouted or openly repudiated, while those more immediately related to social conditions—generosity, integrity, courage, good comradeship, and the like—are held up to honour. The idea of a "holy" working man is laughed at as grotesque, and the epithet "godly" would be resented as an insult. These and other attributes specially associated with Christian sainthood are set aside as the infirmities of an individualistic and introspective age. The Christian triad—Faith, Hope, Charity—is entirely suppressed; and even the pagan triad—the True, the

Beautiful, the Good—is silently abandoned. In short, the purely natural qualities of mankind are to be trained on whatever side they tend towards the support of the socialistic state; and those which tend towards individual excellence, and what we may call private as distinguished from public virtues, are to be eradicated. Should they prove awkward and troublesome—is not the death-penalty to be retained for a while? This is the refuge of despair to which alone the new secularism can resort in the day of its inevitable disillusionment. Such disillusionment is precisely one which the new ideal of character is least fitted to bear.

There is, it will be seen, an entire consistency between the materialistic social state and the type of citizen who is to constitute it. For it is a state in which the need of "self-sacrifice" will be for ever at an end; it is, therefore, perfectly logical to eliminate the sacrificial qualities from the human spirit. Self-sacrifice, like the death-penalty, can only belong to a preparatory individualistic age, or the period of socialistic endeavour; but when the perfect social state has come the need for it will have vanished away. Ascetic virtues will vanish with individualism. Even now "self-sacrifice," as the distinctive summons of Christianity, leads to a shrugging of the shoulder and a taking of the other side of the street. It is, of course, difficult to see how even in the perfect secular social state children are to be born without maternal sacrifice, and friends to die without sacrificial attempts to save them. Even then, presumably, fire will burn and water drown, and there will, consequently, always be room for some to die for others. And how is mankind to face such a condition of affairs after eliminating the passive and sympathetic virtues? The truth is that the impossible state is that of an unadulterated naturalism, and the typical citizen is a thoroughbred secularist.

While entering upon the undesirable and impossible task of eliminating the private and personal virtues, the new secularism does not make clear its arrangements for eradicating such unsocial vices as envy and covetousness. To declaim against the greed of the capitalist is to provide no effective guarantee against the envy of the labourer. It is just possible that the perfect state may be desired not from a clear view and pure love of abstract justice, but from a muddy and vague feeling of envy in regard to wealth and its possessor. Promotion has silenced a good many demagogues in its day, and power has turned people's men into tyrants. The words of Philip Faulconbridge come in pat:

"Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say there is no sin but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say there is no vice but beggary."

The new secularism is more daring than the old. It has evolved

into a "Church." This is the distinguishing and specific mark of the whole movement. Looking round upon the waste waters of the modern deluge for some landmark, we fix upon the "Labour Church" as the most prominent and the most expressive sign of the times. The Labour Church is far from covering the whole area of the new secularism. On the contrary, it numbers but a few hundreds of people, scattered over about a score of centres, though it claims to be a growing movement. It is not its size, but its significance that concerns us. It is typical of much. It is the prominent and outstanding feature of a widespread materialism; the highest and furthest and clearest-defined guide-post of the great army marching forward to possess the kingdom of this world; the topmost wave of that vast sea of social discontent which surges forward to become the hope and the fear of a new century.

It is in entire harmony with the change from the theological motive to the sociological that, as the old secularism was based on disbelief, so the new is built upon *discontent*. As the old gained its adherents by disbelief of theology, and by trading upon the defects of the Churches, so the new is sweeping multitudes into its net by criticism of political economy, and by fostering the spirit of discontent in the labouring classes. The Labour Church comes in here, and upon this shifting foundation promises to build permanent social good. This is merely to swaddle the new-born babe in its own death-warrant. For just as the old secularism has been dished by a reverent and believing rationalism, so the new will find its occupation gone before the progress of a genuine radical reform movement. Just as the old exhausted itself in criticism and had no positive help to offer in the direction of a pure Church, so the latter, having cursed Adam Smith and the Liberal party, offers us a practical programme of the thinnest and most phantasmal character. But, not to prophesy before we understand, it admits of no manner of doubt that the Labour Church, as the highest spokesman of the new secularism, puts all the emphasis upon the *material* side of life, and practically ignores the spiritual. Without actually denying the existence of the spiritual, it gives to the spiritual a decidedly inferior place, and definitely postpones its achievement till after the achievement of the physical. All the historic Churches have put the stress upon character; the Church of the new secularism puts the stress upon *condition*. Religion has always concerned itself chiefly with motive and ideal, with outlook and personality, with all that has been summed up in the word "soul"; the Labour Church occupies itself chiefly with *circumstance*. The historic religions have invariably started out with God and the worship of God; the new religion of Socialism sets out from *man* and the *service of man*. Christianity has recognised the influence of historic forces and ideals, as well as the inspiration of a future

immortal life ; the Labour Church breaks with the past, belittles the future, and casts its vote for the *present*. Now the thing that we have here is, if it may be said without offence, a thoroughgoing secularism. It is the old foe with a new face. In view of the fact that the scientific secularism was not, in general, positively atheistic, but simply agnostic or indifferent, it does not seem uncharitable or unjust to consider the Labour Church with its "know not" or "care not" for all the things the historic Churches value most, to be little other than a sociological secularism. Secularism is really a theory of life, rather than a speculative unbelief ; and secularism for the sake of unlimited bread and butter does not seem any nobler than secularism for the sake of intellectual liberty. If it be said that the historic Churches did not deny the material side of life, and that the Labour Church does not deny the spiritual side, and that therefore it is merely a question of emphasis, the reply is that in such cases the measure is everything. With certain drugs the measure makes all the difference between sudden death and life-giving sleep. And an institution which, all along the line, lays the emphasis upon things present and temporal and outward and physical, cannot be saved from the charge of secularism merely because it has not openly repudiated the higher complementary arc of life. It is already in tone and temper, and can hardly avoid becoming in good fact, merely another form of Carlyle's "grand idolatry," withstanding the true worship of the Invisible. The lower elements in such a movement are predestined to trample down the higher. This danger is quite apparent to some of the members of the Labour Church, and they are struggling with pathetic earnestness to avert it. But the secular spirit will defeat them, nourished by a thousand secular influences, while the religious spirit is systematically starved. The diet of positive religion served up on Labour Church tables is too poor and unsatisfying to fortify the soul against the materialising tendencies of the whole socialistic movement. It would be, of course, unfair to charge upon the Labour Church every low ideal and every degenerate motive cherished by its allies. Probably it would formally repudiate some of these. But that does not alter the fact that it prefers to work, and even to "worship," with men who profess them, rather than with those who profess distinctively Christian ideals and motives. It prefers the fellowship of the Socialist *plus* Secularism, to that of the Christian *minus* Socialism. Eliminate the common factor—Socialism—from this simple equation, and we get the religious ally of the Labour Church. It may sometimes blush for the utter carnality of its ally's utterances ; it may cry, "Out, damned spot," but it has no "perfumes of Arabia" to "sweeten" them. It is powerless to infuse a nobler spirit, powerless to lift the thing above temporalities, powerless to control the portentous Frankenstein it has

helped to raise. The religious "principles" it confesses are too thin and ghostly—marrowless as the bones of Banquo. "It shall be even as when an hungry man dreameth, and behold, he eateth; but he awaketh, and his soul is empty; or as when a thirsty man dreameth, and behold, he drinketh; but he awaketh, and behold, he is faint, and his soul hath appetite." It is true that one who is privileged to address a Labour Church audience will not lack response to the higher elements of his message; but that is merely because his hearers have, for the most part, been trained in one or other of the historic Churches and possess therefore a developed religious sentiment. The Labour Church has still to prove that it can raise its own religious people; that it will produce religious Mazzinis and not mere revolutionary Marxes. It would not be impossible perhaps to lay hold of this movement, and lift it up to Mazzini, but on present lines and with present agencies it can but drag every man who continues to adhere to it down to the level of Marx. Signs are not wanting even now that the political economy of the German revolutionist is more potent within its borders than the lofty spirituality of the Italian prophet.

The union between the Labour Church and the Independent Labour party is proof enough. Frankly and avowedly the Labour Church is the handmaiden of the Independent Labour party; and the Independent Labour party is socialistic in the Marxian sense. The most welcome preachers at the Labour Church are members of the Independent Labour party, and their tone and topics do not greatly differ from those adopted on political platforms, though displayed on Sundays, and in a society that calls itself a Church. Its literary organ is mainly staffed by members of the Independent Labour party, and the men whom it delights to honour by pen and portrait are Parliamentary candidates of that party. Members of the Independent Labour party are not necessarily members of the Labour Church, but every member of the Labour Church is also a member of the Independent Labour party, and the whole aim and tendency is to make the two bodies actually coterminous. The result is another curious hybrid—a grotesque version of the mediæval conjunction of the "spiritual" and the "secular" powers! Whereto this thing will grow, and what it portends, is matter for the modern democracy to see to. What it serves our present purpose to note is that the names to conjure with before a Labour Church audience, the names which evoke the wildest storms of applause, are precisely those of the representatives of the "secular" power. The political agitator, not the religious reformer, is the canonised saint and the declared apostle of the Labour Church.

Now, without prejudice to the Independent Labour party or the Labour Church regarded as political agencies, it is very difficult to see where the influence is to come from to make the Labour Church

a religious body in any accepted sense of that term. It allies itself with, fosters, and even makes itself subservient to influences which the historic religions have usually felt it necessary to control and correct. It utterly refuses to bear witness to the unseen and eternal as paramount over the seen and temporal. It rather encourages and emphasises the physical side of human life. Instead of supplying the antidote to the lower materialising tendencies of the times, it blesses and sanctifies them, and elevates them to the dignity of a "religion." Like Philip the Bastard, it aims

"Not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement ;
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth."

So far from being modified, these general conclusions are strengthened and confirmed by a closer examination of the creed and practice of the Labour Church. That Church reverses absolutely the method of historic religion. Instead of beginning with character and working out to condition, it begins with condition and endeavours to work back to character. It recognises, indeed, the "moral" laws of God, but, apparently, not so much in the spiritual sense as in the ethical sense of *mores*, the *manners* of society. Its practical programme is an attempt to give effect to what it calls the "economic laws of God," meaning thereby the principles of the projected socialistic state. Its idea of the kingdom of God excludes the deep, pregnant warning of Jesus : "*Say not, lo, here ! or lo, there ! for behold, the kingdom of God is within you,*" and fixes exclusively upon its external sense of a visible secular state where there shall be plenty to eat and drink. The foundation article of its creed—that *the Labour movement is a religious movement*—seems to imply that, though the historic Churches have failed to make every religious man a worker, it will be easy for a Labour Church to make every worker a religious man, and appears to derive from the partial failure of the former to secure the universal obligation to labour, some strong assurance of its own success. It would, of course, be a gross injustice to ignore, in this connection, the distinction between secular and sensual. The Labour Church cares for the higher ideals of life, for leisure and self-improvement, and art and culture, and only declares for food and wages and socialistic laws as necessary preliminaries to these. But in seeking them it reverses the order of things stated by the Founder of Christianity, and anticipates that when it has first secured all temporal *other things*—the eating, the drinking, and the clothing—the kingdom of heaven will be thrown in to the bargain. Every appeal of historic Christianity is reversed by the new Church of Socialism. It speaks, not about sin, but about sociology ; not of penitence, but of reform ; of economics, but not of faith. It aspires to satisfy the body rather than the

soul, aims at *goods* rather than goodness, and denounces ill conditions rather than vicious inclinations. Its Devil is not evil personified, but an economic spectre called Capitalism; and the Devil's wife is not Sin, as Milton thought, but Competition. No reversal could be more complete. The pendulum has swung the other way with a vengeance!

The attitude of the socialistic movement towards God may surely be illustrated on its best side by the Labour Church. Here the whole stress is laid upon *man* and the *service of man*, rather than upon God and the worship of God. It is true that the Labour Church explicitly retains the word "God" in its constitution, although it properly enough counts avowed atheists within its pale; but it also explicitly states that it allows every man to "develop his own relations to the Power that brought him into being." This is as it should be. But the curious thing is that this praiseworthy freedom as regards theology is associated with a severe dogmatism in respect to economics. The Labour Church is a Church of avowed Socialists of the thorough-going State order. Its uniting bond, we are told, is a social doctrine. It may be assumed, without uncharitableness, that none but one who accepted the uniting social doctrine could be perfectly at home within it. It holds that men who are actively united in the socialistic propaganda through the week should not be divided on Sundays; and it is precisely still further to consolidate and push the propaganda that the Labour Church exists.

It is this avowed secular programme that alienates friends otherwise sympathetic; and it is this attempt to foist a new dogmatism upon the age in the name of economics that excites their active opposition. Once more we have an exact reversal of historic religion. The Churches have been fettered as respected theology, but free as respected economics. The Labour Church is free in theology and fettered in economics. Churchism has insisted upon particular views of God, and left economics an open question. Socialism leaves God an open question, and insists upon a particular view of economics. The historic Churches say that men who have been divided in their opinions and labours all the week—Socialists, Tories, Radicals, and what not—may meet together in the common worship of God on Sundays. The Labour Church says that social economics must divide men on Sundays as well as weekdays. Is there here any gain to humanity? On the contrary, this new dogmatism will be found not less, but more intolerant and intolerable than the old. Religious intolerance was accompanied by many modifying and restraining influences which the intolerance of a secular theory of life must entirely lack.

This secularising of the idea of life is, at the lowest, a doubtful and dangerous experiment. Even assuming socialistic economics to be sound, to put ethics before religion, and conduct before worship;

to weaken the union between the human deed and the divine motive ; to seek to realise the Fatherhood of God through the brotherhood of man, is to reverse all tried and tested ways of promoting human virtue and happiness. It is to plant the tree with its roots in the air, or to cause the stream to flow backwards in its channel.

An institution which is avowedly based on these lines may expect to be challenged as to the appropriateness of calling itself a "Church." A "Church" has invariably been supposed to begin with God and work towards man, to go from worship to service. It may be doubted that sentiment and devotion will continue to furnish adequate motive-power in that "Church" which endeavours to work from service to worship and from man to God. A Church that does not exist primarily for the worship of God is not unlikely to prove a far weaker force for reform than the historic Churches, and to end in becoming a more bitter delusion and a meaner imposture than most critics would pronounce them to be. The secularistic character of this religion of Socialism is seen with unmistakable clearness in its absolute defiance of the past and its practical indifference to the future. The word "historic" has been frequently applied throughout this paper to existing Churches and religions to distinguish them from the Labour Church. The Labour Church has no history, it desires none. It definitely breaks with the religious past, and attempts to construct an entirely new form of religion on the basis of the modern Labour movement. It speaks scornfully of "dead issues," about which the Christian Churches have concerned themselves and thinks a Church may be framed purely on the "living issues" of to-day. The three outward and visible signs of the historic continuity of the Churches are the ordinances, the Bible, and the historic Christ. But the Labour Church has no ordinances, not even the shadowy imitation of them practised by Mrs. Humphry Ward's Elsmere brotherhood. It has no Bible ; it culls its public readings from all literature. It has no Christ ; it desires to be distinctly dissociated from all that we connect with that name. Absolutely, it breaks with the past and appeals to men on the simple ground of modern life and modern necessities.

Here is one of the chief characteristics of the old secularism brought to perfection in the higher modern evolution. For it was precisely its lack of the historic sense which brought its chief bewilderments upon its head. It seemed absolutely incapable of applying the principle of development to religious beliefs. But assuredly in its socialistic form it has blossomed forth into the *ne plus ultra* of modernism. An institution which deliberately cuts itself off from the human inheritance and plants itself in the shallow soil of the present stands confessed as a mere secular expediency. It is not for the ages, but for an age. All the greatest human needs are as old as humanity, and the effort to supply them has created the grandest and

most inspiring associations of history. To wilfully renounce the gathered past in the realm of religion is to outlaw oneself from the legitimate heirship of the ages and to empty the present of its richest and most potent influences. To improve the growth of a tree by lopping off unfruitful branches is the part of the reformer, and may never have been more necessary than now ; but to drain off the sap from the whole trunk is to play the part of a destroyer. In a world so old as ours no one can take an absolutely fresh start. The attempt can only be likened to an act of suicide committed in the cradle. It could only be made under the regnancy of the secular spirit.

As with the past so with the future. The question of future life and immortality is one the Labour Church simply drops out as apparently not necessary to the fulness of the Labour religion. So far as it is concerned the perspective of life is determined by the grave. Individuals are no doubt free to console themselves by whatever reminiscences of historic religious teaching linger with them ; but by its absolute silence the new religion of Socialism declares that the life that now is is sufficient, and that to live for this life is the whole duty of man.

Beyond doubt this is to voice the sentiment of the entire new school of secularism. In its eagerness to insist upon an adequate sustenance for the body it is ready to relinquish the hopes of the spirit and to deprive the bereaved mourner of the consolations of a hereafter. Rather than weaken that spirit of discontent to which its appeal is made, it dashes the cup of life from the dying lip and suffers the bruised and beaten victims of man's inhumanity to pass away unsustained by hope in God's justice and mercy. If this were not so insanely foolish it would be infamously criminal. The same shallow political economy which sneers at "thrift" and "self-help" because they seem to bar the way to that universal discontent which can alone produce the social revolution, sneers at the hope of heaven because it seems to reconcile the poor to their poverty. It has no bitterer taunt to fling at historic Christianity than that it has bribed the poor with the promise of heaven and prevented revolution by fear of future punishment. Historic religion has, it says, prescribed "pills for social earthquakes," and as State Socialism contemplates nothing less than such an earthquake, it is anxious to get the patient to decline the pill. Historic religion has given "drafts upon the hereafter," and as State Socialism desires all its portion here and now, it is, in extreme cases, anxious to persuade the poor man that there is no hereafter to honour his draft, and, in all cases, that his wisdom lies in insisting upon the draft being drawn entirely upon the present. This plain and unvarnished secularism holds the field in the publications of the socialistic move-

ment; it is the food dished up in weekly labour papers to thousands of working-class readers. The social revolution is furthered by the deliberate sacrifice of eternal hope, and the well-springs of faith are being either ignorantly muddled or intentionally poisoned, in the name of the unemployed, the tramp, and the pauper.

This, then, is the highest utterance of the new secularism. The religion of Socialism has at length articulated itself, and we now understand that socialistic orthodoxy is neither the amiable sentiment of the "Christian Socialist" on the one hand, nor the fierce atheism of the red-flag revolutionist on the other, but a thorough-paced resolve to realise all the material good of this life by drawing upon such of the eternal powers as best suit that purpose, and passing by the rest.

The air greatly wants clearing, just at present. The enthusiastic Christian reformer has hastened to label himself a "Socialist," without clearly seeing the kind of alliance to which he is committing himself; while the benevolent politician airily explains that "we are all Socialists now," without in the least desiring to endorse the secular theory of life which underlies the movement. It is too late in the day, happily, to revive the foolish terrors of religious bigotry, and to denounce Socialism in politics as equivalent to atheism in religion. But that need not blind us to the true temper and spirit of the socialistic state and its avowed advocate.

These lines are not written by way of defence of the historic Churches, or as an argument for content and do-nothingism. Far from it. It were better for paralysis to overtake a human hand than that it should write anything to confirm and increase the paralysis of the Churches. The splendid self-abandonment of some of those upon whom these pages may seem to press hardly leaves without excuse those whose indifference and complacency stamp them as Churchists rather than Christians, and should silence the unchivalrous tongues of those who, while boasting of a purer creed and a devouter spirit, contemplate without horror and self-reproach the pass to which society is brought in this supreme juncture. Between Catholicism, dotard, mumbling, impotent, and Protestantism, young indeed, alert and progressive, but unsocial and sinfully individualistic, poor Humanity has slipped through and lies by the wayside helpless and bleeding. The remedy? Not secularism, however altruistic; but religion, purified and applied to public affairs. All the human possibilities, and all the divine powers necessary to realise them, reside alone in the Church of Jesus Christ. It is the simple truth that the modern world has no other hope; for no other institution or group of men can enlist the same eternal powers and pour forth the same compassionate healings. It is for those who do most truthfully believe in Jesus Christ as a living force amongst living men, and who realise the

gravity of the times to bastir themselves, and bring the light and love of the Gospel to bear upon present ills. If they differ from other earnest reformers it will not be in hate or scorn, but in deep desire searching for the true unity. The Divine Spirit is calling the modern Church to make clear her social mission, and to cause her members to take up the cross of their social responsibilities. If she will not do this she need not wonder that brave and unselfish men turn from her with heavy, perhaps angry, hearts, and go sadly outside to a foredoomed defeat.

It is not necessary to break with Christ in order to frankly admit and eagerly try to amend the errors of the historic Churches. Neither is it necessary to forsake the worship of God in favour of that which may prove but the service of Mammon, in order to acknowledge the good that mingles with the new secularism, and to do honour to the martyr-like devotion of some of its adherents. We may agree to denounce the too-apparent worldliness of the wealthy church-going class without drifting with the equally apparent current of secularism setting in amongst the new democracy. The choice of the near future is the choice between the religious and the secular ideas of life. Our present need is, to understand and truly interpret the various movements which go to make up the modern ferment, for

" Ev'n on Arthur fell
Confusion, since he saw not whom he fought.
For friend and foe were shadows in the mist,
And friend slew friend not knowing whom he slew."

WALTER WALSH.

THE WORK OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

THERE is one institution in London which is visited by every foreign student of politics or economic science; which is resorted to by an almost constant stream of statesmen and economists from every civilised country; but which is as unfamiliar to the English Cabinet Minister or professor of political economy as the cellars of the British Museum. Scarcely a meeting of the London County Council passes without the appearance, on the dais behind the Chairman's seat, of some Colonial Minister or American official, some German administrator or French economist, eager to study with his own eyes the municipal administration of the greatest city in the world. But during the three years that I have been at Spring Gardens I do not think that I have ever seen as a spectator in the Council Chamber any leading Conservative statesman, any of the heads of our Civil Service, or any of our professors of political economy. Neither Lord Salisbury nor Mr. Ritchie, neither Mr. Balfour nor Mr. Chamberlain has ever deigned to set eyes upon the Frankenstein creation which they are now so anxious to destroy. But this failure to study the actual working of the greatest municipal experiment that the world has ever seen is not confined to the Conservative party. There have been, since the establishment of the Council, three successive Presidents and two successive Secretaries of the Local Government Board. Not one of these has ever troubled to enter the County Hall of the most influential local governing body in the three kingdoms, or to acquire the slightest personal familiarity with its workings. I once saw Sir George Trevelyan looking on for a few minutes, and the other day Mr. Acland walked up with Lord Rosebery from a November Cabinet. But, with these exceptions, Liberal Ministers and provincial Radicals are apparently willing to accept as blindly as

their Conservative opponents, or as the permanent Civil servants, the descriptions of the Council which they derive from the newspapers.

Now, I should be the very last person to complain of the great London dailies, which have from the first given the Council a quite unusual amount of space in their columns. But it unfortunately happens that, under the conditions of newspaper existence, the journalist's account of the Council's proceedings is almost certain to give a false view of its activity. From a report of half a column or so, the reader gathers that the Council has spent its time in a somewhat acrid discussion of a petty personal grievance, or in a sharp debate about a project of fiscal or legislative reform. A tart epigram by Mr. John Burns, or a reckless accusation against the Fire Brigade or Works Committee, makes better "copy" than the dry record of administrative work presented week by week, to be, in most cases, absolutely ignored by the reporters. The result is that the average citizen has not the faintest idea of what is the real work of the Council or of the manner in which it is performed.

Let us take, as a sample, the proceedings of a single week. The reader of the *Times* or the *Daily Chronicle* (the daily papers giving the fullest reports of the Council) had his attention drawn to between six and nine points which cropped up at the Tuesday meeting. The agenda-paper for that meeting, which is about of average length, is now before me. It consists of thirty-one pages of foolscap print, containing the recommendations of twenty-eight committees, upon which the Council is invited to pass no fewer than 128 separate resolutions. These vary in importance from financial transactions involving hundreds of thousands of pounds, or issues of policy affecting a whole department, down to the appointment of an extra clerk or the sanctioning of a sky-sign. They concern every branch of London's municipal government, from water-supply to weights and measures, from tunnelling the Thames to technical education, from cricket-pitches to taxation. On all these subjects, moreover, there are numerous paragraphs reporting the progress of works already ordered by the Council, or describing action taken, as to which no resolution is required.

This survey of "London Week by Week" it is, literally as long as one volume of a thirty-one-and-sixpenny novel, which is delivered to every Councillor on Saturday night, and which forms the business of the ensuing Tuesday's meeting. To dispose of this agenda in a single sitting is no light task, even when the Council goes on, as it often does, for half an hour or an hour beyond its normal time of four hours by the clock. Critics appalled at the length of the agenda have sometimes suggested that the Council keeps too much in its own hands, and, by not delegating greater powers to its committees, compels much of its work to be done twice over. This, however, is

not the fact. By far the majority of the committees' reports and recommendations are adopted without a word. When a committee is in the hands of a competent chairman and enjoys the confidence of the Council, its work is habitually left unchallenged, and it often happens that, for many weeks in succession, not a single criticism or objection is made about it in Council. When, however, a committee elects an injudicious chairman, or commits itself in any way—when, indeed, anything in its department goes wrong from any cause whatsoever—a feeling of uneasiness spreads among the other members of the Council. Every line of the reports of that committee is then scrutinised, and critics of all kinds, friendly or hostile, spring to their feet on Tuesday afternoon. Possibly the wisest go quietly to the committee itself and get their criticisms made where they can be properly sifted and considered. But there are always enough of those who prefer to move amendments to specific recommendations, even when their amendments express rather their general distrust of the committee's wisdom than any reasoned dissent from the particular proposal. Hence it is not only the newspaper reports of the Council's proceedings that are misleading. Even the visitor in the Strangers' Gallery who listens to the debates is apt to carry away an altogether false impression unless he studies the agenda-paper more than the speeches. He will hear nothing whatever about the nineteen-twentieths of the work which is progressing so smoothly and so successfully that even the most carping critics of the Opposition party can find nothing to say about it. The whole meeting, on the other hand, will be taken up with the tiny fractions momentarily labouring with some of the manifold difficulties which beset the reformer's path. The Council, in fact, in flagrant disregard of the old adage, not only washes its dirty linen in public, but habitually devotes the whole of its public sitting to this purpose.

If the Council were as loquacious or as disputatious over all its business, as it is about the proposals of any committee which has temporarily excited its distrust, the colossal and never-ending work of governing five millions of people would inevitably fall into arrear. I venture to assert, on the contrary, that there never has been an important public body which is so habitually free from arrears of work as the Council. It is, indeed, a frequent occurrence for an important subject to be allowed to stand over for a week or a fortnight, either because this is required by statute or by standing order, or because, by common consent, it is felt that extra notice should be given. But it is a rare event for any recommendation of a committee to remain for more than a fortnight on the paper, and four times a year, before adjourning for even the slightest recess, the Council invariably disposes of every item, great or small, standing on its agenda. The extraordinary celerity and smoothness with which

so great a mass of complicated business is disposed of is to be ascribed first to the assiduity and skill with which Sir John Hutton presides over the Council, and, secondly, to a simple mechanical device which is destined, I believe, to play a large part in the democratic assemblies of the future. From the very outset of its career the Council has made a free use of the printing-press. The agenda-paper does not consist merely of bald notices of motion, requiring speeches of explanation, and inviting endless inquiries about the facts. Every proposal is prefaced by a detailed statement of the circumstances and reasons which have led the committee to that particular conclusion. This prefatory matter varies, according to the importance and complication of the subject, from a couple of lines to a couple of pages. It stands on the authority of the chairman of the committee alone, and neither the Council nor the committee is responsible for its terms. No doubt it increases the printing bill. But the result is that speeches of explanation are almost unknown in the Council. Every member is kept fully aware of what is going on, and nineteen-twentieths of the resolutions proposed commend themselves without a word of debate to the unanimous approval of the whole assembly.

But the weekly public meeting of the Council comprises, it need scarcely be said, only a small part of its work. To prepare the weekly agenda there are, on an average, forty meetings of committees or sub-committees filling up every hour of the daytime, from ten or eleven on Monday morning to five or six on Friday evening, and often terminating with a "view" or inspection of a park, a sewer, or a slaughter-house on Saturday morning.

The work done by these committees falls into two classes. By far the largest amount is disposed of by the committee on its own authority, and never comes before the Council at all. Whole sections of administration, indeed, such as asylums, industrial schools, and technical education, are delegated *en bloc* to particular committees, and are heard of in Council only by quarterly or annual reports, which usually go through without a single word of comment. Even where no such express and complete delegation has taken place, the great bulk of the work of administration goes on quietly in the committee room, and is never heard of outside. The Fire Brigade Committee, for instance, has a brief report in the Council's agenda every week, with perhaps a dozen proposals of one kind or another. But these are merely the residuum out of a committee agenda which habitually contains over a hundred separate items, nearly all of which the committee decides on its own responsibility. For the week to which I am referring, when 128 resolutions were submitted to the Council no fewer than 900 separate items came before committees, and sub-committees, who spent, in the aggregate, over 60 hours in dealing with this business. It is, I suppose, inevitable that these 900 items

dealt with in committee; the thirty-one pages of agenda containing 128 proposals laid before the Council; and the 60 hours spent during the week in the steady grind of the committee-room, should make far less impression on the mind of the average citizen than the half a dozen speeches, often on insignificant details, which are reported on the Tuesday afternoon. Yet it is not on those speeches, but on the unseen and unrecorded work which I have described, that the good government of London depends.

The very multifariousness of the Council's work makes any exposition of it within the limits of an article an almost impossible task. There is no literary artifice by which the reader can be given, for instance, any idea of the patient, silent devotion of the Asylums Committee, which never gets into the papers at all. The annual report of this committee makes, by itself, a volume of 147 foolscap pages, in which are summarised the results of 181 sittings, of ten distinct sub-committees, mostly meeting at the several asylums. Week after week the members of these sub-committees journey out to Cane Hill or Claybury, Hanwell or Banstead, to go through the thousand-and-one details involved in the management of five colossal institutions, the admission of over 3000 lunatics every year, the careful scrutiny of those fit to be restored to the world, the vigilant investigation of every complaint or accident. And whilst London owes a special debt of gratitude to all the members of this committee, there are four men upon it to whose incessant labours during the past five years vast improvements are due. It is no light task to spend a third of your days inspecting lunatic asylums, and Messrs. McDougall, Strong, P. M. Martineau, and Leon can scarcely get off with less than this proportion. An annual expenditure exceeding £300,000 passes through their hands, and it is not too much to say that under their zealous care the London lunatic asylums have become models for the world. The new asylum at Claybury, which was opened in 1893, with its magnificent pathological laboratory, now nearing completion, will take rank, indeed, among the greatest of the many advances in the provision for the insane which this generation has witnessed. And, to quote only one of the many instances of the thought that is now lavished on these unfortunates in our midst, the latest innovation is the appointment of an interpreter, able to converse in five foreign tongues. There is, it should be explained, no system of repatriation of lunatics, and many foreigners are accordingly doomed to remain permanently in our London asylums. Some of these can neither speak nor understand a word of English, and it is a kindly thought of the Asylums Committee to seek in some slight degree to mitigate the awful mental loneliness of confinement in a foreign land by, at any rate, providing some means of occasional communication.

Duties of similar, though less onerous, character fall upon the

Industrial and Reformatory Schools Committee, which conducts schools at Feltham and Maybury, where 600 boys, rescued from premature vice or crime, are boarded, lodged, clothed, educated and started out in the world. Here, again, the committee is practically supreme, it being the rarest possible occurrence for even a question to be asked in Council as to their patiently laborious work.

No less difficult is it to convey to the average citizen any conception of the enormous amount and importance of the work done by the Building Act Committee. This is no mere matter of street nomenclature, or lines of frontage, sky-signs or the thickness of party-walls, important though these things are in the life of a great city. It is no exaggeration to say that it is to the past neglect in this department, more than to any other cause, that we owe the existence of London's slums and rookeries, with all their evil outcome of intemperance, disease, and crime. London has already spent millions in clearing out the worst of these plague-spots. But until the other day slum-making was still permitted by the law. Under the vigilant scrutiny of the Building Act Committee, with its weekly agenda containing over a hundred separate cases, an ever-tighter grasp is being kept on the jerry-builder and the house-farmer. And during the session of 1894, with a dead-lift effort that hardly any one appreciates, the Council carried through Parliament its long-desired new Building Act, which, though sadly weakened in committee, constitutes one of the most important triumphs for London's progress that this generation has seen. What time and thought, what work and worry that struggle cost Dr. Longstaff and the members of his committee the world will never know and never appreciate. But I venture to say that if the Council had won no other victory against those who take advantage of London's weakness and London's poverty than this new Building Act it would have amply deserved the gratitude of London's citizens.

No less gratitude is due to the Public Health and Housing Committee, for its unceasing, patient struggle to deal with the slums which past neglect has created. With 386,973 persons registered at the census as living in one-roomed homes, and no fewer than 825,941 in the officially recognised overcrowded condition of two or more to a room; with over 30,000 men and women nightly destitute of any other abode than the common lodging-house or the casual ward, the problem of re-housing London's poor is the most gigantic that the world has ever seen. This, by the way, is one of the duties which Lord Salisbury airily proposes to entrust to the tender mercies of the parish authorities. Meanwhile, however, Lord Salisbury's own Government has placed the duty on the broader shoulders of the County Council, and even these groan under the load. But a valiant effort has been made. The Council's common lodging-house at Shelton Street,

Drury Lane, has become a model for the world ; whole colonies of working-class dwellings are rising up in Bethnal Green, Deptford, Greenwich, and ten acres of the Millbank Prison site have been secured for the same purpose. Even more important, perhaps, in ultimate effect has been the Committee's partly successful struggle to increase the facilities for working men and women to live in the suburban belt. The inquiry which is now being conducted into the facilities for locomotion from one part of London to another promises to open up an altogether new vista of hope, whilst the concessions in the way of workmen's trains and cheap fares which the pertinacity of Mr. Beachcroft and the Rev. Fleming Williams has already extracted from some of the railway companies, are among the Council's greatest triumphs. Still greater triumphs, which can never be recounted, have been won in the improvement of sanitary administration all over London. Here the Council has no direct power. But by quietly and persistently "pegging away" at the somnolent vestries ; by expert criticism and tactful handling ; above all, by the devoted zeal and service of Dr. Shirley Murphy and his staff, the standard of sanitation in every corner of London has risen in the last five years to an almost incredible degree. Two pieces of statistical evidence are typical of much that is incapable of reduction to figures. The enforcement of the public health laws in a crowded city depends, in the main, on the number of sanitary inspectors. These officers are appointed by the parochial authorities. When the Council came into existence, there were, in all London, only about 100 such inspectors. Under the Council's patient pressure the number has been doubled, and to-day there are 208 at work. No less important is the provision of a constant water supply, instead of an intermittently filled and usually foul cistern. In March, 1889, only 423,567 houses out of 748,773 in the Metropolitan water companies' districts enjoyed this boon. In March last, the number had risen to 613,187. Of all the houses in London 78·7 per cent. are now on constant supply, over 100,000 having been added in the past three years.

The most popular of all the departments of the Council's work is undoubtedly that of the Parks Committee, and in this great branch of administration the Council—to the bewilderment of the West End, which knows only the Royal parks managed by "George, Ranger"—has won universal approval. In no department is the comparison with the work of the Metropolitan Board of Works more striking. The following interesting statistics show that during the five and three-quarter years of the Council's administration, a new open space has been secured, on an average, every two months. Every week that the Council has lived it has added between three and four acres to London's breathing-grounds and playing-fields.

London's Open Spaces under the Metropolitan Board of Works.

Year ending 31st December.	Number of separate Open Spaces.		Acreage.		Annual Expenditure.		Permanent Outdoor Staff.	
					£	£		
1884*	31	5	1808	436	21,851	18,301	95	122
1885*	32	5	1834	436	23,222	18,301	100	122
1886*	33	5	1856	436	17,573	18,301	100	122
1887	42		2,506		40,305		238	
1888	43		2,578		42,396		278	
Total increase in four years (not counting the parks transferred in 1887)	7		334		2,244		61	

* The five parks transferred from the Office of Works in 1887 are separately stated for 1884-86.

London's Open Spaces under the County Council.

Year ending 31st March.	Number of separate Open Spaces.	Acreage.	Annual Expenditure.	Permanent Outdoor Staff.
			£	
1890	48	2,985	52,751	400
1891	60	3,007	58,900	438
1892	64	3,112	67,249	548
1893	67	3,228	82,992	608
1894	73	3,594	87,496	650
Dec. 1894	75	3,647	*99,965	679
Total increase in six years from Dec. 31, 1888, to Dec. 1894.	32	1,069	57,569	401
Average annual increase during last four years of M.B.W.	1½	83½	561	15½
Average annual increase during first six years of L.C.C.	7	178½	9,594½	66½

But the vigour, intelligence, and ingenuity of the Council's park administration have been even greater than its success in adding to the open-space area. By the wonderfully liberal provision of cricket-pitches, football-grounds, tennis-courts, and gymnasia for girls as well as for boys; by the supply of lavatories and free public conveniences for both sexes; by the very successful regulation of

* Estimate.

the refreshment tariffs; by the abolition of the charge for chairs; and, above all, by the plentiful supply of music in the summer months by the Council's own uniformed band (at an estimated cost, during the coming season, of over £8000), the use and popularity of the Council's parks among the masses has enormously increased. Other classes are no less loud in their praise. Bank clerks are not usually very "advanced" in their political views, but I have been more than once thanked in City banking houses by enthusiastic skaters for the care taken by the Council to promote the greatest possible enjoyment of the ice. The Council, in short, by common consent, has proved itself a wise and successful administrator of London's treasure in open spaces, and, though there is nothing for which money is more liberally voted, it has all been accomplished at an infinitesimal extra cost. The increase of charge in the six years does not amount to a rate of a halfpenny in the pound, and comes almost exactly to threepence per head per annum on the whole population. Once in four months every Londoner is invited, in effect, to "put a penny in the slot" of the Council's money-box, and to obtain, in return, nicer walks for his wife and himself, more playing fields for the babies, cricket and football for his boys, a free gymnasium for his girls, and music for the family party just at the times that they can enjoy it.

Second only to the Parks for vigorous growth and successful administration, the Council may be proud of the record of its Fire Brigade. Oddly enough, it is just in this department that the Council has been, ever since the retirement of Sir Eyre Massey Shaw, most bitterly attacked. Lord Salisbury supposes, as do many frequenters of West-end drawing-rooms, that the Council's quarrel with that distinguished diner-out was due to his insistence, against ignorant and meddlesome opposition, on the efficiency of his department. It is time that the truth should be known. Under Captain Shaw's *régime* the Fire Brigade failed altogether to keep pace with the growing needs of London; the Metropolitan Board of Works, engaged in a futile struggle with the insurance companies, allowed their expenditure on the Fire Brigade amid a rapidly growing population positively to decline; the Superintendent acquiesced, year after year, in an inadequacy which was a standing danger to the Metropolis; and under his lax rule, moreover, there grew up a system of officers accepting presents from contractors and undertaking work for private employers, such as no diligent administrator would have endured and no vigilant committee would have permitted. It was high time that a change was made. How great has been the progress since Sir Eyre Massey Shaw threw up his place in disgust at the Council's innovations, the following table will show:

The Metropolitan Fire Brigade under the Metropolitan Board of Works.

Year ending 31st Dec.	Authorised Staff.	Land Fire-engine Stations.	Hose-cart Stations.	Fire-escape Stations.	Annual cost.
					£
1884	672	55	23	127	119,937
1885	672	55	26	127	117,877
1886	672	55	26	127	115,360
1887	674	55	27	127	112,697
1888	674	55	27	127	119,460
Total increase in four years . .	2	0	4	0	{ decrease 477

The Metropolitan Fire Brigade under the County Council.

Year ending 31st March.	Authorised Staff.	Land Fire-engine Stations.	Hose-cart Stations.	Fire-escape Stations.	Annual cost.
					£
1890	790	55	27	146	120,722
1891	822	55	52	179	122,395
1892	825	55	51	179	128,906
1893	825	55	52	179	128,815
1894	846	56	53	180	143,000
Dec. 1894	909	57	58	198	* 149,750
Increase in six years (from Dec. 1888 to Dec. 1894) . .	135	2	31	71	30,290
Average increase during four years under M.B.W. }	$\frac{1}{2}$	0	1	0	{ decrease 119 $\frac{1}{2}$
Average increase in six years under L.C.C. . . .	22 $\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{3}$	5 $\frac{1}{8}$	11 $\frac{1}{4}$	5,054

Along with this increase has gone a no less satisfactory growth in the supply of those ingenious but expensive mechanical contrivances which enable the fireman's hose to be affixed directly to the high-pressure water-mains. When the Council came into existence there were only 8807 of these "hydrants" in all London. At the present time there are 18,711. The result of all this increased efficiency is strikingly demonstrated in the statistics of fires. The total number of outbreaks, which no fire brigade can diminish, goes steadily up.

* Estimate.

In 1884 there were every day six outbreaks; in 1893, nearly nine. But the proportion of these outbreaks which are allowed to reach any considerable dimensions has, under the Council's rule, steadily fallen. In the five years between 1884 and 1888, when Captain Shaw and the Metropolitan Board of Works were in power, seventy-two out of every 1000 fires grew to such an extent as to be classified as "serious." Between 1889 and 1893, the corresponding proportion was only sixty; a reduction of no less than 16 per cent. Ten years ago one-eleventh of the outbreaks became "serious"; to-day the proportion is one-twentieth. Lord Salisbury, at Hatfield, may not appreciate this diminution in the chance of his being burnt in his bed, but the great majority of Londoners, who dwell in crowded tenement houses do not fail to realise its importance.

But the protection of London from fire can never attain perfection so long as four distinct authorities jostle each other at every outbreak. The Council's fire brigade has to secure the co-operation, not only of Mr. Asquith's police and of the insurance companies' "London Salvage Corps," but also of the eight competing water companies. This brings us to a further problem. For over two years the Council's Water Committee has been quietly grappling with its colossal task, the difficulties of which cannot all be publicly stated, and are consequently not realised by impatient reformers outside. Now, at last, after much anxious inquiry and deliberation, the committee sees its labours near fruition in the presentation to Parliament of eight Bills for the purchase of the water companies' undertakings, on terms equitable alike to the shareholders and the public. During the next few months the battle will be fought in the committee-room of the House of Commons, against all the forensic talent and expert energy which wealth can enrol in the defence of monopoly rights. But the Council has no intention of putting its head helplessly in the lion's mouth. The water companies have been beaten before, and may, in a democratic Parliament, be beaten again. The Thames is not the only, nor even the best, source of London's supply, and when the time comes the Water Committee will show that its prolonged investigations for the protection of the ratepayers have not been thrown away.

I must pass over with a mere mention some of the other committees, whose work, though often less exciting, is no less onerous and important. The Parliamentary Committee, where the devotion and ingenuity of Mr. Charles Harrison and Mr. McKinnon Wood daily and hourly struggle to safeguard London's interests against the railway and ground landlord monopolists; the Bridges Committee, with its colossal engineering experiment of driving a tunnel under the Thames in compressed air; the Improvements Committee, struggling with its scanty resources to cope with London's ever-growing traffic; the Thames Conservancy (now the Rivers) Committee which has won

for London the right to representation on the Thames Conservancy Board, and incidentally revolutionised that anomalous body; the Main Drainage Committee, which has purified the river itself; the Corporate Property Committee, managing the Council's estates worth over two millions, and keeping up a vigilant scrutiny of all charitable endowments; the Finance Committee, whose admirable administration, praised even by the City and the purists at the Treasury, leaves not a single point for criticism in the Council's financial transactions, and has carried Metropolitan Stock up to within a few points of Consols; the Local Government and Taxation Committee, fighting incessantly to secure a uniform basis of valuation for London, and converting even the local assessment committees to its views; the Public Control Committee, wielding a heterogeneous collection of municipal powers over baby-farms and coal-supply, shop hours and petroleum; the Stores Committee, with its 1800 separate annual contracts; the Highways Committee, whose battle for the tramways has put at least a million sterling into the pockets of the London ratepayer; the General Purposes Committee—half revising Cabinet, half “maid-of-all-work” to the others—all these, not to speak of special committees for particular purposes, take their part in the great organisation by which London rules its corporate life.

If it be asked what new thing the present Council has done, apart from extending the first Council's work, I think we may with some confidence refer to the starting of its department of Technical Education. The circumstances of London differ so much from those of other cities and counties, the difficulties and complications of its educational problems are so great, the chaos of unco-ordinated authorities is so bewildering, that the first Council may well be excused for not immediately adding Technical Education to all its other duties. But the second Council grappled with the problem in its very first summer. Having been, from the outset, Chairman of the Special Committee and then of the Technical Education Board, to which the Council has delegated its educational functions, I am disqualified from expressing any opinion as to the success of this new departure. But I think it will be admitted that we have made good use of our time. The Technical Education Board, which carries on this part of the Council's work, has already established a comprehensive “scholarship ladder” from the Board School right up to the highest technical college, the best art schools, and the university; it has done much, by its liberal grants and skilled inspection, to develop and improve the various “Polytechnics” now growing all over the Metropolis; under the expert guidance of Dr. Garnett it has worked a beneficent revolution in the evening science and technology classes, and made more practical the instruction in these subjects given in the public secondary schools; whilst the London Schools of Art are, under its fostering care, springing into new life. By the appointment,

as its art advisers, of such expert craftsmen as Mr. George Frampton, A.R.A., and Mr. William Lethaby, a distinguished sculptor and a no less distinguished architect, the Board has shown how keenly it is alive to the need for a thorough reorganisation of the "arts and crafts" side, and we need not now despair of London one day possessing a Municipal Art School to rival that of Birmingham. Nor have the women and girls been forgotten. Besides sharing in all the preceding advantages, they enjoy a special department of their own. The Board has set up three "Schools of Domestic Economy" (shortly to be increased to five) which intercept the maidens of thirteen who would otherwise be leaving school to "take a little place"; it has started at Battersea a Domestic Economy Training School, which is already turning out skilled teachers accustomed to the housekeeping of the London poor; and, by a permanent staff of qualified instructors in cookery, dress-making, laundry work and hygiene, it has given thousands of lessons in these subjects to groups of working women in all parts of London, who are too old or too poor, too hard-worked or too apathetic to take advantage of any existing institutions.

But the Technical Education Board has a special interest for those who contemplate with alarm the ever-growing work of a Council having to govern a population of 5,000,000. It was felt on all sides that to add to the Council's weekly agenda so new and complicated a business as the co-ordination and development of the myriad separate bodies already at work in London's intermediate education would not result in good. The Council, moreover, realised the need of calling to its aid in this new task educational experts and representatives of other organisations. A composite Board was accordingly formed, consisting of twenty Councillors and fifteen others, all appointed annually by the Council, but nominated, as regards thirteen, by the London School Board, the City and Guilds Institute, the City Parochial Trustees, the London Trades Council, the Head-masters' Association, and the National Union of Teachers. To this Board the Council delegates its educational powers, and hands over annually such funds as it chooses to appropriate to this purpose. The Board reports its proceedings quarterly for the Council's information, but exercises an unfettered discretion as to the conduct of its work. This arrangement, which is now nearly two years old, has hitherto given universal satisfaction. In the formation and position of the Technical Education Board we may find a useful hint as to the best means of coping with the new duties, such as water supply and tramways, police, hospitals, and docks, which must inevitably fall in the future to a representative public authority able to command the confidence of the London electorate. And just as the Council already delegates its powers to the Asylums Committee and the Technical

Education Board, it appears probable that, in other departments even of its present work, the existing tacit devolution of particular branches of administration upon specially trusted committees will gradually assume an explicit and formal shape.

But the branch of the Council's work which has attracted the greatest interest has undoubtedly been its labour policy, and its establishment of a separate Works Committee. Here the present Council has, in the short space of under three years, done much to settle, by actual experience, some of the most difficult problems of public administration.

Let us take first what is known as the "Fair Wages Movement," which was, for several years, constantly made a ground of ridicule and denunciation by the Council's critics. Seldom has a policy so bitterly abused been so quickly and triumphantly successful. After prolonged discussion, repeated at intervals during four years, it has become settled policy to pay, in each trade, the recognised trade union rate of wages, and in no case less than 6*d.* an hour to adult men, or 18*s.* a week to adult women. At first this was thought a dreadful business. Many persons unfamiliar with the actual practice of industrial life imagined that the common phrase, "trade-union wages," involved something quite new in wage adjustments. Even Lord Farrer tried to rouse the public to believe that, in adopting the principle of trade-union wages the Council "will lose its independence, it will be run by the trades unions, and will be bound hand and foot to obey their orders."*

It is difficult to realise that Lord Farrer believed—or certainly made his readers believe—that "trade-union wages" meant just whatever the trade unions might choose to ask for. Every one who has any personal acquaintance with industrial life knows that "trade-union wages" is, in every organised industry, a well-understood expression, denoting, not any visionary demand, but the actual rate agreed to, more or less explicitly, by the representatives of the associated employers on the one hand, and the trade-union executives on the other. What was proposed, and what has been done, is the insertion, in the Council's own standard list of wages, of the rates proved, after exhaustive inquiry, to be actually recognised and adopted by the leading employers in each particular trade within the London district. In the whole of the building trades, for instance, which comprise three-fourths of the Council's work, the trade-union rates of wages were found embodied in an elaborate formal treaty concluded between the London Master Builders' Association and the London Building Trades' Federation.

With regard to unskilled labour, the case is otherwise. Here, in

* "The London County Council Labour Bill." By Sir T. H. (now Lord) Farrer. London: 1892.

most cases, no generally recognised trade-union rate exists. The Council, fortified by a unanimous vote of the House of Commons to the same effect, has taken the position that it is undesirable, whatever the competition, that any of its employees should receive less than the minimum required for efficient and decent existence. Seeing that Mr. Charles Booth places the actual "poverty line" in London at regular earnings of 21s. per week, it cannot be said that the Council's "moral minimum" of 24s. for men and 18s. for women errs on the side of luxury or extravagance. But, unlike the Council's wage for skilled workmen, it is more than is actually paid by many conscientious employers; and it is undoubtedly above the rate at which the Council could obtain similar labour, if it chose to disregard all other considerations. Whatever may be thought of the wisdom of this labour policy it is now a matter of common consent that it has worked smoothly and with marked success. The "Moderate" minority in the Council disclaim all idea of reversing it. Nor has it led to any ruinous increase in the labour bill. In 1889 the average pay of the wage-staff taken over from the Metropolitan Board of Works was £75 per annum. In 1894, after five years, this average had risen to £78, or exactly four per cent. The wage statistics of the Government *Labour Gazette* show how many trades which have secured a far greater advance from private employers in the same period.

The principle involved in this policy is easily stated. Public offices may be filled in one of two ways. We may, on the one hand, practically put the places up to auction, taking those candidates who offer to do the work for the lowest wages. Or, on the other hand, we may first fix the emoluments, and then pick the best of the candidates coming forward on those terms. When we want brain-workers of any kind, every one agrees that the latter policy is the only safe one. We do not appoint as a judge the lawyer who offers to take the place at the lowest rate. No one would think of inviting competitive tenders from clergymen as to the price at which they would fill a vacant bishopric. A town or county council which bought its engineer or its medical officer in the cheapest market would, by common consent, make a very bad bargain. In all these cases we have learnt, by long and painful experience, that there is so much difference between competence and incompetence, that we do not dream of seeking to save money by taking the candidate who offers his services at the lowest rate. Unfortunately, many worthy people who realise this aspect of brain-work, because they belong themselves to the brain-working class, are unconscious that it applies no less forcibly to mechanical labour. They will pay any price for a good architect, but are apt to regard bricklayers and masons as all equally "common workmen." The consequence is that, owing to the extraordinary ignorance of the middle and upper class about the actual life of the handicraft trades, it has gradually become accepted

as good business that, though you must take all possible trouble in choosing your manager, it is safe and right to buy wage-labour at the lowest market rates. But, as a matter of fact, there is as great a relative difference between one painter or plasterer and another, as there is between one architect or manager and another. If the pressure of competition is shifted from the plane of quality to the plane of cheapness, all economic experience tells us that the result is incompetency, scamped work, the steady demoralisation of the craftsman, and all the degradation of sweating. When a man engages a coachman or a gardener, he understands this well enough, and never for a moment thinks of hiring the cheapest who presents himself. Even the sharpest pressed employer does not entrust expensive machinery to the mechanic who offers to take the least wages. The London County Council, realising it more vividly than some bodies less in touch with the actual facts of industrial life, applies the principle all round. Whether the post to be filled be that of an architect or a carpenter, the wage to be paid is first fixed at a rate sufficient to attract the best class of men in the particular occupation. Then the most competent candidate that can be found is chosen. Competition among the candidates works no less keenly than before; but it is competition tending not to reduce the price, thereby lowering the standard of life throughout the nation, but to enhance efficiency, and thus really to lessen the cost of production.

With regard to the lowlier grades of labour a further consideration enters in. It may be economically permissible, under the present organisation of industry, for a private employer to pay wages upon which, as he perfectly well knows, it is impossible for the worker to maintain himself or herself in efficiency. But when a Board of Poor Law Guardians finds itself rescuing from starvation, out of the Poor Rate, women actually employed by one of its own contractors to make up workhouse clothing, at wages insufficient to keep body and soul together, even the most rigorous economist would admit that something was wrong. The London County Council, responsible as it is for the health of the people of London, declines to use its position as an employer deliberately to degrade that health by paying wages obviously and flagrantly insufficient for maintenance, even if competition drives down rates to that pitch. What economist, now that the Wages Fund is dead and buried, will venture to declare this action uneconomic?

So far, indeed, is the Council's action from being economically heretical, as is commonly supposed in West-end drawing-rooms, that it is exactly what the instructed "orthodox" economist recommends. When the issue was explicitly raised last August at the Economic Section of the British Association there was not a single dissentient voice. Even the *Times* now holds its peace. The economic heretics,

in fact, are those who, in flat defiance of Adam Smith, McCulloch, Mill, and Marshall alike, persist in assuming that there is some obligatory "law" that the pressure of competition ought, without interference from man, to be allowed so to act as to degrade the standard of life of the whole community.

It must equally be put to the credit of the present Council that it has settled the "Fair Wages" question for its contractors as well as for itself. Many town councils up and down the country are still labouring with this issue, which London has at last got rid of. All firms tendering for the Council's work are required to specify the wages they pay for each particular craft. If the work is to be executed within the London district, it is an easy matter to see whether these rates correspond with those in the Council's Standard List. If the work is to be done elsewhere, it is found, in practice, quite possible to ascertain, by inquiry of the proper local officers of the associations of employers on the one hand and the trade unions on the other, whether the proposed rates are really those current in the district. Firms accusing themselves of paying less than these rates are informed of the fact, as a reason why their tenders are not accepted, and have, therefore, full opportunity of correcting any injustice. This system works smoothly and well. The good contractors fall easily into line with it, and most of the minority of Councillors who honestly believed it to be impossible of execution, now recognise that they were mistaken. Here, again, the key-note of the Council's policy is, not the abolition of competition, but the shifting of its plane from mere cheapness to that of industrial efficiency. The speeding up of machinery, the better organisation of labour, the greater competency of manager, clerk, or craftsman, are all stimulated and encouraged by the deliberate closing-up to the contractor of less legitimate means of making profit.* Just as the Factory Acts, the Mines Regulation Acts, and the Education Acts "rule out" of industrial competition the cheapness brought about by the overwork of women and children, or the neglect of sanitary precautions, so the London County Council, representing the people of London, declines to take advantage of any cheapness that is got by merely beating down the standard of life of particular sections of the wage-earners. And just as the Factory Acts have won their way to economic approval, not merely on humanitarian grounds, but as positively conducive to industrial efficiency, so, too, it may confidently be predicted, will the now widely-adopted fair wages clauses.†

* Mr. Mather has already drawn attention, in the *CONTEMPORARY REVIEW*, vol. lxii., 1892, from the standpoint of an experienced employer, to the beneficent effect of similar trades-union restrictions in the engineering trade in positively stimulating the efficiency of employers.

† Over 150 local governing bodies have adopted some kind of fair wages clause in their contracts (see H. C. 189, of 1892); compare, also, the House of Commons' unanimous resolutions of February 13, 1891, and March 6, 1893, imposing the principle for Government contracts.

We come to an altogether different range of criticism when we consider the Council's determination to dispense, wherever possible, with the contractor, and execute its works by engaging a staff of workmen under the supervision of its own salaried officers. This has been fiercely attacked as being palpably and obviously opposed to political economy and business experience. It is worth while to place on record the facts. The first case is that of watering and cleaning the bridges over the Thames, a service which the Metropolitan Board of Works let out to a contractor. The new Council perversely went into calculations which led the members to believe that the contractor was making a very good thing out of the job, and finally to decide upon engaging labour direct. There has now been over three years' experience of the new system, with the result that, whereas the contractor charged 4s. 7½d. to 4s. 10½d. per square yard, the work is now done at an average cost of 3s. 2d. a square yard, everything included.

This, however, was merely a matter of hiring labour, no constructive work being involved. It is interesting to trace the stages by which the Council was driven, by force of circumstances, to its present position of builder. The first piece of actual building executed by the Council was the schoolhouse at Crossness. The architect's estimate was for £1800, and tenders were invited in due course. The lowest tender proved to be £2300. After considerable hesitation the Main Drainage Committee resolved to try to save this large excess over the estimate, and set to work to do the job under its own officers. The result was the completion of the work for less than the architect's estimate, and for £536 less than the lowest tender. But the case which finally convinced three out of every four members of the Council of the desirability of executing their own works was the York Road Sewer. The engineer estimated the cost at £7000, and tenders were invited in the usual manner. Only two were sent in, one for £11,588, and the other for £11,608. The Council determined to do the work itself, with the result that a net saving of £4477 was made.*

This remarkable result naturally created a sensation among the contracting world, and attempts were made to impugn the engineer's figures. In his crushing reply he pointed out that the contractors had reckoned out their tenders at absurdly high prices in nearly every detail, charging, for instance, 60s. and 70s. respectively, per cubic yard of brickwork and cement, whereas the work was done at 39s. It is clear from the other particulars given, and from facts notorious at the time, that an agreement had been come to by the contractors not to compete with one another for this job, in order to induce the Council to abandon its fair wages clause. The Council preferred to abandon the contractor.†

The outcome was the establishment, in the spring of 1893, of a Works Committee to execute works required by the other committees

* *Minutes*, June 27th, 1893, p. 683.

† *Ibid.*, 17th October, 1893.

in precisely the same manner as a contractor. The Works Committee has an entirely distinct staff, and keeps its own separate accounts. The committee requiring any work prepares its own estimate, as if tenders were going to be invited, and the Works Committee is asked whether it is prepared to undertake the work upon that estimate.

Up to the present time the Works Committee has completed and rendered accounts for twenty-nine separate jobs, varying from £100 to £18,785. Sometimes the expenditure works out below the estimate, sometimes above, but in the aggregate the total cost of these twenty-nine works—undertaken at the very outset of a new business, with insufficient plant and under manifold disadvantages—comes to the very satisfactory figure of £63,045, against the architect's and engineer's detailed and independent prior estimates, amounting to £66,142.

It is, of course, too soon to base any arguments upon these figures. It is not to be expected that the Works Committee can make a profit on every job that is undertaken, and it would not be surprising if, in the first year or two of the experiment, the result frequently came out on the wrong side. What we have to do is, not to draw any inferences from the necessarily imperfect statistics of so short a trial, whether they appear momentarily to tell on one side or the other, but to rest the argument on a broader basis.

It is often taken for granted that the Council's policy of eliminating the contractor is an unparalleled innovation, unknown outside London. A little knowledge of the action of local governing bodies elsewhere would prevent this mistake. To take, for instance, the Town Council of Birmingham, which is dominated by the straitest sect of the Individualists, and which, being run strictly on business principles, is held up by Mr. Chamberlain as a pattern and a model to the silly Socialists of London. It is, of course, unnecessary to remind the reader that Birmingham has municipalised its water and its gas, which are in London still left to private enterprise. What is not so well known is that the Town Council of Birmingham is by no means enamoured of the contractor, and that it dispenses with him whenever it can. The Public Works Committee, which looks after the thoroughfares, and the Health Committee, which is responsible for sanitation, have not only entirely eliminated the contractor from the cleaning and repairing of the streets and the removal of the refuse, but even from the laying down of granite paving and flagging, once a most profitable item of his business. The Gas Committee is not content with employing hundreds of men to make gas, but also keeps its own staff of carpenters, bricklayers, blacksmiths, tinmen, painters, fitters, &c., to execute its numerous works. The Improvements Committee, like the Estates Committee, has its own carpenters and fitters, bricklayers and paper-hangers, plasterers and zinc-workers,* whilst the

* Return of Hours of Labour, Wages, &c. (Appendix to Birmingham General Purposes Committee's Report, July 25, 1893).

Water Committee, besides a regular staff of mechanics of all kinds, is now actually engaged in constructing several huge dams and reservoirs near Rhayader, two tunnels and various water towers and siphons, together with workmen's dwellings to accommodate a thousand people, stables, stores, workshops, a public hall and recreation room, a school, two hospitals, and a public-house—all without the intervention of a contractor. "The construction of all the buildings on the works is being carried out by the workmen of the Corporation, under the superintendence of the resident engineer and his assistant. The timber and other material is being purchased by tender. This method," reports the Water Committee, "of using material supplied by contract, and constructing by the direct employees of the Corporation, the Committee consider, under the circumstances of the case, to be the most economical, as well as calculated to secure the best results." But this is not all. The Water Committee, finding that the village would have beer, has decided also in this matter to dispense with any *entrepreneur*, and has "resolved that a canteen shall be established in the village" out of the capital of the Birmingham citizens, and "that the person managing it shall have no interest whatever in the quantity sold."*

The Corporation of Birmingham, in fact, is going far beyond the London County Council. To use the words employed by a great authority, it "enters into direct competition with private industry, and undertakes work which individuals are equally able to perform; it has become its own builder, its own engineer, its own manufacturer," and positively, too, "its own shopkeeper."†

And if we turn to Liverpool we learn that "almost all the city engineer's work is done by men directly employed by the Corporation. . . . The construction of sewers is now done entirely by the Corporation themselves. . . . They had such a cruel experience of doing the work of sewerage by contractors that they have given it up."‡ It appears that in the old days, when the contractor agreed and charged for two courses of brickwork, no amount of inspection sufficed to prevent him putting in one only. "What happened was this, that whenever the inspector came round, or the clerk of the works, to watch the contractors, they found the two rings of brickwork going on very well; as soon as the inspector went away . . . the second ring of brickwork was left out . . . and so the sewer got weak. . . . You could trace the visits of the inspector by the double rings" which were found here and there at intervals when the sewers were subsequently uncovered for repairs.§

* Report of the Birmingham Water Committee, presented February 6, 1894.

† "Municipal Government: Past, Present, and Future," by the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., *New Review*, June 1894.

‡ "Evidence of the Deputy Town Clerk of Liverpool before the Unification of London Commission," p. 328 of c. 7493-1.

§ *Ibid.* p. 328.

It is, therefore, no wonder that, when the Liverpool Town Council undertook its great Vyrnwy dam and waterworks, this, like its sewerage, scavenging, and cleaning, was done by directly employed labour.

Nor is it in municipal boroughs alone that we see the change in policy. Nothing was more common a few years ago than for highway authorities to get their roads kept in order by contractors. An interesting return obtained in 1892 by the County Surveyors' Society shows that this practice has been almost entirely abandoned in favour of direct employment of labour by the county surveyor. Only in one or two counties out of thirty-five furnishing particulars does the old custom linger. The county surveyor for Gloucestershire indignantly denies the allegation that he favours the contract system. "It does not commend itself to me in any way," he writes, "and encourages a low form of sweating. My own experience of road-contracting is that it does very well for five years, then the roads go to pieces, and you have to spend all your previous savings to put them to rights." *

When we thus find even rural districts giving up the contractor, it ceases to be surprising that the Town Council of Manchester now manufactures its own bass-brooms, or even that the ultra-conservative Commissioners of Sewers of the City of London actually set the County Council an example by manufacturing their own waggons, harness, and horse-shoes, all, as they proudly declare, "by their own staff." † The superiority of direct municipal employment, under salaried supervision, to the system of letting out works to contractors has, in fact, been slowly borne in on the best municipal authorities all over the country by their own administrative experience, quite irrespective of social or political theories. ‡

All this time the impatient ratepayer may, perhaps, have been thinking ruefully of the heavy burden which the Council's vigorous activity must have laid upon his shoulders. I have no doubt that, at the coming election, we shall hear a great many reckless assertions about the rise of the Council's rate. Nothing is easier than to point out that the Council's precept for 1894-5 has been for 14*d.* in the pound, whilst the last precept of the Metropolitan Board of Works in 1888-9 was only for 10½*d.* But these two figures can no more be fairly placed in comparison than the budget of a lone

* "Particulars of Management of Main Roads in England and Wales," a report compiled for the County Surveyors' Society, by Mr. Heslop, County Surveyor for Norfolk. See *Builder*, March 19 and 26, 1892.

† Statement of the Commissioners of Sewers, presented to the Royal Commission on London Unification, p. 171 of c. 7493—II.

‡ This change of policy is not confined to public authorities. It has been the most characteristic feature of private industry in the United Kingdom during the last twenty years. The history of nearly every successful business enterprise would show, on examination, a change from the old policy of rigid specialisation to one expressed by the maxim "Never buy anything that you can possibly make yourself." In a paper read at the British Association last August, I gave typical instances of this growing "integration of processes" in many different industries.

widow with that of the mother of a large and growing family. The Council's precept includes not only the old charges of the Metropolitan Board of Works, but also several other rates which used formerly to be levied in other ways. The old County Justices' rate, for instance, which amounted to 1.25*d.* in the Middlesex part of London, 1.375*d.* in the Surrey part, and no less than 4*d.* in the corner which was formerly in Kent, or an average throughout London of 1.72*d.* in the pound, in 1888-9, the last year of its separate existence, now accounts for 1.73*d.* of the Council's expenditure. Then there are the portions of the old Poor Rate, and local Vestry Rates, which the Council, for the sake of efficiency and better equalisation of the burden, has had placed on its own shoulders. These items, which are actually paid by the Council to the local Vestries and the Boards of Guardians, and do not form part of its own expenditure at all, amount to no less than 3.72*d.* out of its levy upon London. If we add these to the last Metropolitan Board of Works precept of 10.1*d.*, as in all fairness we should do, we shall see that, instead of there being any increase of burden in the Council's precept, there is a positive decrease of 1.45*d.* in the pound. This paradoxical result is due, of course, to the operation of Mr. Goschen's Exchequer contribution arrangement, by which the London County Council was made to take the place of the Government in giving grants in aid to the London local bodies, and made the recipient of Mr. Goschen's contribution to local rates. These two items were, by Mr. Ritchie's praiseworthy ingenuity made to operate unequally as regards the different parishes, in such a way that the poorer districts benefit whilst the richer lose by the change. The result is that, as regards the majority of London parishes, the net demand of the central municipal authority *has positively decreased during the six years of the Council's existence*. I well remember the surprise of the blameless young barristers of Kensington, who were sent at the last election to fight East End seats in the "Moderate" interest, at finding that the Council had actually lowered the rates in the districts which they had to contest. There was, indeed, one year in which St. George's-in-the-East paid absolutely nothing to the central fund, and received, on the contrary, a substantial balance from Spring Gardens towards its local expenses. This better sharing of the charges of London's government will be still further developed by the Equalisation of Rates Act of last session, which will increase the Council's demands from the richer quarters of the Metropolis for the express purpose of easing the burden on the rest. But even after all that has been done in this direction, some East End districts will be paying over 6*s.* in the pound whilst the City and St. James's, Piccadilly, will get off for a little over 4*s.*

Apart from these financial complications, which affect rather the

distribution of the burden than its total amount, the Council's net demand on the London ratepayer has, in the six years of its existence, risen by $1\frac{1}{2}d.$ in the pound, everything included. This increase will, I suppose, be regarded with different eyes by different classes. To me, I confess, it is a standing marvel how so much can have been done for so little. A halfpenny for the Parks Committee, a halfpenny for the Technical Education Board, a farthing for the increase in the Fire Brigade, and another farthing to cover the growing activities of the Public Health, Asylums, Main Drainage, and other committees—this is the price which London, as a whole, is asked to pay for the beneficent revolution which has taken place in every department of its municipal life between 1889 and 1895. In those six years over 1000 acres have been added to its open spaces, over 20 per cent. to the strength of its fire-watch; a vast, though incalculable, advance has been made in its sanitation; the Thames has been so far purified that whitebait is once more caught where sewage lately floated up and down with every tide; great strides have been taken towards the better housing of the London poor; one large common lodging-house has been opened for the homeless men; thousands of improved dwellings are nearing completion; and every slum landlord is complaining at the expenditure to which he is now put for improvements and repairs. The reign of the contractor, with its "rings" and "knock-outs," has been brought to an end, and trade-union wages, with a "moral minimum," have been established in every department of the Council's service. Nor has the Council stayed its hand in those improvements in the means of communication which are among the first needs of a growing city. The gigantic engineering experiment of a new Thames Tunnel, begun in 1890, is already more than half completed, whilst many minor street improvements have been carried out. Finally, during the last eighteen months, 800 of its most promising boys and girls have been started up the "Scholarship Ladder" of the Technical Education Board, and thousands of their elder brothers and sisters have been swept into evening classes. For all this the ratepayer is asked in 1894-5 to pay $1\frac{1}{2}d.$ in the pound more than he paid in 1889-90, the last year for which the estimates were framed by the Metropolitan Board of Works. What, on this computation, does the London County Council cost each Londoner? According to Lord Salisbury, the Council is a hot-bed of Socialist experiments. Yet the net increase of charge upon each Londoner, after six years of this Progressive rule, is positively less than $1d.$ per month, everything included. Surely, never was revolution so cheap! It is now for London to say for the third time whether it is worth the price.

SIDNEY WEBB.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS: A PLEA FOR DELIBERATION.

POLITICIANS of all parties must feel that the dominant interest of the moment is the question of the House of Lords. Its position as an anti-democratic House has accentuated itself in the last few years to a most remarkable degree. The Whig element has practically disappeared, and, with the exception of a handful of Liberal Peers, mostly of Radical tendencies, the whole House is to all intents and purposes Conservative. To such an extent has it gone that the House may be said to have given its power of attorney to the Conservative party, and the Liberal party are fighting in the House of Commons with foes who have the power of veto over any decisions to which that House may come, except on the subject of finance. Nor is this all. The Conservative party in the House of Commons has shown itself willing to commit any such acts of disloyalty to the House of Commons as may suit its purpose, by throwing power into the hands of the House of Lords, as in the case of voting money for future years, or passing a permanent Coercion Act for Ireland. To assist this aim the House of Lords has, with the concurrence of the Conservative party, advanced doctrines utterly subversive of the power of the elective chamber, as when the head of the Conservative party claimed on behalf of the House of Lords the right to amend money Bills. The principle that the House of Lords must yield to the expressed will of the people is being frittered away by new and fantastic doctrines as to so-called "mandates," and the House of Lords assumes the right to criticise the credentials of the people's representatives by canons all its own, finding no recognition in our Constitution. It sets itself to prolong, as far as possible, the existence of a House of Commons in which there is a Conservative majority, while it uses all its prerogatives to force the dissolution of a Liberal House. The position

taken up is precisely that of the schoolboy who proposed to toss with his less acute comrade on the terms, "Heads, I win; tails, we have another throw."

It is not likely that the British nation will be content to allow its powers of self-government to be thus interfered with, especially by a body so utterly destitute of any present basis for the authority which it possesses. Its defenders can no longer talk with effect of "ancestry," or "gentle blood," or "high birth," in respect of English Peers. We see them made before our eyes, and know the material of which they are made and the process of manufacture. With the exception of Lord Chancellors and rare instances of literary or scientific merit, the House of Lords is recruited from rich men who have contributed liberally to party funds, or not-too-successful politicians who can be shunted only at the price of a peerage. But there is no need to discuss the quality of the raw material. Government may well consider itself justified in using this department of patronage without any sense of responsibility. Those whom it makes Peers cannot affect the action of the House into which they enter, and no one person gives substantially better warrant than another for anticipating that his descendants will be fit for legislative functions.

This condition of things cannot be permitted to continue. It is not only inconsistent with self-government, which is a right that no self-respecting citizen will permit to be infringed, but it is an absurdity which is a disgrace to our nation. We take, and can take, no steps to secure that the members of the House of Lords are competent to exercise legislative functions. The constitution of the House ensures but one thing—viz., that the members will be rich, and that such wealth will probably be unearned. We refuse to allow property to be settled for countless generations, but, with wondrous lack of consistency, we permit the right to rule to be so inherited. Bringing with it social precedence, it must necessarily attract wealth. If I wished to mimic the House of Lords with a non-hereditary Chamber, it should consist of all those who possess £20,000 a year, none of which they had earned. A House of the constitution of our present Upper House must necessarily be out of sympathy with the bulk of the people, and that it should have an absolute veto on legislation, means the negation of all self-government, except on matters indifferent to this privileged class.

Accepting, then, the grave political necessity of getting rid of this mischievous power of interference possessed by the House of Lords, the next question is, how is this to be effected? I cannot conceal from myself that, so far as the rank and file of the Liberal party are concerned, it has been assumed that we have a choice between two methods only—viz., the abolition of the House of Lords, or depriving it of its right to veto Bills passed by the House of Commons. The

latter alternative enables the House of Commons to pass its Bills into law without the concurrence of the Upper House, so that, in effect, it is equivalent to reducing our Legislature to a single Chamber. I know that some people believe that the difference in form will make this alternative more acceptable to the more moderate or more timid among the voters, but personally I do not think that any distinction can be drawn between them. Compared with the vast change involved in adopting either alternative, the difference is so trivial that in the struggle the people will in either case accept as the issue—Shall we or shall we not be governed by a House of Commons alone, without check and without control? Indeed, the plan of abolishing the veto alone, and leaving the House of Lords as a formal though not a practical part of our Constitution is of the two the more drastic change, for it precludes the substitution of another more popular Chamber in its stead, and effectually ensures that our Legislature shall be reduced to a single Chamber.

To judge by their utterances, there is a large body of Liberals who look upon such a change as one that is quite practicable, and that need give no further trouble than is involved in driving it through the House of Lords. Surely they must have forgotten that we are peculiar in having no written Constitution, and that our Legislature has no limits to its powers. To allow a single Chamber to govern a great country like ours without a written Constitution cannot surely be seriously proposed. Each House of Commons would be in the position of an absolute dictator, with the difference that it could determine the period of its power and the mode of choosing its successor. A Conservative House could re-establish the House of Lords and limit the franchise. A House in which by any alliance between sections a majority, however small, might be obtained in favour of socialistic views might nationalise all property. No such House need ever be dissolved, for it would have the power to prolong its own existence. But whether it came to an end or not, its Acts would be the laws under which the realm would be governed until some future House had varied them. It would thus be easy for any political party which was for the moment in a majority to secure, without exceeding its legal powers, that future Houses should be chosen in such a way as to give it the upper hand. The tendency would be to excess. There would be no balance; the system would be in a state of unstable equilibrium. Periodic revolutions would be the only remedial force available to check this ever-increasing tendency to run to one extreme or the other.

I cannot believe that serious politicians of any school would propose such a scheme as this. They must intend either that there should be a second elective Chamber, or that the broad principles of the Constitution should be fixed beyond the power of change by any

Chamber. This latter alternative means that we should have a written Constitution, and I think that few will desire the task of settling it at this moment. Equally difficult is the task of devising a second Chamber which shall at once be representative and not a mere duplicate of the other Chamber. But even if we have among us a plentiful supply of "makers of Constitutions," the difficulty of the matter is not much lessened. You have to get the people to accept the particular solution proposed, and here you are brought face to face with the special difficulty which the party of action has to encounter whenever it undertakes a new task. It must not only show that the change it proposes would be an advantage to the nation, but that no other course secures an equal advantage. It is not enough to show that it is a good thing, it must show that it is the best. Hence there can be no important advance until there is substantial agreement as to the course to pursue, for the adoption of one proposal must in most cases be the final rejection of all others. The party of resistance has none of these difficulties. Those who are opposed to all changes naturally find themselves acting in concert in opposing each one that may be proposed.

Though the desire to get rid of the anomaly of hereditary legislators has long been felt by all Liberals, it is only during the last few months that an attempt has been made to bring it into the domain of practical politics. Does any one believe that there is as yet such an agreement as to the course to be pursued as would justify us in expecting the support of the constituencies for any particular scheme? The more eager would no doubt support almost any scheme that would put a stop to the present intolerable state of things, but their votes will not suffice alone. It is the quieter and less daring voters that hold the balance of power in England. That a majority of the voters disapprove of the interference of the House of Lords in legislation, and think that the will of the people should prevail, I have no doubt, but that majority will not vote for any constitutional change which would remedy it until they are convinced that it is both safe and the best thing to do. Till they are satisfied of this, the more timid will abstain or vote for delay. I do not complain of this in itself. It is injurious to us only because it is associated in the English mind with a disinclination to look ahead, so that the process of education commences only when the time is come for action. Caution which leads to foresight aids, not retards, progress.

If we desire to see the effect of an appeal to the constituencies on an important question before they have had time to make up their minds upon it, we have only to turn to 1886. The situation as to Ireland was much the same as it was in 1892. It is true that there had been comparative quiet in Ireland during the intervening six

years, but this was equally relied on by both parties. The one attributed it to patience inspired by hope of justice, and the other to the repressive measures of the late Government. The real difference lay in the fact that the country had in 1892 been allowed time to consider the question, whereas it had not in 1886. But if a hasty appeal upon Irish Home Rule was disastrous, the dangers of forcing a speedy decision upon the more intricate and more difficult question of the House of Lords are far greater. If we forthwith go to the country upon the question, it must be put in the crude form of abolition either of the House or its veto. No schemes for safeguarding the nation under the unique form of government that would result are so widely known or so generally accepted as to be regarded as a part of the proposal. Its novelty will give room for prophecies innumerable of likely and unlikely consequences, the inevitable result of which will be to produce a feeling in the minds of the more cautious that it is a matter which at all events requires to be thought over before action is taken. There is much at the present moment which will tend to strengthen such a feeling. To those who look to the working classes as the strength of our country, and who were willing to look to the trades unions as the best exponents of their views, the extravagant resolutions passed at Norwich came as a great shock. Comparatively few are in a position to judge rightly of the weight of those resolutions, or to estimate how widely they departed from the views entertained by the large majority of working men. And if we crudely appeal to the constituencies to authorise the formal or practical erection of the House of Commons of the hour into an uncontrolled ruler of all people and all things in the kingdom, we may be certain that many, in judging of the proposal, will think of the Norwich resolutions. I do not lose sight of the imperative need of getting rid of the interference of the House of Lords, but I should despair of achieving it within a period of very many years, if I thought that we had no better course open to us than to appeal to the country to give us authority to put the whole kingdom under a single omnipotent Chamber with six years of Tory administration as the penalty for each failure.

Is there any real need to take this difficult and perilous course? To me it appears that the supposed necessity for so doing arises from our regarding the question of the House of Lords as an isolated political problem, and not as part of that development of our Constitution as a whole, which must take place if it is to fit the requirements of our time. The fact is that we have outgrown our Constitution, not in one point only, but in many, I might almost say in all. The anomaly of the people of two countries, such as Ireland and Scotland, with distinct national circumstances and wants, being governed, even in local matters, by a Legislature with unrestricted powers in which

the only share possessed by them respectively is one voice in six and one voice in nine, is well-nigh as great, and perhaps has been, on the whole, as mischievous as the existence of hereditary legislators. The complicated rules of procedure of the House of Commons give such facility for wasting time in debate that want of time is becoming the dominant consideration in shaping the programme of a government, and however urgently needed a Bill may be, it has often to be abandoned on the openly admitted ground that it would give to the minority too great an opportunity for obstruction. We have, in fact, come to such a pass that even Government can only deal with one or two Bills of a really contentious character in a session, however great may be the desire of the majority to deal with other questions which are equally ripe for legislation, and no private member can get a Bill passed unless it is practically unopposed. And with regard to Ireland and Scotland, it may be said that the simple fact that a Bill is desired by the great majority of the representatives of Ireland is sufficient to ensure its failure, unless the Government is prepared to sacrifice all other measures to it, and if the same cannot be said with such certainty of all Scotch measures, it is equally true of such as clash with the views of the majority of English members upon cognate English questions.

In the conduct of what is known as private business we are no better. There is a mixture of laxity and red-tapism that would startle the world if it were generally known. The most important questions are decided by four or five members who may happen to have been chosen to form the Committee on a Bill, and that without the House itself ever knowing that these questions have been raised. Indeed, the pressure on the time of the House by the ever-increasing amount of urgent public business has made it so jealous of any attempt to encroach upon that time by private business that it is exceedingly difficult to obtain a hearing if an appeal be made to the House in such matters. On the other hand, the whole of the private Bills have to go through the expensive ordeal of Committees of both Houses at Westminster, whether they relate to England, Scotland or Ireland, and whether or not they have obtained the sanction of Public Departments based on inquiries held locally. Opponents have full power to bring witnesses and employ counsel on each occasion. It is a standing monument of the superstitious veneration of the world for the mysteries of procedure that our business men, and especially those of Ireland and Scotland, should patiently submit to this waste of time and money, and to the incalculable uncertainties of the tribunals to which their most important schemes have to be submitted.

It is natural that Ireland should have been the first to rebel against this state of things. The interest and wishes of no other portion of the United Kingdom had been treated with such contemptuous indiffer-

ence under the existing state of things. It is not too much to say that for nearly seventy years after the Union, Ireland might just as well have been a conquered country so far as the vast majority of its people were concerned. And when at last the extension of the franchise gave to the Irish people the power to make their voice heard, it availed them only in that it gave them the power to obstruct the legislative machine, not to compel it to govern Ireland as a free country. This was, however, enough to draw the attention of the Liberal party to the gross anomaly of our governing a civilised country in direct opposition to the will of its people, and they accepted Home Rule as the remedy and have loyally fought for it ever since. They thus recognised that our Constitution must be modified to meet the needs of Ireland, but in this instance too the shape of the remedial measure was influenced too much by the idea that the question was an isolated one, and that Ireland might well be treated exceptionally in order to remedy the evils under which it suffered. Had the Irish difficulty been recognised as an instance only of the results of our defective Constitution the lines of reform might have been so chosen as to have materially affected the whole position of to-day. So exclusively, however, was it regarded from the other point of view that the first form of the Government proposal was on the lines of colonial independence, as though we could get rid of the difficulty by making Ireland a kind of Crown country subject to taxation by an Imperial Parliament in which it had no representation. If such patching of our Constitution were necessary or suitable it must have been in a strangely ruinous state, and this ought to have made us consider whether some more orderly reconstruction were not desirable. With very great difficulty, and at the eleventh hour, the Government were induced to abandon this idea, and to promise that in committee the scheme should be transformed and made to rest on a quasi-federative basis—viz., that Ireland should have a Legislature and Executive of its own for local matters, and should be represented in the Imperial Parliament for other purposes, while Ireland and Scotland were to remain under the Imperial Parliament and Executive as before. The anomalies of this scheme—which I ventured at the time to call unsymmetrical federation—were only too obvious, and they have since given rise to great difficulties, but these are all traceable to the attempt to treat the self-government of Ireland as an isolated question which has no bearing upon the other serious and admitted defects in the working of our Constitution.

Yet, so far as Ireland was concerned, the remedy would have been very effective, not only for one but all these defects. It went to the root of the evil. The most important feature, though but little dwelt upon at the time, was that it abolished the veto of the House of Lords in Irish domestic legislation. It is true that it left the

Imperial Legislature with unimpaired powers so long as it chose to act as a Legislature. Its power to interfere with the Irish Legislature was absolute, but to do so would require the assent of the Commons. The assent of the Imperial Legislature was not to be required for measures passed by the Irish Legislature relating to matters within its competence, and, therefore, it could only be interfered with by the Imperial Houses acting as a Legislature—*i.e.*, in cases where both the Imperial Houses were at one in desiring to interfere. To interfere would require legislative action, and the existing veto of the House of Lords might paralyse but it could not bring about such legislative action. It might almost be said that the veto was transferred from the Lords to the Commons, and this was equivalent to its abolition save in case of abuse of the delegated powers, for no House of Commons would for light cause interfere with a duly constituted Legislature acting within its competence.

The political necessities that hurried so greatly the original shaping of the Home Rule scheme left their traces on every part of the Bill, but in none more so than in the proposed constitution of the new Irish Legislature. It was composed of two Houses on the analogy of our own, and the difficulties that all must feel in arriving at a satisfactory constitution of a Second Chamber were shown by the strange—I might almost say fantastic—composition of the one proposed in the Bill. This, however, was recognised by all parties as not being an essential feature, and as one which must be greatly modified in Committee, more especially after the undertaking given by Mr. Gladstone as to the retention of the Irish members and the maintenance of the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament. But it is hard to shake off the effects of initial errors. Had the scheme in its original conception been federative, and had the question of the necessary constitution of the Irish Legislature been considered entirely from that point of view, it could hardly have failed to have occurred to the authors of the scheme that this was a favourable case for considering whether any Second Chamber was necessary. The real need of a Second Chamber is as a check to vagaries on the part of the other Chamber. No one really desires it for consultative purposes. Advisers of special competence for the special subject would in each case be more valuable than any such Chamber. The Cabinet is the only effective consultative body, and it takes the advice of such experts as and when it is needed. So far as it is necessary for an Opposition to do consultative work, it is done in a similar manner. The debates in the House, the discussions in the press, and public meetings, do all that in this respect is necessary or possible for the rest of the nation and their representatives. Initiation of measures, so far as it does not come from Government, can be done as well by the members of one House as two. In these days of full and open discussion in

the press there is no substantial advantage in a second oral discussion of measures which can be amended subsequently to their passing as readily as they can be passed. It is better that you should have all your legislative strength in one House, and that it should bear the whole responsibility of the shape of its measures. The Second Chamber, therefore, is wanted only as a safeguard against what is sometimes spoken of as a single Chamber going mad. In such cases, the existence of a Second Chamber would lessen the danger, but for this purpose it must have legislative and not mere consultative functions. Wise counsels, unaccompanied by any power of enforcing them, are not likely to be of avail in such desperate cases as those for which the Second Chamber is required. Apart from the safety given by a Second Chamber thus acting as a check, the advantages of a single Chamber would, I think, be admitted by the large majority of the people of England.

But in the case of an Irish Legislature under the supremacy of our Imperial Legislature there was a chance of combining the advantages of both systems. This is due to the fact that in our Constitution we know no limits to the power of the Imperial Legislature. In this we differ from almost all other nations which are to a greater or less degree self-governed. They all have written constitutions. In the case of the United States of America it is no uncommon incident to find a Federal Law proclaimed *ultra vires* and invalid on the ground that it exceeds the powers lodged in the Federal Legislature. The State Legislatures are supreme within the limits of their own powers. In such an arrangement a Second Chamber is necessary in each Legislature, whether State or Federal, if any check is to be put upon the powers or on the action of a legislative body. But in the case of a Central Legislature with unrestricted powers this is no longer necessary. The check upon excess on the part of a subordinate Legislature is already there whatever be the constitution of that body. The Irish Legislature might therefore have been composed of a single representative House without incurring any of the dangers of government by a single Chamber.

But it is not my object to consider whether such a subordinate legislature should have one Chamber or two. Nor do I intend to wander into a discussion on the advisability of granting Home Rule to Ireland. I desire only to point out that the creation of such a local Legislature would remedy not one only but all the defects of our Constitution so far as the domestic legislation of Ireland is concerned. The private Bills would be settled without the costly business of coming to Westminster. Legislation would be prompt by reason of the Legislature having a more limited field of operation. The advantages that the power of dissolution gives for obtaining the true opinion of the people on new and important questions would be secured

for Irish matters instead of being restricted as now to those questions which either concern England or are of magnitude sufficient to be of capital importance to the whole United Kingdom, and this advantage would be secured without in the least interfering with the continuous progress of legislative action in other parts of the United Kingdom. The Irish Legislature, possessing only limited and delegated powers, could not exceed them any more than a county council can exceed the petty powers of legislation given to it. There would also be ample security against any excessive use of those powers in the omnipotence of the Imperial Legislature, and so complete would be that security that, if it were desired, the rapidity and effectiveness of a single Chamber might be obtained without incurring the risks of its uncontrolled action. The whole action of the Legislature would thus be subject to the effective check furnished by the unimpaired power of the Imperial Legislature, but this check would only be exercisable in cases which the Imperial House of Commons considered to be serious enough for interference. The power of the House of Lords would be limited to a power of staying such interference; in other words, it could increase but not diminish the independence of the action of the subordinate Legislature.

Such would have been the results of the establishment of a local Legislature in Ireland on a federative basis retaining the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament. Imagine the same thing done for each of the members of the existing union. The same results must necessarily follow. I do not wish to recapitulate them. That which alone concerns us for the moment is that this placing the domestic legislation of each people in its own hands by means of local Legislatures would free it from the control or interference of the House of Lords, and this without the delay and intolerable difficulty of devising a written constitution on the one hand, or the risk of uncontrolled legislative action on the other. No written constitution would be necessary, inasmuch as the Acts forming the local Legislatures would define the limits of the powers delegated to them, and which alone they would possess, and our courts are accustomed to decide questions of the validity of the Acts of bodies with delegated powers, so that no new procedure or principles of law would be needed to prevent the local Legislatures exceeding their powers. There would be no risk of abuse of those powers, because the Imperial Parliament would be at hand to prevent it; but no such interference could take place without the consent of the Imperial House of Commons. The House of Lords would thus have its veto taken away for all domestic legislation in the United Kingdom without the necessity of making any antecedent change in our Constitution.

Let me now deal with the objections that will be raised to this mode of treating the veto of the House of Lords. And first let me deal with that which will be brought forward by the more eager part of the Radical party. They will say—you leave the House of Lords still in existence, you have only mitigated the mischief it can cause. My reply is that the veto would be effectively abolished for the whole of the most important part of our legislation—viz., that which affects the internal questions of the nations that compose the United Kingdom. And it is precisely in this kind of legislation that the power of the House of Lords is most baneful. In foreign and imperial questions their influence is less potent and less harmful. These questions are so clearly dependent on the purse that the veto of the House of Lords is of little effect while the causes which work to make that veto injurious have but little application. Now this is, as I have said, no question of mere theoretic interest: it is of grave practical and present importance, and if by a practicable plan we can get rid of a large part of the evil, that plan is not to be scorned because it leaves some small residue untouched. And yet it is not correct to consider it as leaving untouched the position of the House of Lords as an Imperial House. In form it does so, but not in substance. When we have transferred our domestic legislation to the local Parliaments, we shall be able to fight the question of the entire reconstruction or abolition of the House of Lords with very different chances of success. At present we should do it at the cost of stopping all the necessary domestic legislation of the three kingdoms. We should do it in an already over-burdened Legislature unable to get through its day-by-day duties. After the local Legislatures had been formed, all this would be changed. We should have time and opportunity to deal with the matter thoroughly. Any engineer would know that if he had to reconstruct the engine which drove a mill without stopping the mill, he must throw the work on supplementary engines. He could not reconstruct it while it had to do the whole work of the mill. Just so we must throw the work off the Imperial House before we have any chance of effectively dealing with the existence of the House of Lords, and when we have done this it may be that all parties will have learned much as to the working of single Chambers, and that we shall be in a far better position to decide upon the safest and most suitable form of our Imperial Constitution.

Next, it will be said that the House of Lords would oppose such a scheme. Certainly; and any one who supposes that we can get rid of existing difficulties without a struggle with the House of Lords must be living in dreamland. The whole question is one of relative feasibility—How can we best strengthen our own forces and weaken the resistance which we shall encounter? Not only do I not conceal

from myself that this will be accepted as an attack upon the powers of the House of Lords, but I look to it as the source from which the requisite motive power will come.

Let us contrast the attacking forces in the two cases. The Liberal party is over-weighted with matters ripe for legislation which concern all parts of the kingdom and which have been forced to wait while Irish Home Rule has stopped the way. If we take upon our shoulders the abolition of the House of Lords or its veto, we must commence an entirely new agitation, which must have the effect of further delaying domestic legislation, and must even throw Home Rule into the background. Such added burdens will be too much, I fear, for already wearied shoulders. But in putting forward Federative development we are neither taking up new work nor adding to our burdens. For the last eight years the Liberal party have been educating the country in the advantages of domestic self-government; the election of 1892 when contrasted with that of 1886 shows with what effect. Their main difficulty has been that they have had to treat it as a quasi-foreign question affecting England and Scotland only indirectly by removing obstacles in the way of legislation at Westminster. They had to excuse its being granted to Ireland alone, and to persuade the electors to accept the many inconveniences that must arise therefrom. How much easier would have been their task if they could have treated it as a home question affecting all parts of the kingdom alike, and giving to each country the priceless advantage of the safe and orderly management of its own affairs free from the interference of any hereditary or non-elective Chamber.

Take the case of Scotland. The demand for self-government has not been loud, as in the case of Ireland, because it has not suffered so much. The Imperial Parliament has rather neglected it than treated it with cruelty, as has been the case with the sister country. Nor has the House of Lords interfered so much to its detriment, although Scotchmen do not forget the action of the Lords in giving special facilities for drink in the larger towns, where its evils are greatest, as are also the profits of its sale. But a Scotch Liberal resents as strongly as any other that the decisions of the elective Chamber should be overborne by the caprices of a non-elective and irresponsible House, and, if deliverance from this is to come in the form of leaving Scotch questions to be decided in a House elected solely by those who are interested in them and understand them, it will be doubly welcome. Do we suppose that Scotland desires that the question of its Church should be decided by the votes of those who regard the matter solely as bearing upon English disestablishment?

It is to England that the advantages of a local Legislature appeal least strongly. This is natural, because the enormous pre-

ponderance of English representatives in the House of Commons has in times past enabled it to be used as a purely English Parliament, and it was not until the stubborn resistance of the Irish members showed that this should not be the case unless a purely Irish legislature was granted to Ireland that England awakened to the necessity of reform. But if it has suffered less from the absence of domestic self-government, it has suffered at least as much from the interference of the House of Lords. The workmen of our large towns look with reason on that House as the main obstacle to the social and political reforms on which they have set their hearts. Their interest is greatest in domestic questions, and I feel sure that they would gladly postpone for a while the reconstruction of the Imperial Legislature if they could have an English House empowered to deal with purely English questions, occupied solely upon English business, and able to pass its measures into law without any interference from any non-elective House.

And what will Ireland say? I am strangely mistaken if Ireland would not join heartily in the movement. At present it is threatened with seeing its Home Rule, which now stands first on the Liberal programme, lose its precedence. If we are to take up as an immediate and practical question the direct abolition of the House of Lords or its veto, it must overtop and overshadow all other questions. Other questions must stand aside—the constituencies will be asked to range themselves according to their views upon it. This is what the Conservatives are hoping for. Will Ireland submit to this? I do not wish it to be put to the test, for it may mean the indefinite postponement of a measure which is essential to its peace. But if we proceed by the Federative method, Irish Home Rule becomes the pioneer movement. It is supported and not supplanted by the proposal to extend self-government to the other countries, and it is freed from the most formidable argument that can be urged against the present scheme before the English constituencies, in whose hands its fate lies—viz., that it contemplates the Irish voting upon purely English questions while the English have no longer the right of voting upon similar Irish questions.

Nor would the resistance of the House of Lords be so desperate or so unanimous. In our hearts we all know that delegation must come. Many Unionists openly admit it—the question is as to the mode and the degree. Hence, the demand for it cannot be treated even by the House of Lords as an attempt to overthrow the Constitution which must be resisted to the death. The Peers know that their powers exist by sufferance, based largely on the difficulty of getting rid of them. This is no too solid foundation, and they cannot be indifferent to the dangers that threaten them. A timely and judicious concession to a well-prepared federative scheme might turn aside the storm

without any formal sacrifice of their position in the Constitution. It would not be accomplished without a hard struggle, but it would not be one in which no alternative existed between victory and annihilation. The maxim of building a golden bridge for the enemy applies pre-eminently to politics.

But I shall be told that the party demands immediate action. In one sense this is true. It certainly demands that the Government should be in earnest on the question, and should shape their policy henceforth so as to put an end to the mischief as speedily as possible. It is to satisfy this most reasonable requirement of the party that we are to have a Resolution in the House of Commons. But there is nothing in this which relieves us from the responsibility of choosing the line of attack, or that would justify an appeal to the country which, either from its form or from the moment at which it is made, will lead to failure. What is the cause of the impatience that is felt in the Liberal party? It is because the country has entrusted us with power, and we cannot pass our measures. The country does not hold us to blame. It recognises that it is due to obstruction in the Commons and the interference of the House of Lords, for which we are not accountable. But we shall none the less have to pay the penalty of non-success. Those who desire the legislation will grow disheartened, and will be more inclined to listen to our enemies, who boast that the Lords will pass the measures coming from them though they would reject them if coming from the Liberals. And if even now they are growing disheartened, we may be certain that they will wholly lose patience, and will get their measures how and whence they can, if we still further impede social legislation by entering upon a long constitutional struggle which must push all else aside. Even those who are most desirous that we should get rid of the House of Lords will not forgive a rash and unsuccessful appeal to the country on the ground that it was well meant, or was in response to their impatience. A general cannot urge the eagerness of his troops as an excuse for ordering an assault upon a breach that is not yet practicable.

My plea, therefore, is for deliberation. A celebrated mathematician said that if his life depended on solving a particular problem in five minutes, he would devote at least two to considering how to set about it. Let us imitate him, and give to the country and to ourselves the necessary time and reflection before we commit ourselves to any course of action. The delay of deliberation is far less than that of defeat. Personally, I believe that however we may commence the struggle success will come to us only through the means of federative delegation. I know that it seems a long and weary way to travel to attain our end; but we must not forget that the difficult often seems harder than the impossible. It has much in its favour. The work

of the last few years, in establishing District Councils and County Councils, has been a training for it, and, above all, the Liberal party, by again pledging itself to Home Rule, has undertaken the task of winning the support of the country for this very form of delegation in the case of Ireland. When this is accomplished the House of Lords will have ceased to be a question of practical moment so far as the domestic legislation of Ireland is concerned. When this is clearly perceived it will not take much to lead the other countries to demand that they should share this freedom. It will be a pleasant termination of the bitterness and strife between us and Ireland if it should turn out that the only vengeance that she takes is to show us the way to obtain for ourselves a wider and yet a safer freedom.

One word more. Is not this the natural solution? The House of Lords is a survival. It represents what was once a real power in the nation, and therefore secured for itself a position in the State. But we have long outlived the laws and customs which gave the Peers that power. Their position remains, and they derive their power from it. It is the characteristic of survivals, that they have no share in the new developments of the organism, nor do they grow with it. Hence in the natural course of things they fall into ever-increasing insignificance by reason of the active growth which they do not share. So it must be with the Lords, and the surest way of bringing this to pass is to give full freedom of growth. Increase self-government by establishing local Legislatures. No one would dream of suggesting that hereditary privileges should have any recognition in them. Thus the part that is played by the House of Lords in the government of the country will dwindle in importance even without any attempt being made formally to terminate it. I have no doubt that the time will come when it must cease to exist, but it may well wait until the domestic Legislatures are securely founded and masters of their work, until we have derived increased experience in the working of single chambers, and until the Imperial Legislature has learnt adequately to appreciate the duties which devolve upon it as the head of our Empire, and which up to the present moment the pressure of its other multifarious duties has forced it to neglect.

J. FLETCHER MOULTON.

PASCAL.

PREFATORY NOTE.

[THE following study on Pascal is the latest of the works of Mr. Pater. He was still engaged upon it at the time of his death, and had not, as will be observed, entirely finished it. There is, however, reason to believe that he would not greatly have extended it. It is printed here, with as close an adherence to the text as possible, from the scored and tormented original MS. All who are acquainted with Mr. Pater's critical work will be glad to receive this last contribution to it, although it lacks the polish of his final revision.]

ABOUT the middle of the seventeenth century, two opposite views of a question, upon which neither Scripture, nor Council, nor Pope, had spoken with authority—the question as to the amount of freedom left to man by the overpowering work of divine grace upon him—had seemed likely for a moment to divide the Roman Church into two rival sects. In the diocese of Paris, however, the controversy narrowed itself into a mere personal quarrel between the Jesuit Fathers and the religious community of Port Royal, and might have been forgotten but for the intervention of a new writer in whom French literature made more than a new step. It became at once, as if by a new creation, what it has remained—a pattern of absolutely unencumbered expressiveness.

In 1656 Pascal, then thirty-three years old, under the form of "Letters to a Provincial by one of his Friends," put forth a series of pamphlets in which all that was vulnerable in the Jesuit Fathers, was laid bare to the profit of their opponents. At the moment the quarrel turned on the proposed censure of Antoine Arnauld by the Sorbonne, by the University of Paris as a religious body. Pascal, intimate, like many another fine intellect of the day, with the Port-Royalists, was Arnauld's friend, and it belonged to the ardour of his

genius, at least as he was then, to be a very active friend. He took up the pen as other chivalrous gentlemen of the day took up the sword, and showed himself a master of the art of fence therewith. His delicate exercise of himself with that weapon was nothing less than a revelation to all the world of the capabilities, the true genius, of the French language in prose.

Those who think of Pascal in his final sanctity, his detachment of soul from all but the greatest matters, may be surprised, when they turn to the "Letters," to find him treating questions, as serious for the friends he was defending as for their adversaries, ironically, with a but half-veiled disdain for them, or an affected humility at being unskilled in them and no theologian. He does not allow us to forget that he is, after all, a layman; while he introduces us, almost avowedly, into a world of unmeaning terms, and unreal distinctions and suppositions that can never be verified. The world in general, indeed, *se paye des paroles*. That saying belongs to Pascal, and he uses it with reference to the Jesuits and their favourite expression of "sufficient grace." In the earliest "Letters" he creates in us a feeling that, however orthodox one's intention, it is scarcely possible to speak of the matters then so abundantly discussed by religious people without heresy at some unguarded point. The suspected proposition of Arnauld, it is admitted by one of his foes, "would be Catholic in the mouth of any one but M. Arnauld." "The truth," as it lay between Arnauld and his opponents, is a thing so delicate that "*pour peu qu'on s'en retire, on tombe dans l'erreur; mais cette erreur est si délicate, que, pour peu qu'on s'en éloigne, on se trouve dans la vérité.*"

Some, indeed, may find in the very delicacy, the curiosity, with which such distinctions are drawn, by Pascal's friends as well as by their foes, only the impertinence, the profanities, of the theologian by profession, all too intimate in laying down the law of the things he deals with—the things "which eye hath not seen"—pressing into the secrets of God's sublime commerce with men, in which, it may be, he differs from every single human soul, by forms of thought adapted from the poorest sort of men's dealings with each other, from the trader, or the attorney. Pascal notes too the "impious buffoneries" of his opponents. The good Fathers, perhaps, only meant them to promote geniality of temper in the debate. But of such failures—failures of taste, of respect towards one's own point of view—the world is ever unamiably aware; and in the "Letters" there is much to move the self-complacent smile of the worldling, as Pascal describes his experiences, while he went from one authority to another to find out what was really [meant] by the distinction between grace "sufficient," grace "efficacious," grace "active," grace "victorious." He heard, for instance, that all men have sufficient grace to do God's will; but it is not always *prochain*, not always at hand, at the moment of

temptation to do otherwise. So far, then, Pascal's charges are those which may seem to lie ready to hand against all who study theology, a looseness of thought and language, that would pass nowhere else, in making what are professedly very fine distinctions; the insincerity with which terms are carefully chosen to cover opposite meanings; the fatuity with which opposite meanings revolve into one another, in the strange vacuous atmosphere generated by professional divines.

Up to this point Pascal, you see, is the countryman of Rabelais and Montaigne, smiling with the fine malice of the one, laughing outright with the gaiety of the other, all the world joining in the laugh—well, at the silliness of the clergy, who seem indeed not to know their own business. It is we, the laity, he would urge, who are serious, and disinterested, because sincerely interested, in these great questionings. *Jalousie de métier*, the reader may suspect, has something to do with the professional leaders on both sides of the controversy; but at the actual turn controversy took just then, it was against the Jesuit Fathers that Pascal's charges came home in full force. And their sin is above all that sin, unpardonable with men of the world *sans peur et sans reproche*, of a lack of self-respect, sins against pride, if the paradox may be allowed, all the undignified faults, in a word, of essentially little people when they interfere in great matters, faults promoted in the direction of the consciences of women and children, weak concessions to weak people who want to be saved in some easy way quite other than Pascal's high, fine, chivalrous way of gaining salvation, an incapacity to say what one thinks with the glove thrown down. He supposes a Jansenist to turn upon his opponent who uses the term "sufficient" grace, while really meaning, as he alleges, *insufficient*, with the words: "Your explanation would be odious to men of the world. They speak more sincerely than you on matters of far less importance than this." With the world, Pascal, in the "Provincial Letters," had immediate success. "All the world," we read in his friend's supposed reply to the second "Letter," "sees them; all the world understands them. Men of the world find them agreeable, and even women intelligible." A century later Voltaire found them very agreeable. The spirit in which Pascal deals with his opponents, his irony, may remind us of the "Apology" of Socrates; the style which secured them immediate access to people who, as a rule, find the subjects there treated hopelessly dry, reminds us of the "Apologia" of Newman.

The essence of all good style, whatever its accidents may be, is expressiveness. It is mastered in proportion to the justice, the nicety with which words balance or match their meaning, and their writer succeeds in saying what he *wills*, grave or gay, severe or florid, simple or complex. Pascal was a master of style because, as his sister tells

us, recording his earliest years, he had a wonderful natural facility à dire ce qu'il voulait en la manière qu'il voulait.

Facit indignatio versus. The indignation which caused Pascal to write the "Letters" was of a supercilious kind, and what he willed to say in them led to the développement of all those qualities that are summed up in the French term *l'esprit*. Voltaire declared that the best comedies of Molière *n'ont pas plus de sel que les premières lettres*. "*Vos maximes*," Pascal assures the Jesuit Fathers, "*ont je ne sais quoi de divertissant, qui réjouit toujours le monde*," and they lose nothing of that character in his handling of them, so much so that it was clear from the first that the world in general would never ask whether Pascal had been quite fair to his opponents: "*N'êtes-vous donc pas ridicules, mes pères! Qu'on satisfait au précepte d'ouïr la messe en entendant quatre quarts de messe à la fois de différents prêtres!*" When you have the like of that it is impossible not to laugh, *parce que rien n'y porte davantage qu'une disproportion surprenante entre ce qu'on attend et ce qu'on voit*.

He has "salt" also, of another kind. He drives straight at the Jesuits, for instance, rather than at those who do but copy them, because, as he tells us: *Les choses valent toujours mieux dans leur source*. What equity of expression, how brief, how untranslatable! And the "Letters" abound in such things.

But to his comparison of Pascal with Molière, Voltaire added that Bossuet *n'a rien de plus sublime que les dernières*. And in truth the more serious note of the impassioned servant of religion whose lips have been touched with altar-fire, whose seriousness came to be like some incurable malady, a visitation of [God], as people used to say, is presently struck when, in the natural course of his argument, his thoughts are carried, from a mere passage of arms between one man or one class of men and another, deep down to those awful encounters of the individual soul with itself which are formulated in the eternal problem of predestination.

In their doctrine of "sufficient grace" the Jesuits had presented a view of the conflict of good and evil in the soul, [which is] honourable to God and encouraging to man, and which has catholicity on its face. All to whom entrance into the Church, through its formal ministries, lies open are truly called of God, while beyond it stretches the ocean of "His uncovenanted mercies." That is a doctrine for the many, for those whose position in the religious life is mediocrity, who so far as themselves or others can discern have nothing about them of eternal or necessary or irresistible reprobation, or of the eternal condition opposite to that.

The so-called Jansenist doctrine, on the other hand, of [] but irresistible grace was the appropriate view of the Port-Royalists, high-pitched, eager souls as they were, and of their friend Pascal himself,

however much in his turn he might refine upon it. Whether or not, as a matter of fact, upon which, as distinct from matters of faith, an infallible pope [can] be mistaken, the dreary old Dutch bishop Jansenius had really taught Jansenism, the Port-Royalists had found in his "Augustinus" an incentive to devotion, and were avowedly his adherents. In that somewhat gloomy, that too deeply impressed, that Jesuitical age, they were the Calvinists of the Roman Catholic Church, maintaining, emphasising in it a view, a tradition, really constant in it from St. Augustin, from St. Paul himself. It is the merit of Pascal, his literary merit, to have given a very fine-toned expression to that doctrine, though mainly in the way of a criticism of its opponents to one side or aspect of an eternal controversy, eternally suspended, as representing two opposite aspects of experience itself. Calvin and Arminius, Jansen and Molina sum up, in fact, respectively, like the respective adherents of the freedom or of the necessity of the human will, in the more general question of moral philosophy, two opposed, two counter trains of phenomena actually observable by us in human action, too large and complex a matter, as it is, to be embodied or summed up in any one single proposition or idea.

There are moments of one's own life, aspects of the life of others, of which the conclusion that the will is free seems to be the only—is the natural or reasonable—account. Yet those very moments on reflection, on second thoughts, present themselves again, as but links in a chain, in [an] all-embracing network of chains. In all education we assume, in some inexplicable combination, at once the freedom and the necessity of the subject of it. And who on a survey of life from outside would willingly lose the dramatic contrasts, the alternating interests, for which the opposed ideas of freedom and necessity are our respective points of view? How significant become the details we might otherwise pass by, almost unobserved, but to which we are put on the alert by the abstract query whether a man be indeed a freeman or a slave, as we watch from aside his devious course, his struggles, his final tragedy or triumph. So much value at least there may be in problems insoluble in themselves, such as that great controversy of Pascal's day between Jesuit and Jansenist. And here again who would forego, in the spectacle of the religious history of the human soul, the aspects, the details which the doctrines of universal and particular grace respectively embody? The Jesuit doctrine of sufficient grace is certainly, to use the familiar expression, a very pleasant doctrine conducive to the due feeding of the whole flock of Christ, as being, as assuming them to be, what they really are, at the worst, God's silly sheep. It has something in it congruous with the rising of the physical sun on the evil and on the good, while the wheat and the tares grow naturally, peacefully together.

But how pleasant also the opposite doctrine, how true, how truly descriptive of certain distinguished, magnified, or elect souls, vessels of election, *épris des hauteurs*, as we see them pass across the world's stage, as if led on by a kind of thirst for God! Its necessary counterpart, of course, we may find, at least we can name them in history, perhaps from our own experience: dramatically true of some, of whom it seems but an obvious story to tell that *they* seem to be in love with eternal death, to have borne on them from the first signs of reprobation. Of certain quite visibly-elect souls, at all events, the theory of irresistible grace might seem the almost necessary explanation. Most reasonable, most natural, most truly is it descriptive of Pascal himself.

So far, indeed, up to the year 1656, Pascal's *annus mirabilis*, the year of the "Letters," the world had been allowed to see only one side of him. Early in life he had achieved brilliant overtures in the abstract sciences, and, inheriting much of the quality of a fine gentleman, he figures, with his trenchant manner, never at a loss, as a quite secular person, stirred on occasion to take part in a religious debate. But it is after the grand fashion of the mundane quarrels of that day, the age of the sentiment of personal honour, in which it was so natural for the good-natured Jesuits, stirring all Pascal's satiric power, to excuse as well as they could the act *de tuer pour un simple médisance*. The Church was still an estate of the realm with all the obligations of the *noblesse*, and it was still something worse than bad taste, it was dangerous to express religious doubts. About the Catholic religion, as he conceived it, Pascal displays the assured attitude of an ancient Crusader. He has the full courage of his opinions, and by his elegant easy gallantry in speaking for it he gives to religion then and now a kind of dignity it had lost with other controversialists in the eyes of the world. There is abundant gaiety also in the "Letters." He quotes from Tertullian to the effect that *c'est proprement à la vérité qu'il appartient de rire parce qu'elle est gaie, et de se jouer de ses ennemis parce qu'elle est assurée de sa victoire*. For he could find quotations to his purpose from recondite writers, though he was not a man of erudition, like a man of the world again, read but little, but that absorbingly, was the master of two authors, Epictetus and Montaigne, and, as appeared afterwards, of the Scriptures in the Vulgate.

So far, his imposing carriage of himself intellectually might lead us to suspect that the forced humilities of his later years are indirectly a discovery of what seems one leading quality of the natural man in him, a pride that could be quite fierce on occasion. And like another rich young man whom Jesus loved, he lacked nothing to make the world also love and confide in, as it already doted on him. He turned from it, decided to live a single life.

Was it the mere oddity of genius? Or its last fine dainty touch of difference from ordinary people and their motives? Or that sanctity of which, in some cases, the world itself instinctively feels the distinction, though it shrinks from the true explanation of it? Certainly, all things considered, on the morrow of the "Letters," Blaise Pascal, at the age of thirty-three, had a brilliant worldly future before him, had he cared duly to wait upon, to serve it. To develop the already considerable position of his family among the gentry of Auvergne would have been to follow the way of his time, in which so many noble names had been founded on professional talents. Increasingly, however, from early youth, he had been the subject of a malady so hopeless and inexplicable that in that superstitious age some fancied it the result of a malign spell in infancy. Gradually, the world almost loses sight of him, hears at last, some time after it had looked for that event, that he had died, of course very piously, among those sombre people, his friends and relations of Port Royal, with whom he had taken refuge, and seemed already to have been buried alive. And in the year 1670, not till eight years after his death, the "Pensées" appeared—"Pensées de M. Pascal sur la Religion et sur quelques autres sujets"—or rather a selection from those "Thoughts" by the Port-Royalists, still in fear of consequences to the struggling Jansenist party, anxious to present Pascal's doctrine as far as possible in conformity with the Jesuit sense, as also to divert the vaguer parts of it more entirely into their own. The incomparable words were altered, the order changed or lost, the thoughts themselves omitted or retrenched. Written in short intervals of relief from suffering, they were contributions to a large and methodical work—"Pensées de M. Pascal sur la Religion et sur quelques autres sujets"—on a good many things beside, as the reader finds, on many of the great things of this world which seemed to him to come in contact or competition with religion. In the true version of the "Thoughts," edited at last by Faugère, in 1844, from Pascal's own MSS., in the National Library, they group themselves into certain definite trains of speculation and study. But it is still, nevertheless, as isolated thoughts, as inspirations, so to call them, penetrating what seemed hopelessly dark, summarising what seemed hopelessly confused, sticking fast in men's memories, floating lightly, or going far, that they have left so deep a mark in literature. For again the manner, also, their style precisely becomes them. The merits of Pascal's style, indeed, as of the French language itself, still is to say *beaucoup de choses en peu de mots*; and the brevity, the discerning edge, the impassioned concentration of the language are here one with the ardent immediate apprehensions of his spirit.

One of the literary merits of the "Provincial Letters" is that they are really like letters; they are essentially a *conversation* by writing

with other persons. What we have in the "Thoughts" is the conversation of the writer with himself, with himself and with God, or rather concerning Him, for He is, in Pascal's favourite phrase from the Vulgate, *Deus absconditus*, [He] who never directly shows Himself. *Choses de cœur* the "Thoughts" are, indeed those of an individual, though they seem to have determined the very outlines of a great subject for all other persons. In Pascal, at the summit of the Puy de Dôme in his native Auvergne, experimenting on the weight of the invisible air, proving it to be ever all around by its effects, we are presented with one of the more pleasing aspects of his earlier, more wholesome, open-air life. In the great work of which the "Thoughts" are the first word, Pascal conceived himself to be doing something of the same kind in the spiritual order by a demonstration of this other invisible world all around us, with its really ponderable forces, its movement, its attractions and repulsions, the world of grace, unseen, but, as he thinks, the one only hypothesis that can explain the experienced, admitted facts. Whether or not he was fixing permanently in the "Pensées" the outlines, the principles, of a great system of assent, of conviction, for acceptance by the intellect, he was certainly fixing these with all the imaginative depth and sufficiency of Shakespeare himself, the attitudes, the necessary forms of *πάθος*, of a great tragedy in the heart, the soul, the essential human tragedy, as typical and central in its expression here, as *Hamlet*—what the soul passes, and must pass, through, *aux abois* with nothingness, or with those offended mysterious powers that may really occupy it—or when confronted with the thought of what are called the "four last things" it yields this way or that. What might have passed with all its fiery ways for an *esprit de secte et de cabale* is now revealed amid the disputes not of a single generation but of eternal ones, by the light of a phenomenal storm of blinding and blasting inspirations.

Observe, he is not a sceptic converted, a returned infidel, but is seen there as if at the very centre of a perpetually maintained tragic crisis holding the faith steadfastly, but amid the well-poised points of essential doubt all around him and it. It is no mere calm supersession of a state of doubt by a state of faith; the doubts never die, they are only just kept down in a perpetual *agonia*. Everywhere in the "Letters" he had seemed so great a master—a master of himself—never at a loss, taking the conflict so lightly, with so light a heart: in the great Atlantean travail of the "Thoughts" his feet sometimes are almost gone. In his soul's agony, theological abstractions seem to become personal powers. It was as if just below the surface of the green undulations, the stately woods, of his own strange country of Auvergne the volcanic fires had suddenly discovered themselves anew. In truth

into his typical diagnosis, as it may seem, of the tragedy of the human soul, there have passed not merely the personal feelings, the temperament of an individual, but his malady also, a physical malady. Great genius, we know, has the power of elevating, transmuting, serving itself by the accidental conditions about it, however unpromising—poverty, and the like. It was certainly so with Pascal's long-continued physical sufferings. That *aigreur*, which is part of the native colour of Pascal's genius, is reinforced in the "Pensées" by insupportable languor, alternating with supportable pain, as he died little by little through the eight years of their composition. They are essentially the utterance of a soul *malade*—a soul of great genius, whose malady became a new quality of that genius, perfecting it thus, by its very defect, as a type on the intellectual stage, and then by guiding, reassuring sympathetically, manning by a sense of good company that large class of persons who are *malade* in the same way. "*La maladie est l'état naturel des Chrétiens*," says Pascal himself. And we concede that every one of us more or less is ailing thus, as another has told us that life itself is a disease of the spirit.

From Port Royal also came, about the year 1670, a painful book, the "Life of Pascal," a portrait painted slowly from the life or living death, but with an almost exclusive preference for traits expressive of disease. The *post-mortem* examination of Pascal's brain revealed, we are now told, the secret, not merely of that long prostration, those sudden passing torments, but of something analogous to them in Pascal's genius and work. Well, the light cast indirectly on the literary work of Pascal by Mme. Périer's "Life" is of a similar kind. It is a veritable chapter in morbid pathology, though it may have truly a beauty for experts, the beauty which belongs to all refined cases even of cerebral disturbances. That he should have sought relief from his singular wretchedness, in that sombre company, is like the second stroke of tragedy upon him. At moments Pascal becomes almost a sectarian and seems to pass out of the genial broad heaven of the Catholic Church. He had lent himself in those last years to a kind of pieties which do not make a winning picture, which always have about them, even when they show themselves in men physically strong, something of the small compass of the sick-chamber. His mediæval or oriental self-tortures, all the painful efforts at absolute detachment, a perverse asceticism taking all there still was to spare from the denuded and suffering body, might well, you may think, have died with him, but are here recorded, chiefly by way of showing the world, the Jesuits, that the Jansenists, too, had a saint quite after their mind.

But though, at first sight, you may find a pettiness in those minute pieties, they have their signification as a testimony to the wholeness of Pascal's assent, the entirety of his submission, his immense sincerity, the heroic grandeur of his achieved faith. The seventeenth century

presents survivals of the gloomy mental habits of the Middle Ages, but for the most part of a somewhat theatrical kind, in imitations of Francis and Dominic or of their earlier imitators. In Pascal they are original, and have all their seriousness. *Que je n'en sois jamais séparé—pas séparé éternellement*, he repeats, or makes that strange sort of MS. amulet, of which his sister tells us, repeat for him. It is *table rase* he is trying to make of himself, that He might reign there absolutely alone, who, however, as he was bound to think, had made and blest all those things he declined to accept. Deeper and deeper, then, he retreated into the renunciant life. He could not, had he wished, deprive himself of that his greatest gift—literally a gift he might have thought it not to be buried but accounted for—the gift of seeing clearly and beautifully. “*Il avoit renoncé depuis longtemps aux sciences purement humains.*” To him who had known them so well, and as if by intuition, those abstract and perdurable forms of service might well have seemed a part of the Lord’s doing, marvellous in our eyes, as his favourite Psalm cxix., the psalm *des petites heures*, the cxviii. of the Vulgate, says. But those, too, he counts now as but an element in the *néant* and vanity of things. He no longer records, therefore, the mathematical *aperçus* that may visit him; and in his scruples, his suspicions of visible beauty, he interests us as precisely an inversion of what is called the æsthetic life.

Yet his faith, as in the days of the Middle Ages, had been supported, rewarded, by what he believed to be visible miracle among the strange lights and shades of that retired place. Pascal’s niece, the daughter of Madame Périer, a girl ten years of age, suffered from a disease of the eyes believed to be incurable. The disease was a peculiarly distressing one, the sort of affliction which, falling on a young child, may lead one radically to question as to the presence of divine justice in the world, makes one long that miracles were possible. Well! Pascal, for one, believed that on occasion that profound aspiration had been followed up by the power desired. A thorn from the crown of Jesus, as was believed, had been lately brought to the Port-Royal du Faubourg S. Jacques in Paris, and was one day applied devoutly to the eye of the suffering child. What followed was an immediate and complete cure, fully attested by experts. Pascal, and the young girl herself, faithfully to the end of a long life, believed the circumstances to have been miraculous. Otherwise, we do not see that Pascal was ever permitted to enjoy (so to speak) the religion for which he had exchanged so much; that the sense of acceptance, of assurance, had come to him. For him the Spouse had never penetrated the veil of the ordinary routine of the means of grace; nothing that corresponded as a matter of personal intercourse of the very senses to the greatness of his surrender—who had emptied himself of all other things; besides,

there was some not wholly-explained delay in his reception, in those last days, of the sacrament. It was brought to him just in time—"Voici celui que vous avez tant désiré"—the ministrant says to the dying man. Pascal was then aged thirty-nine—an age you may remember fancifully noted as fatal to genius.

Pascal's "Thoughts," then, we shall not rightly measure but as the outcome, the utterance, of a soul diseased, a soul permanently ill at ease. We find in their constant tension something of insomnia, of that sleeplessness which can never be a quite healthful condition of a mind in a human body. Sometimes they are cries, cries of obscure pain rather than thoughts—those great fine sayings which seem to betray by their depth of sound the vast unseen hollow places of nature, of humanity, just beneath one's feet or at one's side. Reading them, so modern still are those thoughts, so rich and various in suggestion, one seems to witness the mental seed-sowing of the next two centuries, and perhaps more, as to those matters with which he concerns himself. Intuitions of a religious genius, they may well be taken also as the final considerations of the natural man, as a religious inquirer on doubt and faith, and their place in things. Listen now to some of these "Thoughts" taken at random : taken at first for their brevity. *Peu de chose nous console, parce que peu de chose nous afflige. Par l'espace l'univers me comprend et m'engloutit comme un point : par la pensée je le comprends.* Things like these put us en route with Pascal. *Toutes les bonnes maximes sont dans le monde : on ne manque que de les appliquer.* The great ascetic was always hard on amusements, on mere pastimes : *Le divertissement nous amuse, one and all of us, et nous fait arriver insensiblement à la mort. Nous perdons encore la vie avec joie, pourvu qu'on en parle. On ne peut faire une bonne physionomie (in a portrait) qu'en accordant toutes nos contrariétés. L'homme n'est qu'un roseau, le plus foible de la nature, mais c'est un roseau pensant. Il ne faut pas que l'univers entier s'arme pour l'écraser. Une vapeur, une goutte d'eau, suffit pour le tuer. Mais quand l'univers l'écraserait, l'homme seroit encore plus noble que ce qui le tue, parce qu'il sait qu'il meurt, et l'avantage que l'univers a sur lui, l'univers n'en sait rien.* It is not thought by which that excels, but the convincing force of imagination which sublimates its very triteness. *Toute notre dignité consiste donc en la pensée.*

There, then, you have at random the sort of stuff of which the "Pensées" [are made]. Let me now briefly indicate, also by quotation again, some of the main leading tendencies in them. *La chose la plus importante à toute la vie c'est la choix du métier :* and what determines it is *le hasard*. There we recognise the manner of thought of Montaigne. Now one of the leading interests in the study of Pascal is to trace the influence upon him of the typical sceptic of the preceding century. Pascal's "Thoughts" we shall never understand

unless we realise the under-texture in them of Montaigne's very phrases, the fascination the "Essays" had for Pascal in his capacity of one of the children of light giving a veritable *compte rendu* of the Satanic course of this world since the Fall, set forth with all the persuasiveness, the power and charm, all the gifts of Satan, the veritable light on things he has at his disposal.

Pascal re-echoes Montaigne then in asserting the paradoxical character of man and his experience. The old headings under which the Port-Royalist editors grouped the "Thoughts" recall the titles of Montaigne's "Essays"—"Of the Disproportion of Man," and the like. As strongly as Montaigne he delights in asserting the relative, local, ephemeral and merely provisional character of our ideas of law, vice, virtue, and so forth. *Comme la mode fait l'agrément aussi fait elle la justice. La justice et la vérité sont deux pointes si subtiles, que nos instruments sont trop mousses pour y toucher exactement. Bien suivant la seule raison n'est juste de soi ; tout branle avec le temps.* Sometimes he strikes the express accent of Montaigne : *Ceux qui sont dans un vaisseau croient que ceux qui sont au bord fuient. Le langage est pareil de tous côtés. Il faut avoir un point fixe pour en juger. Le port juge ceux qui sont dans un vaisseau, mais où prendrons-nous un port dans la morale ?* At times he seems to forget that he himself and Montaigne are after all not of the same flock, as his mind grazes in those gross pleasant places. *Qu'il (man) se regarde comme égaré dans ce canton détourné de la nature, et de ce petit cachot où il se trouve logé, qu'il apprenne the earth, et soi-même à son juste prix. Il faudrait avoir une règle. La raison s'offre, mais elle est ployable à tous sens ; et ainsi il n'y en a point. Un même sens change selon les paroles qui l'expriment.* He has touches even of what he calls the malignity, the malign irony of Montaigne. *Rien que la médiocrité n'est bon,* he says,—*épris des hauteurs,* as he so conspicuously was—*C'est sortir de l'humanité que de sortir du milieu ; la grandeur de l'âme humaine consiste à savoir s'y tenir. Rien ne fortifie plus le pyrrhonisme—that is ever his word for scepticism—que ce qu'il y en a qui ne sont pas pyrrhoniens : si tous étaient ils auraient tort.* You may even credit him, like Montaigne, with a somewhat Satanic intimacy with the ways, the cruel ways, the weakness, *lacheté*, of the human heart, so that, as he says of Montaigne, himself too might be a pernicious study for those who have a native tendency to corruption.

The paradoxical condition of the world, the natural inconsistency of man, his strange blending of meanness with ancient greatness, the caprices of his status here, of his power and attainments, in the issue of his existence—that is what the study of Montaigne had enforced on Pascal as the sincere *compte rendu* of experience. But then he passes at a tangent from the circle of the great sceptic's apprehension. That prospect of man and the world, undulant

capricious, inconsistent, contemptible, *lâche*, full of contradiction, with a soul of evil in things good, irreducible to law, upon which, after all, Montaigne looks out with a complacency so entire, fills Pascal with terror. It is the *world* on the morrow of a great catastrophe, the casual forces of which have by no means spent themselves. Yes! this *world* we see, of which we are a part, with its thousand dislocations, is precisely what we might expect as resultant from the Fall of Man, with consequences in full working still. It presents the appropriate aspect of a lost world, though with beams of redeeming grace about it, those, too, distributed somewhat capriciously to chosen people and elect souls, who, after all, can have but an ill time of it here. Under the tragic *éclairs* of divine wrath essentially implacable, the gentle, pleasantly-undulating, sunny, earthy prospect of poor loveable humanity which opens out for one in Montaigne's "Essays," becomes for Pascal a scene of harsh precipices, of threatening heights and depths—the depths of his own nothingness. Vanity: nothingness: these are his catchwords: *Nous sommes incapables et du vrai et du bien; nous sommes tous condamnés. Ce qui y paraît (i.e., what we see in the world) ne marque ni une exclusion totale ni une présence manifeste de divinité, mais la présence d'un Dieu qui se cache: (Deus absconditus, that is a recurrent favourite thought of his) tout porte ce caractère.* In this world of abysmal dilemmas, he is ready to push all things to their extremes. All or nothing; for him real morality will be nothing short of sanctity. *En Jésus Christ toutes les contradictions sont accordées.* Yet what difficulties again in the religion of Christ! *Nulle autre religion n'a proposé de se haïr. La seule religion contraire à la nature, contraire au sens commun, est la seule qui ait toujours été.*

Multitudes in every generation have felt at least the æsthetic charm of the rites of the Catholic Church. For Pascal, on the other hand, a certain weariness, a certain puerility, a certain unprofitableness in them is but an extra trial of faith. He seems to have little sense of the beauty of holiness. And for his sombre, trenchant, precipitous philosophy there could be no middle terms; irresistible election, irresistible reprobation; only sometimes extremes meet, and again it is, maybe, the trial of faith that the justified seem as loveless and unlovely as the reprobate. *Abêtissez-vous!* A nature, you may think, that would magnify things to the utmost, nurse, expand them beyond all natural bounds by his reflex action upon them. Thus revelation is to be received on evidence, indeed, but an evidence conclusive only on a presupposition or series of presuppositions, evidence that is supplemented by an act of imagination, or by the grace of faith, shall we say? At any rate, the fact is, that the genius of the great reasoner, of this great master of the abstract and deductive sciences, turned theologian, carrying the methods of thought there formed into

the things of faith, was after all of the imaginative order. Now hear what he says of imagination: *Cette faculté trompeuse, qui semble nous être donnée exprès pour nous induire à une erreur nécessaire.* That has a sort of necessity in it. What he says has again the air of Montaigne, and he says much of the same kind: *Cette superbe puissance ennemie de la raison, combien toutes les richesses de la terre sont insuffisantes sans son consentement.* The imagination has the disposition of all things: *Elle fait la beauté, la justice, et le bonheur, qui est le tout du monde. L'imagination dispose de tout.* And what we have here to note is its extraordinary power in himself. Strong in him as the reasoning faculty, so to speak, it administered the reasoning faculty in him *à son gré*; but he was unaware of it, that power *d'autant plus fourbe qu'elle ne l'est pas toujours.* Hidden under the apparent exactness of his favourite studies, imagination, even in them, played a large part. Physics, mathematics were with him largely matters of intuition, anticipation, precocious discovery, short cuts, superbuguessing. It was the inventive element in his work and his way of putting things that surprised those best able to judge. He might have discovered the mathematical sciences for himself, it is alleged, had his father, as he once had a mind to do, withheld him from instruction in them.

About the time when he was bidding adieu to the world, Pascal had an accident. As he drove round a corner on the Seine side to cross the bridge at Neuilly, the horses were precipitated down the bank into the water. Pascal escaped, but with a nervous shock, a certain hallucination, from which he never recovered. As he walked or sat he was apt to perceive a yawning depth beside; would set stick or chair there to reassure himself. We are now told that that circumstance has been greatly exaggerated. But how true to Pascal's temper, as revealed in his work, that alarmed precipitous character in it! Intellectually the abyss was evermore at his side. *Nous avons, he observes, un autre principe d'erreur, les maladies.* Now in him the imagination itself was like a physical malady, troubling, disturbing, or in active collusion with it. . . .

WALTER PATER.

THE RURAL REVOLUTION.

ALTHOUGH a complete analysis of the results of the Parish Elections on December 4 and 22 is only possible to the Local Government Board, we have enough material in the reports published by the provincial newspapers to enable us to form a fairly correct idea of the direction such an analysis would take. It is to be regretted that so many of the correspondents supplying the information were not alive to the meaning of these elections, and instead of naming the occupations of the Councillors elected, contented themselves with merely giving lists of names, conveying no information to any readers but those in the parishes concerned, or at best with adding a letter indicating the political party to which the new Councillor belonged. The tables of statistics in this article are thus confined to those returns in which the occupations of the new Councillors were given. However, they amount to 929 out of the 7260 parishes in England and Wales electing Councils. Twenty out of forty-two English counties and Welsh divisions are represented, the counties chiefly unrepresented are those in the North of England—Yorkshire, Durham, Lancashire, &c.; but as in those parts, if anywhere, the democratic spirit has long prevailed, their omission adds emphasis to the proof the returns here collected give of the reality of the social revolution in the rural districts generally. In these 929 parishes it appears that more than 2000 persons have been returned from the working classes as Parish Councillors. The numbers appear to be 2139, of which 988 are engaged in various forms of rural labour, and 1246 in other forms of labour. If this 2000 may be regarded as typical of the country as a whole, and no reason appears why it should not be, then about 15,000 of those engaged in various forms of labour have actually entered into the government of England and Wales.

If I resort to the prevailing classification—it is from the necessity of the case, and not that I believe in its intrinsic truth. I write the words, “working class,” “gentry,” “clergy,” with pain, knowing they are but conventional distinctions, and that the real working class includes many a lord, and the real gentry many a labourer, but they are needful for the object of this article, which is to help to give definite expression to a popular movement which, for its width, depth, and earnestness, cannot find a parallel in the rural districts since the days of Edward VI.

In treating, first of all, the results from East Anglia, we have a standard by which to test the rest of England and Wales, for there the tide of popular enthusiasm has reached its highest level, and it is there, in consequence, the local newspapers have seen the meaning of the national movement, and have taken more pains than, with some notable exceptions, has been done elsewhere to supply the necessary data to the fullest possible degree. We are able, accordingly, to give the results of the Parish Councils Elections in 392 East Anglian parishes, which I classify thus :

	Uncontested.	Polled.	Totals.
In 121 Norfolk parishes	92	29	121
Councillors engaged in farming,* &c.	169	59	228
" " agricultural labour	210	60	270
" " other forms of labour	123	44	167
" " trade	161	75	236
" " professions	28	12	40
" " belonging to the gentry	22	7	29
" " clergy	19	5	24
" " Nonconformist ministry	5	2	7
" " who are women	6	3	9
" " others	1	0	1
Results in 111 Suffolk parishes	65	46	111
Councillors engaged in farming	120	86	206
" " agricultural labour	166	75	241
" " other forms of labour	46	121	167
" " trade	80	121	201
" " professions	15	21	36
" " belonging to the gentry	14	24	38
" " clergy	18	11	29
" " Nonconformist ministry	3	5	8
" " who are women	1	0	1

* The term “farming” includes farmers, graziers, farm-bailiffs, market-gardeners, and fruit-growers. The term “agricultural labour” includes every kind of farm labourer, as well as shepherds, thatchers, woodmen, and gardeners. The term “other forms of labour” includes all kinds of artisans, mechanics, and working-men. Occasionally, however, it has not been possible to know for certain whether the councillors were masters or workmen, in which case they have been placed according to the nature of the occupation, a blacksmith being reckoned as an artisan, a baker or a miller as a trader.

	Uncontested.	Polled.	Totals.
Results in 160 Essex parishes	98	62	160
Councillors engaged in farming, &c.	234	99	333
" " agricultural labour	99	38	137
" " other forms of labour	94	48	142
" " trade	153	172	325
" " professions	24	44	68
" belonging to the gentry	36	28	64
" " clergy	26	18	44
" " Nonconformist ministry	7	5	12
" who are women	1	1	2
" others	1	1	2

The number of parishes or wards in the three East Anglian counties holding elections for Parish Councils were : Norfolk, 326 ; Suffolk, 266 ; Essex, 234. The above tables thus gave four-elevenths of Norfolk returns, five-twelfths of those from Suffolk, and about three-fourths of those from Essex. From a comparison between the uncontested elections and those at which a poll was taken, it seems that the Norfolk labourers did better still at the polls than they had done at the uncontested elections, and the farmers even more so ; in fact, every class, except the clergy, shows an apparent improvement at the polls. In Suffolk the labourers did not do as well at the polls as at the uncontested elections, while the farmers kept up their numbers. On the other hand, the trading class in Suffolk did double as well, while the workers more than recovered the position of labour in Suffolk, for they did, comparatively speaking, four times as well at the polls as at the uncontested elections. Probably the different results between the polling and the uncontested elections would find an explanation in the former having taken place most frequently in the less completely rural parishes, and where the councils consequently were larger.

In Essex accordingly, as a less rural county on the whole than either Norfolk or Suffolk, the polls gave the labourers a still worse result than in Suffolk. And again, while the Essex farmers did better at the polls than their labourers, they did a great deal worse than those of Norfolk or Suffolk. On the other hand, the Essex trading classes very much improved their position relatively to the agricultural classes, and to labour generally, at the polls. If this fact about the Essex elections, as the analogous one in Suffolk, is to be attributed to the more urban character of the places where polls were demanded, then that this did not take place in Norfolk enhances the success of both the labourers and the farmers in that part of East Anglia. The success of the Norfolk labourers places them in the van of the army of labour ; they have without doubt achieved a signal victory. Suffolk comes next, and if these returns are typical of the whole county, then a relative comparison shows the representation of labour on the Suffolk Parish Councils to be only second to that in

Norfolk. If the position of labour in the foregoing returns from Suffolk and from Essex is compared relatively to the whole number of the councillors in each table, it will appear that to have equalled the Suffolk level Essex ought to have returned 507 agricultural labourers and working men instead of only 279 as there appears. The difference in these two figures gives some idea of the superior degree in which labour has succeeded both in Suffolk and in Norfolk to what it has done in Essex.

According to the summary of the returns issued by the Local Government Board, we learn that

Norfolk held 326 elections, 236 uncontested, being 72.4 of the whole.					
Suffolk	"	266	"	201	"
Essex	"	234	"	153	"

Applying these figures to the tables given above of classified results from the returns of the three East Anglian counties, the Councillors representative of labour would number something like 2507, distributed as follows:

	Norfolk.	Suffolk.	Essex.
Agricultural labour . . .	724	617	205
Other forms of labour . . .	378	386	197
Total labour Councillors . . .	1102	1003	402

This is only a general result, serving to show the direction of the compass, for, of course, it must not be forgotten that these numbers are distributed between some 800 separate and independent Councils, and therefore do not indicate more than that in a great many places in Norfolk and Suffolk the government of the parish will for the ensuing year be in the hands of the representatives of labour. But this in itself is a very great thing, and for more than three centuries a quite unprecedented fact.

It is remarkable that where labour has obtained a victory it has been overwhelming. Thus, while in some parishes not a single labourer and few working men obtain a seat, in others they have nearly taken possession of the entire Council. Elmslett, for example, returns five labourers, a farmer, and a carrier; Whatfield, five labourers, a farmer, and a shoemaker; Reydon, five labourers, a farmer, and the clergyman; Great Wratting, four labourers, two shepherds, and a farmer; Westleton, six labourers, three farmers, a shoemaker, and a carpenter. At Whepstead the Council is composed entirely of working men, but how many are rural labourers is not said. The *Westminster Gazette* of December 11 mentions that at Brisley the Council is composed of eight labourers and a farmer; at Carleton Rode of seven labourers and a farmer; at West Rainham of seven labourers.

Swanton Morley is a parish which has long been in the van

of the rural struggle. At the parish meeting nearly every man was present. The indomitable Norfolk labour leader, George Rix, C.C., was voted to the chair, and the battle began. The labourers' nominations comprised four agricultural labourers, two small farmers a few years since labourers, one working farmer, and finally the chairman, himself a former day labourer at 1s. 2d. a day (1849), but now a grocer and farmer. The show of hands was two to one; a poll was demanded, with the result that the seven representatives of labour were all returned by a good majority.

At Coombs in Suffolk an even more signal victory was achieved on behalf of labour. The number to be elected was thirteen and labour asked for nine seats. Seven were offered, with power to choose a chairman outside the Council: apparently, however, no agreement was come to, for at the nomination the non-labour party put up nine candidates, to which the labour party replied by nominating thirteen. Desirous, however, to save the parish the expense of an election, six of the latter offered to retire, but finding their opponents not content with this, but wishful to have the appointment of the chairman, the whole thirteen went to the poll and were elected.

Of 927 Councillors chosen in 111 parishes in Suffolk only thirty-eight bore the title of nobleman or gentleman, and out of 1011 in Norfolk only twenty-nine. At this rate, if we had the whole of the figures for the two counties, we should probably find that the Suffolk gentry only appear in the Councils to the extent of rather more than 8 per cent., and the Norfolk gentry between 5 and 6 per cent. The clergy are in a still worse position. In Suffolk, out of 927 Councillors, only twenty-nine clergymen are returned; and in Norfolk out of 1011 Councillors only twenty-four; that is, in Suffolk the clergy appear to a little more than 3 per cent. on the Parish Councils, while in Norfolk not more than 2½ per cent. This position of affairs has been occasionally aggravated by the resentment displayed by those who have for so long exercised the supremacy. At Ingham, in Norfolk, where two labourers, a groom, and a marsh labourer were elected, three persons of the hitherto governing class refused to serve. However, this policy has not been generally imitated, and some of the East Anglian gentry, displaying the usual courage of the race, have entered the Councils to fight, as one hopes, not merely for their own interests, but against that personal selfishness and corruption which undoubtedly will spring up under the new conditions as under the old. As things are and men feel and think, a parish meeting presided over by an admiral, and electing two farmers, three labourers, a groom, and a baronet, seems likely to promise more progress in a material and practical sense than an election which puts the parish entirely into the hands of one class. But then, on the other hand, there is the moral education the people

get when they feel responsibility, and are left to learn by their own experience. Perhaps the danger in some places just now is that the pendulum may swing too far. For good or evil, the judgment of the people of Norfolk and Suffolk has gone forth unmistakably.

By what sentiments the leaders of the incoming hosts are animated may be gathered from the following passage in a letter received from one who has great influence among them :

"I am more than satisfied with the manly and independent action of the agricultural labourers, &c., in the county of Norfolk. I have reason to believe that in scores of villages in Norfolk, where Methodism has a good hold, the Parish and District Councillors will be composed of their best and most active laymen. I feel very keenly the responsibility that rests upon me to guide these, my life-long friends and supporters, into the paths of steady, thoughtful and reasonable action. The future is pregnant with benefits to the toiling masses of our countrymen. . . . I think, if we, as life-long reformers, are true to our principles, and keep pegging away at the work, we have nothing to fear from mongrel Liberals and stupid Tories, but shall, as time goes on, be led from victory to victory, and ground our arms at the feet of Justice, Mercy, and Truth."

If we go from the extreme east of the country to the extreme-west, from East Anglia to South Wales, we shall find there the same movement among the people. As the *Cardiff Times* said a few days after the nomination meetings and first elections: "From North Pembrokeshire and South Cardiganshire, from the Lleyn promontory in Carnarvonshire, and from Anglesey, the 'mother of Wales,' from the busy haunts of men in the Rhondda Valley and Merthyr Tydvil, the same tale is being carried. The working man is abroad! He has recognised the magnitude of his opportunity, and he has determined to make good use of it." The *Tyst* is evidently alarmed at this, and preaches moderation to the working man. "There is a great danger," it says, "that the working men of our country, should by being selfish, carry things to such extremes as to turn the stream of everybody else's sympathy and encouragement to another direction, and then it is only a question of time for them to enter into a worse bondage than before. 'This is an Act for us,' say some of them, 'and let us keep all others out.' . . . Never was there greater need than now for safe leaders for our working men. What is somewhat dispiriting is to see them somewhat unwilling to follow their tried leaders, and their reckless readiness to follow false leaders." Good old mother hen is desperately anxious, and cackles loudly when her runaway ducklings make for the water, but an unerring force is leading them to their natural element, and they will soon be displaying powers she little dreams they possess. There is little doubt that the new Act has created a very great stir in rural South Wales. The Welsh country-people have all become alive to their responsibilities as citizens, and every one who feels within himself

or herself the least ability for public life is anxious to take a share in the regeneration of their parish. The nominations were, in consequence, so numerous that the returning officers could not, even with the help of additional clerks, examine the whole of the documents sent in, and the Local Government Board had to extend the time allowed for making the returns by two or three days. A brilliant morning star rose in the dawn over the hills of Carmarthenshire. The young daughter of a local farmer was chosen a member of the first Parish Council elected in that lonely and remote district.

In testing the returns from South Wales by the East Anglian standard we must not forget the very different proportion in which farmers and labourers are found in the two districts. In Norfolk, for example, the labourers are five times, and in Suffolk six times as numerous as the farmers in those counties; whereas in South Wales the farming class are a good deal more numerous than the rural labourers. This at once suggests closer comradeship and a more frequent interchange of positions than is the case in East Anglia. Moreover, the farmer and the labourer are in sympathy religiously, which is not the case to anything like the same extent in Norfolk or Suffolk. In South Wales, the great majority of the farmers being Liberals and Nonconformists, many labourers find in them representatives whom they trust, and who they know have more time to devote to public affairs than they have themselves. The thousand-and-one little chapels have been normal schools where the people have learnt the art of self-government and whom to trust. That the question in rural South Wales has pre-eminently been one between the democracy and the old governing classes appears from the fact that the clergy, gentry, and professional classes together form about a ninth part of the councillors in the following returns from 78 parishes in South Wales—being 23 from Pembrokeshire, 23 from Glamorganshire, 10 from Brecon, 6 from Cardiganshire, and 16 from Carmarthenshire :

Engaged in farming	270
" agricultural labour	27
" other forms of labour	123
" trade	143
" the Nonconformist ministry	8
" women	8 = 579
" professions	33
Belonging to the gentry	22
" " clergy	9 = 64

The position of both clergymen and Nonconformist ministers is striking. The clergy do not reach $1\frac{3}{10}$ ths per cent. of the whole number of Councillors, and the Nonconformist ministers less than $1\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. "Looked at from any point of view," says a Welsh newspaper, in full sympathy with the village awakening, the results are full of encouragement for the friends of the democracy, and

especially for those who have foretold the immense possibilities that lie dormant in the Welsh people. In other countries where there has been a national awakening, the "revival" has been confined to the educated and cultured classes, but in Wales the working men are showing that they are well abreast of the times. What will the Welsh people do with the privilege they have gained? "The universal testimony of the lecturers who have visited every part of the Principality is that the most popular clause in the new Act is that which provides for the establishment of parish reading-rooms." *

The enthusiasm in Wales may be somewhat due to its Celtic blood, for the same thoroughness in democratic action distinguishes both Cumberland and Cornwall.

In 12 Cumberland parishes the democratic character of the returns is manifest

Miners, &c.	43	Gentlemen	11
Other working men	7	Yeomen	3
Rural labourers	6	Women	2
Farmers	31	Clergymen	3
Traders	13		

	Uncontested.	Polled.	Totals.
In 26 parishes in Cornwall the results were	14	12	26
Councillors engaged in farming	59	60	119
" " agricultural labour	8	20	28
" " other forms of labour	19	18	37
" " trade	39	21	60
" yeomen	1	10	11
" gentlemen	4	3	7
" clergy	3	0	3
" Nonconformist ministry	2	0	2
" professions	10	2	12
" others	2	0	2

The agricultural labourers have not really come off worse in Cornwall, according to these figures, than in Norfolk, for in Cornwall their numbers are only slightly in excess of the farmers, whereas Norfolk labourers are five times as numerous as the farmers. The Cornish working men, rural as well as others, appear to have been very much in earnest about the elections. In one parish, it is said, politics were little thought of, every one considering it a fight between the farmer and the labourer. In another parish, Linkinhorne, the working men obtained five seats out of thirteen; at South Petherwin two labourers were at the head of the poll, and in another parish in Cornwall the new Council did a democratic act in electing a Bible Christian minister as their chairman. That the successes of the working men in Cornwall were not still more numerous and thorough is attributed to lack of organisation.

* *Cardiff Times*, Dec. 8, 1894.

In the south-western counties there is reason to believe that the people of the villages have received and carried out the new law with an energy and an enthusiasm never witnessed in rural England for many generations. The parish meetings seem to have been well attended; the labourers, and in fact all classes, were properly represented. If the labourers do not at once make a show in the results in accordance with their numbers, we must remember it is only yesterday, as it were, that the labourer was supposed to be competent to take part in the government of his village, and that even to-day thousands will look askance at his arrival in the seat of power. If, then, in these south-western counties he comes up to the average shown in the results of the forty Devonshire parishes here given, it will really mean that a great revolution has commenced in rural England, the results of which will be only the more sure and thorough, since they will proceed slowly and take time fully to work out.

	Uncontested.	Polled.	Totals.
Results in 40 Devonshire parishes . . .	7	33	40
Councillors engaged in farming . . .	37	102	139
" " agricultural labour . . .	19	25	44
" " other forms of labour . . .	7	48	55
" " trade . . .	25	92	117
" " professions . . .	8	5	13
" belonging to the gentry . . .	6	25	31
" " clergy . . .	1	3	4
" " Nonconformist ministry . . .	0	2	2
" yeomen . . .	4	7	11
" women . . .	0	1	1
" others . . .	0	2	2

If these results are typical of the rest of Devonshire, then there must be some 447 labourers and some 338 working men in the Parish Councils of that county. And if this is seen to have been more or less the case all over the country, the moral effect of this great change in rural affairs can hardly be over-estimated. Such, indeed, is the view of a Somerset newspaper, which, in reporting the results of the first parish meetings and nominations in the county, says:

"It is not, perhaps, an exaggeration to affirm that never were the villages of the land so stirred as to-day. People of all degrees—squire and labourer, farmer and shopkeeper, vicar and local preacher—are showing great eagerness to serve on the new Councils; and there is abundant evidence to show that great changes and developments in village life and its amenities are likely to flow from the infusion of new blood and new interests into the administration of the affairs of rural England." *

From the evident enthusiasm of the Somerset people, we may at least hope labour succeeded there as well as in Devonshire, and up to the mark of the following results from 18 parishes in Wilts :

* *Weston-super-Mare Gazette*

Councillors engaged in farming	50
" " agricultural labour	28
" " other forms of labour	60
" " trade	44
" who belong to the gentry	8
" " " clergy	7
" " to other professions	3

These results look, and undoubtedly are, highly satisfactory to the labouring classes, but when we remember that the agricultural labourers in Wilts are nearly five times as numerous as the farmers, we see that their position in these elections as compared with that of the farmers is much the same as that of the Devonshire labourers. The other section of the working classes are, however, in such force, that Wiltshire must apparently be a county in which labour has been peculiarly successful.

The Gloucestershire returns that we have been able to utilise present very similar results when the relative numbers of farmers and labourers are taken into account :

	Uncontested.	Polled.	Totals.
Results from 154 Gloucestershire parishes	103	51	154
Councillors engaged in farming, &c.	226	113	339
" " agricultural labour	97	30	127
" " other forms of labour	78	44	122
" " trade	112	109	221
" " professions	16	14	30
" who belong to the gentry	38	28	66
" " " clergy	20	8	28
" " " Nonconformist ministry	4	4	8
" yeomen	6	0	6
" women	4	1	5

Proceeding along the southern counties, we find the rural mind waking up everywhere, and with more or less resoluteness, determined to leap on to the horse Opportunity. Thus we are not surprised to hear that even the sweetest and gentlest of our rural labourers, the people of Dorsetshire, have displayed great activity in the elections, defeating in several places their employers at the polls.

In Hampshire the results of twenty-two contested elections were as follows :

Councillors engaged in farming, &c.	37
" " agricultural labour	13
" " other forms of labour	19
" " trade	33
" " professions	5
" who belong to the gentry	24
" clergy	5
" yeomen	2
" women	2

Tested by the Norfolk standard, these returns do not indicate a high measure of success on the part of the Hampshire labourers. Their number in the whole county as compared to that of the farmers stands at about the same proportion as in Norfolk; therefore to have come up to the level of that county the number of the agricultural labour councillors in the results just given ought to have been three times as numerous. But a still greater diminution in the number of councillors from the working people, as well as a general lessening of enthusiasm in the matter, must be expected as we enter the narcotic atmosphere of the great zone of villadom which surrounds the metropolis.

Thus twenty-four Parish Councils in Sussex gave the following results:

	Uncontested.	Polled.	Total.
	5	19	24
Councillors engaged in farming	19	48	67
" agricultural labour	3	12	15
" other forms of labour	1	12	19
" trade	13	62	75
" professions	4	12	16
" who belong to the gentry	3	23	26
" " clergy	5	9	14

Thus in these twenty-four rural Parish Councils trade already has more influence than agriculture, and the labourer not a quarter that of the farmer; labour in fact is represented only one-sixth as well as its employers.

West Kent would probably give a similar account of Sussex; but in North Kent, in the Rochester and Chatham districts, the labourers have done well. From six parishes we have the following results at the poll:

Councillors engaged in farming, &c.	12
" " agricultural labour	12
" " other forms of labour	4
" " trade	10
" " professions	2
" who belong to the gentry	4
" " clergy	1
" " Nonconformist ministry	1

In the village of Stoke, near Chatham, the entire Council is reported to be composed of men of the labour party, the vicar and farmers being completely defeated. Ninety-nine per cent. it is said of the electors voted.

Another account from East Kent, which gives an analysis of voting in eighteen typical instances, shows the following results:

Councillors engaged in farming, &c.	37
" " agricultural labour	23
" " other forms of labour	7
" " trade	48
" " professions, &c.	15
" who belong to the gentry	10
" " clergy	6

Neither of the above tables would lead to the supposition that there has been any want of interest, but there may be many who, judging from their own local experience, will believe the contrary. We must, however, take a general view, and the results in these twenty-four parishes are safer to go upon than one in which the conditions may be peculiar. And this must often occur in all the metropolitan counties, disturbed as their natural conditions are by the invasion of villadom.

In a portion of Surrey, into which the most select form of villadom has made, and is continually making, large advances, but otherwise a purely agricultural country, we find the Councils in twelve parishes to consist of thirty-three traders, twenty-two gentlemen, thirteen professional men, fifteen working men, and five clergymen; while the strictly rural population has only thirteen representatives of the farming class and eight of the labouring. Thus farmers and labourers together do not obtain one-fourth of the representation, and labour is in a worse position still. The representation of these Parish Councils is in point of fact in the hands of the gentry and tradesmen, which, to judge from the following advice given in his Parish Magazine by the Vicar of Cobham to his parishioners, is the beau-ideal of villadom:

"A Council consisting mainly of gentry and tradesmen might do a great deal of good, and certainly would not prove an 'infliction' to the parish. On the other hand, a Council with labouring men in the ascendant (particularly if most of them belonged to the army of non-taxpayers) would probably lay many needless burdens on their well-to-do fellow-parishioners, and would certainly do harm, although, of course, unintentionally, to the outside members of their own class. Quite recently we were told of a large employer of labour, not far from Cobham, who, consequently upon the passing of the Parish Councils Act, has reduced the wages of his men 2s. a week per head, and has shifted upon them the duty of settling for their rates and taxes, instead of paying for them himself, as he had done before—a caution to his employees not to be too keen in the matter of bringing about the levying of fresh taxation. Other property owners have freely announced their intention of economising to the extent of the extra burdens imposed on them by their Parish Councils, which means, in a few words, that they will drop their subscriptions to their village cricket and football and other such clubs, that they will employ less labour, and that they will go to cheaper places than the local markets for their stores."*

This is letting the cat out of the bag in a delightful manner, and

* *Westminster Gazette*, December 3, 1895.

the guileless Vicar of Cobham can be honestly complimented on thus telling the people frankly what kind of pressure will be brought to bear upon them to compel them to vote according to their individual interests, and against their sense of what is just and right and for the common good. It is a warning of what is in store for the poor man as suburbanism extends its area, and it will be more difficult to meet than the fine old English style which still prevails in more purely agricultural districts. A Tory squire and magistrate boasted, with reference to the recent election in his village, to this effect: "We managed as we liked. We took care to select our own men, and had them elected without a poll. We would not have any tomfoolery in our parish"; and, speaking of an adjoining parish, he went on to say "that in ——— parish they had some trouble, for some blackguard fellow demanded a poll."

As we quit the metropolitan counties and go north, popular feeling seems better able to assert itself. At Welwyn, in Herts, there were eleven candidates for four seats in the Rural District Council, and three of them were won by labour men, a clergyman, who stood in the Conservative interest, being behind them all, with less than half the votes given for the first labour candidate elected. An analysis of the votes given came out thus:

Labour	438
Conservative	156
Liberal	101

And in the same place the labour party won five seats out of ten on the Parish Council.

In Bedfordshire, three Parish Council elections give the following results: five farmers and market-gardeners, six labourers, six working men, six tradesmen, and two clergymen.

At Woburn in Bucks, the parochial schoolmaster was returned at the head of the poll by a large majority. There were no less than thirty-one candidates for the eleven seats on the Parish Council, among them the vicar, two County Councillors and Justices of the Peace, and a member of Parliament. Surely such a fact might awaken a little faith in the discernment of the people.

In Huntingdonshire, a lively interest was taken in the elections, and at Warboys three labourers were returned.

At Kirtlington, in Oxfordshire, the working men succeeded in forming a Parish Council entirely composed of their own nominees. This thoroughly agricultural county seems, judging from the results which have been published in detail, to be much nearer than most others to the Norfolk and Suffolk standard.

In nineteen parishes polled on December 17 the numbers were:

Councillors engaged in farming, &c.	29
" " agricultural labour, &c.	23
" " other forms of labour	20
" " trade	40
" " professions	13
" belonging to the gentry	5
" " clergy	5

The above return relates to parishes scattered in various parts of Oxfordshire; one, obtained by Mr. Herbert Samuel, of forty-one Parish Councils in the southern division of the county, and published in the *Berks and Oxon Advertiser* of January 18th, gives an analysis of the numbers in each occupation, of which the following is a summary: 97 labourers and working men of all kinds, 66 farmers, 52 traders, 15 clergymen, and one Nonconformist minister.

In Berkshire, the results of thirty Parish Councils gave:

Councillors engaged in farming, &c.	46
" " agricultural labour	20
" " other forms of labour	41
" " trade	84
" " professions	13
" belonging to the gentry	13
" " clergy	6
" " Nonconformist ministry	3
" " women	1

From which it appears that the agricultural labourers in Oxfordshire did more than twice as well as the labourers in Berkshire, taking into account the relative proportion in each county of labourers to farmers.

In the heart of England, in Warwickshire and Leicestershire, to judge from the newspapers, the labourers have not done great things. In the former county, although there are many ardent souls among the labourers, several causes have concurred to disorganise and destroy the great agricultural labour movement commenced there so hopefully more than twenty years ago. Too much of the old leaven of individualism killed this promising movement, and this, I believe, is the secret why Warwickshire appears at this crisis to experience but little of the joyous thrills of the new birth. The Leicestershire labourers, I hope and believe, have done well, but unfortunately for the objects of this article, the Leicestershire newspapers that I have seen are too much affected by the political bearings of things to bring out the real point in the late elections. Eight returns in which occupations were given have been all I have been able to find, and the results of these give farmers and graziers, 17; labourers, 4; workmen, 9; traders, 15; professions, 3; clergymen, 2; ministers, 2; gentleman, 1. In two of the parishes the elections were evidently a struggle between masters and men. At Naseby there were three farmers and

three labourers elected; at Anstey five boot and shoe manufacturers, and four workmen of the same craft.

As we turn again to the east the sun appears to be rising, and we feel distinctly warmer. Lincolnshire evidently feels something of the glow of Norfolk, to judge from the following results from twenty-three parishes in that county:

Councillors engaged in farming, &c.	59
" " agricultural labour	26
" " other forms of labour	19
" " trade	56
" " professions	10
" belonging to the gentry	7
" " clergy	3
" women	3

In these parishes we meet the same phenomenon which we have had almost everywhere else—the rejection of the clergy. Here they do not seem to have numbered two out of every 100 councillors chosen: not that they refrained from seeking election, but they either withdrew or were beaten. In one of these parishes the clergyman was at the bottom of a list of thirteen. At Lutton five farmers were defeated, the successful candidates being a labourer, two cottagers, a carpenter, one farmer, and a Nonconformist minister. It is said that in the Kesteven division about 80 per cent. of the labour candidates were unsuccessful. But the interest in the elections this implies is striking. Doubtless they failed to so large an extent because, as in South Wales, the people, in their enthusiasm, nominated far too many candidates.

The neighbouring county of Notts exhibited in some places similar democratic tendencies. Four labour representatives were elected at Hucknall Torkard, together with eleven Liberals, one Unionist, and two Independents. At Selston, five of the new Councillors style themselves Democrats.

The more we go north, the more we may be sure the people knew how to secure their due representation in both Parish and District Councils. In Durham the most striking feature of the elections was the great number of miners returned. Their representatives are hewers, engineers, overmen, check-weighmen, &c. At Altofts, near Normanton, in Yorkshire, a miner was at the head of the polling for the Urban District Council, and at Methley, near Leeds, the working men won nine seats out of twelve on the Urban District Council. At Hutton Cranswick, near Driffield, a shoemaker headed the poll for both the Parish and District Council elections.

The people have not, perhaps, everywhere fully realised the superior importance of the District to the Parish Council, and they do not seem to have displayed the same energy with regard to it. Of course,

there are many instances all over the country of working men obtaining seats on the Urban District Councils; but it is comparatively rare that they have sought and obtained a position in the Rural District Councils. It is difficult to tell whether men who are described as cabinet-makers and carpenters are *bonâ fide* working men; but when the District Councillor elected at Helions Bumpstead, in Essex, is described as "a factory hand" one can have no doubt. At West Dereham, in Norfolk, a labourer was elected as the District Councillor; at East Rudham, a tailor and a carpenter; at Edgefield, another carpenter; at Binham, an ex-policeman—all in the same county. From Suffolk we hear of a farm horseman at Baddingham, a stone mason at Wickham Market, another at Saxmundham, being returned as District Councillors. On the District Council, which takes in all the parishes about Stowmarket, the labour party have a majority, and expect to see the chairman they select, a magistrate. At Caistor, in Lincolnshire, a blacksmith and a lady were returned as District Councillors; and at Toynnton All Saints, in the same county, a cottager was elected. In some very unexpected parts the labourers and working men made their way to the District Councils. At Tredington, in Worcestershire, a labourer defeated a captain of reserves in the election for the District Council. At Bidford, in Warwickshire, the working men's candidates were returned to the District Council; and at Stow-on-the-Wold, in the same county, a labourer was returned. A working man was chosen vice-chairman of a District Council in Sussex, of which Mr. Stansfeld is chairman. Several working men occupy seats in various Sussex Urban District Councils; and at Ringmer a sweep gallantly attempted to take the seat for that parish in the Rural District Council. But perhaps the most striking of all the democratic victories in the recent elections was the return of Mrs. Dickenson, a miner's wife, as Guardian in the Hunslet Union, Yorkshire.

It has been said the number of the women returned in the late elections is a negligible quantity. But even in the partial returns I have come across the number amounts to between eighty and ninety. It is true the greater number have been elected as Guardians or on the District Councils. But in many of the counties women were returned as Parish Councillors. In Devonshire, Herefordshire, and Worcestershire they are just represented. In South Wales the few returns I have collected give eight women Parish Councillors. In Bucks two women have been elected; at Girton, Oxford, a woman student has been elected, and at Guilder Morden, Cambridgeshire, the daughter of the secretary of the Local Government Board is a member of the Parish Council; in Norfolk, nine women have been elected on the Parish Councils; in Suffolk, one; in Essex, one; at Killingworth, another; and at Hawarden, in Cheshire, the election of a woman as Parish Councillor is reported. And these, probably

are representative of many others which have not appeared, or which I have not observed. The elections of women as Rural District Councillors and as Guardians have been numerous, and they have generally been at the head of the poll, their heavy majorities showing with what enthusiasm their elections have been carried. In South Wales, at least twenty-seven women's names appear as Guardians; nine were among the elected at Cardiff, where, with one exception, all the women candidates headed the polls in their respective wards. In Gloucestershire it is reported that there are about twenty women on the various Boards of Guardians. At Bristol two have been elected, and one at Newnham; in Wilts, at Swindon, three; and at Chiseldon another headed the poll for the Rural District Council. In Warwickshire, at Alcester, a surgeon's wife was elected on the District Council; and in the same county we have the now famous example of the Countess of Warwick. In Lincolnshire, at a place described as Greetwell Wilton, a woman was unanimously elected to the Rural District Council, and on the Biston Union two women have seats. In Yorkshire, at Wakefield, two women were elected; and at Batley, one to the Rural District Councils. In Sussex and in Surrey we have two striking instances of the welcome women have generally received from the working men. At Battle a woman headed the poll with more than double the votes of the two other successful candidates; and at Dorking a woman headed the poll by an immense majority over the next successful candidate—639 votes to 359.

This unity of woman and labour is one of the auguries of the time. The two enslaved classes signal their emancipation together, and this is all the more striking as the representatives from each have a history and an experience the most totally opposed it is possible to conceive. But as the entrance into some sort of liberty, equality, and fraternity of the masses in the Middle Ages was heralded by the mutual sympathy of the high-born dame and the lowly minstrel, incarnation of the genius of "the common man," so the apparition of the same fact to-day is the augury of another great emancipation in human history.

But the most striking fact, because it has been so universal, is the reprobation of the clerical power which the rural people of England have deliberately, and with the most surprising unanimity pronounced. *Mcne, Mcne, Tekel, Upharsin*, is the message that has gone forth through England to the rural clergy. Who can say it is not a just judgment when one reflects in what a curiously un-Christian manner Christianity has been presented in most rural parishes? The care of souls undertaken, not because a man feels that he has a special call to be the pastor of a particular parish, but either because he has interest with the patron, or because he is considered deserving of reward for work done elsewhere. Then, again, the ghastly contrast between the

dwelling-place of the shepherd and those of most of his flock. While the shepherd has often had rooms enough and to spare, his poor sheep have been driven to herd together in their old age as so many criminals, separated from their wives and children, doomed to a pauper's death and a pauper's grave. How can the people forget these things? They may grumble about the charities, but the way in which they have been administered is only part of the scandal of the whole position, the impossibility of simple men believing in Christian ministers who live in palaces and closes, rectories and vicarages, while so many thousands of their brothers and sisters live out their lives in such terrible discomfort.

Are we to suppose that "the Medes and Persians," among whom the old clerical kingdom is to be divided, are the various dissenting ministers to whom the rural people will now turn? The universal answer is distinctly negative. Nothing is more striking; the clergy are not rejected in order that the ministers may be welcomed. Both alike have received their *congé*. If we ask what the dissenting ministers have done to deserve this censure, the answer will be that they have done nothing but follow in the wake of the clergy: as the clergy have lived as part of the gentry, so they have lived as part of the middle class; neither of them being in consequence truly in sympathy with the "common man." Of course there are many exceptions to this, both among the clergy and the dissenting ministers—many who have suffered life-long poverty, and that often in its most cruel forms; but this, had they been willing to glory in it, was the best sermon they could preach to a Christendom lost in wealth and comfortableness. What will the gentry do? They have the history of Europe for a whole century to teach them, and from it they may plainly learn the folly of struggling against the inevitable. Let them accept the revolution and lead it. But they must not linger, remembering:

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And they must take the current when it serves,
Or lose their ventures."

But will they have the grace to do it? Yes, it is possible, for the English aristocracy have shown a *savoir faire* unknown in other lands. But will they understand how much is needed, how complete a conversion is required? Will they be able to do for themselves what their spiritual guides should have helped them to do long ago—that is, understand the intrinsic injustice and iniquity of their position, and the duty it entails upon them of living entirely and wholly for the common weal. Let them not ask the confidence of the people

as a right, but earn it as men earn their bread, and they will find it tastes sweeter than all the gingerbread of stars and garters and ribbons and titles. Let them enter the homes of the poor and live in them and with them, at least some time in their lives, and so will they understand the stuff life is made of, and learn how to be true princes and leaders of the people. Let them have done with the foolish notion that they can stop a current which has been flowing down the Christian ages, and which, having overcome endless obstacles, has been for a century past ever widening.

They may refuse, but the course of time will not wait until they are ready, still less will it consent to their turning it back. Prometheus, having stolen the divine fire, is now giving it to us Englishmen, and especially to those whom aforetime in the pride of our hearts we called clodhoppers; and to-day the turn of the clodhopper has come, and it is they who will have the making of the new England:

"The world, confided to these men of clay,
From its old bondage quickly breaks away,
And soon it flies
In a new orbit. Thunders, lightnings, hail,
Gather your storms, earth's vessel now sets sail
For other skies!"

RICHARD HEATH.

ARMENIA.

BY the sixty-first article of the Berlin Treaty the condition of the Armenians in the provinces of Asiatic Turkey was raised to the dignity, and was invested with the importance, of an international question. Each successive year which has witnessed the postponement of the stipulated reforms has augmented the gravity of the situation, and has helped to render more difficult the peaceful solution of the problem. In spite of the express provisions of the "Charter of the Orient," the security of the Armenians has not been guaranteed against the Kurds and the Circassians, the Porte has entirely failed to fulfil its obligations, and no adequate or earnest attempt has been made by the signatory Powers to act up to the responsibilities which they incurred, and to enforce and supervise the execution of the promised improvements. The accumulated evidence of sixteen years exemplifies the hopelessness of the present position of affairs, so long as existing conditions are maintained, and points to the necessity for definite, serious, and immediate action. The Sasun incidents have brought matters to a head, although they constitute merely one connecting link in a long chain of acts of oppression and outrage. Unless steps are taken at once to compel the Porte to carry out the provisions of clause sixty-one in their spirit and intention, and in such a manner as to secure, not merely a temporary abatement of outrages, but the introduction of permanent reforms, there is grave reason for fearing that what has now become an international question may soon develop into an international crisis.

Before proceeding to examine the available remedies, and the manner in which they are capable of being applied, it may be well to consider some of the fallacies which are frequently urged at the present juncture with the object of lulling the public mind into a

state of indifference, or even of acquiescence in the condition of affairs which prevails in the Armenian provinces. It is stated, for example, (1) that the Sasun occurrences constitute an isolated event of so exceptional a character as not to justify the inferences which it is sought to deduce from it; (2) that, pending the report of the Commission recently appointed, the whole of the Armenian agitation should be brought to a standstill; (3) that the object of the movement is hostile to Mohammedanism, and is calculated to exasperate the adherents of that religion; and (4) that the question does not concern the government and inhabitants of that country to a greater extent than that to which it concerns the government and the inhabitants of other European countries. The error of those statements is due in part to a misapprehension or distortion of facts, and in part to an imperfect process of reasoning. The Sasun incidents, in the first instance, differ not so much in kind as in degree from similar occurrences of which other districts of Armenia have been the scene, and it would be impossible, therefore, to describe them as isolated and exceptional phenomena. The papers relating to the misdeeds of Moursa Bey contain the record of atrocities no less revolting, though on a smaller scale, and other consular reports published previous to 1891 contain numerous references to acts of cruelty to which Armenians have been subjected, and to the general insecurity of their lives and properties owing to the habitual ravages of the Kurds and the prevailing misgovernment. Without referring to the earlier reports of 1879, 1880, and 1881, it is sufficient, perhaps, to quote the following sentence from a despatch addressed to the Foreign Office by the late Mr. Clifford Lloyd, consul at Erzeroum, which appears in the Blue-book, Turkey, No. 1 (1890-91):

“Putting aside isolated instances of depredation, there has been pillage on the most extensive scale, with much slaughter, by Kurds in various parts of Armenia during the past few months, as will be observed from my despatches dated the 21st of August and the 1st of October, 1890. This year the record is an exceptionally large one, but the position of the defenceless Armenian peasantry with reference to the Kurds, who are all armed, varies only in degree, and, looked at from any point of view, is one calling for immediate relief.”

Matters have retrogressed since the date of that report from bad to worse. The organisation of the Hamidie, or Kurdish irregular cavalry under Turkish officers, has placed a new weapon of offence in the hands of the oppressors, and, far from producing the results which might, perhaps, have been anticipated from their subjection to military discipline, has rendered them more powerful for evil and more and more difficult to restrain. Outrages without number have been committed in the vilayets of Erzeroum, Van, Bitlis and Diarbekir. The whole country is under a

reign of terror, to which the judicial administration affords no redress and no mitigation. "In all crimes of violence," writes Mr. Clifford Lloyd in the despatch already cited, "of which the Christians have been the victims during the past year in the province of Erzeroum, no one has been punished, nor, with very few exceptions, has any effort been even made to bring the offenders to justice." Everybody is acquainted with the history of the sham trial at Angora, in which the incidents at Marsovan culminated; and Professor Thounaïan has related some of the tortures of which he was the eye-witness, as well as the treatment to which he himself was subjected. The number of Armenian prisoners confined in Turkish gaols or exiled to Arabia, Tripoli in Barbary, and elsewhere, was estimated not long ago, on the highest authority, at the figure of 2000; and, although a certain number have since then been released—at any rate on paper—a further increase has taken place in the number of those who have been incarcerated, so that the total is understood to stand higher now than it did some few months back. Whilst the ravages of the Kurds are conducted with impunity, and the rapacity of the Turkish officials remains unchecked, their victims are also subjected to the terrors of a law unjustly applied, and to indignities inflicted by those who should act as their protectors. Well might Mr. Clifford Lloyd quote from the Identical Note presented by the Powers in 1880 the reference, which is as applicable now as it was then, to the "gravity of a state of things, which, if permitted to continue, would in all probability lead to the destruction of the Christian population of vast districts."

The second argument which is sometimes put forward at the present time is that, pending the verdict of the Commission appointed to inquire into the Sasun incidents, an open mind should be preserved with regard to the Armenian question as a whole, and the agitation should be suspended. But the Sasun outrages, as has been pointed out, do not stand alone, and merely represent the latest, most conspicuous, and most startling development of the situation. Even, therefore, if they are to be regarded as being temporarily *sub judice*, it does not follow that silence ought to be kept with regard to the events of the past sixteen years and to the convincing proof, which their testimony supplies, of the necessity for thorough reforms under European supervision. A good deal of misapprehension, however, exists with respect to the constitution of the Commission of Inquiry. It is not an international but a Turkish Commission, and, to judge by past experience, Turkish Commissions are instruments by which truth is suppressed and issues are obscured. It is satisfactory that representatives of Great Britain, France and Russia will have the opportunity of examining the *procès-verbaux*, besides being present at the sittings of the Commission; and credit is due to the British Foreign Office for

having taken the initiative in securing this concession; but it must be remembered that the powers of the international representatives will be strictly limited, and that they will not be able to guarantee the security of the witnesses. They will be little more than spectators. The winter months, involving as they do necessary delays, are favourable to the kind of work which followed the perpetration of the Bulgarian massacres, and which was intended to render difficult, and almost impracticable, the collection of trustworthy testimony; in spite of which efforts, however, it became possible for Mr. Baring, acting independently of any Turkish Commission, to draw up and present a report in which he confirmed, apart from certain details, but in all essential features, the accounts which had been published. In view of the difficulties which surround the path of the international representatives who are to watch the Turkish Commission of Inquiry into the "acts of brigandage" in the Sasun district, it may be well to recall the weighty words with which the remarkably well-informed Constantinople correspondent of the *Speaker* prefaced the letter which appeared in that journal on the 12th of January:

"I fear there can be no doubt about the essential facts. We have already the official reports of the consuls at Van, Erzeroum, Sivas, and Diarbekir, which have not yet been published, but which, we know, confirm the most horrible statements made in the newspapers. We have the reports of the Armenian refugees who were eye-witnesses. We have the reports sent to the Armenian Patriarchate here, and the reports of Catholic and Protestant missionaries in the vicinity of Sasun. Beyond this, and most horrible of all, we have the testimony of the Turkish soldiers who took part in the massacres. These soldiers . . . have talked with the greatest freedom in public places, and to all who would listen, boasting of their deeds. We have full reports from all these places of the statements made by hundreds of these soldiers, and they agree in all essential points."

In the face of such an accumulation of testimony, can it be properly asserted that silence should be maintained even with regard to the Sasun incidents? Is it not more in accordance with right reason to maintain that the real object which the Sasun inquiry may be assumed to have in view, is not the question whether outrages have been committed—a question to which there can be only one possible answer—but the questions, what has been the extent of the outrages, and upon whose shoulders does the responsibility rest? That Turkish officials should deny the elementary facts of the case is not surprising, but those denials cannot be expected to impose either upon the Powers or upon European nations as a whole. Perhaps some traveller, accompanied by half a dozen Zaptiehs, and obtaining all his information through interpreters appointed by Turkish authorities at Constantinople, may be led astray; but he cannot lead others astray. Silence, I repeat, may reasonably be expected to be observed with

regard to the responsibility for these particular outrages, though not with respect to the outrages themselves. But there is no reason why the constitution of a Turkish Commission to inquire into these occurrences should necessitate the cessation of an agitation which takes as its basis the existing condition of affairs in the whole of the Armenian provinces, and which aims at the removal of the causes which have brought that state of things into existence.

A third objection to which it is necessary to refer is the argument which is based upon the supposition that Mohammedanism, as such, is an object against which an attack is directed. That is not so. Christians have, no doubt, been the principal sufferers from the existing misgovernment. Their bishops, pastors, and teachers have been repeatedly arrested on false pretexts, and have been kept in confinement or exile without trial or after mock trials. The cases of the Archbishops of Marash and Zeitoun, of the Bishop of Moush, of the Bishop of Hadjin, of Messrs. Thoumaian and Kayayan, and numerous others, may be cited in support of that contention. Christian evidence is not held valid in the courts as against Mussulman testimony, as is shown again and again in the published consular reports. But Mohammedans, though they have not been massacred or outraged, have also grievous grounds of complaint against the present methods of administration, and letters from various parts of Asia Minor show that their feeling of dissatisfaction with Turkish officialism is rising rapidly. Turkish officialism is the object of attack and not Mahommedanism, and the reforms for which the demand is urged would be of advantage to all sections of the community, irrespective of creed, and would not confer upon the Christians any privilege which the Mohammedans would not equally share. Nothing in the agitation against the methods of Turkish administration in Asia Minor can reflect upon our Mohammedan fellow-subjects in India; and those who bear in mind the times when caliphs occupied the seats of power at Bagdad and at Cordova, when the former was the centre of civilisation in the East and the latter the mainspring of culture in the West, will be the last to assert that Mohammedan rule is incompatible with material or intellectual advance. They will, however, also remember that the Arabic influence which reigned at Bagdad and at Cordova has now disappeared, and with it the higher force which it implied. The Ottoman Turks, as they now exist, depend for the continuance of their rule partly upon the arts of cajolery, mainly upon the exercise of brute force. To compare them with the Haroun-al-Raschids or the Abdabrahmans of the past is to confuse distinct races, and to pervert the teaching of history. At any rate, Mohammedanism is not strengthened by those who attempt to identify its interests with those of Turkish officialism; and it may,

perhaps, be considered a question to which the future—possibly a not very distant future—may supply an answer, whether, if the Arabs were to set up a caliph at Mecca he would not occupy a position in which, by virtue of the *religio loci* and owing to other causes, he would command the respect of Mohammedans in other parts of the world to a greater extent than can be the case with a caliph whose seat is on the Bosphorus.

The fourth fallacy against which we must guard ourselves is the assumption that we have no more concern in the Armenian question than have the other signatory Powers which are parties to the Berlin Treaty. That supposition ignores the existence of the Cyprus Convention, and does not take into account the moral liability incurred by this country when, by its influence, it procured the substitution of Article 61 of the Berlin Treaty for Article 16 of the Treaty of San Stefano, and thereby removed the material guarantee which the clause in the earlier Treaty provided for the execution of the required reforms. No doubt the most desirable course, in theory, is that which would involve the joint action of all the signatory Powers; but it is obvious that certain of the Powers have a more direct interest in the Armenian question than others, and it is therefore unnecessary that all should co-operate directly in the task of demanding and enforcing the fulfilment by the Porte of its neglected obligations. It is sufficient that the Powers which are chiefly concerned, such as England and Russia, should act cordially together in the interest of justice and humanity; and those who remember how France and England were able, in the case of the Lebanon, to bring about the introduction of a system of government which has worked satisfactorily, and which has conferred upon the inhabitants of that region the security they required for their lives, their creed, and their property, will welcome the adhesion that France has given to the efforts which have been made by the other two nations in connection with the Sasun inquiry, and which will, it is to be earnestly hoped, be followed by a determined and successful attempt to bring about real, permanent and definite reforms.

The precise nature of those reforms is a matter on which certain differences of opinion may be reasonably anticipated, though there can be no doubt as to the general lines on which they should be carried out, or as to the imperative necessity for their introduction. The Anglo-Armenian Association, which was founded in 1890 for the purpose of appealing to public opinion with the object of securing the executive and judicial reforms stipulated by the sixty-first article of the Berlin Treaty, has placed its policy repeatedly upon record. In the first place, it is necessary that there should be a Governor-General for the Armenian provinces, appointed by the Sultan with the assent of the Powers, and with conditions as to tenure of office of such a

character as to free him from the deleterious influences which can now be brought to bear. In the next place, his authority should be supported by a mixed *gendarmerie*, with a certain percentage of European commanders. Thirdly, in order that the Kurds may remain under proper control, they should be made universally liable to military service, and kept under military discipline, with Europeans among their principal officers. Fourthly, the courts of law should be reorganised somewhat on the basis suggested by Nubar Pasha's well-known scheme. It must be borne in mind that promises have been repeatedly made by the Porte to inaugurate reforms, as, for instance, in reply to the Identical Note and the Collective Note of 1880, but that these promises have never been carried out. The essential condition on which should depend the acquiescence of the Powers in any arrangement that might be proposed, is that the execution of the reforms should be carried out without delay under European supervision. Nothing short of some form of European control will afford a guarantee that they are carried out in their spirit and intention.

It will be sufficient to offer a few words of explanation with respect to the four heads of reform to which reference has been made. The effect of setting up a Governor-General for the Armenian provinces would not necessarily mean the destruction of the system of vilayets, but would mean that the valis would henceforth be responsible to the Governor-General, whose residence would probably be at Erzeroum, and whose hands would be strengthened for good by his immunity from interested interference, and by the presence of European supervisors. In addition to the vilayets of Erzeroum, Van, Bitlis, and Diarbekir, it would be desirable to include in the above arrangement those of Mamuret-el-Aziz and Sivas; for it must be remembered that, as it is not proposed to give to Christians any special privileges which their Mussulman neighbours will not enjoy, it is not a serious question whether Christians or Mohammedans are in a majority or a minority in a particular province. With regard to the Armenians scattered over other parts of Asia Minor, it would undoubtedly be necessary to extend to them the benefit of administrative and judicial reforms; but they would not be affected by the appointment of a Governor-General under the conditions specified, and they are not at present exposed to Kurdish inroads, so that their case stands on a somewhat different footing. It will be observed that a large number of places containing a considerable Armenian population are situated outside the sphere of authority of the proposed Governor-General. Some readjustment of the boundaries of provinces might, perhaps, be found necessary. It might be well, for instance, to include the mountainous region of the vilayet of Aleppo in which Marash and Zeitoun are to be found, whilst, on the other

hand, certain portions of the vilayet of Sivas might without serious objection be omitted. Districts, such as those which contain Cesarea, Yozgat, Angora, and other cities in the more western portion of Asia Minor, as well as the portions of Cilicia of which the vilayet of Adana is the present representative, ought unquestionably to be brought under a scheme of administrative and judicial reform, though it would not be necessary to apply to them the special organisation to be adopted in the vilayets previously mentioned. It is probable, however, that a considerable migration of Armenians will take place from other districts of Asia Minor into the region with which their name is specially associated, if once they are satisfied that they will obtain in it the conditions of security which they demand and to which they are entitled.

The establishment of a mixed *gendarmérie* officered, to a certain extent, by Europeans, and the introduction of a European element into the ranks of those who are in command of Kurdish troops, are reforms which have been frequently proposed and approved. Experienced men of the type of British officers in India, or of Russian officers in Turkestan would, no doubt, be most desirable; but it might be found necessary, on political grounds, to make the selection from officers belonging to other nationalities. With respect to the administration of justice, there is clearly room for the introduction of mixed tribunals, with Europeans as presidents in the case of higher courts and courts of appeal. It is a matter for deep regret that the capacity which the Armenians have exhibited in many parts of the world for the discharge of the duties of government, and which is exemplified at the present time in the person of the Prime Minister of Egypt, should find no scope for usefulness in the land with which they have been connected during a span of national existence extending over so many centuries, and it is earnestly to be hoped that in any modification of the existing *régime* their talents may be utilised for the benefit of their fellow-countrymen. It is also to be hoped that the exclusion of Armenians from all branches of the army, with the exception of the medical staff, may no longer be allowed to remain in force.

Reforms of the type which has been described are the logical and inevitable outcome of a due regard for treaty obligations and international responsibilities. That they have not hitherto been carried out has been due to the narrow obstinacy of the Porte and the negligence of the contracting Powers. The patience of Europe shows signs, at length, of becoming exhausted, and the time appears to be opportune, in view of the better understanding between this country and Russia, for the Powers principally concerned to apply such pressure as will compel compliance with the elementary laws of humanity and justice. The necessity arises, not out of the perpetration of this or

that outrage, but out of the prolongation and aggravation of a state of things which can no longer be endured, and which is incompatible with the conditions on which the Turkish Empire has been suffered to remain in existence. The claims of the Armenians on our attention are clear, paramount, and instant. The problem cannot be solved by an intermittent fever of activity, but by pressure steadily and resolutely applied. To delay its solution can only result in a menace of the utmost gravity to the peace of the civilised world.

FRANCIS SEYMOUR STEVENSON.

NERVOUS DISEASES AND MODERN LIFE.

THE outcry of the modern neurotic has made itself heard rather unduly of late. It is said that we are drooping with the century, a century of stress and of unsatisfied desires; that the struggle for life has revealed itself in naked and brutish forms which shock the happier children of our time, and dishearten and crush the less fortunate; that religious beliefs, which kindled an inner joy in those whose outer lives were hard and bare, and divine charity in those to whom fortune had been more kind, have crumbled away; that even those colder consolations which were drawn from a rational acquiescence in the order of a majestic and beautiful world are now denied to philosophers who have lost faith in the progress of man, who see but a vulgar material triumph in the arts of our generation, the elements of decay in the most vigorous national life, and the encroachment of peoples of lower standards and lower ethical capacities upon the seats of nations whose genius has made a great history and created a glorious tradition.

With these cares, these desperations, these disenchantments we so infect ourselves as not only to chill each other's hearts and damp the fires of the nobler enthusiasms, but also to lose even the very relish of happiness, unless it be vainly sought in momentary excitements and in the indulgence of selfish and fitful passions.

If all this be true—and surely it must be true, as we are assured of it day by day—shall we wonder if the body go the way of the soul, if the fibres of our nerves be slackened, if the currents of our blood languish, if the stores in the cells of our brains decrease? Yet is there not a staleness about these yearnings unsatisfied, the filling of ourselves with empty joys, the vanity of all high purposes, the futility of sacrifice? And if all this be true, why gloat over it?

If we grow morbid, over-delicate, whimsical; if we suffer from new and inscrutable degenerations, from unrest, from unnatural appetites, from quivering nerves, from hollowness of heart, shall we not sullenly accept realities however ugly, and put off all deliriums however enticing; if we have but the lees of life left to us, shall we not drain them with such courage as remains to us, our eyes opened if not with wisdom, our sensations amused if not contented? Shall we not

.... "instead of mounting barbed steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries
(Go) caper nimbly in a lady's chamber
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute"?

But, before falling back upon such a theory of life as this, let us first inquire into the truth of the allegation that the nervous energy of our race is being exhausted, that worries and cares are killing us, and that, after all, as we are in a stage of decadence, it does not much matter.

Among the gravest apprehensions of the moment is that the alleged increase of insanity may be true, and that, if true, it is due to a turbulent or carking mode of life which overthrows the reason or corrodes the tissues which are its instruments. Now, in respect of an alleged increase, we find that experts are not agreed; or, if agreed, they believe that the apparent is not a real increase.

In the Census we have some approximate estimates of the number of insane persons living in our country at certain dates of enumeration. As the population of Great Britain increases the number of such insane persons increases also: this we should naturally expect, and the regret we feel concerning such an absolute increase is that the conditions which favour the occurrence of insanity continue in force. But it is asserted that there is an increase of insanity beyond this proportion—that the rate of increase of insanity has multiplied beyond that of the population. Now the only evidence of such a disproportionate increase is that the number of *known* lunatics increases at a greater rate than the population. The number of known lunatics (that is, the number of persons formally recorded as insane) and the number of existing lunatics are measures of different things. The number of known lunatics may be increased even without any multiplication of persons, as, for instance, by a prolongation of the mean duration of life in the class: if the mean of life be lengthened more persons will survive to be recounted in successive years. We have no large figures to prove that the mean duration of life in the insane has been lengthened, but we see probabilities of it which are scarcely less convincing. When I was a boy, the village "naturals" were the slaves of the men if their services were useful, of the lads and lasses if they were feckless. In the former case they were driven and beaten, in the latter case harried and tormented.

Even if not fagged or bullied, there was no sympathetic care to interpret their needs or to supply their inability to care for themselves. Nearly all such daft creatures are now gathered in asylums where they are properly fed, properly clad, properly protected from the weather, and their lives, on the whole, no doubt, greatly prolonged.

Again, within the walls of asylums, persons who are suicidal, or afflicted with epilepsy and other acute or chronic diseases of the brain, are nursed, watched and regulated at the present day with a skill and vigilance which must prolong the mean duration of life in them ; and evidence supporting this probability may be found in the records of these institutions.

Now not only must the insane increase in number by virtue of the care bestowed upon them, but, as I have hinted already, those formerly at large or in workhouses, being more and more collected within the walls of asylums, are thus brought also under official cognisance : yet even now the number of insane persons officially recorded is lower by some ten per cent. than the number returned as insane at the last Census ; lower, that is to say, than the lowest estimate, for it is not to be supposed that the returns of the insane made by their friends would err on the side of excess : on the contrary, they err, no doubt, by defect. The apparent increase of insanity seems so far to be due to this—that the numbers of the official records are catching up the numbers of the cases which occur, and that official cognisance leads on the whole to a lengthening of the mean duration of life in the class. In the Registrar-General's Report on the Census of 1891, Dr. Ogle points out from the diminution of the discharge rate that lunacy, so far as the registered patients go, is not on the increase but slightly on the decline.*

Yet, it may be said, when you come to probabilities, does it not stand to reason that the conditions of modern life must increase and intensify insanity ? We may note, in passing, that the inmates of asylums are far more quiet and manageable than they were a few years ago ; this, however, may be due rather to humaner methods of treating them than to any mitigation of disease. To say that an increase of insanity is an indication of stress in modern life and to urge, the other way round, that the stress of modern life must be increasing insanity, is too circular an argument : but, passing this by, let us look again at the official returns. Do the official returns tell us that insanity is increasing in certain classes of persons, in persons likely to be submitted to mental strain or harassed by worldly bustle and cares ? In the space at my disposal I cannot make an analysis of the returns in this sense, and I must ask the reader to be content with the assurance that no such parallelism exists.

* The Asylums Committee of the Dorsetshire County Council, in the last report, announces an ebb in the tide of insanity : this is the first report to indicate that the accumulation of insane persons may be reaching a term in England.

If, on the one hand, the rate of insanity is high in some arduous professions, we find like prevalences in other callings in which nervous strain is unlikely to be an important factor; so that the strangest juxtaposition of classes comes about, of barristers with hairdressers, of actors with woolstaplers, and so forth.

Classification of the insane by calling has thrown as yet but little light upon causation, except in so far as the negative results fortify the belief that insanity is rather a result of physical degeneration and of hereditary transmission than of over-work and anxiety. Dr. Ogle noticed some years ago, and this observation is supported by subsequent inquiries, that the increase of insanity is greatest in the agricultural labourer, who, on the one hand, does not speculate in stocks, who has no "appearances to keep up," and who lives in Arcadian peace and simplicity; but who, on the other hand, is ill-fed, who marries within a narrow circle, and who is a member of a class subject at present to depletion by the large towns which too often draw away its most intelligent and vigorous individuals.

To turn, as I will not hesitate to do, from the definiteness of official estimates to the indefinite impression derived from personal experience both of insanity and of disease in general, I am of opinion that, other things being equal, insanity does not by any means dog the steps of the ambitious, emulous, scheming man or woman of the world; nor the overdriven, disappointed or broken-hearted victims of circumstances, or of the selfishness of others; nor, again, those devoted persons who, ministering to the needs of others, have exhausted their own strength; but appears rather in persons of insane families, or in whom insanity is one of the signs of an originally bad constitution.

If I turn to my case-books, or recall the memories of asylums for the insane, I find cases of ordinary insanity, of puerperal, climacteric or juvenile insanities recurring in the same neurotic families quite apart from temporary stress, or in which such temporary stress played but the part of a proximate cause. Grim as are the stories of individual trials and sorrows which are told to the physician, madness is a rare consequence of these trials, if we set aside the cases of persons predisposed to the disease. On the other hand, madness is common enough in quiet old maids, in careless lads and lasses, in humdrum and respectable citizens of all sorts, in rustic squires, in the country clergy, in retired students, in mothers of peaceful homes, and so forth. And of most of these, whatever their lives may have been, we shall find a record of previous insanity in the family tree.

Of drunkenness as a cause of insanity I shall say little. Intemperance is often the earlier evidence of a want of balance in a mind which tends in any case to insanity. Moreover, drunkenness is not an increasing but a rapidly diminishing influence in modern life.

General paralysis is no doubt a disease of towns and more and more, therefore, of modern life. That it has, however, no close dependence upon brain-work or the hurry-scurry of business is evident from its frequency among soldiers and sailors who, although they frequent towns, are not of them; the characters of this fell disease, indeed, are such as to lead us to classify it apart from the primarily nervous, and perhaps to place it among the infectious diseases.

Every age has its own dangers, but history does not seem to indicate that the most civilised States are the maddest. The evidence on the face of it lies rather the other way. In spite of the more direct and brutal elimination of the unfit among savages, we seem to see obscurely in the gloom of the past, or of the remoter parts of the earth, that possession by devils, attacks of fury, hallucinations, phrensies, phantasies and epidemic manias have been at least as common in ruder peoples as in our own. Dr. Tylor, in the fifteenth chapter of "*Primitive Culture*," enters fully into this subject, and quotes from many authors evidence of the kind which is too extensive and too various for me to discuss in this place.

Apart, then, from the action of poisons, insanity rarely arises in persons not disposed thereto by their hereditary qualities. In early times the insane enjoyed the freedom of instruments of the divine will; in our own times the freedom of more tolerant and humane and, moreover, of more successful medical treatment. Mixing thus more freely in the world, their progeny may have become more numerous than in the past centuries of our own history when their isolation was more prolonged and medical treatment less hopeful. Opposed as I am to those who would apply the rules of the kennel and of the stud to the marriage of men and women, I trust, nevertheless, that a higher sense of social duty will gradually work against the increase of insane families; and this duty is becoming easier as prudential motives—some wholesome, some selfish—more and more govern the conduct of marriageable persons. Meanwhile, I see no evidence that there is an increase of insanity due to the conditions of modern civilisation; if, indeed, it be true, on the one hand, that insane persons are set more at liberty to produce offspring, it seems to me, on the other hand, that healthier conditions of life are tending to reinvigorate or crowd out weakly stocks.

To turn now from insanity ordinarily so called, to other nervous maladies—to nervous debility, to hysteria, to neurasthenia, to the fretfulness, the melancholy, the unrest due to living at a high pressure, to the whirl of the railway, the pelting of telegrams, the strife of business, the hunger for riches, the lust of vulgar minds for coarse and instant pleasures, the decay of those controlling ethics handed down from statelier and more steadfast generations—surely, at any rate, these maladies and these causes of maladies are more rife than

they were in the days of our fathers? To this question let us anxiously set ourselves, and see what answer must be given. There is, I know, but one opinion on the subject in society, in the newspapers, in the books of philosophers, and even in the journals and treatises of the medical profession.

The first and most obvious reflection which occurs to me is, that much of this kind of argument is *a priori*, and treads, moreover, in that circle which logicians warn us to avoid. We are told, as I have said, first, that as nervous maladies more and more abound, so the conditions of modern life must be mischievous; and, secondly, that, as modern life is mischievous, nervous maladies must be on the increase: medical writers naturally urge the former of these opinions, social and political writers the latter. The two propositions are by no means mutually exclusive, but they can no more prove each other than Atlas and the tortoise can give each other mutual support. We must inquire independently, first, whether there be any such increase; and secondly, whether, if so, it be due to modern civilisation.

It is all very well to amuse ourselves with gibes and slaps at modern civilisation, but if these go beyond the humours of affection, if we begin really to think that Scotland and England have begun to be ill places to be born into, we have cause for discontent indeed.

Is there, then, any strong evidence to prove that nervous maladies show a rate of increase beyond that of the population? Before we consider our reply, we must allow for two main sources of error—namely, the possible inclusion under this head of maladies not essentially nervous; and secondly, the increased attention which all morbid states now receive. To take the latter point first, it is a curious fact that, with the exception of the diseases called preventible, such as the infectious fevers, it is alleged of all diseases that they are on the increase. There is a bitter cry that cancer is on the increase; that heart diseases are more frequent; that gout is ubiquitous: and nervous diseases come in for a like appreciation. There would appear to be some general influence at work sharpening our apprehensions in these matters.

Of the parallel increase of such maladies to that of the population I have spoken, but I must now call to mind a source of increase in nervous diseases, in heart diseases, in cancer and so forth which may be greater than the population rate would indicate. There is no doubt we have enormously reduced the death-rate of infectious diseases, partly by better medical treatment, partly by prevention; but people must die of something, and if we prevent their escaping from the world by one door, they must get away by another. He that fifty years ago would have died of typhoid fever or smallpox lives to fight another day and with another foe. In this way we may find under the head of diseases as yet non-preventible rates of increase

greater than that of the population. We are far from the time when men and women will be left all to die of senile decay.

Our apprehensions may thus have some definite basis, and the objects of our fear be not all bogies. But, at the same time, we must admit that far more attention is now paid to bodily disease than was the case in the times of our fathers. Whether the heedlessness of our fathers was more wholesome than our own occupation with our bodies, I will not stay to inquire; but, whether we call it prudence or call it timorousness, there is no doubt that men pay more heed to the approaches and events of disease than in former days; they are more set to learn of their physicians the causes and nature of the diseases under which they suffer; and above all things they love to call their ailments by new names. Hence it is that we know more of morbid processes; we talk more of them, read more of them; and the fashionable physician of to-day takes not the line of mystery and obscurantism as did the oracle of the past, but affects rather a profuseness of explanation and a sympathetic discussion of the causes and incidents of disease. Is it to be wondered then that we find many diseases more common? If man or woman cannot go to a fashionable doctor for indigestion, pain, or other common ailment without hearing a lecture upon gout or gastralgia, shall we be surprised to hear that gout and neuroses are on the increase? Thus it is with nervous diseases; as we become more and more self-conscious, and our physicians more pitiful and communicative, we hear more and more of nervous diseases; and we are not indeed inwardly averse from the subtle flattery which hints to us that we are of more sensitive clay than our fellows.

Again, there are many diseases classed as nervous diseases which may not strictly belong to this class, or only belong to them in an anatomical sense. We can, for example, understand that when disease of the skull invades the underlying brain, the resulting disorders are not to be regarded as primarily nervous. So again if the brain suffer, as very often it does, from disease of the blood-vessels which should feed it and do not, we ought not to regard the consequent disorders as nervous in nature. In like manner, I might proceed to show that a very large number of diseases called nervous are not primarily diseases of nervous tissue, but, beginning near these, engage them in a secondary way. Or certain specific affections of the nervous tissues may be secondary to intoxications, such as lead, alcohol, diphtheria, influenza, and so forth; and in such cases we must acquit the nervous system of primary defect. Thus, although a more accurate diagnosis and a closer attention may seem at first to increase the schedules of nervous disorders, on the other hand they will diminish them as they sift out those which are nervous only in a secondary sense; but as yet our old classification keeps the field.

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We see, then, that by prevention of some diseases, others, such as the nervous, may have to account for more victims, as die we must somehow; that by increased attention, both on our own part and on the part of our physicians, more is made of diseases and of nervous disease in particular; and that, finally, many diseases classed as nervous are by no means due to original nervous defect, but are due to a secondary engagement of nervous tissues.

All these deductions must be allowed before we submit to the assertion that nervous maladies are largely on the increase.

But surely it is true, you may say, that affections of the nervous system are on the increase! Not only do we hear, but daily we see neurotics, neurasthenics, hysterics, and the like: is not every large city filled with nerve-specialists, and their chambers with patients; are not hospitals, baths, electric-machines, and massages multiplying daily for their use; nerve-tonics sold behind every counter, and health-resorts advertised for their solace and restoration?

Well, rich and idle people are increasing in number, no doubt, and they run, as they always did, after the fashionable fad of the day; what was "liver" fifty years ago has become "nerves" to-day. Moreover we must remember that nervous diseases are long diseases and as a rule do not tend to death; so that one patient may be a lucrative visitor to twenty physicians, may occupy successive beds in many hospitals, or may wander in the saloons of half the cure-houses of Europe. We must remember too that one of the features of nervous disease is restlessness, quackishness and craving for sympathy; and that the intellectual acuteness of many of these sufferers, the swift transmission of news by the press, and the facilities of modern locomotion all favour the neurotic traffic. In the days of our grandfathers, as I have said elsewhere, the neurotic invalid was more of a home pet, who lived upon the tenderness of friends and repaid their sacrifices in good advice, in wool-work, in voluminous letter-writing and in the extension of a somewhat peevish old age.

The stir in neurotic circles first began with the womankind; the woman's doctor was discovered and throve mightily; the suburban sofa was exchanged for the back parlours of Harley Street; irritable spines were bumped across Europe to Schwalbach and Franzensbad; and, crude as these fashions were, they were better than pious indolence and the perennial drone of the village apothecary.

Then came the New Woman, finding all this not mannish enough; and both sexes began to chant nerves together, to compare symptoms, to speculate together on physiological problems and to worry out their cures hand in hand. The neurotic of former days had barely heart to carry his malady, none to carry the remedies also; nowadays we are more hopeful or less resigned, and, as Dr. Diafoirus said of the

great folks of his day, the vexatious thing about us now is that when we are come to be ill we positively insist upon our physicians curing us. This is characteristic of our inquisitive and peremptory generation; our neurotics have begun like ghosts to walk, and we exclaim that the earth is full of them!

The Milroy Lecturer of this year grew quite plaintive on the subject and hinted darkly at "selection by the microbe," which this desperate man said we were preventing to the increase of diseases of the nervous system and of race-decay. He seems to think that the microbe was nice enough in its ways to "eliminate" especially the puny or the maimed, and he assumes that the betterment of the conditions of life which is "eliminating" the microbe is doing nothing to invigorate the survivors, or to resolve the discords of aberrant nervous functions. I will remind you again that we must die of something; and if the microbe do not eliminate us we must needs go in the tail of other diseases, and especially in the train of the so-called diseases of the nervous system, a vast, vague, and most heterogeneous body, two-thirds of which may not primarily consist of diseases of nervous matter at all.

But, says another distinguished lecturer,* "by a well-known law of evolution the brain of civilised man increases in complexity . . . which must lead to frequent disturbance of the brain and its functions." He says also the brain must be "more and more easily put out of order as any very complex piece of machinery. . . . Is there any one," he exclaims, "bold enough to say that neurotic disease is decreasing amongst us? . . . All these nervous disorders point to the same fact that in the evolution of our race the complex brain is becoming more and more unstable, and more prone to be upset by faulty surroundings or circumstances which would not be felt by a more stable organ." Then assuming the increase of nervous disease, the lecturer goes on to "arrive at the reason of it."

Now, as Chaucer has well observed, it is full perilous, and always was of yore, to be too soon ripe and bold, as men may see; yet I will venture upon the part of the bold man so far as to ask a few more questions, for this prospect of the ever more awful ruin of our ever more complex brain would drive any man from his natural diffidence. Do physicians gravely allege that the growth and development of organs are in the nature of things associated with a greater proneness to derangement and ruin?

Do educationists gravely allege that the exercise of organs tends on the whole to their decay? "Evolution," like Mesopotamia, is too blessed a word for me, or I would have tried to recall some catch-words about the "instability of the homogeneous"; I would have

* Dr. Blandford, "Address to the Section of Psychology," British Medical Association, August 1894.

asked whether, *ceteris paribus*, the stability of animal organisms in general is inversely as their complexity; I would have ventured to probe the fitness of the analogy between a "complex piece of machinery" and a complex organism which is its own artificer, and which contains within itself its own means of repair. But I will be content to appeal to the common experience of observant men, whether in this generation our bodies are decaying and our minds unstrung?

There is some ground, I believe, for the assertion that dwelling exclusively in large cities is tending to dwindle and impoverish the bodily health of the wage-earning, or permanently resident, class; but it is not in this class that the effects of "brain pressure," of ambitious projects, of business competition, of pampered æstheticism are to be sought. Will any serious person, looking round at our footballing young men, our tennis-playing and bicycling young women, our maturer alpinists and golfers of both sexes, our "Ancient Mariners" and sporting matrons, declare that the standard of physical health in our upper and middle classes is falling? To me, at any rate, their trials and pains seem to agree with them mightily. As I have no longer youth, I must be content with memory and experience, and I do not hesitate to say that when I look back upon the young men and women of forty and thirty years ago, I am amazed rather at the physical splendour and dashing energy of our young friends of to-day. The world seems to have filled with Apollos and Dianas; cheap food and clothing, improved sanitation, athletics which bring temperance with them, frequent changes of air and scene, and a more scientific regulation of all habits, seem since my adolescence to have transformed middle-class youth; and the change is rapidly spreading downwards.

Women especially seem to be changed for the better. Freedom to live their own lives, and the enfranchisement of their faculties in a liberal education, which, physically put, means the development of their brains and nerves, so far from making women more whimsical or languorous, seem not only to have given them new charms and fresher and wider interests in life, but also to have promoted in them a more rapid and continuous flow of nervous spirits, and to have warmed and animated them with a new vitality both of body and mind.

If athletic exercises and bodily labour enlarge and develop the muscular frame, why do we cry out in alarm that mental exercises and the extension of our nervous energies will destroy our brains? At first sight surely we should have a contrary apprehension? A dull and unfurnished mind should decay rather than one quick and accomplished. Common experience tells us that it is not the careful statesman, the contentious advocate, the adventurous merchant, but the man who has made his pile, the briefless barrister, the statesman

who has put off his cares, who break down in health, or who are saved from dissolution by importunate avocations.*

A relative of my own, bored to death in a remote country rectory, was restored to near ninety years of life by a perennial quarrel with a co-trustee; insomnia was the very stimulant he required: a disputed point of ritual has saved many a country gentleman from an apoplexy. If awful instances of damaged nerves are quoted to us, we may well reply that failures must come in all states of society, and must vary with the changing characters of the prevailing exercises. Those surgeons whose skill is engaged in bone-setting and the cure of sprains do not say that their cases prove how great a mischief is done to society by the fashions of hunting, polo or football; nor does a man who hobbles about with a broken knee-cap preach sloth from his own text.

It is our business not to judge by these simple enumerations, but rather to take a broad view of the whole matter, and to inquire whether these occasional misfortunes are not far outweighed by the general good. There come to me, as to other physicians, persons suffering from "over-pressure," overwrought students, harassed bread-winners, disappointed speculators; we are not yet in the ideal life where men shall work and none shall faint; but a careful analysis will reduce such examples to very few relatively to the whole crowd of this emulous world, will show, moreover, that in most even of these it is rather the conditions under which work is done than the work itself which is mischievous. A woman, tractable, affectionate and economical creature as she is, works away mechanically, regardless of the fertilising hours of rest, despising food, poisoning her nerves with tea and her blood with stuffy air,† and then her friends cry out against "competitions." A "City man," on the other hand, poisons nerves and blood with champagne, stodges his stomach with rich food three times a day, feeds his mind with vulgar shows and the "dreams of avarice," finds his recreation in Zola and the Society journals, and then tells us, forsooth, that the nineteenth century is too much for his nerves: so the world wags. The men or women who, having inherited a fairly stable nervous system, work their brains so as to get most out of them, are temperate in meat and drink, and secure their own portion of fresh air; who

"Arm their constant and their nobler parts
Against giddy, loose suggestions,"

and who keep out of railway accidents, may fight their way without making for the doctor. Carlyle said well: "There is nothing in this

* The main subject of this essay is the relation of work to the nervous system; distress and anxiety are factors rather of alimentary and cardio-renal than of nervous disease.

† *Vide* Mr. Auberon Herbert's article on "Bad Air and Bad Health," in the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, June 1891.

world that will keep the devil out of one but hard labour." I may add that in none of the branches of us does the devil so readily perch as in the nervous system. Morbid heredity and vice apart, the nervous system bears ill-usage at least as well as any other part of our bodies; it certainly needs no cockering. In defeat may lie our best education.

Nay, I may give hostages to fortune and be judged by those who did inherit a neurotic habit—by men like Gordon, Carlyle, Coleridge, Heine, Johnson, and the like, all victims of inherited nervous maladies—and still carry you with me when I declare that, in spite of the inherited flaws in their nerves, their achievements were no less than their heavy labours and chastisements.

"Ah!" the reader may say, "I, too, would strive mightily in heroic spheres, but I am devoured piecemeal by petty worries. Had the prophet but bid me do some great thing!" Yet do not the cares of a man lie on the level of his own mind? Repose there is none for us until we are gathered into the bosom of the life-giving earth; the last harvest-wain has not left the field when the first plough is driven into the stubble. And if to labour is to pray, it shall rather purify and strengthen than devour us: if in some moods we must grieve for the fallen and oppressed, in other moods we feel that even in our pains we are one with the plan of the world, which moves after all.

But the burden is heavy; the world is a weary Titan; our creeds are outworn; we are very old, and our dolls are stuffed with sawdust; the century is waning, and big causes and enduring pleasures are not worth while; our lean bodies and jaded passions need stimulants and enticements, and the Registrar-General says that suicides are annually increasing in number. Leopardi, Amiel, Verlaine and the De Goncourts are our philosophers; Gyp and Van Beers are our artists.

I sometimes wish our Jeremiahs could be dipped for a day into the midst of the eighteenth century; not as it appears in the elegiacs of recluse scholars, or in the letters of *dilettanti*, but as Hogarth and Swift saw it in its heartless corruption, its gross viciousness, barbarity and heathenism. Who that knows that century will prate of our apathy and senescence? As for our moody passions, carnal curiosities, sentimental cynicisms, half-ludicrous despairs, do we not know them well? Are they not rather the stock-in-trade of Byronic youth, the phase of Wertherism which vain, sensitive and imaginative young men live through and look back upon with a humorous shame; seeing, with some inward satisfaction, that it came of the torturing presence of an ideal which they petulantly tried to ignore?

All this talk of decadence is a wild absurdity, the Wertherism of the young West, this West which has grown out of the dogmas of its childhood and the splendid barbarities of its teens; the intellectual life of our secular manhood, saving a few gleams on the way, is but now

beginning to know the light. It is our new self-consciousness which disturbs us; we have not fully learned how to use our new dominion over the ministries of Nature to the worthiest ends.

Have we then no reason for fear? Are all things for the best in the best possible of nervous systems? By no means: in my judgment things are getting no worse; on the contrary, the conditions of our nervous functions are bettering year by year; but to say that there is not much to be done, that there are not obvious evils to be removed, and means of good to be organised, would be an absurd optimism. I have said that we are on the threshold of manhood, not in the chamber of senility, nor even in the fulfilment of maturity.

The education of our children is for the most part in the hands of men who not only ignore the science of education and undergo no training for the work, but are in that stage of ignorance when scientific methods are angrily defied: ordinary men and women too often use up their nervous excitability in momentary reactions, shirking continuous effort as they have always done, and long will continue to do; and our angels are often ineffectual still.

But this is to say not that our nerves are used too much, but that they are not used enough. There is no more pretentious nonsense than the cry that our nerves are too sensitive, too excitable. It is of no use to be angry with an individual fool, but one is tempted to be angry with the man or woman who bewails his nervous excitability. May I ask what is the virtue of nerves but to be excitable?—the more excitable the more efficient; as the racehorse differs from an ass, so is man civilised by virtue of this very excitability of his nerves. What does sword-play mean, or political debate, the fine line of the painter, the rare intonation of the violinist—what mean these but the most exquisite excitability of the nerves? Nervous tension, like muscular tension or any other such function, may no doubt be heedlessly pushed to extreme fatigue, especially if the impressions be too uniform; but the risk of error is small when I repeat that the quickening of the nerves, like that of any other organ, tends not to weakening, but to strength. Great artists have found that fatigue is averted not by breaking up their works, but by changes of mode in their calls upon our attention.

It were, I think, no paradox to say that by virtue of its more and more complete adaptation to the varying degrees and kinds of social pressure—that is to say, of its very complexity—the nervous tissue, delicate as it is, exquisite as it is, shows a tenacity and persistence beyond most others. Old age rarely enters by the paths of the nerves, or finds its first seat in the cerebral centres: if the circulation be maintained, and the excretions do not fail, the brain of old persons retains a marvellous efficiency.

And, if we turn to the young, although in our topsy-turvy

education we traverse the order of Nature and, instead of discovering aptitudes and following the openings of the budding intelligence, stamp into it the abstract conclusions of adult reason, thereby choking the curious love of particular knowledge which few youngsters are without; yet blunderers and crammers as we are, both in this respect and in the abuse of examination and scholarship systems, the instances of direct mischief are relatively few.

The general answer to those who prate of our over-educated and over-pressed boys and girls is "Fudge." We do our best to hurt them by our clumsy and indiscriminate methods, and we do some harm here and there; but happily there is a fund of elasticity and *resilience* in healthy youth which, blunder as we may, we cannot crush. I have met with a few cases of naturally healthy undergraduates exhausted by intense study extending over some years; but such cases are rare, and in even these I suspect want of exercise, fresh air and change of subject were more to be blamed than study itself.

It is alleged that men and women who have been distinguished in the schools are so exhausted by their premature labours as rarely to excel in the world afterwards. Now, in the first place, I believe of mental eminence what the late Dr. Morgan of Manchester proved of athletic eminence, that the injury done is much less than is supposed. Again, let us ask what men mean by worldly success, and what qualities academical distinction indicates? Those of us who live in universities are honoured by the friendship of both men and women of the highest academic distinction; some of them we have about us, others go to and fro in the world. Of these I, at least, have found that the subsequent careers have been much what one would have expected of their several characters and endowments; and, although these careers have frequently been enlarged and enriched by their education, I cannot remember one, as I write, which has been directly spoiled. A weak, awkward, or slow man is not made quick-witted or adroit by virtue of his degree. It is no injustice to say that even among First-class men the majority are endowed rather with acquisitive power than with genius, and are meet for the rewards of plodding industry. It would not, perhaps, be difficult to show that natural parts of certain kinds may be more or less incompatible with academic successes. But, after all allowances thus made, I believe that if the lives of Oxford and Cambridge First-class men were tabulated, the roll would be one of remarkable brilliancy and contain little evidence of artificial decay.* No men pass through a more arduous

* Since these pages were written the Master of Trinity Hall has pointed out to me in detail that, whatever their worldly honours, nearly all the leaders of the tripos are remarkable men in after-life, and that the examples, some of them but too well known, of conspicuous physical failure have occurred in men "marked out by Nature for destruction. There are men in whom great intellect is associated with physical frailty."

ordinary course than the medical students, and I am thankful to say the students in my own department show no sign of degeneracy.

Well, but what of the suicides? If it be true that these acts are more frequent—and it may be true—before setting the fact down as an evidence of increasing nervous overstrain, we must consider it in relation to the prevalent modes of contemporary thought. Of the suicides due to insanity I will say no more than I have said of the insanity of which it is a part; of the rest we must not fall into the facile diagnosis of "Temporary Insanity." We must remember that social bonds are loosening in certain directions more rapidly, perhaps, than they are rebinding us in other and compensatory directions.

Let us consider this matter for a moment. It is fairly true to state that up to our own times the consolidation of society and the integration of its forces have depended upon pressure external to our political systems; social order has been maintained by the ascendancy of priests, kings or judges, that is to say, by coercion rather than by cohesion; for in the last resort all these powers rested upon supernatural sanctions. Nay, even the humble offices of my own calling were formerly discharged in concert with jinns and other supernatural agents; nor have we yet ceased to appeal to the aid of a certain tricky spirit called "Nature" to help out our therapeutics.

Now, by some strange paradox, as our science has become heliocentric and cosmocentric, our once cosmic ethical systems have become more and more geocentric.

This may or may not be a matter for satisfaction, but it is one which we must see if we take our heads out of the sand. No thoughtful man can join in the services of one of the great college chapels or cathedral churches, inexpressibly touching as they are, without feeling that, although they happily survive to lift up our hearts and inspire our devotion, and thus provide a refuge in time of trouble and change, yet that the spirit which created them has vanished. It seems now beyond the power of an archbishop, or of the bench of bishops, to write even one touching and spontaneous prayer, however brief; and our new churches, if new we may call them, are as like the old ones as Signor Garelli's copies are like the canvases of Raphael and Botticelli.

Those whose eyes are open know that, whether we like it or not, the forces of social order are no longer external to us—we no longer regard the priesthood as the depository of truth, or kings as rulers by divine right; men are thinking for themselves, and governing themselves; and modern young ladies, Mrs. Crackenthorpe tells us, are setting even Mrs. Grundy at defiance. That internal bonds, forces of social cohesion, of mutual help and brotherhood, are drawing us together within ourselves, and are filling the place of external authority, as, on the death of a father, a family learns to govern itself

in mutual dependence, is happily to be seen also; but meanwhile, in this state of transition, the repulsions and discontents of individuals and the absence of outward control and support will result here and there in anarchy of many kinds, in bewilderments, blights and desolations.

It is very well to insist that the play of mind about our social concerns shall be free and disinterested; but constructive instincts cannot always be explained, and bonds are still bonds although wrought under other auspices. It is in service after all that we find our freedom and in the interpretation of discipline lies the key to our knowledge and cure of nervous perturbations.

I have said that nerves are not to be blamed for excitability; I do not know what "over-excitability" nerves are; I have never seen such things: excitability is their business. If I am told that thrills, tensions, susceptibilities, sentimentalities, moodiness, fretfulness signify nerves of too subtle a fibre for common use, I reply that such nerves are not over- but under-sensitive; as in writer's cramp the muscles are not too powerful, but too weak. No one will assert that impressionable children are really more sensitive than adults; on the contrary, their bluntness often surprises the casual observer; it is well known to physicians that neurotic persons commonly present measurable defects of touch, sight and other senses, and, vibrating with sensibility as they may seem to be, betray a like bluntness to the wider sympathies—an incapacity which is to be distinguished from the heedlessness and self-absorption of highly imaginative persons or of deep thinkers.

It has been alleged in a very loose and paradoxical fashion that "geniuses" are mostly mad. No definitions are given of genius, nor of madness; or, if attempted, no pains are taken to keep within them. Semi-mythical potentates, such as Saul and Solomon, and dallards, such as Somerville and Carlo Dolci, are assumed to be "mad geniuses"; boon companions, such as Burns, social rebels, such as Shelley, are assumed to be mad; even celibacy is gravely adduced as evidence of madness: the young poet, who gets rid of the stings of passion by throwing them into verse, is set down as a "sexual pervert," while the dissolute man about town exhibits the sanity of mediocrity. Negative examples, such as Goethe, Scott or Wordsworth, are ignored. In the hands of these gentlemen a man of mark is not admitted into the ranks of genius unless he can show some claims to insanity; while, on the other hand, a streak of this malady ensures for very dull dogs a welcome into the inner circle. We are told by pedants that "genius is an abnormality"; well, for that matter, so is virtue: we are told that to be touched by a far-off note is a sign of insane aberration; and yet, as Dr. Parry observes,* "we build our

* In his admirable treatise, "The Art of Music," 1894.

new constitutions out of the wisdom of those whose heads have been cut off." But I will waste no more words on this foolish discussion; I will not inquire where the malady may lie between the observer and the observed: that genius and wickedness or madness are incompatible no one has alleged; that the psychology of the journalist may be incompatible with a sense of humour we begin to suspect.

And yet after all, you will say, men and women, geniuses or not, do manifest certain obvious characters which we call "nervous over-excitability," and how are these to be interpreted?

The interpretation lies in this, that so-called "over-excitability" means defective control. It is not that the nerves of a part are too excitable, but that the impressions are prematurely dissipated. One man who is pushed, knocks the pusher down out of hand; another who is pushed, no less keenly conscious of the push, takes up the impression into his mind, and compares it with multitudes of like previous impressions, and, until he has given a value to the event, he appears passive. Would it not seem reasonable to say that the passive man is not the less but the more sensitive? The sensibility of the latter ranges over a wider field of activity, and results in actions of far larger importance; that of the former is confined to a narrow sphere, and results in a thoughtless act which may be useless or even disastrous to him. Persons there are, no doubt, who have control enough to prevent a mere mechanical and instant waste of energy, but not minds enough to carry impressions into future action; these we call "irresolute," and, because the suspense is tormenting, we call them "highly nervous," and so forth: in truth, however, they present, not nervous excess, but defect or dulness of the nervous fibres which should connect impressions, relate values and determine the issues of action. Using the words "action" or "doing" in the widest sense, we must admit that in action alone can man be judged, and in action alone is he useful to the world; but the wider and more rapid the range of his nervous undulations, the better his service.

It is not then by impressions which are fleeting, but by those which penetrate and endure, that we measure the degrees of excitability and perfection of our nervous systems. As we become more and more able to subordinate the impressions of the moment, and compare them with our stores of previous impressions, we learn that momentary realities, keen as they are, must take their places in the larger sequences of that beautiful instrument which harmonises our joys and resolves our discords; we learn anew that happiness lies in the pleasures which abide, and in the selection of permanent beauty and truth from the bitter-sweet of passing delights, and from the gaudy and evanescent charms which offend the eye that dwells upon the larger elements of design.

Some there are, no doubt, who, desiring expression more than serenity and order, and growth and adventure rather than stability, would not shrink from something forced and exaggerated to secure them. We might roughly say that persons whose temperament is romantic find more delight in vivacity and change, than in permanence and intensity. These are questions of measure, and of that useful conflict between the reformer and the conservative, the "individualist" and the "socialist," which, in the language of the hustings, "secures progress with order": it is well that discontents should prevent apathy and monotony. But no products of the human mind will live by vivid expression which are not moulded in the main on the larger lines of that intellectualised passion which alone can give abiding pleasure. As the common mind of successive generations, by sifting and sublimating its experience and conceptions, discovers its classic thinkers and its classic artists, so, in the life of the individual man, should experience be refined and conceptions enlarged until our desires and pleasures are purged of their grosser and more transient accidents.

The discipline which leads us to avoid the eddies of the current and to move in the larger periods of human life and thought, which reveals to us the fugitive and deceitful nature of selfish gratifications and the abiding joy of devotion to higher ideas, is medicine for neuroses. We preach no self-denial for its own sake; but renunciation of the harlotries and enchantments which minister to transient joys in oblivion of the future. If it be true that our animal spirits are less buoyant as our knowledge increases, we shall not wonder that an interval of disillusion should lie between the brave and splendid impulses of national youth, and the age when we shall realise not only the responsibilities but also the more spacious freedom and the finer ideals of the new order; when men shall know that societies are not mere congeries of individuals bound together by external coercion, but organised bodies, subsisting by the cohesion and mutual co-operation of all their parts. In such a society all parts will be so moulded by the pressure and continual adaptation of each, that each will find its own good in the general good, and will therefore instinctively subordinate its own action, and find indeed its own functions infinitely multiplied in the harmonised activities of the whole. This unity we have long seen on smaller scales in guilds, regiments and ships, in public schools and universities, and the like associations, in which a new spirit springs up which so animates the whole body that each member of it lives only in his union with his fellows, and finds his honour in devotion to the brotherhood. As no loyal member of such a body acts off-hand as his own momentary pleasure may tempt him, so the body itself is careful to see that the defects or misfortunes of its several units are healed or allayed; for

hindrance or failure in its parts will weaken or defeat the concerted action of the whole. I speak as a physiologist when I say that in the growth of higher and more penetrating conceptions of national life, and in the increasing sense of security, efficiency and vigour which result from organisation, we shall find the cure for the irregular nervous outbursts, moods of despondency and waste of effort which we certainly have continual cause to lament; although I decline to admit they are either increasing or are the peculiar consequences of modern civilisation. Incontinence of nerve-actions under the provocations of pleasure or pain—*sensibilités à fleur de peau*—are no necessary mark of dissolution but of immaturity rather: indeed, on the other hand there is a peace which comes not of self-restraint and serenity but of stagnation; and foul growths appear more readily in stagnant waters than in babbling brooks, however shallow. In those works of great art which are “criticisms of life,” we find our chief delight in a fervour of expression which defies too still and austere a composure, but which fails to disturb our sense of that measure and breadth of conception which ensure us against the unruliness of the hour. Thus we have a sense of the many in the one; of life without death.

No rate of activity, which we can foresee, will be dangerous to human and social life if society provide that it do not suffer as a whole by collisions and injuries in its parts; this it must secure, not on the whole by slackening its rates of speed, but by economising and combining its constituent forces for larger and larger ends.

There is no more brutal and hopeless counsel than to apply crude Darwinism to men and women, and to compare individual lives in human societies with the several rivalries of the beasts: that weak lives were not trampled down in the onward march of the people is a hideous regret; and it is no less an error to hold that a mature society can flourish upon such an advantage. Every fainting man or child is a loose link in society, and, happily, our general practice is better than the precepts of some of us. By the great work of public health we are bringing it about that no child shall begin life with preventible disease, and our weakly children are as often crippled as killed by preventible disease; bad rearing and the microbe maim as often as they “eliminate”: by educational reforms, which as yet are rather in sight than in action, we shall not attempt to repress but to intensify the nervous faculties of our young men and women; and this we shall attain, not by quickening only the nervous apparatus which lies near the surface by casual and transient stimulants, but we shall endeavour to broaden and enrich their minds by those more systematic and penetrating exercises which call forth vibrations from the inward nervous structures and harmonise the elements of action in wider and wider orders of perception and response.

Our fault is not that our superficial nerves are too keen, but that

we stop there—that we satisfy ourselves by ministering only to the impressions which are skin-deep and transitory—that we leave vast inner tracts of the nervous system uncultivated: within a questing and sensitive skin we conceal a rich inheritance of nervous instruments and potencies which we leave in callousness and stupidity; and then we say that we are dying of nervous excitability! Can we suppose that these neglected faculties will die unavenged?

If we are so idle that the articles of our newspapers must be chopped up into little spicy bits for consumption, and the songs of our people into scrappy reiterant rhythms which hop along the ground; if in the theatre we will not imagine even a hansom cab or a pump unless it be brought upon the stage; if our survey of life is so narrow that we are awake to nothing beyond the bustle of the day; if our perception of purity and charity is so blunt that the more exalted virtues seem incredible and fantastic; if our imaginations are so blind that nothing beyond the present has any meaning for us; if our minds are so dull that we fail to perceive the springs and the promise of the life within and around us, then I reply that we are suffering, not from too much culture of our nervous systems, but from too little; not from over-education, but from wantonness; not from overstrain in the battle of life, but from petty quarrelling in the rank and file; not from the awe of a time and destiny too great for us, but from a pusillanimous fear of arms and a cowardly love of ease; not from new illumination, but from old conceit.

Every poet knows that to intellectualise his emotions by the practice of his art brings him strength and peace: had Carlyle distilled his prodigal fury in the matter of cock-crowing into an ode on this heroic fowl, or written a treatise upon the music of the poultry-yard, he would thereby have purged his own passions and spared those of his friends.

Many of my readers know what is meant in the language of physiologists by the term "reflex action"—that is, a short circuit between excitement and reaction, without intervention of the brain, by which we are enabled automatically to keep in touch with our surroundings. As such a process is identically repeated attention ceases, and the brain, passive at first, gradually loses even consciousness of the reaction. In times of rapid development of material advantages, whether it be the time of Queen Victoria, of the Emperor Augustus, or of King Solomon, the frequent readjustment of external conditions causes a rapid accumulation of those adaptations in which the mind ceases to participate. These delegated activities secure rapid adaptation to circumstances with economy of nervous energy, but in the growth of such habits we are exposed to two kinds of danger. The first is that by an increase of such habits we give hostages to fortune;³ we create needs, the repeated satisfaction of which

establishes reflex actions which cease to give conscious pleasure, but when unsatisfied cause painful desire. The wise man therefore takes heed that he may create these habits only in so far as they are permanently beneficial to himself and to the society in which he moves, and set free his conscious attention for higher ends. The second danger is that, in times of leisure, security, and command of material means, the mind, passively amused by a multiplicity of these sensational phases, may slacken in its own proper pursuits. Not only thus does the mind sink from its higher estate, but, as these local gratifications become habitual and attention flags, the demand for new stimulants, or for more provoking forms of the old, is imperative. Thus a world of artificers is employed to supply the craving for mere novelty as such, and to find excitement for jaded appetites—"mean handywork of craftsman, cook, or groom." Unused to provide for its own wants, the mind now expects to be entertained, and, if the show cease for a time, we are "bored"; now, to be bored is the sure sign of an inactive mind. Thus we are committed to a chase after sensations ever new, ever more and more piquant; in order that the mind may be passively amused, novels and the drama must be more and more provoking, social converse more and more highly spiced, and the works of painter and sculptor more and more meretricious. The captain of legions idly regards the games and skirmishes of the outposts.

This is the danger of our time, our pleasures flitting and stinging upon our skins and our minds in the distance delicately and idly amused: but novelty cannot be perennial or stimulants for ever intensified; the reactions which were pleasures become organised into mere pertinacious instincts, and our minds, no longer roused even to attention, grow empty and cold.

"The world hums through us—the beautiful dangerous world." If it hum through us, if it be drawn within the loom of the higher nervous organisation, its humming is transmuted and recreated into higher products: too often the hum does not reach our inner being, but, breaking only upon the more superficial parts of us, is spent as it came, making no new music and leaving us no better than before.

The secret of health and the secret of virtue, which is the health of the mind, are happily one; and it lies in the concern of the active intellect with the sensations which beat upon us without. No nervous excitability can be too keen, no thrill of passion too vivid if we draw it beyond the sphere of the superficial "reflexes," into the frame of that supreme artificer the constructive imagination of man: * without the selecting and refining action of this marvellous faculty, a succes-

* This process of absorption, conversion and integration of waves of impact—as opposed to more or less immediate repercussion and reflexion—is known to physiologists under the somewhat jejune name of "Inhibition."

sion of transient pleasures is but vanity and dissipation ; organised by it, every passing impression yields some precious element to its magistry.

"I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway."

All ages have their dangers ; happily each age carries with it the remedy. If no longer we exercise our souls in epic poetry or in the spacious wastes of metaphysics, yet intellectual life has never been so keen as now, and few of us can wholly escape the contagion. As we intellectualise our pleasures we measure and compare them, and, carrying the records nearer and nearer to the central seat of reason, we weave in the good and reject the evil. In this noble exercise, in this gymnastic of the mind, we knit together the parts of our nervous system, and nourish the centres in which they have their seat ; in this concert and ordination lies the physical basis of that self-control and sanity which come, not of sparing ourselves, not of shirking from the rude tests of the world, but of courage, labour and patience. It is in the battle, indeed, rather than in the fruits of victory, that we find the precious extract which is the medicine for the malady of our generation.

T. CLIFFORD ALLBUTT.

HEGEL.

AMONG the scattered fragments, indifferent as well as good, preserved for us by the assiduity of the German Boswell out of Goethe's conversation, there is a passage in which the great critic contrasts our countrymen with his own. He pronounces the average young Englishmen to have nothing spoilt or vitiated about them, but to be thoroughly complete so far as they go. That they are sometimes complete fools he allows with all his heart; but even that, he says, is something, and has a certain weight in the scales of Nature.

"In our own dear Weimar," he goes on, "I need only to look out of the window in order to discover how matters stand with us. Lately, when the snow was on the ground, and my neighbours' children were trying their little sledges on the street, the police were immediately at hand, and I saw the poor little things fly as quickly as they could. Now when the spring sun tempts them from the houses, and they would like to play with their companions before the door, I see them always constrained, as if they were not safe and feared an approach of some despot of the police. Not a boy may crack a whip, or sing, or shout—the police are immediately at hand to forbid it. This has the effect of taming youth prematurely, and of driving out all originality and wildness, so that in this land nothing remains but the Philistine."

Then he goes on to complain of the appearance of the German young man.

"If I enter into a conversation with any of them, I immediately observe that the things in which all of us take pleasure seem to them vain and trivial, that they are entirely absorbed in the Idea, and that only the highest problems of speculation are fitted to interest them. Of sound senses, a delight in the sensual, there is no trace, and all youthful feeling, and all youthful pleasure are driven out of them, and that irrecoverably; for if a man is not young in his twentieth year, how can he be young in his fortieth?"

Eckermann relates that Goethe sighed after saying this, and was silent, and that (to comfort him) he, Eckermann, inquired as to the effect which the advent of a second Redeemer, who should deliver the German nation from its seriousness, might have.

"If he came," replied the master, "he would be crucified a second time. Still we by no means need anything so extreme. If we could only remodel the Germans somewhat after the English, if we could have less philosophy and more power of action, less theory and more practice, we might obtain a good share of redemption without waiting for the personal majesty of a second Christ."

It is more than sixty years since Goethe died, and things have changed both in Germany and England. Lassalle and Bismarck, neither of them great enough to have earned crucifixion, did what was needful to turn the mind of Young Germany from theory to practice. The influx of French gold after the last war did the rest, and the Teutonic mind is no longer exclusively absorbed in "the Idea."

With us in England the change has been of another kind. We are more exacting and, on the whole, better equipped intellectually now than in the days when Lord Brougham was supposed to know everything; and yet it may be doubted whether we produce such robust personalities as we did seventy years ago. For the old kind of unquestioning faith in existing institutions, in Providence, in the ballot, in the overthrow of Christianity, and in a number of other things which were held to be of moment by our grandfathers, there has gradually been substituted a cynical tolerance. Perhaps the German of Goethe's day has been revenged upon us. Anyhow, the change is far-reaching. The once despised Wilhelm Meister has, thanks to Carlyle and Matthew Arnold, been rescued for our nation from the barbarians of the *Edinburgh Review*. In the mirror which Heine holds up for us we can now bear to look at our own images, a little distorted it is true, yet on the whole faithfully reflected. The intellectual highway of nations is thrown open: when we desire to know what Kant or Hegel had to say we no longer resort to the works of Sir William Hamilton or the late Mr. Lewes, neither of them in a position to tell us, for neither of them had put himself to the pains of trying to find out. It is now in the power of the average educated Englishman to go straight to the teachers themselves, for he reads German books as a matter of course, and from their pages the Idea beckons to him with dangerous fascination. The effect of the new access has been considerable. The name of the little territory which encloses Weimar and Jena stirs the imagination of thousands of our youth of both sexes, even as the name of Jerusalem moved the hearts of men in the centuries behind us.

Among English-speaking people the influence of Goethe has probably been the greatest force of the century. He has appealed directly

to many ; indirectly to an innumerable multitude. But it is not with Goethe that we are at this moment concerned, although there is enough of philosophy in his writings to have justified the choice of his name as the title of an address to you here. I wish to consider with you another great personality of the Jena-Weimar circle.

Hegel died in the end of 1831, a few months before Goethe. His system has to-day but few professing adherents in his own country, but his power is not dead or even dormant. It has only been transferred from Germany to Great Britain and America. In the Scottish universities the younger professors of philosophy are mostly Hegelian. Even in Cambridge, never prone to speculative tendencies, there exists to-day the germ of an Hegelian centre. Oxford has been the cradle of an Hegelian movement, the greatest and farthest-reaching since the days of the philosopher himself, for it is hardly necessary to remind you how profound is still the influence of Thomas Hill Green, alike in our philosophy and our theology. Nor is the Oxford movement a thing of the past. Only a few months ago there appeared from the pen of a distinguished Oxford thinker, Mr. Bradley, a remarkable piece of metaphysical criticism, a book worthy to be ranked with the very best of its kind in the last quarter of the century, in which the author develops in a new form the leading conception of Hegel. Let us try to consider what that leading conception is, and how it is influencing modern thought, prefacing the attempt with the warning that there is no royal road to the understanding of the differential calculus of philosophy.

The business of art is to express form. The business of science is to discover the laws which determine the mutual relations of the facts, actual or conceivable, of experience. The business of metaphysics is different from both of these. It is to find out what the Real is, the nature of that to which everything else is reducible, in terms of which everything else can be expressed—the ultimate in analysis. Let us see what this is, viewed in the light which has been cast on it by German methods. First of all, we have to clear our minds about the nature of experience. Experience is just the field of our own immediate knowledge. I see a tree, I have a dream : these are experiences. I see a mountain ten miles off : this is also experience, but it seems as though a judgment formed part of it. A child or a person from whose eyes a long-standing cataract had just been removed might not be able to judge the distance. If we look we shall find that not only here but in the simplest cases there is some sort of judgment. I have a feeling. I locate it in having it as here and now. There is a judgment. On the one hand, never in any experience do we have feeling without judgment ; on the other hand, there is always something more than judgment, something which cannot be entirely reduced to it. The more we reflect the

more we embellish experience with judgment. The trained faculty of the artist or the scientific observer finds most in experience because the understanding is brought most to bear on it. The grown man distinguishes his own self and its interests from the rest of the world to an extent which the child does not. The great distinctions between self and not-self and between knowing and being are distinctions which have been much more prominent in some periods of the world's history—for example, in Christian times—than in others. We see how comparatively absent they are in Greek thought, which had no difficulty in getting from thought to things.

Experience, then, is a comprehensive name for every kind of direct knowledge, from the highest forms down to the barest perception. About it there have been various theories. That which is most common represents it as a process taking place between two more or less independent entities, the one of which is the object and the other the subject. A certain development of this theory seeks to find in the subject and the impressions supposed to be made on it only the activity of the object, and takes the form either of materialism or sensationalism. Another development, also regarding knowledge as a dependent process, regards it as the activity, not of the object, but of the subject, and gets rid of the dualism of the two by reducing the objective world to the state of mind of the self. This is subjective idealism. Now all the forms of these two creeds have a common basis. They start uncritically from the assumption that knowledge cannot itself be the ultimate reality, but that this must be sought for in something of which knowledge is an attribute. The psychological is the method of the philosophers who hold this creed in common. They look into their own bosoms, and they find a self which is intelligent, but limited, ignorant and capable of error, and they seek either to account for this self as a product of an outside world, or to account for an outside world as a product of the self. This is not the place to record the batteries of criticism against which either view has to stand. Suffice it to say that, if the subject be taken to be a product of the external world, the question remains unanswerable—What is the external world apart from the experience we have of it, experience which implies a subject? And if, on the other hand, the external world be traced into the ideas of the self, the conclusion is inevitable, that the Universe is the creation of the individual mind, limited, ignorant, and fallible as it is. For Hume was reserved the merit of seeing that neither of these alternatives would do. Refusing, as his analysis forced him to do, to accept either mind or matter as the ultimate reality, he asked in effect whether experience itself might not be the Real, and answering the question what experience was, he pronounced it to be a series of sensations, for which it was not legitimate to assume the support of any self different from them. In this

way Hume made a real step forward to the Copernican point of view of the Germans, that from which it was asked whether, as things could not produce knowledge, knowledge might not produce things. Only Hume limited and restricted unduly the nature of knowledge by insisting that the so-called relations of judgment were unreal, and that thought could be expelled from experience, leaving a solid residuum of reality in the shape of feeling behind.

Now suppose that we assume thought and feeling to be equally real, must we regard them as separate elements? The answer to this question is given when we look more closely into their nature. As Berkeley showed long ago, general ideas are nothing apart from particular experiences. In like manner, feeling does not come into consciousness and cannot have any meaning for us apart from qualifying relations of thought. All knowledge and every process of consciousness implies an effort of abstraction, a fixing of the mind on one phase to the exclusion of another, with which comparison is made. The true view of experience appears to be that it lies between two poles. The one of these is thought, in which abstraction is made completely from the particular context of feeling. The other is mere feeling, in which there is no thought. Yet neither of these poles can be reached by the boldest adventurer. We may go on eliminating thought and its relations out of feeling *ad infinitum*, with the certainty that we never shall get to feeling that does not involve thinking. On the other hand, pure thought is equally an asymptotic limit which we cannot reach, and which, like its opposite pure feeling, is an ideal construction never to be reached in practice. Between these ideal constructions the field of experience lies. They are conceptions really negative in their nature which bound it on either side.

This conclusion brings us near to a second. The man in the street is not unnaturally prone to ask what thought is apart from a thinker. But when we try to seize the particular self that thinks, and to isolate it from other objects of knowledge, the task proves an impossible one. There is no hard-and-fast line between the self and the not-self. Once treat the body, varying in material and form as it does with time, as part of the not-self, and human individuality becomes impossible to define. For with the body is eliminated a whole train of memories, associations, and relations to other people known only in it. What remains is indefinable. We seem to get it, like the supposed abstract idea, only by a process of abstraction, which has no concrete fact corresponding to it in experience. The notion of a self which is something apart from its surroundings turns out, like that of pure thought, to be a result of abstraction, a derivative conception. It is not unreal more than other abstractions

are unreal. But it is not to be taken out of its context, and certainly there is in it no thinker apart from his thought.

We must start, then, not with a particular self or *Ego* as the ultimate reality, for this has proved to be an abstract and derivative construction, but with the fact of the consciousness of a world of which we are part. The less of attention, of concentration on a particular phase, there is in this consciousness the richer it is in material. And, on the other hand, the more we concentrate ourselves and abstract, the more we shall come on a series of conceptions, the validity of which as comprehensive of reality disappears as we examine them more closely, but which are yet necessary guides in our mental operations. The ultimate reality is just this consciousness, experience or knowledge in its widest sense. Try to represent a being whose consciousness it is, and who is yet independent of it, and that being turns out only to be a possible object in a phase of this very consciousness. The notion of such a being is only a result of abstraction which emerges at a later stage.

To think of experience so is to get rid of the assumption that it is a process taking place between two things (an assumption which we have seen underlay modern philosophy until Hume's time). Even Hume, whose method was to look into his own breast, made in his own way this very assumption, and Kant, whose glory was to have got rid of it, never wholly did so. His is at bottom a psychological method also, taking it tacitly for granted that the notion of thought as the activity of a thinker separate from it is a satisfactory foundation for metaphysics. The real reason why Hegel writes as though he were divided from Kant by a mighty gulf is not so much an indisposition to acknowledge his debt to his predecessor as a vivid perception of this truth. Experience was to him the ultimate and only reality. There were, besides, and independent of it, neither things in themselves nor subjects of experience. For these turned out to be either abstractions or meaningless. Therefore he blames the critical philosophy as demanding to learn to swim before entering the water at all. He himself is content to take experience as his ultimate, behind which no man can either get or raise a question of getting with any really intelligible meaning in it.

Experience, then, we shall neither explain nor account for nor be able to say of it why it is thus and not otherwise. Outside the closed circle of consciousness there is no meaning in attempting to get. But experience itself we can sift. Abstraction, the process which is common to observation and judgment, these extremes of the same process, tells us of three aspects of experience: the self or subject, the not-self or object, and the process in which the two are com-

bined, not as independent entities, but as the poles or phases of the process itself. "The Absolute," says Hegel in the "Phenomenology," "is Subject and not Substance." Pursuing the path still further, we find that the self or subject, when we try to seize it for observation, always discloses itself as limited by the object, and as itself an object in the process, a phenomenon of experience. Here lies the explanation of the fact of error and the explanation of subjective thought. To this phase of things we only get after taking a good many steps. The idea of subjective knowledge, of a knower who is limited, comes in only at a comparatively late stage. It is a fact, but only one of the facts of experience; and not to be unduly elevated by attention to it exclusive of its context.

Let us sum up what we have got here as the first result of the German point of view :—(1) The ultimate in analysis, the finally real, is experience itself, behind which we cannot go, and which cannot be explained, because there are no terms in which it can be stated. The confusion, not of Greek philosophy, which had no root distinction of subject from object to lead it into this error, but of modern philosophy, has been the misunderstanding of this fact, and the attempt to explain experience as the activity of a subject which was in reality itself one of the objects in experience. (2) Experience manifests itself in the form of finite consciousness with its potential distinction, which abstraction brings into prominence, of one "moment," that of self, from another, the not-self. (3) Experience tends on the one hand to resolve itself into pure thought, conceived as which it is absolute subject, and on the other hand into feeling, by elimination of the relations of thought. Neither result is ever attainable as an object of experience. They are ideal constructions; and the second of them is really negative, because, as all we can say about feeling is expressed in general terms, pure feeling becomes that of which we can say nothing, a mere potentiality.

Such seem to me to be the leading ideas which result from a right reading of Hegel. His philosophy is not, like that of Kant, a theory of knowledge, for his Idealism is not subjective Idealism. It is a system in which both subject and object appear as themselves but "moments" in that ultimate reality which we may call experience or knowledge, or, as Hegel himself does, thought, a final activity which is subject and not substance, and which embraces in its movement all those distinctions which appear as ultimate from the psychological standpoint. This ultimate fact we may examine, describe, analyse—only get behind it we cannot, for it is itself the foundation of everything else, the distinction between being and knowing included.

Let us now go back to where we started from, and examine the old results with our new German lamp. What is knowledge? It is

always a process of abstraction in which a particular phase of things is, by means of either reasoning or observation, isolated from other phases in order to be brought into greater distinctness. And this process of concentrating attention on one aspect of things, to the exclusion of others, is not only legitimate, but the only way in which we can come to clear consciousness about the things. In mathematics we put out of sight all relations save those of pure space and pure time. The constructions of this science never occur in actual experience. They are ideal. But they are none the less useful and necessary. So in physics we take only those relations of things which come within such categories as cause and reciprocity, leaving the rest out of account. In biology we find in the relations of development and life aspects which do not exclude those to which physical science is confined, but which cannot be reduced to them. When we pass to the sphere of mind we observe that such relationships as that of motive and volition cannot be reduced to others belonging to a different aspect of things, such as that of a cause which is quantitatively equivalent to and passes into the effect. All these different kinds of categories or standpoints are not invented by us. We take them from the experience to the very nature of which they belong. They represent different aspects or stages of reality. One of the most fertile sources of error lies in the application of the categories of one science to the subject matter of another. The mechanical standpoint, which seeks to exhibit phenomena in terms of matter and energy, is a most valuable one, and has done great service. It isolates appropriate aspects of things, and, idealising them, treats them as though they represented the whole. Even in the case of living organisms there is knowledge to be gained by applying the methods of physics and chemistry. But to say, because of this, that the standpoint of physiology and biology ought to be mechanical—or, with Feuerbach, that "*Der Mensch ist was er isst*"—is to indulge in *a priori* reasoning, justified by nothing in experience and tacitly founded on bad metaphysics. Different categories are predominant, different phases of the existence that is presented to us in experience. That experience gives us no warrant for trying to reduce or eliminate some of them in favour of others. Our business is to take the world as we find it, and when we want to increase our knowledge of the phases of it on which we concentrate our attention, to remember that, legitimate as it is, every such process involves abstraction from other facts and phases which are equally real. Science loses in extension what it gains in intension.

It appears that the exclusively mechanical standpoint is the outcome of the old fallacy which seeks to explain knowledge as a process of something which exists outside and independently of the process. It has its origin in such a notion as that of Locke, that much of what

appears may be treated as of a secondary and subjective nature, and that there is a set of primary qualities or attributes really existing in things to which all that is can be reduced by analysis. But once grasp the great truth that experience is the true reality, and that the notions of a thinking self, apart from experience and of things in themselves behind it, are but fictions of thought, legitimate as working hypotheses when their context is remembered, but of no objective validity, and the foundation of materialism and the mechanical standpoint disappears. Things are what they seem to us after scientific observation and experiment have cleared our minds of errors of observation, and this process does not entitle us to deny that life and development and purposiveness are among those facts of nature which we cannot eliminate. It would be interesting if some competent writer would trace for us the errors which have crept into physiology and biology by the ignoring of these facts at the bidding of that *a priori* metaphysic which is still unconsciously cherished by so many of our men of science.

We have now seen the nature of the step forward which Hegel made. His predecessors in modern philosophy, including even the great Kant, had committed a *hysteron-proteron*. They had all assumed that somehow or other experience was to be accounted for as a product of something anterior, in logic if not in time. Even when, as against the materialists and sensationalists, they had insisted that knowledge was the supreme fact, and that the metaphysic which would explain the self as a succession of sensations must fail to account for the supreme fact of that self being conscious of itself, they had still gone on to try to pull the perceived Universe to pieces, and to explain away the process of its perception into antecedent elements.

And this method had landed them back in the slough of difficulty out of which they had just emerged. The hypothesis of a universal self of which all that appeared for knowledge was the process left the problem of the relationship of the particular self unsolved. Hegel would have none of this. Back to Nature was his cry: back to the world of phenomena, which is not to be thought of as though there were some noumenal world behind it, but is to be taken as the supreme and ultimate fact. The world is there, and it is only our tendency to be run away with by metaphors which causes any difficulty. Analyse knowledge as Locke, as Berkeley, as Hume, as Kant analysed it, and you will be drawn step by step to the conclusion that your thinking mind is itself only a part or aspect or pole of the activity for which you are seeking to account. This activity is an ultimate fact. To suggest that it had a beginning or could have been otherwise is to drag in analogies from the worlds of space and time, which are themselves embraced within itself and cannot

be used to account for it. Its form is self-consciousness ; consciousness reached only through the sense of limit. The subject is conscious of itself as distinguished from and limited by the object, and both are but poles in a single process apart from which there is no meaning, a closed circle out of which there is no escape. This is the absolute Idealism of Hegel. The particular finite self is one of the phenomena which occur inside experience. I reach self-consciousness but as one among many and as limited by a world of which I am a part, and in which I and my race have had a history as the products of development. Others are equally real and equally conscious. Analyse the supreme all-embracing element, and you will find that existence has no meaning apart from the being actually or possibly known. But it is not on the accident of being known by a particular percipient, itself one of the objects of knowledge, that reality depends. There is no talk here of reducing mind to matter or matter to mind. Yet the nature of the Absolute is to be rather subject than substance : " Das Geistige allein ist das Wirkliche."

In the book to which I have referred Mr. Bradley apparently does not accept the Hegelian analysis of experience. He finds in experience, as the result of his own consideration, three elements : thought, feeling, and volition, each of them real and ostensibly independent of the others. But it is difficult to see in what the existence of any of them consists when the others are taken away. There is no feeling, no volition, which has not in it a context of thought, which is not as such the object of judgment. As we have already pointed out, feeling—and the same may be said of volition—has only the negative character of being an indefinable residuum that always remains however far we strip it of intelligible relations. Experience, it is true, can never be wholly resolved into intelligible relations. This Hegel saw, and indicated by declaring that there always remained an element of contingency which could never be got rid of. But the residue is itself nothing apart from the intelligible relations which give it meaning. And in the attempt to exhibit objects of perception, as, on the one hand, constituted out of thought relations, and, on the other hand, consisting of something that exists as an actuality apart from them, we seem to be falling into the old fallacy of trying to account for what must be taken as the foundation and *prius* of everything else. Indeed there is a striking analogy between the standpoint at which we thus arrive and that of the Positive philosophy of Comte. Hegel, too, renounces the attempt to get behind experience. He takes that for his starting-point. But he does so, not because he feels thought to be inadequate to solve the problem of what lies behind, but because thought has solved it by destroying as meaningless the notion of a world of things in themselves. Such a conclusion could hardly be, and in the hands of Hegel it was not, without

striking consequences. For him the family and the state were social organisms as real as the individuals who composed them. It was as illegitimate to explain away, or try to resolve into something lower, the religious bond which held together the congregations who worshipped in the churches as it was to deny that there was, as one of the facts of Nature, a common life which held together the various parts of the living organism. All these things were real though unseen. He did not, like Kant, seek to relegate teleological, æsthetic, and ethical relationships into a world which was less real than that world of spatial and temporal relations to which alone Kant allowed objective validity, and which was bounded by the categories of the mathematical and physical sciences. All that was experienced had for Hegel its place and validity.

If we accept this view of the world, even in its most general features, we see at once some of its consequences. Why the universe of experience exists in the particular form in which it does we do not know. It does so, and exists in the form of self-conscious knowledge. In distinguishing itself from the object the subject finds a limit, a sense of finiteness and individuality inevitable. And, although it knows that the object will turn out to be but a pole in the all-embracing synthesis—indefinitely penetrable by thought—yet the percipient self can never transcend that opposition and distinction which is the essence of self-consciousness, just because in doing so it would cease to be self-conscious. Hegel analyses in his "Encyclopædia" the contents of this universe, and the movement of thought which pervades and constitutes it. The great controversy which has arisen over his analysis is the obvious one as to what is the place of God in the process. Doubtless the Absolute is the entire movement. But that Absolute apparently attains self-consciousness only through a process of distinction of itself in one aspect from itself in another—in other words, in the form of finite individuality. Is there any higher form of self-consciousness than that which appears in the individual man? Now self-consciousness does point beyond itself. In being conscious of limitation we have in a sense transcended it; and, though we may never be able to make the Absolute, as the entire process of the Real, an object of percipient knowledge, there are other ways in which we may get beyond our own limits. One of them for Hegel was Religion. It cannot give us a scientific account of the nature of reality. That is reserved for Philosophy, which, on this account, Hegel places above Religion. But whereas Philosophy can never completely do this, can never display the Absolute as more than an ideal construction, Religion is in a better position. In it we have a direct transcending of the limits of self. The Absolute as Absolute stands revealed, but not as an object perceived. The religious consciousness raises man, as Hegel declares in the "Propædæutik"—that

little summary of his system which he used to teach to the boys at the gymnasium at Nuremberg, let it be hoped to their edification, in the days when he was a schoolmaster there—to the thought of God, and assures man of his unity with Him. The process can only be described as an attitude and expressed in symbols. But it is none the less a real phase of experience, not to be explained away by reduction to something else. So, too, with Art:

"It presents to us the Absolute in an individual or particular form, detached from the accidents of reality and from external conditions, and presents it nevertheless as an object of perception. The Beautiful is the purpose of Art, not the imitation of Nature, which is itself only a temporal and constrained imitation of the Idea."

To the superficial reader words like these may seem to point to mysticism. But there was no one with less of the mystic in his ways of thinking than Hegel. "What is actual is rational, and what is rational is actual" was his motto. He would have nothing to say to those notions of things in themselves—of mind, stuffs, of monads, and what not, which are the *Dei ex machinis* of metaphysical men of science. He asked the simple question about them which Berkeley asked about Locke's matter: What do they mean? And when he found that one answer after another crumbled away, he ceased to consider them. Nor was he better content with the notion of an Absolute which is unknowable, but somehow inferred. The Absolute of Schelling, a pioneer in this kind of thing, he describes as the "Night, in which all cows look black." His philosophy is repellent to the unprepared mind, and difficult to grasp, partly because of his peculiar terminology and occasional want of directness, but chiefly because the failure of his modern predecessors to avoid self-stultification led him to go back to the foundations, and ask whether thought after all came last, or whether it was not a putting of the cart before the horse to treat things as making thought instead of thought as making things. And his dialectic is the sheer analysis of what he finds to be the foundation, the final and ultimate element, that within which space and time fall as phases, and which is, therefore, no process of theirs. Hegel may not have pronounced the last word; but in the "Theætetus" and "Parmenides" of Plato and the "De Anima" and "Metaphysic" of Aristotle we find conclusions so like his that we ask whether, after all that has been said, we are not here in the presence of the great minds of history, of those who have had the real insight into things. And when we turn to Hegel himself, and find how he has revolutionised the study of history, what new light he has thrown upon the development of the world of events as well as of the world of thought, what a power he was in practical affairs, in influencing not only the speculative thought,

but the Prussian Government of his day, we ask whether in his writings we have not a mine which for all that has been done remains even now unexhausted.

The tendency of to-day appears to be to call a halt. The so-called educated classes have turned away, at least for the moment, from Radicalism in theology as well as politics. Such a book as "The Old Faith and the New," if it appeared now, would not produce the commotion or even excite the interest which it created a quarter of a century ago. Perhaps we are too much taken up with the here and the now, with the analysis of our own emotions, to have time for the then and the there of another world or a different social order. But men and women must have some sort of faith, and the mere negations of an intellectual Conservatism, of a systematic indisposition to question, if not refusal to disbelieve, will hardly satisfy them permanently. It is at this point that they may turn to their Hegel, and read, not for the letter, but for the spirit. There they will find wholesome things. They will see that the truth may be ever developing, and that what is true for one generation is not true for that which succeeds it. They will find that the dilemmas of the abstract understanding are not exhaustive; that the significance of Christianity does not depend upon a mere plain answer to a plain question about events which happened over eighteen centuries ago; that much of what we have taken to be reality is only symbol, and that sides of life which we are prone to relegate to the world of the unreal are as much part of our daily lives as the physical atmosphere which surrounds us. They will not find, nor need they look for answers to the questions which used to be raised even more than they are raised to-day. But they will find reasons for thinking these questions of less importance than they seem, and for tracing their origin to an unduly narrow and limited standpoint. Hegel subjected to a scientific scrutiny the tendency to use exclusively the categories of mechanism in the search after truth, and to limit the Universe to what was apparent in space and time. To an unintelligent and unchecked indulgence in this tendency he attributed many of the difficulties which oppress the minds of thoughtful men and women. The outcome of what he taught was that between science and religion, between the cause of progress and the faith in existing institutions, there is no antagonism which does not arise from misunderstanding—misunderstanding for which the combatants on one side are as much responsible as those on the other. He does not answer all the questions which are put to him. But he shows how those questions are in fact put from the point of view of either one or the other of the contending parties, and how these points of view neither exhaust nor are adequate to the truth. And so he brings us back to life as it seems, and tells us that our

forefathers were not wrong in their faith in its reality. That life he would have us not only accept as true, but live in the largest sense. Renunciation is for him the beginning only and not the end of wisdom, the portal through which we must pass in order to enter upon our widest inheritance. In giving up the individual self with its ends for the sake of the family or the public interest, he would have us believe that we find that self again, and not less real because it is now seen to be part of a larger whole, by membership of which it is enriched. It is renunciation, not, as with Buddha and Schopenhauer, in order to get rid of life, but in order to find it in a form which shall deliver us from the misery of the selfish man with his narrow aims and his fruitless striving for individual success. The grave counts for little when the kingdoms of heaven and hell are found to lie on this side of it, and the sphere of faith becomes once more a legitimate one, though not through any answer, affirmative or negative, to the old narrow questions. So at least Hegel will have us believe. He does not offer us back again the metaphors of our childhood. But he does offer us a view of life in which it rises far above mere mechanical necessity, and in which mind appears as the final and only reality; a view in which, if we do not see a Personal Providence extending a hand from without to control our destinies, at least we find the shapes which threaten and make mock at us to be no more real than the fiends which came near Christian in the Valley of the Shadow, only to vanish when resolutely confronted. The categories of contingency and of death have no terror for the spirit whose perception can recognise their limited application. The old problems are there. But for Hegel they are there only because we have put them there. If we divest ourselves of the superstitious dilemmas of lower standpoints, if we cast aside the claim which the individual puts forward to make himself of more account than the whole of which he forms a member, if we are in earnest in the effort to view the world and ourselves *sub specie aeternitatis*, then in the words of Goethe:

"Alles Vergängliche
Ist nur ein Gleichniß;
Das Unvergängliche
Hier wird's Ereigniß."

R. B. HALDANE.

THE EVOLUTION OF CITIES.

TO look at our enormous cities, expanding day by day and almost hour by hour, engulfing year by year fresh colonies of immigrants, and running out their suckers, like giant octopuses, into the surrounding country, one feels a sort of shudder come over one, as if in presence of a symptom of some strange social malady. One could almost take up one's parable against these prodigious agglomerations of humanity, and prophesy against them as Isaiah prophesied against Tyre, "full of wisdom and perfect in beauty," or against Babylon, "the son of the morning." Yet it is easy to show that this monster growth of the city, the complex outcome of a multiplicity of causes, is not altogether a morbid growth. If, on the one hand, it constitutes, in some of its incidents, a formidable fact for the moralist, it is, on the other hand, in its normal development, a sign of healthy and regular evolution. Where the cities increase, humanity is progressing; where they diminish, civilisation itself is in danger. It is therefore important to distinguish clearly the causes which have determined the origin and growth of cities, those which lead to their decay and disappearance, and those, again, which are now transforming them little by little, in the process of wedding them, so to speak, to the surrounding country.

Even in the earliest times, when the primitive tribes of men were still wandering in woods and savannahs, nascent society was endeavouring to produce the germs of the future town; already the shoots that were destined to expand into such mighty branches were beginning to show themselves around the outline of the stem. It is not among our civilised populations, but in the full heyday of primitive barbarism that we must watch the creative forces at work on the

production of those centres of human life which were to be the precursors of the town and the metropolis.

To begin with, man is sociable. Nowhere do we find a people whose ideal of life is complete isolation. The craving for perfect solitude is an aberration possible only in an advanced stage of civilisation, to fakirs and anchorets distraught by religious delirium or broken by the sorrows of life; and even then they are still dependent on the society around them, which brings them day by day, in exchange for their prayers or benedictions, their daily bread. If they were really rapt in a perfect ecstasy, they would exhale their spirits on the spot; or if they were desperate indeed, they would slink away to die like the wounded animal that hides itself in the black shadows of the forest. But the sane man of savage society—hunter, fisher, or shepherd—loves to find himself among his companions. His needs may oblige him often to keep solitary watch for the game, to follow the shoal alone in a narrow skiff, beaten by the waves, to wander far from the encampment in search of fresh pastures for his flocks; but as soon as he can rejoin his friends with a fair supply of provisions he hies back to the common camp, the nucleus of the city that is to be.

Except in countries where the population is extremely sparse and scattered over immense distances, it is usual for several tribes to have a common trysting-place, generally at some chosen spot easily accessible by natural roadways—rivers, defiles, or mountain passes. Here they have their feasts, their palavers, their exchange of the goods which some lack and others have to spare. The Redskins, who in the last century still overran the forest tracts and prairies of the Mississippi, preferred for their rendezvous some peninsula dominating the confluence of the rivers—such as the triangular strip of land that separates the Monongahela and the Allegheny; or bare hills commanding a wide and uninterrupted view, whence they could see their companions travelling over the distant prairie or rowing on the river or the lake—such as, for instance, the large island of Manitou, between Lake Michigan and Lake Huron. In countries rich in game, fish, cattle, and cultivable land, the grouping becomes closer, other things being equal, in proportion to the abundance of the means of living. The sites of future towns are indicated already by the natural meeting-place common to the various centres of production. How many modern cities have sprung up in this way in places which have been a resort from all antiquity!

The traffic in commodities carried on at these trysting-places becomes an additional incentive, over and above the instinctive social need, to the formation of fresh nuclei among the primitive populations; and further, some nascent industry generally accompanies these beginnings of trade. A bed of flint for cutting and polishing weapons and other implements, a layer of pottery clay or pipe clay

for vessels or calumets, a vein of metal which might be cast or hammered into trinkets, a heap of beautiful shells suitable for ornaments or money—all these are attractions which draw men together; and if at the same time the places are favourably situated as centres of food-supply, they combine all the requirements necessary for the formation of a town.

But man is not guided only by his interests in the conduct of his life. The fear of the unknown, the terror of mystery, tends also to fix a centre of population in the neighbourhood of places regarded with superstitious dread. The terror itself attracts. If vapours are seen ascending from fissures in the soil, as if from the furnace where the gods are forging their thunderbolts; if strange echoes are heard reverberating among the mountains like voices of mocking genii; if some block of iron falls from heaven, or some flame or living spring starts up freshly from the ground, or some mysterious mist takes human form and stalks the air, no sooner does such a phenomenon mark out some special spot, than religion consecrates it, temples rise above it, the faithful gather round, and we have the beginnings of a Mecca or a Jerusalem.

Human hatred, even, has had its share in the founding of cities; even in our own day it founds them still. It was one of the constant cares of our ancestors to guard themselves from hostile incursions. There are vast regions in Asia and Africa where every village is surrounded by its breastwork and palisades; and even in our own Southern Europe every group of dwellings situated in the vicinity of the sea has its walls, its watch-tower, and its keep or fortified church, and on the least alarm the country-folk take shelter within its ramparts. All the advantages of the ground were utilised to make the place of habitation a place also of refuge. An islet separated from the mainland by a narrow channel of deep water afforded an admirable site for a maritime or lacustrine city, which might at once overlook its enemies, and receive its friends in the port cut off by its cluster of cabins from the open sea. Steep rocks, with perpendicular sides, from which blocks of stone could be rolled down upon the assailant, formed a sort of natural fortress which was much appreciated. Thus the Zuñi, the Moqui, and other cliff-dwellers poised themselves on their lofty terraces, and dominated space like eagles.

Primitive man, then, looked out the site; civilised man founded and built the city. At the earliest beginnings of written history, among the Chaldeans and the Egyptians, on the borders of the Euphrates and the Nile, the city had long existed, and it appears by that time to have numbered its inhabitants by tens and hundreds of thousands. The cultivation of these river-valleys required an immense

amount of organised labour, the draining of swamps, the deflecting of river-beds, the construction of embankments, the digging of canals for irrigation; and the completion of these works necessitated the building of cities in the immediate neighbourhood of the stream, on an artificial platform of beaten earth raised well above the level of inundation. It is true that in these far-distant times, sovereigns who had the lives of innumerable slaves at their disposal had already begun to choose the sites of their palaces at their own caprice; but, personal as their power was, they could but carry on the normal movement initiated by the populations themselves. It was the country folk, after all, who gave birth to the cities which in later times have so often turned against their forgotten creators.*

Never was the normal and spontaneous birth of cities more strikingly illustrated than in the Greek era, when Athens, Megara, Sicyon sprang up at the foot of their hills like flowers in the shade of the olive trees. The whole country—the fatherland of the citizen—was contained within a narrow space. From the heights of its acropolis he could follow with his eye the limits of the collective domain, now along the line of the sea-shore, traced by the white salvage of the waves, then across the distant blue of wooded hills, and past ravines and gorges to the crests of the shining rocks. The son of the soil could name every brooklet, every clump of trees, every little house in sight. He knew every family that sheltered under those thatched roofs, every spot made memorable by the exploits of his national heroes, or by the fallen thunderbolts of his gods. The peasants, on their part, regarded the city as peculiarly their own. They knew the beaten paths that had grown to be its streets, the broad roads and squares that still bore the names of the trees that used to grow there; they could remember playing round the springs which now mirrored the statues of the nymphs. High on the summit of the protecting hill rose the temple of the sculptured deity whom they invoked in hours of public danger, and behind its ramparts they all took refuge when the enemy was in possession of the open country. Nowhere did any other soil beget a patriotism of such intensity, a life of each so bound up with the prosperity of all. The political organism was as simple, as sharply defined, as one and indivisible, as that of the individual himself.

Far more complex to begin with was the commercial city of the Middle Ages, which lived by its industries or its foreign trade, and which was often surrounded only by a little belt of gardens. It saw around it in disturbing proximity the fortresses of its feudal friends or adversaries, clasping the wretched hovels of the villagers between their feet, like eagles planting their talons in their prey. In this mediæval society the antagonism between town and country sprang

* Mrs. J. R. Green, "Town Life in the Fifteenth Century."

up as the result of foreign conquest; reduced to mere serfdom under the baron, the labourer—a fixture of the soil, in the insulting language of the law—was flung like a weapon against the towns, by no will of his own; whether as workman or as armed retainer, he was forced into opposition against the borough with its rising industrial class.

Of all European countries, Sicily is the one in which the pristine harmony between town and country has most nearly survived. The open country is uninhabited except by day, during the hours of field-labour. There are no villages. In the evening labourers and herdsmen return to the city with their flocks; peasants in the daytime, they become citizens at night. There is no sweeter or more touching sight than that of the processions of toilers returning to the towns at the moment when the sun sinks behind the mountains, casting up the vast shadow of the earth against the eastern horizon. The unequal groups follow each other at intervals up the ascending road—for, with the view to security, the towns are almost always perched on the summit of some cliff, where their white walls can be seen for ten leagues round. Families and friends join each other for the climb, and the children and the dogs run with joyous cries from group to group. The cattle pause from time to time to crop a bit of choice herbage by the roadside. The young girls sit astride on the beasts, while the lads help them over the difficult places, and sing and laugh and sometimes whisper softly with them.

But it is not only in Sicily—the Sicily of Theocritus—that one meets these gracious evening groups. Round the whole of the Mediterranean coast, from Asia Minor to Andalusia, the antique customs are partially retained, or at least have left their traces. All the little fortified towns* that line the shores of Italy and Provence belong to the same type of miniature republic, the nightly resort of all the peasants of the agricultural outskirts.

If the earth were perfectly uniform in the shape of its relief and the qualities of its soil, the towns would occupy, so to speak, an almost geometrical position. Mutual attraction, the social instinct, the convenience of trade, would have caused them to spring up at pretty nearly equal distances. Given a flat plain without natural obstacles, without rivers or favourably situated ports, and with no political divisions carving the territory into distinct States, the chief city would have been planted full in the centre of the country; the larger towns would have been distributed at equal distances round it, rhythmically spaced out among themselves, and each possessing its planetary system of smaller towns, the normal distance being the distance of a day's march—for, in the beginning, the step of man as the natural measure between place and place, and the number of

miles that can be covered by an average walker between dawn and dusk was, under ordinary conditions, the regular stage between one town and the next. The domestication of animals, and, later, the invention of the wheel, modified these primitive measurements; the stride of the horse, and then the turn of the axle-tree, became the unit of calculation in reckoning the distance between the urban centres of population. Even now, in the towns of many long-inhabited countries—in China, in the neighbourhood of the Ganges, in the plains of the Po, in Central Russia and even in France itself—one may discern beneath the apparent disorder a real order of distribution, which was evidently regulated long ago by the step of the traveller.

A little pamphlet written in 1850, or thereabouts, by Gobert, an ingenious man and an inventor, living as a refugee in London, drew attention to the astonishing regularity of the distribution of the large towns in France before mining and other industrial operations came in to upset the natural balance of the population. Thus Paris is surrounded, towards the frontiers of the country, by a ring of great but subordinate cities—Lille, Bordeaux, Lyons. The distance from Paris to the Mediterranean being about double the ordinary radius, another great city had to arise at the extremity of this line, and Marseilles, the old Phœnician and Greek colony, developed itself splendidly. Between Paris and these secondary centres arose, at fairly equal distances, a number of smaller, but still considerable cities, separated from each other by a double distance, say, of about eighty miles—Orleans, Tours, Poitiers, Angoulême. Finally, halfway between these tertiary centres, in a position suggestive of the average distance, there grew up the modest towns of Etampes, Amboise, Châtellerault, Ruffec, Libourne. Thus the traveller, in his journey through France, would find, as it were, alternately a halting-place and a resting-place, the first adequate for the foot-passenger and the second convenient for the horseman and the coach. On almost all the high roads the rhythm of cities follows the same plan—a sort of natural cadence regulating the progress of men, horses, and carriages.

The irregularities of this network of stations are all explicable by the features of the country, its ups and downs, the flow of its rivers, the thousand points of geographical variation. The nature of the soil, in the first place, influences men in their spontaneous choice of a site for their dwellings. Where the blade cannot grow the town cannot grow either. It turns away from the sterile heath, from the hard gravels and the heavy clays, and expands first in such of the more fertile districts as are easy of cultivation—for the soft alluvium of the marshes, fertile enough in its way, is not always easily accessible, and cannot be brought under culture without an organisation of labour which implies a very advanced stage of progress.

Again, the unevenness of the land, as well as the niggardliness of the soil, tends to repel population, and prevents, or at least retards, the growth of cities. The precipices, the glaciers, the snows, the bitter winds, thrust men out, so to speak, from the rugged mountain valleys; and the natural tendency of the towns is to cluster immediately outside the forbidden region, on the first favourable spot that presents itself at the entrance of the valleys. Every torrent has its riverside town in the lowland, just where its bed suddenly widens and it breaks into a multitude of branches among the gravels. In the same way every double, triple, or quadruple confluent of the valley has its important town, a town so much the more considerable, other things being equal, as the branches of the delta carry a greater abundance of water. Take, for instance, from this point of view the geography of the Pyrenees and of the Alps. Could any situation be more naturally indicated than that of Zaragoza, placed on the mid course of the Ebro, at the crossing of the double valley of the Gallego and the Huerva? The city of Toulouse, again, the metropolis of Southern France, stands on a spot which a child might have pointed out beforehand as a natural site, just where the river becomes navigable below the confluence of Upper Garonne, the Ariège and the Ers. At the opposite corners of Switzerland, Basle and Geneva stand at the great cross-roads followed by the ancient migrations of peoples; and on the southern slope of the Alps every valley without exception has its warden town at its gates. Great cities like Milan and so many others mark the chief points of convergence; and the whole upper valley of the Po, forming three-quarters of an immense circle, has for its natural centre the city of Turin.

But the rivers must not be regarded as simply the median artery of the valleys; they are essentially movement and life. Now life appeals to life; and man with his ever-wandering spirit, continually impelled towards the distant horizon, loves to linger beside the flowing stream which bears at once his vessels and his thoughts. Nevertheless, he will not settle indifferently on either side the stream; making no distinction between the outer and the inner curve, the rapid and the lazy current. He tries hither and thither before he finds the site that pleases him. He chooses by preference the points of convergence or ramification, where he can take advantage of the three or four navigable ways that offer themselves at starting, instead of two directions only, up stream and down stream. Or he plants himself at the necessary points of stoppage—rapids, waterfalls, rocky defiles, where vessels come to anchor and the merchandise is transhipped; or where the river narrows and it becomes easy to cross from side to side. Finally, in each river basin the vital point is found to be at the head of the estuary, where the rising tide checks

and bears up the downward current, and where the boats borne down by the fresh water meet the ocean vessels coming in with the tide. This place of meeting of the waters, in the hydrographic system, may be likened to the position held by the stock of a tree between the system of aerial vegetation above and that of the deep-spreading roots below.

The deviations of the coast-line also affect the distribution of towns. Straight sandy shores, almost unbroken, inaccessible to large vessels except on the rare days of dead calm, are avoided by the inhabitants of the interior as well as by the seafaring man. Thus, the 136 miles of coast which run in a straight line from the mouth of the Gironde to that of the Adour have no town at all except Arcachon, which is simply a small watering-place, set well back from the sea behind the dunes of the Cap Ferré. In the same way, the formidable series of littoral barriers that flanks the Carolinas along their Atlantic shore gives access, for the whole distance between Norfolk and Wilmington, only to a few petty towns carrying on with difficulty a dangerous traffic. In other sea-coast regions, isles and islets, rocks, promontories, peninsulas innumerable, the thousand jags and snippings of the cliffs, equally prevent the formation of towns, in spite of all the advantages of deep and sheltered waters. The violence of a too tempestuous coast forbids the settlement of more than very small groups of persons. The most favourable situations are those which afford a temperate climate and a coast accessible both by land and sea, alike to ships and wheeled vehicles.

All the other features of the soil, physical, geographical, climatic, contribute in the same way to the birth and growth of cities. Every advantage augments their power of attraction; every disadvantage detracts from it. Given the same environment and the same stage of historical evolution, the size of the cities is measured exactly by the sum of their natural privileges. An African city and a European city, existing under similar natural conditions, will be very different from one another, because their historical environment is so totally different; but there will, nevertheless, be a certain parallelism in their destinies. By a phenomenon analogous to that of the disturbance of planets, two neighbouring urban centres exercise a mutual influence on each other, and either promote each other's development by supplying complementary advantages—as in the case of Manchester, the manufacturing town, and Liverpool, the commercial town—or injure each other by competition where their advantages are of the same kind. Thus the town of Libourne, which stands on the Dordogne, only a little distance from Bordeaux, but just on the other side of the neck of land that separates the Dordogne from the Garonne, might have rendered the same services to trade and navigation that Bordeaux actually renders; but the neighbour-

hood of Bordeaux has been her ruin; she has been eaten up, so to speak, by her rival, has almost completely lost her maritime importance, and is little else but a halting-place for travellers.

There is another remarkable fact which must be taken into account—the way in which the geographic force, like that of heat or electricity, can be transported to a distance, can act at a point remote from its centre, and may even give birth, so to speak, to a secondary city more favourably placed than the first. We may instance the port of Alexandria, which, in spite of its distance from the Nile, is nevertheless the emporium of the whole Nile basin, in the same way as Venice is the port of the Paduan plain, and Marseilles that of the valley of the Rhone.

Next to the advantages of climate and soil come the subterranean riches which sometimes exert a decisive influence on the position of towns. A town rises suddenly on an obviously unfavourable site, where the ground is nevertheless rich in quarrying stone, in pottery clay or marbles, in chemical substances, in metals, in combustible minerals. Thus Potosi, Cerro de Pasco, Virginia City, have sprung up in regions where, but for the presence of veins of silver, no city could ever have been founded. Merthyr Tydvil, Creuzot, Essen, Scranton, are creations of the coal measures. All the hitherto unused natural forces are giving rise to new cities in precisely the places which were formerly avoided, now at the foot of the cataract, as at Ottawa, now among the high mountains, within reach of the natural conduits of electricity, as in many Swiss valleys. Each new acquisition of man creates a new point of vitality, just as each new organ forms for itself new nervous centres.

In proportion as the domain of civilisation expands and these attractions make themselves felt over a wider area, the towns, belonging themselves to a larger organism, may add to the special advantages which have given them birth advantages of a more general kind, which may secure them an historical rôle of the first importance. Thus Rome, already occupying a central position in relation to the country enclosed within the semicircle of the volcanic Latin hills, found herself also placed in the centre of the oval formed by the Apennines; and later, after the conquest of Italy, her territory occupied the median point of the whole peninsula bounded by the Alps, and marked almost exactly the halfway station between the two extremities of the Mediterranean, the mouths of the Nile and the Straits of Gibraltar. Paris, again, so finely situated near a triple confluence of the waters, at the centre of an almost insular river-basin, and towards the middle of a concentric series of geological formations, each containing its special products, has also the great advantage of standing at the convergence of two historic roads—the road from Spain by Bayonne and Bor-

deaux, and the road from Italy by Lyons, Marseilles, and the Cornice; while at the same time it embodies and individualises all the forces of France in relation to her Western neighbours—England, the Netherlands, and Northern Germany. A mere fishing-station at first between two narrow arms of the Seine, the opportunities of Paris were limited to her nets, her barges, and her fertile plain that stretches from the “Mont des Martyrs” to Mont Geneviève. Next, her confluence of rivers and streams—the Seine, the Marne, the Ourcq, the Bièvre—turned her into a fair or market; and the convergent valley of the Oise added its traffic to the rest. The concentric formations developed around the ancient sea-bottom gradually gave an economic importance to their natural centre, and the historic road between the Mediterranean and the ocean made her the nucleus of its traffic.

Of the local advantages of London, seated at the head of the maritime navigation of the Thames, there is little need to speak; for has she not the further privilege of being of all cities of the world the most central—the one most readily accessible, on the whole, from all parts of the globe?

In his interesting work on “The Geographical Position of the Capitals of Europe,” J. G. Kohl shows how Berlin—long a mere village, without other merit than that of affording to the natives an easy passage between the marshes and a solid footing on an islet of the Spree—came, in the process of the historical development of the country, to occupy, upon a navigable waterway of lakes and canals, the halfway station between the Oder and the Elbe, where all the great diagonal highroads of the country naturally meet and cross, from Leipzig to Stettin, from Breslau to Hamburg. In earlier times the Oder, where it reaches the point at which Frankfort now stands, did not turn off sharply to the right to fall into the Baltic, but continued its course in a north-easterly direction, and emptied itself into the North Sea. This immense river, more than six hundred miles long, passed the very spot now occupied by Berlin, which stands almost in the middle of its ancient valley. The Spree, with its pools and marshes, is but the vestige of that mighty watercourse. The German capital, dominating, as it does, the course of both rivers, commands also the two seas, from Memel to Embden; and it is this position, far more than any artificial centralisation, which gives it its power of attraction. Besides, like all the great cities of the modern world, Berlin has multiplied her natural advantages tenfold, by the converging railway lines which draw the commerce of her own and other countries to her marts and warehouses.

But the development of the capital is, after all, factitious to a

great extent; the administrative favours bestowed on it, the crowd of courtiers, functionaries, politicians, soldiers, and all the interested mob that presses round them, give it a too distinctive character to admit of its being studied as a type. It is safer reasoning from the life of cities which owe their oscillations to purely geographical and historical conditions. There is no more fruitful study for the historian than that of a city whose annals, together with the aspect of the place itself, permit him to verify on the spot the historical changes which have all taken place in accordance with a certain rhythmic rule.

Under such conditions one sees the scene evolve before one's eyes; the fisher's hut; the gardener's hut close by; then a few farms dotting the country-side, a mill-wheel turning in the stream; later on, a watch-tower hanging on the hill. On the other side of the river, where the prow of the ferry-boat has just grazed the bank, some one is building a new hut; an inn, a little shop close to the boatman's house, invite the passenger and the buyer; then on its levelled terrace the market-place springs up, conspicuous amongst the rest. A broadening track, beaten by the feet of men and animals, runs down from the market-place to the river; a winding path begins to climb the hill; the roadways of the future become distinguishable in the trodden grass of the fields, and houses take possession of the green wayside where the cross-roads meet. The little oratory becomes a church; the open scaffolding of the watch-tower gives place to the fortress, the barrack, or the palace; the village grows into a town, and the town into a city. The true way to visit one of these urban agglomerations which has lived a long historic life, is to examine it in the order of its growth, beginning with the site—generally consecrated by some legend—which has served it as a cradle, and ending with its last improvements in factories and warehouses. Every town has its individual character, its personal life, a complexion of its own. One is gay and animated; another keeps a pervading melancholy. Generation after generation, as it passes, leaves behind it this inheritance of character. There are cities that freeze you as you enter with their look of stony hostility; there are others where you are blithe and buoyant as at the sight of a friend.

Other contrasts present themselves in the modes of growth of different cities. Following the direction and importance of its overland commerce, the town projects its suburbs like tentacles along the country roads; if it stands on a river it spreads far down the bank near the places of anchorage and embarkation. One is often struck by the marked inequality of two riverside parts of a city which seem equally well situated to attract the population; but here the cause must be sought in the direction of the current. Thus the plan of Bordeaux suggests at once that the true centre of the inhabited

circle should have been on the right bank of the river, at the place occupied by the small suburb of La Bastide. But here the Garonne describes a mighty curve, and sweeps its waters along the quays of the left bank; and where the life of the river flings its force, the life of commerce is necessarily carried with it. The population follows the deeper current, and avoids the oozy banks of the opposite shore.

It has often been suggested that towns have a constant tendency to grow westward. This fact—which is true in many cases—is easily explained, so far as the countries of Western Europe and others of similar climate are concerned, since the western side is the side directly exposed to the purer winds. The inhabitants of these quarters have less to fear from disease than those at the other extremity of the town, where the wind comes laden with impurities from its passage over innumerable chimneys, mouths of sewers, and the like, and with the breath of thousands or millions of human beings. Besides, it must not be forgotten that the rich, the idle, and the artist, who have leisure to take in the full delight of the open sky, are much more apt to enjoy the beauties of the twilight than those of the dawn; consciously or unconsciously, they follow the movement of the sun from east to west, and love to see it disappear at last in the resplendent clouds of evening. But there are many exceptions to this normal growth in the direction of the sun. The form and relief of the soil, the charm of the landscape, the direction of the running waters, the attraction of local industries and commerce, may solicit the advance of men towards any point of the horizon.

By the very fact of its development, the city, like any other organism, tends to die. Subject like the rest to the conditions of time, it finds itself already old while other towns are springing up around it, impatient to live their life in their turn. By force of habit, indeed by the common will of its inhabitants, and by the attraction that every such centre exerts upon the surrounding neighbourhood, it tries to live on; but—not to speak of the mortal accidents which may happen to cities as to men—no human group can incessantly repair its waste and renew its youth without a heavier and heavier expenditure of effort; and sometimes it gets tired. The city must widen its streets and its squares, rebuild its walls, and replace its old and now useless buildings with structures answering to the requirements of the time. While the American town springs into being full-armed and perfectly adapted to its surroundings, Paris—old, encumbered, dirt-encrusted—must keep up a laborious process of reconstruction, which, in the struggle for existence, places her at a great disadvantage in comparison with young cities like New York and Chicago. For the selfsame reasons the huge cities of the Euphrates and the Nile, Babylon and Nineveh, Memphis and Cairo,

found themselves successively displaced. Each of these cities—while, thanks to the advantages of its position, it retained its historical importance—was forced to abandon its superannuated quarters and shift its basis further on, in order to escape from its own rubbish, or even from the pestilence arising from its heaps of refuse. Generally speaking, the abandoned site of a town which has moved on is found to be covered with graves.

Other causes of decay, more serious than these, because arising out of the natural development of history, have overtaken many a once famous city; circumstances analogous to those of its birth have rendered its destruction inevitable. Thus the superseding of an old highroad or crossway by some improved mode of conveyance may destroy at one blow a town created by the necessities of transport. Alexandria ruined Pelusium; Carthagena in the West Indies gave Puerto Bello back to the solitude of its forests. The demands of commerce and the suppression of piracy have changed the sites of almost all the towns built on the rocky shores of the Mediterranean. Formerly they were perched on rugged hills and girt with thick walls, to defend them from the seigneurs and the corsairs; now they have come down from their fortresses and spread themselves out along the seashore. Everywhere the citadel is exchanged for the esplanade; the Acropolis has come down to the Piræus.

In our societies, where political institutions have often given a preponderating influence to the will of a single person, it has frequently happened that the caprice of the sovereign has founded a city in a spot where it could never have sprung up of itself. Thus planted on an unnatural site, the new city has not been able to develop without a tremendous waste of living force. Madrid and St. Petersburg, for example, whose primitive huts and hamlets would never have grown into the populous cities of to-day but for Charles the Fifth and Peter the First, were built at an enormous cost. Yet, if they owe their creation to despotism, it is to the associated toil of men that they owe the advantages which have enabled them to live on as if they had had a normal origin; and though the natural relief of the soil had never destined them to become centres of human life, centres they are, thanks to the convergence of artificial communications—roads, railways and canals—and the interchange of thought. For geography is not an immutable thing; it makes and remakes itself day by day; it is modified every hour by the action of men.

But nowadays we hear no more of Cæsars building cities for themselves; the city-builders of to-day are the great capitalists, the speculators, the presidents of financial syndicates. We see new towns spring up in a few months, covering a wide surface, marvellously laid out, splendidly furnished with all the implements of modern life; the school and the museum, even, are not wanting. If the spot is well

chosen, these new creations are soon drawn into the general movement of the life of the nations, and Creuzot, Crewe, Barrow-in-Furness, Denver, La Plata, take rank among the recognised centres of population. But if the site is a bad one, the new towns die with the special interests that gave them birth. Cheyenne City, ceasing to be a railway terminus, sends its cottages forward, so to speak, by the next train; and Carson City disappears with the exhausted silver mines which alone had peopled that hideous desert.

But if the caprice of capital sometimes attempts to found cities which the general interests of society condemn to perish, on the other hand it destroys many small centres of population which only ask to live. In the outskirts of Paris itself, do we not see a great banker and landed proprietor adding year by year another two or three hundred acres to his domain, systematically changing cultivated land into plantations, and destroying whole villages to replace them by keepers' lodges built at convenient distances?

Amongst the towns of wholly or partially artificial origin, which answer to no real need of industrial society, must be mentioned also those which exist for purposes of war, at any rate those which have been built in our own day by the great centralised States. It was not so in the days when the city was capable of containing the whole nation, when it was absolutely necessary for purposes of defence to build ramparts following the exterior outline of all quarters of the town, to construct watch-towers at the angles, and to erect alongside the temple, on the summit of the protecting hill, a citadel where the whole body of the citizens could take refuge in case of danger; and when, if the town were separated from its port by a strip of intervening country—as at Athens, Megara, or Corinth—the road from the one to the other must itself be protected by long walls. The whole pile of fortifications explained itself by the nature of things, and took a natural and picturesque place in the landscape. But in our days of extreme division of labour, when the military power has become practically independent of the nation, and no civilian dare advise or meddle in matters of strategy, most fortified towns have a quite unnatural form, in no sort of agreement with the undulations of the soil; they cut the landscape with an outline offensive to the eye. Some of the old Italian engineers at least attempted to give a symmetrical outline to their fortifications by shaping them like an immense Cross or Star of Honour, with its rays, its jewels, its enamels; the white walls of its bastions and redans contrasting regularly with the calm and large placidity of the open fields. But our modern fortresses have no ambition to be beautiful; the thought never enters the head of the strategist; and a mere glance at the plan of the fortifications reveals their monstrous ugliness, their total want of harmony with

their surroundings. Instead of following the natural outlines of the country and stretching their arms freely into the fields below, they sit all of a heap, like creatures with cropped ears and amputated limbs. Look at the melancholy form that military science has given to Lille, to Metz, to Strasburg! Even Paris, with all the beauty of her buildings, the grace of her promenades, the charm of her people, is spoilt by her brutal setting in a framework of fortifications. Released from that unpleasant oval in broken lines, the city might have expanded in a natural and æsthetic manner, and taken the simple and gracious form suggested by nature and life.

Another cause of ugliness in our modern towns springs from the invasion of the great manufacturing industries. Almost every town we have is encumbered with one or more suburbs bristling with stinking chimneys, where immense buildings skirt the blackened streets with walls either bare and blind, or pierced, in sickening symmetry, with innumerable windows. The ground trembles under the groaning machinery and beneath the weight of waggons, drays, and luggage trains. How many towns there are, especially in young America, where the air is almost unbreathable, and where everything within sight—the ground, the walls, the sky—seems to sweat mud and soot! Who can recall without a horror of disgust a mining colony like that sinuous and interminable Scranton, whose seventy thousand inhabitants have not so much as a few acres of foul turf and blackened foliage to clear their lungs? And that enormous Pittsburg with its semi-circular coronet of suburbs fuming and flaming overhead, how is it possible to imagine it under a filthier atmosphere than now, though the inhabitants aver that it has gained both in cleanliness and light since the introduction of natural gas into its furnaces? Other towns, less black than these, are scarcely less hideous, from the fact that the railway companies have taken possession of streets, squares, and avenues, and send their locomotives snorting and hissing along the roads, and scattering the people right and left from their course. Some of the loveliest sites on the earth have been thus desecrated. At Buffalo, for instance, the passenger strives in vain to follow the bank of the wonderful Niagara across a wilderness of rails and quagmires and slimy canals, of gravel heaps and dunghills, and all the other impurities of the city.

Another barbarous speculation is that which sacrifices the beauty of the streets by letting the ground in lots, on which the contractors build whole districts, designed beforehand by architects who have never so much as visited the spot, far less taken the trouble to consult the future inhabitants. They erect here a Gothic church for the Episcopalians, there a Norman structure for the Presbyterians, and a little further on a sort of Pantheon for the Baptists; they map out their streets in squares and lozenges, varying grotesquely the geo-

metrical designs of the interspaces and the style of the houses, while religiously reserving the best corners for the grog-shops. The absurdity of the whole heterogeneous mixture is aggravated in most of our cities by the intervention of official art, which insists on the types of architecture following a given pattern.

But even if the rich contractor and the official Mæcenas were always men of cultivated taste, the towns would still present a painful contrast between luxury and squalor, between the sumptuous and insolent splendour of some quarters, and the sordid misery of others, where the low and crooked walls hide courts oozing with damp, and starving families crouched under tumble-down styes of lath or stone. Even in towns where the authorities seek to veil all this behind a decent mask of whitewashed enclosures, misery still stalks outside, and one knows that death is carrying on its cruel work within. Which of our cities has not its Whitechapel and its Mile End Road? Handsome and imposing as they may be to the outward eye, each has its secret or apparent vices, its fatal defect, its chronic malady which must end by killing it, unless a free and pure circulation can be re-established throughout the whole organism. But from this point of view the question of public buildings involves the whole social question itself. Will the time ever come when all men, without exception, shall breathe fresh air in abundance, enjoy the light and sunshine, taste the coolness of the shade and the scent of roses, and feed their children without fear that the bread will run short in the bin? At any rate, all those of us who have not reserved their ideal for a future life, but think a little also of the present existence of man, must regard as intolerable any ideal of society which does not include the deliverance of humanity from mere hunger.

For the rest, those who govern the cities are mostly governed themselves—often against their will—by the very just idea that the town is a collective organism, of which every separate cellule has to be kept in perfect health. The great business of municipalities is always that which relates to sanitation. History warns them that disease is no respecter of persons, and that it is dangerous to leave the pestilence to depopulate the hovels at the back door of the palace. In some places they go so far as to demolish the infected quarters altogether, not considering that the families they expel can only rebuild their habitations a little further on, and perhaps carry the poison into more wholesome regions. But, even where these sinks of disease are left untouched, everybody agrees as to the importance of a thorough general sanitation—the cleansing of the streets, the opening of gardens and grassy spaces shadowed by tall trees, the instant removal of refuse, and the supply of pure and abundant water to every district and every house. In matters of this kind a peaceful

competition is going on among the towns of the more advanced nations, and each is trying its particular experiments in the way of cleanliness and comfort. The definitive formula, indeed, has not yet been found; for the urban organism cannot be made to carry on its provisioning, its sanguine and nervous circulation, the repair of its forces and the expulsion of its waste, by an automatic process. But at least, many towns have been so far improved that life there is wholesomer on the average than that of many country places where the inhabitants breathe day by day the reek of the dunghill, and live in primitive ignorance of the simplest laws of hygiene.

The consciousness of a collective urban life is shown, again, by the artistic efforts of the municipalities. Like ancient Athens, like Florence and the other free cities of the Middle Ages, every one of our modern towns is bent on beautifying itself; hardly the humblest village is without its bell-tower, its column, or its sculptured fountain. Dismally bad art it is, most of it, this work designed by qualified professors under the supervision of a committee; and the more ignorant, the more certain it is to be pretentious. Real art would go its own way and not be tied to the lines laid down by a highways committee. These little gentlemen of the municipal councils are like the Roman General Mummius, who was quite willing to give orders that his soldiers should repaint every picture they injured; they mistake symmetry for beauty, and think that identical reproductions will give their towns a Parthenon or a St. Mark's.

And even if they could indeed recreate such works as they require their architects to copy, it would be none the less an outrage on nature; for no building is complete without the atmosphere of time and place that gave it birth. Every town has its own life, its own features, its own form; with what veneration should the builder approach it! It is a sort of offence against the person to take away the individuality of a town, and overlay it with conventional buildings and contradictory monuments out of all relation to its actual character and history. We are told that in Edinburgh, the lovely Scottish capital, pious hands are at work in quite another way; breaking in upon its picturesque but unclean wynds, and transforming them gradually, house by house—leaving every inhabitant at home as before, but in a cleaner and more beautiful home, where the air and light come through; grouping friends with friends, and giving them places of reunion for social intercourse and the enjoyment of art. Little by little a whole street, retaining its original character, only without the dirt and smells, comes out fresh and crisp, like the flower springing clean beneath the foot without a single sod being stirred around the mother plant.

Thus, by destruction or by restoration, the towns are for ever being renewed where they stand; and this process will doubtless go on

accelerating under the pressure of the inhabitants themselves. As men modify their own ideal of life, they must necessarily change, in accordance with it, that ampler corporeity which constitutes their dwelling. The town reflects the spirit of the society which creates it. If peace and goodwill establish themselves among men, there can be no doubt that the disposition and aspect of the cities will respond to the new needs which will spring out of the great reconciliation. In the first place, the hopelessly sordid and unhealthy parts of the city will be improved off the face of the earth, or will be represented only by groups of houses freely planted among trees, pleasant to look at, full of light and air. The richer quarters, now handsome to the eye, but often both inconvenient and insanitary nevertheless, will be similarly transformed. The hostile or exclusive character which the spirit of individual ownership now gives to private dwellings will have disappeared; the gardens will no longer be hidden out of sight by inhospitable walls; the lawns and flower-beds and plantations which surround the houses will run down by shady walks to the public promenades outside, as they do already in some English and American University towns. The predominance of the common life over a strictly enclosed and jealously guarded privacy will have attached many a private house to an organic group of schools or phalansteries. Here also large spaces will be thrown open to admit the air and give a better appearance to the whole.

Obviously, the towns which are already growing so fast will grow yet faster, or rather they will melt gradually into the distant country, and throughout the length and breadth of the land the provinces will be scattered with houses which, in spite of the distance, really belong to the town. London, compact as it is in its central districts, is a splendid example of this dispersion of the urban population among the fields and forests for a hundred miles round, and even down to the seaside. Hundreds of thousands of people who have their business in town, and who, as far as their work is concerned, are active citizens, pass their hours of repose and domestic fellowship under the shadow of tall trees, by running brooks, or within sound of the dashing waves. The very heart of London, "the City" properly so-called, is little but a great Exchange by day, depopulated by night; the active centres of government, of legislation, of science and art, cluster round this great focus of energy, increasing year by year, and elbowing out the resident population into the suburbs. It is the same, again, in Paris, where the central nucleus, with its barracks, its tribunals, and its prisons, presents a military and strategical rather than a residential aspect.

The normal development of the great towns, according to our modern ideal, consists, then, in combining the advantages of town and country life—the air and scenery and delightful solitude of the

one with the facile communication and the subterranean service of force, light, and water which belong to the other. What was once the most densely inhabited part of the city is precisely the part which is now becoming deserted, because it is becoming common property, or at least a common centre of intermittent life. Too useful to the mass of the citizens to be monopolised by private families, the heart of the city is the patrimony of all. It is the same, for the same reasons, with the subordinate nuclei of population; and the community claims, besides, the use of the open spaces of the city for public meetings and open-air celebrations. Every town should have its agora, where all who are animated by a common passion can meet together. Such an agora is Hyde Park, which, with a little packing, could hold a million persons.

For other reasons, again, the city tends to become less dense, and to open out a little in its central regions. Many institutions originally planted in the heart of the town are moving out into the country. Schools, colleges, hospitals, almshouses, convents, are out of place in a city. Only the district schools should be retained within its limits, and these surrounded with gardens; and only such hospitals as are absolutely indispensable for accidents or sudden illness. The transferred establishments are still dependencies of the town, detached from it in point of place, but continuing their vital relation with it; they are so many fragments of the city planted out in the country. The only obstacle to the indefinite extension of the towns and their perfect fusion with the country comes not so much from the distance as the costliness of communication, for, in less time than it takes to walk from one end of the town to the other, one may reach by rail the solitude of the fields or the sea at a distance of sixty or seventy miles. But this limitation to the free use of the railroad by the poor is gradually giving way before the advance of social evolution.

Thus the type of the ancient town, sharply outlined by walls and fosses, tends more and more to disappear. While the countryman becomes more and more a citizen in thought and mode of life, the citizen turns his face to the country and aspires to be a countryman. By virtue of its very growth, the modern town loses its isolated existence and tends to merge itself with other towns, and to recover the original relation that united the rising market-place with the country from which it sprang. Man must have the double advantage of access to the delights of the town, with its solidarity of thought and interest, its opportunities of study and the pursuit of art, and, with this, the liberty that lives in the liberty of nature and finds scope in the range of her ample horizon.

ELISÉE RECLUS.

THE DIVINE SACRIFICE.

IN the series of essays of which this is the last, an attempt has been made to state in present-day terms, and to regard in the light of present-day knowledge, some of the deepest and most far-reaching problems of man and of the universe. In this concluding paper there remains for us to face an unspeakably solemn and significant fact, which has been shaping itself before us with growing clearness at each step of our advance. This fact is, that any radical solution of the deep mysteries which we have been contemplating, any solution going beyond a mere restatement of the difficulties, lies neither in man nor in the universe, but in the character of the Supreme Being—in the Divine Nature itself. We have endeavoured to show that the interpretation of the universe to man is man, and we have seen, moreover, that we cannot stop here, for man also needs interpreting, and from our standpoint that which interprets him is necessarily the only ultimate interpretation of the order to which he belongs, and now we must add that that ultimate interpretation is to be found, and only to be found, in God.

In making such a statement as this, we separate ourselves at once and in the most sharply-defined manner from the conclusions of agnosticism, if, indeed, those can be called conclusions which simply bid us rest in hopeless and unalterable ignorance, in the reference of the whole natural order, ourselves of course included, not merely to an unknown, but an unknowable cause. Ignorance, however, is not a state in which man voluntarily acquiesces. The most thorough-going agnostic would unhesitatingly avow that he is not such by choice, but by compulsion. If he could know, he would like to know; but believing knowledge to be impossible, he submits to an enforced ignorance. One object of the foregoing essays has been to

give some evidence that this attitude of mind is neither necessary nor rational, that man can know, has an inherent capacity for knowing, not the surface of Nature merely, but the core and heart of Nature, because he can know God. Yet this knowledge, as has been fully confessed, has well-defined limitations; and when we venture to assert that the explanation of all the contradictions that harass us, the resolution of all the problems that vex us, the reconciliation of all the anomalies that within and without threaten to overwhelm us, lie in the character of God, the question arises: Are we not now going beyond our province? In this region is it possible, we do not say to know all, but to know anything? The answer is contained in the words which have been purposely chosen to define the field of this supreme knowledge, *the character of God*; for character means those distinguishing traits by which a *person* impresses himself upon our cognition, and to those who regard the revelation of the Divine to the human as the unveiling of a Personal Being to personal beings, the very fact that we can speak of the character of God, implies that we have to some extent the capacity for understanding it. It must be again repeated that limitation to this understanding is not denied; on the contrary, it is desired to insist on it to the utmost. We cannot fathom the personality of our nearest and dearest, nay, we cannot even fathom our own; much less then can we fathom His who is its source. Yet, apart from metaphysical quibbles, and in spite of evident limits, we are constrained to confess that to a certain extent we know both ourselves and our fellow-men. If we know God in the same sense, this constitutes a real though not a perfect knowledge, and since to know a fellow-man implies that we have entered somewhat into his character, so to know God is not compatible with complete ignorance of this.

It has been previously pointed out* that "to know a person involves some action on his part as well as on ours," a breaking down of those barriers of individual exclusiveness which we are but too apt to regard as a necessary defence to the sacredness of personality. In the case where the person to be known is the superior of the one whom he desires to understand him (as when a grown man takes pains to be understood by a child), this breaking down of barriers involves a considerable limitation of himself. Were he to show all that is in him, he would merely cause hopeless bewilderment; he must for the time circumscribe his powers, veil his knowledge, use language suited not to his own capacity, but to the humbler capacity which he has to meet, in fact, as we say, "put himself in the place" of his inferior. Unless he can do this, he can neither know nor be known by the latter; if he can do it, we acknowledge that in the

* Essay on "The Divine Response to Human Capacity," CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, April 1894.

self-limitation which it has implied he has given evidence of a power enhancing the value of all others which he may possess, that of raising one beneath him towards his own high level. A revelation of God to man must necessarily be the transcendent example of this self-limitation, of which we have a familiar illustration in every parent and teacher who is worthy of the name, nor do Christians need to be reminded in whom this revelation is centred, even in Him who, through the brightness of His Father's glory and the express image of His person, yet humbled Himself and became obedient to death. In Christ we see God putting Himself in the place of His creatures, entering into the conditions which so perplex them, submitting to the limitations that so harass them, and this in order that He may explain Himself to them by meeting them on their own ground, and speaking to them in the only language they can understand. We call this the sacrifice of Christ, and in it we have the clue to all that we can know of the character of God, and therefore of the constitution of the universe and the destiny of man. It is for this reason that we have begun where it might have seemed that we should end—with God; for this way alone is open to us. If God is the key to His creation, then without God it will be for ever an insoluble problem; with Him an open book, in which there may indeed be written things hard to understand, but which little by little we shall learn to decipher and to master. Let us endeavour then to regard the universe as we know it, in the light of the Divine Sacrifice, and in order to do this let us commence by inquiring a little more closely into the scope and significance of the latter.

In the first place it is necessary to observe that though this sacrifice is first clearly made known to us in the life of Christ on earth, that was not its commencement. The sacrifice of God began with Creation, for then—using as we must use imperfect human words to embody truths which are too great for them—He imposed conditions upon the manner of His working; He limited Himself. What the conditions were we are learning gradually to spell out. They may, perhaps—according to our present knowledge, and always with the reservation of the inadequacy of any human expression to render the Divine meaning—be summed up by saying that the sonship of the creature was the end and aim of the Creator. We have seen in the preceding essay ("On the Knowledge of Good and Evil")* that sonship involves a self-determining life. The son must grow into his father's likeness; he cannot be manufactured into it. In other words, he must develop from within, not be coerced from without, and hence we were constrained to say, the possibility of the existence of evil; for God reveals Himself to us as holy, and consequently as having the knowledge of good and evil, yet just

* CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, December 1894.

because He knows, hating to the utmost that evil which is absolutely opposed to His nature, and which man must learn to hate in the same way and for the same reason before he can enter into true union with God.

It would seem then that the essence of the Divine Sacrifice lies in truth in God's so limiting Himself as to allow of the existence of evil, of that separation from Himself which is darkness and death, and which yet the very imparting of His own life rendered possible. This is not the way in which the Divine Sacrifice is usually regarded. As a rule we confine ourselves to saying that it was made in order to overcome evil; but this statement surely cannot express the truth. To overcome evil is a fulfilment of the Divine life, not a limitation or a renouncement. To an All-holy Being the rendering possible the existence of evil is the sacrifice—how great, how awful it is not for the mind of man to fathom; but the realisation of the fact that this is indeed what the sacrifice consists in, opens before us a depth of meaning in the revelation of God through Christ which otherwise is hidden from us; for here to a small extent—so far as our human powers of understanding go—we look into the tremendous mystery of what evil is to God. "No wonder," says one of our greatest novelists, after drawing a heart-rending picture of human woe and agony; "no wonder that man needed a suffering God,"* and in her opinion it was out of the sense of his need that he evolved the illusory response to it given in the Cross. But we who believe that the response is as real as the need itself, we who bear the name of Christ and put our trust in the supreme revelation which that name implies, have we ever truly realised that God could not reveal Himself as what He was not, that if Christ suffered through evil, that is because and only because God suffers through evil also? "I and my Father are One." Again, this is not the aspect of the problem of evil with which we are familiar. It is the suffering to man which we nearly always regard; the more thoughtful among us extending our sympathy to the lower creation, or in some instances perhaps to the whole universe, feeling as we do that its history must be one with our own. But does it ever even cross our minds as we contemplate and share in the pain which encounters us on every side, that the Supreme Sufferer in all this accumulation of suffering is God? To think thus may involve some apparent paradoxes, some great difficulties; but none so great or so overwhelming as those we must face if we violently tear asunder the Divine from the human in the nature of Christ—if we bring ourselves to suppose that it was the Man, and not the GOD-MAN who suffered and who suffers now until the full fruition of His victory over evil is attained.

Such a suggestion may at first seem startling, almost presumptuous;

* George Eliot in "Adam Bede."

yet if we keep steadfastly in mind the fact to which the Incarnation bears such supreme witness, that there is a true relationship between the human and the Divine, we cannot but acknowledge that the Christian Revelation itself leads us to a conclusion which otherwise we could not have ventured to form; we cannot but feel that man's mysterious capacity for suffering, the impossibility of his growth towards perfection without it, must have its root not in himself, not in the being of man, but of God. In contemplating this deep mystery, we must indeed be painfully conscious of our own limitations, of the inadequacy of human thought to attain to, and human language to express the divine truth which we imperfectly perceive; yet we dare not say that the connection of God with suffering is derogatory to the idea of the All-Holy and All-Blest, for to this connection He has Himself set His seal. And if we are met—as most surely we shall be met, not only by sceptics from without, but by the perplexed and doubtful heart within—with the unquenchable, invariable “*Why*; why was all this allowed? Surely God could have prevented alike His own suffering and the suffering of man by preventing evil, by not allowing that separation from Himself which involves such terrible consequences”: to this the answer—to the extent that we can formulate an answer penetrating so far into the deep things of God—is: Yes; He could have prevented it, but at the cost of denying sonship to His creation. To attain this goal the only possible road has been taken; and the reason of its being the only possible road lies in God's own nature as He has revealed it to us. He does not reveal Himself as bare power, in fact except incidentally, not as power at all, but as righteousness and love. In the inspired records power is altogether subordinated to these. Righteousness and love wield the power; they are not wielded by it; and herein, we may remark, lies the true answer to that accusation of anthropomorphism so often brought against the Christian idea of God. Anthropomorphism, as is strikingly illustrated in the Greek, Roman and Scandinavian mythologies, places power first, any other attribute afterwards. The conception of Himself which God has inspired in and acknowledged to men, places righteousness and love first and power last.*

Are we then denying the first clause of the Christian creed: “I believe in God the Father *Almighty*”? By no means; we are but giving due weight—as those who drew up the creed did—to the words which precede the word *Almighty*, so often treated as though it were or could be isolated from them, *the Father*. The almightiness of God is subordinated to His fatherhood, and this He teaches us

* Were it not that to do so would interrupt the argument in the text, it would be of advantage and interest to follow out this truth in more detail. The righteousness of God is the special revelation of the Old Testament, as the righteousness and love combined are of the New. First law, then love which is the fulfilling of law.

throughout the whole of that Revelation whose essence and culmination is Christ ; this, He gives us to understand, is, so far as we are able to apprehend it, the order of the Divine Nature. And because of the pre-eminence of the Fatherhood in God, because He would have a universe of sons, not a universe of automata, He circumscribed His own action, and rendered possible the existence of evil by communicating to His creation His own self-determining life, to which nevertheless this evil, this darkness of separation and disunion is absolutely and eternally opposed. Thus evil is what it is to the universe and to man, so awful, so ubiquitous, so strong, so apparently invincible because of the utter abomination it is to God. It is because man is made in the likeness of God that evil—that is, separation from God—must ever be his bane and his destruction, so that in whatever self-deluding dreams he may indulge he can never, save by doing violence to his nature, declare evil to be his good. And just as God has revealed to us in what His sacrifice consists, so He has revealed to us the end for which it was made—to render sonship possible, to bring about a nearer, more indissoluble, more comprehensive, in a word, more *personal* union between the self-conscious, intelligent beings, the spirits whom He has brought into existence, and Himself, than could otherwise have taken place.

And thus we are led to enter into the joy of creation, so strikingly expressed in the familiar words, "When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy," and to regard it as more than a poetic fiction, a mere figment of the imagination. It is still true that for His pleasure they are and were created. The creature could have no gladness in its existence if the Creator had none, and, so far at least as the world of human nature is concerned, we know that there is intense happiness as well as intense pain. What we need to recognise is that in the union of joy and suffering which God has revealed to us as entering into His nature, we have a deep, the deepest reason for that strange and mysterious connection between them which we find in our own. It is a truism to say that great sorrow and great happiness are very closely related, that the one may at a moment's notice be changed into the other ; nay, that the two may co-exist in the same person at the same time, each intensifying the other. These facts do not mean nothing. In the light of God's revelation of Himself to man they mean that even now, even in this darkness and separation, man is yet partaker in the Divine life, a sharer in the Divine joy and the Divine suffering ; and, paradoxical as it may seem, the joy is that to which the suffering ministers. The joy of fatherhood could not be God's, nor the joy of sonship man's, without the pain which each involves. This is a great mystery ; we cannot penetrate far into it ; but the reason as well as the heart can perceive that the ground and

explanation of all other sacrifice is the sacrifice of God. Without this ground and explanation, sacrifice is meaningless, hopeless, fatally paradoxical; whereas with it we may dare to hope and to believe that it is excess of light and not its absence which blinds us, and to trace with ever-increasing confidence and delight "the unfolding mysteries of science, believing that each new fact is revealing some step in an ascending scale of creatures, the lowest of which is the object of creating and redeeming love, and the highest of which is in communion with the Son of God." *

These words once more forcibly remind us that the Divine Sacrifice connects itself indissolubly with the life of Christ. He is its culminating expression, its interpretation, its fulfilment; and all which has its centre in Christ possesses a human as well as a Divine significance. He is the representative of God to man; He is also the representative of man to God; and it is the human aspect of the Divine Sacrifice to which we must now turn our attention. From this standpoint we shall perceive that it is not indeed sacrifice, but restitution. The sacrifice of God lies in the circumscribing of His powers, which the communication of self-determining life to His creation implies, and in the voluntary submission in the person of His Son to the conditions of that order which He had called into being. The sacrifice of man as represented in Christ and ratified by the spiritual genius and moral consensus of all antecedent and subsequent ages, howsoever obscured by accidents of time and circumstance, consists in the absolute surrender of the will—that master-faculty in the constitution of the self-conscious, intelligent life of spirit—to God. "Lo, I come to do Thy will, O God." God gave all that He could give to His creation. He gave Himself, His own life; and just because of the munificence of the gift, it could be abused, and it has been abused. That which came from God, which could only find its home and its fulfilment in Him, opposed itself to Him, and entered into the miserable darkness of separation which is eternal agony and eternal death. From this agony and death the deliverance came when Christ as the representative of man, of the whole race and of each individual, renounced separation and yielded Himself unreservedly to God, thus freely rendering back to Him, enhanced in value because it was freely rendered, the life which He had imparted to His creation. In this sense He was "the first-born of every creature," and He took upon Him the representative right of the first-born; and not until each individual son has acknowledged and ratified in his own person the act of the elder brother will the restitution so full of joy to God and man be realized throughout the universe as man knows it. Until then to his sight the shadow of separation rests upon it still, and as to him it came in time, so in time it must be removed; but to this

* F. D. Maurice, "Theological Essays," p. 238.

"far-off divine event"—far-off and yet near, perpetually being realised as one and another erring spirit turns to the Father who gave it being, and to Him eternally present—"the whole creation moves"; nor can anything frustrate, or impede, or even hinder its fulfilment.

Let us turn now to regard not only man, but the universe in the light of these considerations. Our thoughts must take this wide sweep, include this vast field, because we cannot separate man from the order to which he belongs; because, so far as his eye can reach or his intellect penetrate, there are tokens of the same struggle which he finds prevailing in himself, and which in himself he distinctly knows as the conflict between good and evil. And before briefly passing these tokens in review, we may perhaps fitly remark that it is a narrow and feeble conception of the cosmos which would lead us to regard man as the only creaturely exemplification of self-conscious, intelligent life to be found in the universe. Such a conclusion is certainly not justified by science, still less by religion; and its indulgence contributes not a little to that exclusive, self-centred manner of regarding the Divine order which the further we penetrate into it, the more we see to be utterly inimical to its true apprehension. Though, however, we cannot but believe that there exist in other worlds than our own, self-conscious, intelligent beings, science has not found, perhaps in this stage of man's existence will never find, any means of communication with them, and that because of common limitations. The laws of Nature, as we know them, must strictly confine beings of constitution at all similar to our own, expressing themselves, that is, in what we have learned to regard as a "material" manner, to that portion of the universe in which they have been developed. In other words, space and time, and all that space and time imply, must be as real to them as to us. That there are other beings under totally different conditions to whom such boundaries do not exist, the inspired records distinctly lead us to believe, and thus agree with a human experience which, though not universal in the sense that it belongs to every individual of the race, yet is so in the sense that it has been claimed by an appreciable number of sane individuals in all ages and under widely different circumstances. Such a fact as this Science is just beginning to see that she cannot wisely disregard, but the investigations to which it gives rise are attended by peculiar difficulties, and are not yet carried on by a sufficient number of persons under sufficiently varied conditions to allow of the results obtained being regarded as verified in the overwhelmingly conclusive manner which scientists as such are bound to demand. For this reason further reference is not made to a subject which is nevertheless of high interest and importance. As Christians, however, we acknowledge

that the universal spiritual life has attained in other beings besides the human, to that self-conscious, intelligent stage in which it recognises itself as spiritual, and takes upon itself the mysterious attributes of personality; and though we are told but little in the Scriptures regarding these fellow-spirits, the intimations given certainly lead us to conclude that they also have the knowledge of good and evil, and have been not only witnesses of, but partakers in, the conflict which to finite beings such knowledge involves, though under conditions differing from, and probably unrealisable by, their human brothers.

It is not necessary, however, to have recourse to such considerations as these in order to justify the statement that throughout the universe, as man knows it, there are tokens of the same struggle which he finds in himself. The "Nature red in tooth and claw," so relentlessly placed before him by the discoveries and generalisations of modern biological science, confronts him, now that his eyes are opened, at every step. The struggle for existence which the great principle of Natural Selection implies, results in such waste, such destruction of the helpless, such an apparently overwhelming practical assertion that might is right, that the organic world more resembles a vast slaughter-house of the innocents than anything else that can be conceived. Nor do the assurances advanced by some of our most distinguished naturalists, that too much is made of the sufferings of the lower animals, that, on the whole, for them the happiness of existence outweighs the pain, do more than touch, if they so much as touch, the surface of the question. Against the few who survive, who succeed by reason of their superior "fitness" in ousting all competitors from the field, we must set the myriads who perish; in whom, on the large hypothesis that suffering is escaped, yet the possibility of happiness is not fulfilled, while invariably, so far as individuals are concerned, and not infrequently with regard to species, the survivors themselves perish in the end. In the last resort death spares neither victors nor vanquished in the struggle for life; and it is not possible for a human being, to whom the word death sums up so much of agony, dread, and loss, to regard its apparently undisputed sway over the lower creation with calmness and indifference, even though he may often mete it out with his own hand, and may be fully convinced of the fact that its significance in these subordinate realms of life falls far below its significance to himself. And yet we must bear in mind that what death ministers to is not death, but life. These hecatombs of victims are sacrificed in order that throughout the organic world the most perfect attainable life of which each surviving species is capable may be reached and maintained; and according to one of our greatest living biologists, it was on this account, because in no other way could this end be attained,

that the "adaptation" of death arose. The whole passage in which this suggestion is made is so remarkable, and affords such ample material for reflection, that no apology is offered for citing it almost in full :

"It is only from the point of view of utility that we can understand the necessity of death. The same arguments which were employed to explain the necessity for as short a life as possible, will, with but a slight modification, serve to explain the common necessity of death. Let us imagine that one of the higher animals became immortal; it then becomes perfectly obvious that it would cease to be of value to the species to which it belonged. Suppose that such an immortal individual could escape all fatal accidents through infinite time—a supposition which is, of course, hardly conceivable—the individual would nevertheless be unable to avoid, from time to time, slight injuries to one or another part of its body. The injured parts could not regain their former integrity, and thus the longer the individual lived, the more defective and crippled it would become, and the less perfectly would it fulfil the purpose of its species. Individuals are injured by the operation of external forces, and for this reason alone it is necessary that new and perfect individuals should continually arise and take their place, and this necessity would remain even if the individuals possessed the power of living eternally. From this follows on the one hand the necessity of reproduction, and on the other the utility of death. Worn-out individuals are not only valueless to the species, but they are even harmful, for they take the place of those that are sound. Hence, by the operation of Natural Selection, the life of our hypothetically immortal individual would be shortened by the amount which was useless to the species. It would be reduced to a length which would afford the most favourable conditions for the existence of as large a number as possible of vigorous individuals at the same time. If by these considerations death is shown to be a beneficial occurrence, it by no means follows that it is to be solely accounted for on grounds of utility. Death might also depend upon causes which lie in the nature of life itself. The floating of ice upon water seems to us to be a useful arrangement, although the fact that it does float depends upon its molecular structure, and not upon the fact that its doing so is of any advantage to us. In like manner the necessity of death has been hitherto explained as due to causes which are inherent in organic nature, and not to the fact that it may be advantageous. I do not, however, believe in the validity of this explanation. I consider that death is not a primary necessity, but that it has been secondarily acquired as an adaptation. I believe that life is endowed with a fixed duration, not because it is contrary to its nature to be unlimited, but because the unlimited existence of individuals would be a luxury without any corresponding advantage. . . . It is useless to object that man (or any of the higher animals) dies from the physical necessity of his nature, just as the specific gravity of ice results from its physical nature. I am quite ready to admit that this is the case. . . . There cannot be the least doubt that the higher organisms, as they are now constructed, contain within themselves the germs of death. The question, however, arises as to how this has come to pass; and I reply that death is to be looked upon as an occurrence which is advantageous to the species as a concession to the outer conditions of life, and not as an absolute necessity, inherent in life itself. Death—that is, the end of life—is by no means, as is usually assumed, an attribute of all organisms. An immense number of low organisms do not die, although they are easily destroyed, being killed by heat,

poison, &c. As long, however, as those conditions which are necessary for their life are fulfilled, they continue to live, and they thus carry the potentiality of unending life in themselves. . . . The process of fission in the *Amoeba* has been recently much discussed, and I am well aware that the life of the individual is generally believed to come to an end with the division which gives rise to two new individuals, as if death and reproduction were the same thing. But this process cannot be truly called death. Where is the dead body? What is it that dies? Nothing dies; the body of the animal only divides into two similar parts possessing the same constitution. . . . As far as these organisms are concerned, death can only be spoken of in the most figurative sense. . . . Now, if numerous organisms, endowed with the potentiality of never-ending life, have real existence, the question arises as to whether the fact can be understood from the point of view of utility. If death has been shown to be a necessary adaptation for the higher organisms, why should it not be so for the lower also? Are they not decimated by enemies? Are they not often imperfect? Are they not worn out by contact with the external world? Although they are certainly destroyed by other animals, there is nothing comparable to that deterioration of the body which takes place in the higher organisms. Unicellular animals are too simply constructed for this to be possible. If an infusorian is injured by the loss of some part of its body, it may often recover its former integrity, but if the injury is too great it dies. The alternative is always perfect integrity or complete destruction."*

Not the least remarkable feature in this remarkable passage is the manner in which it calls attention to the fact that "natural" death is predicable only of the higher organisms. Only life which has attained to a certain development can (apart from violence, and in the ordinary course of nature) be given up. We are therefore brought face to face with the amazing paradox that as life grows in value, the need for its sacrifice appears, and death becomes not a possibility involved in, but a necessary consequence of existence. Biology can meet us with no explanation here. That death is useful may, in a sense, indeed, account for its appearance; but that the conditions of organic evolution should be such as to entail this apparently extraordinary waste of the very life to whose development the whole course of nature has tended, remains an insoluble problem. That death should be a *sine quâ non* of fuller life is a fact which must have a deep-seated reason in "the nature of things," only to be understood by regarding it in its cosmic relation—i.e., as interpreted in the light of the Divine Sacrifice in creation. Here we have a reason for the appearance of death. Since, in creating, God imposed limitations on Himself; since the life which He imparted to His creation He gave up to it, the principle of giving up, of sacrifice, enters into the very constitution of the universe, and must be expressed through every stage of its existence, most markedly when in the organic world vital phenomena appear and take precedence of

* "Weismann's Essays:" Essay on the Duration of Life, vol. i. pp. 23-26,

all others; and that for the very reason which, apart from this consideration, appears only a hopeless contradiction, the fuller and higher manifestation to which life has attained. A universe into whose life sacrifice enters as an intrinsic constituent must, as that life develops, necessarily exhibit the principle of sacrifice in a continually more pronounced and evident manner; and the fact that such a principle exists and demands for itself a perpetual expression, has its root in the deeper fact that in creating, the Creator sacrificed Himself. But the sacrifice of a self to an object outside the self, is known to us by one name only: it is an act of love; and the sacrifice of God in creation, together with all the consequences it has involved, is God's act of love, the pledge and assurance to us that love is the essence of His Being; and if of His, then necessarily of the universe to which His life has imparted. Here, therefore, we again encounter the explanation of the appearance of evil. Love can never be compulsory; to be love at all it must be freely rendered, and consequently in a universe whose law is love, the possibility of not loving must exist. Not to love, however, is contrary to the law of life, and so it entails pain, loss, disunion, all that we know as evil, wounding through the creation which is loved the Creator who loves. Yet this love, being eternal as Himself, cannot cease to be because the life which He has imparted has opposed itself to Him its source and goal. It awaits unchanged and unchangeable that which His sacrifice was made to win, the full, complete and spontaneous response of the whole creation, consisting, in so far as man is concerned, of the recognition that he is a son, and as a son enters into that "fellowship with the Father" which such a relation, and such a relation alone, implies.

And here we must bring to an end the present brief consideration of this tremendous subject. In this, as in the preceding essays, it has been only possible to give a bare indication of the line of thought which the writer has desired to bring before her readers; yet she ventures to hope that the considerations advanced throughout the series will have, to some extent at any rate, succeeded in showing that the appeal of the Christian Revelation is indeed to the whole nature of man, that to the reason as well as to the heart, the Fatherhood of God—His true kinship to the universe He has created, and to the personal spirits which are the outcome of that creation—is the one sufficient answer in all perplexities. An answer of this description can never so cramp and confine our knowledge of God as to reduce that knowledge to a hard and fast system; it must always leave room for growth and for expansion:

"Our little systems have their day,
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they."

Yes, infinitely more than the best of them, because it is not an intellectual abstraction which we are seeking to embody, nor a scientific formula we are endeavouring to interpret, but a living Person who is revealing Himself to us. Through all the vicissitudes of human experience, and all the problems and anomalies of the universe which human experience sums up, He is leading us continually, unfailingly to a closer union with Himself ; and at last to each and all the day shall dawn when the shadows of separation shall flee away for ever, and the whole emancipated man acknowledge that God is Light because God is Love.

EMMA MARIE CAILLARD.

THE METHOD OF TEACHING LANGUAGES.

THE learning of foreign languages, as the example of the ancient Greeks sufficiently shows, is an accomplishment by no means necessary to the highest culture; still, there are circumstances, social conditions, and historical connections which justly give it a high place in the field of popular education. In Russia, for instance, a far-back country only half civilised, a man can neither do his duty to his country nor perform his part creditably in society without knowing French, or German, or English, or more probably all the three, in addition to his mother-tongue. England also is a remote country, and a certain insularity of character and culture has long marked us off distinctively from the mass of European nations; but our native culture, from Chaucer downwards, has long been so rich, and so grand, and so various, that we have felt no urgent need, like Russia, to complement our linguistic deficiencies by foreign importation. Nevertheless, an obligation of a serious nature lies on the natives of this stout old island to make ourselves familiar with the tongues of foreign peoples. Like the Romans, we are, in a sense, masters of the world;—and as these old civilisers found themselves forced to study the language of the Greeks, the most cultivated people beneath their sway, so we in the wide sweep of our political interests, coming in contact with all peoples from the Thames to the Seine, from the Seine to the Nile, and from the Nile to the Ganges, have serious obligations laid on us to study the temper and the tongues of the people we strive to influence. But again the facilities of travel in these latter days are so many and so manifold that in the mere course of intelligent travel, the Englishman abroad, who is not content to lodge in hotels where English is spoken, finds himself forced to steal a glance into German souls through German, into Frenchmen through French, into the Italian

soul through Italian, and into the soul of living Greece through living Greek. But in addition to this, Latin and the Greek of the old Attic masters, in that noblest of all tongues, have acquired a place in the higher culture of Englishmen which brings them into the foreground of educational competition, with more familiar, and for social purposes more useful, tongues; so that without mentioning Sanscrit and other Eastern dialects, which it is the special duty of the rulers of India to cultivate, the field of linguistic appropriation which lies before an intelligent young Englishman is sufficiently formidable. The question then arises, how, by what method and appliances, shall the English educator hope to gain some laurels in this extensive field, without encroaching on the time necessary for other, and it may be more important, subjects of study. We live in an age of science; from the days of Bacon and Newton downwards, a minute exactness, along with a grace of descriptive detail, is found in regions where, in the good old times of Greek philosophy and mediæval scholasticism, only vague conjectures and ingenious speculations gave the law. Without modern science, therefore, a modern education, like scholarship without Greek and Latin, is a body without bones. Botany and geology, zoology, chemistry, mechanics—all present their claims to a place in the educational programme, with a force and a pungency which it is impossible to resist. Let the educational linguist seriously consider this, and either bring fewer languages into his programme, or improve his method of inculcation in such a fashion that three languages may be acquired in the time now necessary for one. That something effectual can be done in this latter alternative of the option, it will be the business of the present paper to consider.

Happily, in this inquiry we have not far to seek for a starting-point. The starting-point is Nature. *Magna est Natura, et prævalebit.* Every child not organically defective learns its mother-tongue as certainly as it came from its mother's womb. Let us examine the process. In this primary school of linguistic training the mother is the teacher; and how does she act? As the child's observant faculties develop themselves, and are turned, now on this interesting object, now on that, she accompanies the young observant eye with a sound expressing the name of the object, and this sound being constantly repeated in conjunction with the object, is responded to by the young speaker, as his faculty of voiceful expression grows, and so becomes indissolubly connected with the object. The thing seen thus becomes practically one with the hearing ear, the seeing eye, and the voiceful tongue. The only points in the process, in addition to this vital conjunction, in the case of the child and the mother, are the vividness of the interest felt by the child in the act of connecting a similar sound with an interesting object, and the loving devotion of the mother in watching and drawing out the linguistic faculty of her offspring. So

much for the model teacher of languages, the mother. What now, we have to ask, is the specific difference between the position of this primary teacher in Nature's school, and the official person who performs the same function in a village or a burgh school, or in a grand provincial college? The difference lies simply in this: that what the mother does incidentally, and as opportunity offers, the school-teacher is called upon to do systematically and as a formal business. In this systematic action of the professional teacher it is plain that an immense advantage lies; an advantage so great that, if faithful to the method of Nature in its main direction, the regular teacher will train a novice to as great a familiarity with a foreign tongue in five months as the mother or any unsystematic teacher can do in as many years. And if this is not always the case—or, rather, if the contrary is not seldom the case—it is simply because the teacher is not careful to follow the leading of Nature in the matter, and instead of turning the classroom into a living echo-chamber of familiar sounds, as the mother does with her parlour and the nurse with her nursery, the maid-servant with the whole house, and the cook with the kitchen, he remits his scholars all at once to an apparatus of dead books, with which of course a living boy has no living sympathy. Instead of books and grammar rules, the teacher of languages should commence with giving the foreign name to all the familiar objects which the schoolroom contains, and with which it is surrounded. The door and the window, the teacher's rostrum and the children's seats, the fire, with the tongs and poker, and the coal-scuttle, the pictures on the wall, and the lobby, where caps and great-coats, and umbrellas for a rainy day, and all the paraphernalia of a well-ordered school are marshalled in orderly array. And not only inside but outside the schoolhouse, everything that meets the eye of the observant tyro should be greeted with the new name—the old castle on the brae, the hollow cave in the glen, the flowers in the meadow, the cloud-cleaving Ben that kisses the sky, and the garden of flowers in the green meadow; also all living creatures that habitually meet the eye and delight the soul of a healthy young child—the dog that wags his tail, the cock that crows, the hen that pecks the gravel for grains of corn, the bird that sings in the wood, the duck that paddles in the pond, and the trout that rises to the fly: all this in the direct and circum-ambient drama of living interest, not grammar rules and grey books, should form the material used by the teacher of languages, just as directly as the stones from the quarry form the material out of which the cunning architect trims his cottage or piles his palace. The advantage of this natural method is twofold: (1) It is the living things themselves, and not the dead symbols of things, with which the linguistic faculty of the learner is called to correspond; (2) And, what is even a more important matter, the constant re-appearance of

the same objects with their new designation brings with it a habit of repetition in the tongue of the learner, and creates that familiarity between word and thing in which the knowledge of all languages essentially consists. So much for the method of Nature, which has nothing at all to do primarily with books. Homer, I am sure, could neither read nor write; and Plato, in a famous passage of the "Phædrus," maintains that letters and printed paper, though useful for record, are more hurtful than helpful to the exercise of the memory, on which the knowledge of languages mainly depends. Nevertheless, books—books of reading, and grammar, and declensions—have their use in the study of languages, but always in a secondary way, as a supplement to what direct commerce with the object is inadequate to provide, but never as a substitute. Thus the sight of the field of Bannockburn may suggest the story of the Bruce, which throws the spectator back into the brightest page of a book on Scottish history; and in the same way a visit to the old palace of Holyrood naturally leads the inquiring mind of youth into the history of the beautiful but unfortunate Queen Mary, and the Episcopal despotism of the Stuarts. But even here historical and topographical books, however excellent, are to be used by the learner of languages only in a secondary way. On a visit to Holyrood the teacher must first describe *viva voce* to the learner all the speaking facts that stir his soul in that rich repository of patriotic memories, and next day cause him to repeat *viva voce* as much of his vivid explanation as he has managed to carry off. Then, and only then, does the province of printed books and reading in the acquisition of languages come naturally and without prejudice into play.

In the next place, with regard to the function of books to be used in a secondary way, as a supplement to the materials of familiar-dialogue—the main thing here will be to prepare a series of books; rising from stage to stage, of variety and expanse of matter and style, but all starting from the material supplied by the living dialogue. Thus, if Bannockburn has been viewed and discussed in its main features by living appeal through the object to the ear and voice, some chapters of the great war of Scottish independence may wisely be read by the learner from a book of topographical, historical, and descriptive natural history in the foreign tongue, with the double object of enlarging his views beyond what the narrow range of dialogue can supply, and furnishing him with a breadth and variety of expression which belong to the written rather than to the spoken style of language; but always he will be called upon by the wise teacher to express with grace, in the foreign tongue, the larger range of thought and feeling to which he has been introduced by his books.

In connection with books and reading the teacher will not neglect

the opportunity presented by books, of improving the imaginative faculty, while professionally he is only inculcating a new system of vocables. In reading an historical ballad, for instance, the learner must be trained to call up the different scenes of the story in their natural sequence, through the direct picturing of a living imagination; and this sequence, while furnishing the mental picture gallery in the first place, will have a reflex action in cultivating the memory; for the learner will in this way see that the verses of a song or a ballad follow one another as necessarily as the acts of a drama, and not only *are* in such and such an order, but *must* be so. This dramatic sequence of the verses of a well-constructed lyrical poem is specially characteristic of the Scottish popular songs, as compared with the songs of sentiment in the voicing of which our modern public singers are so fond of displaying their power. Take, for instance, "The Bonnie Hoose o' Airlie," "Tak' yer Auld Cloak about Ye," or the humorous ballads of "Duncan Gray," the "Laird o' Cockpen," and the "Barrin' o' the Door," which cannot be sung effectively without a progressive identification with the progressive stages of the situation; but this dramatic element, though particularly dominant in the Scottish ballad, forms an essential feature in all popular poetry, as in "Was blasen die Trompeten" and other historical songs of the German liberation war in 1813, and in the "Death of Nelson," the "Battle of the Nile," and other most popular expressions of our patriotic seamanship.

So much for reading; but there is one sort of books, commonly employed in the acquisition of foreign tongues, of which our method has as yet taken no account—viz., grammars. Is grammar not a science? And is it not a science, though abstract and formal, which bears the same relation to a proficient in any language that the study of anatomy does to the medical practitioner? Assuredly, in all good teaching of languages, grammar will have its place; but it comes in as the regulator of voiceful material, not the precedent. A regulating power is by its very nature secondary; it cannot come into play till there is something to regulate. Take an example: pointing to the sun when teaching Greek, I say before my tyro in his first lesson, Ὁ ἥλιος λάμπεται, or λαμπρός ὁ ἥλιος, which I make him repeat, and feel when he repeats it that it is identical in English with "The sun shines," or "The shining sun." I then say to him, ὁρᾷς τὸν λαμπρὸν ἥλιον—"Do you see the bright sun?" and make him say in reply, ὁρῶ τὸν ἥλιον τὸν λαμπρόν. This you may say is mere parrot work, and very cheap. All language learning is to a great extent mere intelligent parrot work; but the point here is to bring out from an intelligent learner the question, "Why did you say ἥλιος with a final *s* in the first sentence, and when you appealed to me if I saw the bright luminary you were talking about, you gave the word a

final *n*? We don't do that in English." "No, not generally," I would reply; "but we say *I* and *me*, *he* and *him*, *she* and *her*; and that exactly for the same reason. In the one case, with a final *s*, the object is the agent, and in the other case, with final *n*, I am the agent, and the object is the object; and this example shows in practical working the whole mystery of the rule in the Latin grammar," *A verb signifying actively governs the accusative*; and in this fashion, from step to step, and from step to rule, a wise teacher, with practice always preceding, can give a practical command of the whole range of grammatical forms, as consecutively as step after step leads to the top of the house in climbing a ladder. After the mystery of the accusative case, the immediate object of verbal action has been explained, a secondary object may come in, as in *δὸς τὴν βιβλίον τῷ ἀδελφῷ*—"Give the book to your brother," and the dative case receives its sanction and its explanation in a chain of grammatical sequences open to the meanest capacity. But some one may perhaps interpose here, and say, "All this prominence given to living dialogue is very well in the case of living languages, which are studied for the sake of pleasant intercourse with the living, but in the case of dead languages, where we have neither a Cicero nor a Demosthenes to hear speaking, or to speak to, we learn for the sake of reading books, and with books we wisely begin, and with books we end." This observation from a classical teacher in our great English schools may seem natural enough; but it is nothing the less false. The words which we read in old Greek and Latin books are no doubt dead symbols, but they are symbols of sound, and to feel their force fully we must give them voice. If they are not alive now as living organs of national expression, we must make them alive; we cannot read them with mutual intelligence without making them alive; a Ciceronian sentence will lose all its grand swell and stately dignity if not pronounced; and if they must be spoken, all the arguments in favour of the conversational method in the case of living languages apply equally to the dead. By speaking them they become more intimately a part of ourselves; we handle them as a workman handles his tools, and shake hands with them as friend shakes hands with friend. In studying Hebrew or Sanscrit, if I could find no man to speak to, I would speak to myself; as indeed I did when studying Latin at Aberdeen some seventy years ago as a raw lad. No man spoke to me in Latin, not even the learned Dr. Melvin in learned Marischal College; but I declaimed Cicero to myself in my own room, and hurled forth his eloquent denunciations against conspiracy and treason with as much point and precision as if I had a very Catiline bodily before me. To this excellent habit of self-instruction in rhetoric I attribute, in no small degree, the complete mastery of that tongue of lawyers and rulers which I achieved at an early period of my life; and though in later

years I breathed more the atmosphere of Plato than of Cicero, I may safely say that, though I might have lost hold of Latin, Latin never lost hold of me.

On writing and composition, in appropriating a foreign language, a single sentence will suffice. It is always an admirable correction of the looseness that is apt to be tolerated in the purely conversational style, and claims its place as the natural complement of grammar, just as reading does in reference to observation; only it must never be allowed to forget that, like reading, it is the servant and not the master of the living soul, the living eye, the living ear, and the living tongue.

With regard to Greek, I have a special remark to make that I hope may at no distant period bear some notable, practical fruit. Greek is commonly spoken of as a dead language. This is a gross mistake. It never was, and, under the historical influences by which it has been transmitted to our times, never could have been, a dead language. As a living language it has a right to be treated as Italian, French, and German are, according to the historical tradition of its own orthoepy and the living practice of the living members of the people who speak it. But John Bull has not chosen to treat the Greeks like gentlemen; he supposes them not to exist, and treats their language as a choice classical delicacy, to be boiled up for native British nurture, with the seasoning of the English academical soup. Latin also, the majestic organ of the masculine character of the Romans, he has long treated in this way, though now under the influence of a learned classical philologer, the late Professor Monro of Cambridge, he is beginning to be more than half ashamed of this barbarism. But if his Anglified *Romānos* for *Romavnos*, and his *regina*, with English long "i," for *regeena*, were an unpardonable offence against the laws, not only of Latin, but of European and Asiatic vocalisation, his treatment of Greek is doubly bad; for it not only perverts the whole vocalic genius of that noble tongue, but it treats the accent, though standing before him in every word of every Greek book which he uses, as non-existent, and without ceremony says *ἀγαθος* instead of *ἀγαθός*, according both to the markings of the Alexandrian grammarians 250 years before Christ, and the practice of the whole Greek people from Demosthenes and Plato, through that long series of Byzantine writers to Koraes, Rangabe, Bikelas, and other distinguished writers of what we call Modern Greek; though, properly speaking, it has no more right to be called Modern Greek than the English of the present day has to be called Modern English. It is merely the living Greek language of the living Greek people, as English is the living English language of the living English people. It is a fashion of treating the noblest language which our schools have transmitted to us equally contrary to the principles of scientific philology, the comity of nations, and the maxims of plain common-

sense. The true way to make young Englishmen and Scotsmen familiar with Greek would be to send them to the land where it is spoken, to Athens, where, in converse with the politicians, literary and commercial men of that beautiful metropolis, a lad of common diligence will acquire a firmer hold of the language of Plato and the Apostle Paul in five months, than our dainty scholars often do in as many years; and this is a consummation which I piously hope that the members of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, by the proposed creation of an annual travelling fellowship, at no distant period may see their way to realise.

There is only one other point, of no small importance in the teaching of languages, on which, in conclusion, I feel myself called on to say a word—viz., the practical bearing on school education of the science of philology, or the philosophy of language, in its present advanced state. A knowledge of the general laws of comparative philology will enable the teacher of languages to bring to the aid of the mere memory, so dominant in the acquisition of language, four powerful allies—dramatic construction, intellectual deduction, imaginative association, and historical descent. That the dramatic or imitative element has worked powerfully in the formation of human speech will be plain enough from the inspection of any dictionary; such words as *hash*, *smash*, and *dash*, could never have been invented to signify their contraries, the outflow of smooth and fluid and gentle forces. Closely allied to the vocal expression of outward forces is the expression of inward feelings by the same medium; there is evidently a certain dramatic propriety in the words *groan* and *howl*, and *roar* and *whheeze*, as vocalising the inward feelings whose presence they indicate. Then when expressions of the simplest form are created in this fashion, the teacher can show how a fair family of kindred sounds will grow from them as naturally as the branches from the stem, the leaves from the branches, and the blossom from the buds of the tree. The student under such teaching will soon learn to make words for himself; to know beforehand what a word should be, that according to the familiar laws of the language aptly expresses a certain modification of meaning in the root; and in this way he will recognise in what, to an unexercised learner would be a new word, merely an old familiar term in a new attitude or with a new dress. So much for intellectual deduction. But association also has its grand field in the formation of a rich vocabulary, as any one may see in the comparison which lies at the root of all words transferred from their primary physical to their secondary intellectual significance; as in Greek *συνῆκα*, I sent together, *καταλαμβάνω*, I take you down, and *ἐπίσταμαι*, I stand upon it, all naturally take words from the sphere of casual perception to express an analogous holding or taking of the thing by an intelligent action of mind. Then, as to historical descent,

the well-trained student will have no difficulty in seeing how an elder in an old Jewish tribe (Judges viii. 14) in the course of ages gradually became a Presbyterian minister in the Scottish Church, and how the *πόππος* or kind old grandfather of an old Greek family was in the course of ages transformed into the tyrannical head called Pope of the Christian Church in Rome. Another illustration of the historical significance of language may be taken from the physical world. That nose of white quartz which looks out from the granite cairn is suddenly undermined by a gush of violent rain from the south-west, and falls down, shattered, into the glen; there it remains, broken into countless splinters, and washed by many floods for long years, till at last it is borne down by the winter waters to the sea-shore, and there, after many summers' bleaching, is gathered up by a few rambling school-girls as smooth white pebbles. This is exactly what takes place with language. Partly from the seductive force of music, partly from whim and partly from pure carelessness and loose haste, the fibre is taken out of the wood; and so, from the old Greek *αὔρον*, which survives in the English *egg*, you have the softened *ovum* in Latin, the vocalised *ῶον* in classical Greek, and the German *Ey*. In the same way, the Greek *πατήρ*, and the German *Vater*, and the English *father*, pass by a regular process of attrition into the Gaelic *athar*, pronounced *aur*.

I have only one other observation to make on the utility of a knowledge of philological science in the practical teaching of languages, and it is this. Whatever disadvantages, in the way of natural growth and self-expansion, mixed languages may lie under as compared with language of a homogeneous type, like the primrose that gems the meadow, or the birch that graces the glen, there is one point of superiority which belongs to a mixed language specially as such, and with which, in this respect, no most perfect, purely original language can compete. Wherever the speaker of a mixed language goes, he cannot avoid finding part of his own familiar stock in the new acquaintance. Now English is in a notable degree a mixed language in this sense, being made up, as everybody knows, of Norman-French—that is, Gallicised Latin—and Anglo-Saxon, or Teutonic, with no scanty enlargements taken directly from pure Latin and pure Greek. It is extremely difficult for an Englishman to speak, even in common colloquy, a single sentence without using some word of a purely Latin physiognomy; and in the higher sphere of scientific knowledge and literary culture it is absolutely impossible for an educated man to avoid using terms which, to a linguistically trained ear, are as like to any form of Teutonic speech as the temple of Theseus or the Parthenon in Athens is to Durham or Peterborough Cathedral. In practice the accomplished handler of our mixed tongue will find it to his advantage to make a twofold use of Greek: (1) in giving to the speakers of our tongue a perfect mastery of that

higher platform of the language which, for many purposes, they cannot avoid using; (2) in giving instruction in Greek to a people who can easily be made to understand that, in learning the language of Plato and St. Paul, they are only restoring to an esteemed classical friend the complete grace of the vesture of which the vulgar English tongue had only known to appropriate a part. In reference to the first point I would have no hesitation in saying that, in every English school above the very lowest platform the learner should be made perfectly familiar with the Greek letters, a matter of the easiest acquisition, in such fashion as to be able, with the help of a dictionary, to find out the significance of all the "lang-nebbit words" with which our scientific terminology abounds. And in addition to this, where inclination and leisure on the side of the teacher combine, it might be of great service in a country, like Scotland, of Bible-reading Christians, to introduce the habit of learning a verse of the New Testament once a week in the original language.

If this small amount of rudimentary Greek were made a necessary constituent of an accomplished English training, the apt scholar would learn with satisfaction that, though a little learning, as the poet has it, is a dangerous thing in the hands of full-grown fools, it may be a very useful thing in the hands of persons, whether young or old, who know how to use it. Then as to the other point—viz., how Greek is to be used in making a young Englishman familiar, at the first start, with the conviction that he already knows as much of that noble tongue as would cover some three or four columns of a big folio dictionary, I would give him a week for the search of all the *ologies*, *cracies*, *isms* and *archies* that he could come across, and then I should submit them to a public dissection, and behold with pleasure how the young philologer would stare. What an array! Theology, demonology, anthropology, apology, philology, amphibology, geology, archaeology, tautology, theism, atheism, polytheism, baptism, schism, chrism, archæism, logic, rhetoric, grammar, geography, chemistry, oxygen, hydrogen, hydropathy, mathematics, physics, therapeutic, antiseptic, diagnosis, bronchitis, rheumatism, gastric, pharmacy, homœopathy, endemic, nomadic, police, politician, church, ecclesiastic, synod, oligarchy, aristocracy, monarchy, bishop, archbishop, patriarch, monastery, monk, deacon, presbyter, architecture, mausoleum, necropolis, necromancy, maniac, astronomy, gastronomy, orthodox, heterodox, heretic, cathedral, idolatry, mariolatry, pope, demon, devil, dynasty, demagogue, dimity, diabetes, diaphragm, dithyramb, dactyl. Here are already more than half a hundred Anglicised Greek words kicked out at random from a chance memory, which when he hears well may the happy Hellenic tyro exclaim: "Greek they say is a difficult language, but only, as I plainly see now, to those who are too dull, through a thin disguise, to greet an old friend in his true dress and his native attitude."

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

THE VOLUNTARY SCHOOLS.

THE publication of the Report of the Archbishops' Committee on January 7 unquestionably marks a great stage in the advance of opinion on elementary education in England, and will probably mark a great stage in the advance of education itself. I may say at once that it seems to me a statesmanlike Report, worthy of men like Lord Cross, the Bishop of London, Lord Cranbrook, Lord Cranborne, and the other experts associated with them, but that it is insufficiently worked out, and that it is not easy to see how it will apply in many individual cases. In the following paper I propose to bring out some of its incidental, and so to speak undesigned, merits, as well as indicate how it proposes to deal with the present educational crisis. It must be judged not by its ingenuity, but by its bearing on the whole problem, present and future, of elementary education. It appears to me that much criticism has already been expended on it before it has been understood.

In order that general readers who have not closely followed the course of events in education may estimate rightly both the nature of the crisis, and the circumstances which have brought it about, as well as the effect of the proposals contained in the Report, I will very briefly summarise the history of elementary education in England.

Previous to 1808 there was no organised effort, except some attempt on the part of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, to educate the children of the labouring classes. In 1808 this work was begun by the British and Foreign School Society, and three years later by the National Society, which was originally an offshoot of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. The State, as distinguished from the religious bodies, had not yet begun to

recognise the right of the people to education. In 1833, a grant of £20,000 a year was made to assist elementary education. In 1839, this grant was increased to £30,000 a year, and the first Council of Education was formed. As a natural consequence of its origin, elementary education was frankly and universally religious. One of the earliest minutes of the first Committee of Council, dated September 24th, 1839, is still nominally the guiding principle of national legislation on education. It has never been repudiated, though it has been to some extent ignored, by subsequent legislation. "No plan of education ought to be encouraged in which intellectual instruction is not subordinated to the regulation of the thoughts and habits of the children by the doctrines and principles of revealed religion." This is the national tradition, and represents, I believe, a strong national conviction. This minute corresponds to Section 24 of the Prussian Constitution of 1850, which says: "At the establishment of public elementary schools every possible regard must be paid to the religious circumstances of the place and the people."

Between 1839 and 1864 the growth of schools connected with the religious bodies, notably the Church of England, Roman Catholics and Wesleyans, was very rapid, and fairly met what were then considered the needs of the population, except in the rapidly growing towns. The cost to these bodies was very large. The National Society tells us that the Church of England in particular has spent at the rate of £9000 a week for eighty-three years on the building and maintenance of schools, besides giving sites. But some denominations and Secularists, who had not contributed much to school-building, felt the need of protection for their own children from proselytism in schools of other denominations, and in 1864 the Conscience Clause was rightly introduced, under which any child could claim exemption from religious teaching.

In 1870 it became plain that many children were still practically untaught, and that the task of supplying schools for the whole population was too great for voluntary effort, and the School Board system was introduced to supplement the Voluntary system. Finally, in 1891, the Assisted Education Act was passed, which practically substitutes a fee grant from the taxes in lieu of the children's pence, and has freed most of the schools.

The increase in the number of children attending elementary schools in England and Wales has been phenomenal. The average attendance in 1870 was 1,152,389; and in 1893 it was 4,100,030. The increase is partly due to increased population; still more to the fact that children come younger, are more regular, and stay longer than they did; still more, perhaps, to the compulsory clauses.

We shall get the best general view of the present educational position of different classes of schools by looking at the total Govern-

ment grants, including those to Evening Schools and Training Colleges, during the year ending December 1893 :

	£	s.	d.
*Schools connected with the Church of England . . .	2,676,769	11	0
British, Undenominational and others . . .	404,278	15	3
Wesleyan	200,401	5	5
Roman Catholic	312,841	2	8
Board Schools	2,545,768	9	5

These figures convey an idea of the magnitude of the interests to the Imperial Exchequer now involved.

Let us now turn to the question as to the causes which have brought on what I have described as an educational crisis, and which have necessitated an entirely fresh departure.

The cause is not the demands, of which we have heard so much, for increased class-room and cloak-room accommodation, or better provision in other respects. That is of the nature of capital expenditure, and this may safely be left to voluntary generosity. Upwards of half a million sterling has been in this way recently given for such purposes by Churchmen alone.

The cause is of a different kind. It is that the Government grant is practically stationary, the expenditure continually growing and certain to grow, combined with the fact that the Assisted Education Act has thrown on Voluntary Schools in the North of England a great additional expense. Simultaneously, it must be added, some School Boards have assumed a somewhat aggressive attitude, which has provoked the reaction observable throughout the country, in favour of the Moderates and the Voluntary Schools, on the grounds of economy, of religious liberty, and of religious education.

The expenditure grows for many reasons. The cost of the staff has materially increased ; and salaries will continue to rise as long as there is competition between School Boards and Voluntary Schools, and the expenditure of School Boards is unlimited. Moreover, the demand for higher qualifications in teachers is increasing. More trained and certificated teachers are employed than formerly ; and each teacher counts on the staff for fewer children. It is equally clear that such changes are on the whole desirable. It is an Imperial question of the first importance that our teachers should be fully competent for their work, and that the inducement to enter the profession should be sufficient to keep up an ample supply of highly qualified teachers.

Again there is an increase of expense arising from large buildings. The cost of insurance, maintenance, heating, lighting, cleaning, is increased with every improvement of the buildings, and every rise of the standard of requirement in these respects.

In the cost of school furniture also, and apparatus and books, there

* "Report of Committee of Council on Education for the year 1893-4," p. 714.

is a marked increase. Better school desks and blackboards are used ; better maps and models provided ; better reading-books and more stationery have to be supplied, for under the Act of 1891 it appears that though the managers are not formally obliged to supply books, yet the parents cannot be required to pay for any book their children use in school. There is an increased cost in providing " varied occupations " for infants, and for the lower standards ; some gymnastic apparatus, a piano, museum cases for object lessons, drawing models, and pictures, must all be taken into account. And all of these expenses are more likely to increase than to diminish, and in all of them there is an element of competition within School Board areas ; a competition which has its dangers as well its advantages.

The Assisted Education Act of 1891 helped to precipitate the crisis. It offered a fee grant of 10s. per child where the school-fees were remitted ; and this is the equivalent of 3*d.* a week for forty weeks in the year. But, throughout the manufacturing districts, fees in excess of 3*d.* were willingly paid, and were usually paid for forty-five weeks. So that schools freed under the Act suffered a loss amounting often to 1*s.* or 2*s.* a head.

It is, therefore, this persistent and inevitable increase of school expenditure, partly competitive, partly in pursuit of higher efficiency, in presence of a fixed annual grant from Government, and of a fee grant less, in certain districts, than an equivalent to the school-fees it was meant to replace, aggravated by the simultaneous demand for fresh capital outlay on the buildings, that has produced a very serious crisis, in which action cannot longer be safely postponed.

But, besides the increase of expense, there are other considerations which make the present position of Voluntary Schools unsatisfactory, both to their managers and to the country.

The organisation of a School Board, and its unlimited command of funds, enables it to supply manual training, laundry work, science and art teaching, and to advance into the region of secondary and technical education, and will no doubt enable it to give such physical training and medical supervision as will be thought an essential when our ideas on elementary national education are more advanced. A School Board can not only provide special instruction for its pupil teachers, but can afford to duplicate its staff of such teachers,* and thus give them full leisure for private study ; it can afford to have " supply " teachers to take the place of temporary absentees. From such additional causes as these the competition of the present dual system has given rise to a serious inequality in some of the material advantages offered both to teachers and scholars in the two classes of

* If the Department would recognise two pupil teachers, each working half time in school and half time in central classes, as equivalent to one pupil teacher, the difficulty of properly educating pupil teachers in voluntary schools would be diminished.

schools; and it has placed the Voluntary Schools in an anomalous position. After the efforts of nearly a century in the cause of popular education, and retaining the same enthusiasm and desire for its improvement, the religious bodies are now, with some plausibility, actually represented as the backward party, the party of petty economies, the *retardataires* of education. The most remarkable feature of the case is that, in spite of all these manifest material and pecuniary disadvantages, the Voluntary Schools are so very nearly equal to the Board Schools in the grants they earn, and are better liked by so many parents. This result is due mainly to the personal influence and associations in these schools, and the care for the children's real welfare during and after school years. There are some elements in education which cannot be achieved by a Board and its clerk, and parents appreciate them. Nevertheless, it is felt to be unfair to the voluntary system that it should be handicapped by inferior appliances and stunted finance.

What then is the question really at stake? It is nothing less than this: the country has now to make up its mind whether it wishes to see the disappearance of a very large number of Voluntary Schools, and a great extension of the School Board system. If nothing is done, this is the inevitable consequence. This is the first result at which the Committee has arrived; and it is no novel result. Some of us knew it before. Shall something be done? and what? The consequences of this decision will be very momentous and far-reaching.

The financial saving to the country due to the Voluntary system has often been pointed out. The building, maintenance and management of the Voluntary Schools save the rates a very large sum. On this aspect of the question I do not intend to speak. It is well worth thoroughly working out.

The educational consequences of a sacrifice of the Voluntary Schools are less obvious, but are of even greater importance. There would be a very serious loss in excluding from taking an interest in Elementary Schools such persons as now constitute the managers of Voluntary Schools. The personal interest taken in the children, the link of friendship to teachers and children, is an educational stimulus and influence, as well as a moral power in the country. It is educational death when school work becomes a mere business conducted by a clerk. In view of the inevitable developments in our whole conception of national responsibility to the young, a conception at present both rudimentary and exceptional, it would be most unstatesmanlike to exclude personal influences in schools by making the Board system predominant.

Then, also, the religious and moral results of such a change are obvious, certain, and of the gravest kind.

It would be impossible to maintain the religious character of the profession under a universal, or largely extended, School Board system. At present the whole profession has a distinctly religious character, from the traditions under which it has grown up, the continued influence of the religious bodies, and the training of its teachers. Most of the teachers are well instructed in the Bible, and trained in a religious atmosphere. But it must be remembered, however well-disposed the majority on a School Board may, from time to time, be towards religious teaching, it is legally impossible to have any religious test or qualification for teachers, or to demand at any stage any instruction of the teachers in the Bible. Moreover, with the Voluntary Schools would disappear the denominational training colleges—which the secularist party are already threatening—and with them disappears the last possibility of maintaining Biblical teaching in schools. On these grounds, no one, I suppose, seriously doubts that a universal School Board system must issue in secular schools, if for no other reason, because no self-respecting and trained teacher will teach what he does not profess to know.*

Nor may one reasonably hope that the religious character of the teaching profession, and the sense of responsibility of the teachers for forming the habits and principles of the children, can survive the divorce of their profession in all its stages from religious influence. Religious teaching is possible now, and may be good, in Board Schools; but this is the result of the total character impressed on the profession by its connection with religious bodies, and must disappear with that connection.

It must, therefore, be distinctly understood that the crisis means this, that unless something considerable is done soon to restore the balance between Voluntary and Board Schools the country will find itself committed to a great extension of the School Board system and ultimate secularism, with such financial, educational and religious consequences as I have described. No one who knows anything of the school systems in France or the United States, and their social results, will view this issue with equanimity, or will appeal to them as a justification for aiming at secularism. No one who knows anything of the school system in Germany will think that this issue is inevitable.

The other alternative is to face the question, and decide that the Voluntary Schools shall be maintained, and give them in the first place security, and in the next place such a degree of assistance as they need.

If this latter alternative is adopted, it is plain that such aid must come from the rates or the taxes. It is at this point that schemes

* This has been illustrated by the impossibility of reverting from secularism in the schools of the colony of Victoria: the teachers objected.

diverge: and schemes have not been few. I do not propose to review them in detail, but to bring out some general considerations.

In favour of applying to the rates there is, first, a very weighty reason in the obvious injustice of the present system. The members of religious bodies pay their rates for Board Schools, and have to subscribe also to support their own schools. The injustice is closely analogous to that of the old grievance of Dissenters. Dissenters had to pay Church rates to maintain the church, and had to subscribe as well to build and support their own chapels. It was a real grievance. It was no reply to say, "You can come to church if you will; you can be elected on the vestry:" they did not want to come to church. They could not turn the church into a chapel. It is no answer to religious bodies to say, "You can send your children to Board Schools: you can be on the School Board." We cannot make the Board Schools give the religious teaching we want. There is secondly an advantage, if it could be secured by rate-aid, in so connecting all the schools in a School Board area as to get rid of all the vexatious rivalries and the extravagances incident to the present dual system. And but for religious jealousies of an unworthy kind this would present no serious difficulty. It only requires the frank recognition of perfect religious liberty.

But it seemed impossible to the Committee, as a whole, to secure either of these manifest advantages without running a great risk of sacrificing the very *raison d'être* of the Voluntary Schools and losing the schools irrecoverably. No plan has been proposed which secures at once such unity of system and control as shall prevent friction and waste, and such duality as shall secure independence and reality in religious teaching and personal influence in the Voluntary Schools. A School Board could scarcely demand less than a voice, which might become a paramount voice, in the appointment of teachers; and Voluntary Schools could not grant this without self-stultification. There is no distrust of the people shown in this statement. It is the very conscientiousness of the people which would prevent any recognition by the Board of religious qualifications, even though they desire such recognition. No doubt, if Parliament deliberately prefers rate-aid on other grounds, such security could be given, and the dualism much diminished. The Roman Catholic scheme for rate-aid has some excellent points. But no scheme for rate-aid has yet commanded general assent.

Moreover, there are very serious reasons of another kind against going to the rates. These are reasons of a political nature. I do not refer to the tendency to run School Board elections, and shape School Board policy, on political lines, nor only to the serious danger to many towns arising from municipal extravagance and indebtedness. But I refer to the fact, that to throw the cost of education to an

increased extent on the rates involves special injustice. Country districts are driving the people more and more into the towns, and are thus increasing town rates, and making them more unequal. Moreover, a large share of the wealth even of the towns escapes paying rates. Precisely those industries on which the welfare of the towns depends, and those classes which cannot avoid residing in the towns are heavily rated, while the wealthier class which retires every night to the suburbs, and the man who, as Bismarck says, "sits in his chair and cuts coupons," escape altogether. But they cannot escape taxes. Now if there is anything that is national in its obligation it is elementary education: on this account it is desirable to relieve education rates rather than to increase them.

But there is another grave political objection to rate-aid. It might easily come to be the crucial question at a School Board election whether or not some change, affecting what the teachers regarded as their interests, should be effected. Now, some recent elections have shown how great the influence of the teachers may be when they act together. It seems to be distinctly desirable that they should be shielded from the temptation, and the certain imputation, of being interested in an election from purely pecuniary or personal motives.

The political and educational advantages are on the side of urging an increased Imperial grant to all schools, and this is, therefore, the alternative which the Archbishops' Committee proposes for the consideration of the nation. No doubt the Chancellor of the Exchequer will be hard to convince; but the supporters of the proposal will be able to appeal to the tendency of recent educational legislation to relieve the burden on local resources at the expense of the Imperial Exchequer as is shown by the grant for technical education, and the fee grant.

The proposal, however, does not take the form of an increased annual grant per head, except as a mere temporary matter (though this is of much and immediate importance), but rests on a clear and broad principle. It is that the Imperial Government, through the Education Department, *should take on itself the duty of maintaining the entire staff of teachers, allowing neither School Board nor Voluntary managers to add to or diminish the grants so made for salaries.*

This plan has the obvious merit of extreme simplicity. It could be carried into effect by an Act of Parliament consisting of a single clause. It has the precedent, surely one of the highest importance, of Ireland, in which country about 95 per cent. of the teacher's salary is paid to him direct from an annual Parliamentary grant and the Customs and Excise grant. With the example of Ireland before our eyes it is easy to understand the general working of the system. In that country a much larger proportion of the cost of education is borne by the Imperial Exchequer. This will be understood from

the following figures, taken from a paper published in the *Times* in November last. The percentage of cost borne locally is :

In English Board Schools	42 %
„ „ Voluntary Schools	24 %
„ Scotch Public Schools	32 %
„ „ Voluntary Schools	30 %
„ Irish Schools	7 %

Reserving for the present the consideration of the financial consequences of this proposal, I will point out some of its incidental advantages, and some of the obvious modifications of it that may illustrate its actual working.

If the objection is raised, and is considered valid, that under this system the taxpayers' money would be used to pay teachers for giving denominational religious instruction, it would be quite easy to arrange that in schools in which the teachers were employed to teach any denominational formularies, a share of the salaries corresponding to the time so employed should be paid to the Department by the denomination.

But though this is possible, it does not seem to me to be quite just. The Voluntary Schools supply the buildings and the management, and this contribution covers three or four times over the cost of such denominational instruction.

Hence one advantage of the scheme is that it raises no "religious difficulty," except in the minds of those who are opposed to all religious education, and to all that facilitates it.

Another advantage is that it gives security to the teachers as regards their tenure. The scheme lends itself to an arrangement by which agreements on appointment should be made between managers and teachers, and dismissal could only be effected in accordance with the terms of the agreement, or with the approval of the Department for other grave reasons. This is exactly the security which the teachers need in public as well as in elementary schools.

A third and very great advantage is that it removes all difficulties from establishing a pension scheme. On this question a Parliamentary Committee reported on May 27, 1892. When all the salaries are fixed according to scale by the Department, contributions may be deducted at a uniform rate, as in other branches of the public service, to form a Pension Fund. Probably nothing will so contribute to the security and dignity, and therefore to the attractions, of the teaching profession as this. Teachers will not fail to notice that this, and this alone, will secure a steady and calculable flow of promotion.

A fourth advantage is that it deals finally with the difficulty sometimes raised by the employment of teachers in Voluntary Schools

as organists, or in other capacities. No such employment could be recognised in any agreement sanctioned by the Department. Probably not less voluntary Church work would be done by teachers than is done at present, but it would be always a willing instead of, as it is now sometimes, an unwilling and grudging gift.

Again, it secures, subject to the existence of a supply, a properly paid and suitable staff in every school; it would give a clear prospect to every teacher who enters the profession; a strong inducement to become certificated and trained: a slow rise of salary by seniority alone; a further rise in proportion to the importance of the post held; a good salary for "class" masters; a stimulus to qualify for higher posts; and a pension at the close of long service. The whole dignity and status of the profession are at once raised, and the profession would be sought by persons of a somewhat more liberal education than is usually the case at present.

Lastly, it puts an end to the system of annual grants, with its vexatious limitations, its more vexatious variations, and its most damaging influence on education. The gradual progress of educational legislation since 1861 has been in this direction, and it is time to take one more and final step. I am sure that very few people realise how seriously elementary education is harassed and injured by the present grant system. Elementary education is influenced to a very undesirable extent by the consideration, "What will pay best?" Schools are compared by the amounts they can earn; teachers are compared by the number of shillings they can make their children earn. It is assumed that merit and earning power correspond. The ability and energy of the teacher are directed to this object, and the children know it. One result is that so many children practically forget how to read very soon after they leave school. The teachers cannot afford to give the children time for reading, so as to make it a pleasure: it would not pay. The time-table is worked out by minutes. It is "education in a hurry."

No circular from the Department, and no influence from teachers and managers who know what education is, can counteract the mercenary and degrading influence of the money-dangling system. It is, moreover, a peculiar feature of the English educational system. If our education is less intelligent, less durable, less thoughtful than it is in other countries, this is the chief cause. In every other country, I believe, teachers are carefully trained, and their work is inspected and reported on. They are supervised, but trusted. I am an old public schoolmaster, and I think with horror of what Rugby or Clifton might become under such a system. Efficiency is sure to be recognised and lead to promotion; incompetence is sure to be weeded out. There will be no slackening in the real motives for effort. Moreover, it is now the children that suffer if a teacher is more con-

scientious and less immediately successful, for a smaller grant means less money for all the accessories of education. It is no slight merit in the scheme of the Archbishops' Committee that it makes it easy to get rid of the greatest of all the evils that now paralyse elementary education.

I may add here, to avoid misunderstanding, that the scheme leaves the appointment of teachers in the same hands as at present; but the number of teachers, and the salaries given, would be fixed by the Department according to a definite scale, as is the case under all the large School Boards. There is no difficulty in this.

It is now time to turn to the financial working of the scheme, which has not been explained in the Report of the Committee. More than one method of working it is possible, and the following remarks are intended to be illustrative rather than explanatory of the Report.

The financial proposal involves (1) a transference of a certain share in the present cost of education from the rates to the taxes; (2) a grant from the Treasury of some increase of salaries in the Voluntary Schools; (3) some diminution in the charges for maintenance in Voluntary Schools that now fall on subscribers.

I proceed to calculate these amounts, as far as the Blue Book enables me to do so, and to show the ultimate cost to the Treasury, and its distribution.

Taking the figures from the Report for 1893-4 (pp. xvi, xvii) the average attendance, for the year ending August 31, 1893, in Voluntary Schools is 2,411,362; the cost of teaching staff is £1 8s. 8½d. a head; and the annual grant is 18s. 1½d. a head. These figures give for Voluntary Day Schools:

Cost of teaching staff	£3,458,797	7	4½
Amount of annual grant	2,185,296	16	3
Difference	£1,273,500	11	1½

The average attendance in Board Schools was 1,688,668; the cost of staff £1 17s. 0½d.; the grant 18s. 11½d. Hence in Board Schools we find:

Cost of teaching staff	£3,127,553	17	2
Amount of annual grant	1,598,957	10	3
Difference	£1,528,596	6	11

And the total annual grants made in that year to both classes of schools, for 4,100,030 children in average attendance, amounted to £3,784,254 6s. 6d.

If we assume that, when regulated by a Departmental scale, the average rate of salaries will be a mean between the present Board and Voluntary School rates, or at £1 12s. 10½*d.* a head, the salaries grant from the Treasury would amount to £6,739,424 6s. 3*d.* But the cost of the present staff, as shown above, is £6,586,351 4s. 6½*d.*; and therefore there would be, on this hypothesis, an increase of £153,073 1s. 8½*d.* in the salaries paid to teachers as a whole. Since no diminution is likely to take place in the salaries of teachers in the large schools, which form the great majority of existing Board Schools, and are the prizes of the profession, this increase approximately represents the immediate pecuniary benefit to teachers in Voluntary Schools. It would be an increase of about 4 per cent. on their salaries, or at the rate of 1s. 3¼*d.* a head on the children in average attendance, making the average rate per head for payment of teachers in Voluntary Schools, many of which are very small, £1 9s. 11½*d.*, instead of, as at present, £1 8s. 8¼*d.* This represents the absolute increase of the cost of elementary education under the proposed scheme. All the rest is a shifting from one shoulder to another.

Let us next consider how it affects the Treasury. The new grant for salaries would be £6,739,424 6s. 8*d.*, and the present annual grant earned by children is £3,784,254 6s. 6*d.*, indicating, as it would seem, the very large increase of grant from the Treasury of £2,955,169 19s. 8¼*d.* But from this there will be heavy deductions.

These deductions will have to be determined by the maximum of the contributions that may reasonably be expected and required from the supporters of Voluntary Schools. The Archbishops' Committee rightly urges on the subscribers the duty of supporting their schools.

It appears that the maintenance of the Voluntary Schools costs on an average (p. xvii) £1 17s. 6¼*d.* a head, of which at present £1 8s. 8¼*d.* consists in the salaries of teachers. All the other expenses amount therefore to 8s. 10*d.* a head, for insurance, repairs, cleaning, heating, lighting, furniture, apparatus, books, and sundries. But there is no doubt that more ought to be spent under this head. In the Board Schools the corresponding sum is 11s. 1*d.* The proper cost of maintenance, independent of salaries, may be taken as 11s. a head. This, then, is the sum that has to be met in Voluntary Schools by the children's pence, or the fee grant, supplemented by voluntary contributions, by endowments where they exist, and by miscellaneous receipts. It is plain, therefore, that something may be returned to the Treasury from the fee grant.

The sums raised last year under these heads (p. xli) as arranged per child in average attendance were :

	s.	d.
Subscribers . . .	6	8½
Children's pence . . .	2	4½
Endowments . . .	1	3½
Miscellaneous . . .	10	¾
Fee grant . . .	8	6
	<u>19</u>	<u>9½</u>

and these, together with the annual grant of 18s. 1½d.; make a total of £1 17s. 11d., to meet the average cost of £1 17s. 6½d.; giving a balance of 4½d.

In determining the amount that may be returned to the Treasury from the fee grant we must remember that children's pence and the fee grant are to a very large extent alternatives, and that a large proportion of the schools are already free. There are only 130 schools out of 11,380 Voluntary Schools (p. 725) which do not receive the fee grant. We must also remember that endowments are not available for all schools, and hence the scheme must plainly be adapted to unendowed schools accepting the fee grant. The scheme must be tested by its elasticity and applicability to difficult cases.

And there is a further point. Under the head of miscellaneous receipts, which are credited with 10½d., is included the South Kensington drawing grant, and the sale of materials and books, and in some cases the hire of the schools. Now this will probably be generally regarded as a good opportunity for discontinuing the separate drawing grants from South Kensington, since all other special grants disappear. But in this event the Treasury will be relieved of about £100,000 a year—I have not the exact figures at hand—and the miscellaneous receipts of the schools diminished at once by what is equivalent to at least 6d. a head on the whole number of children. And the rest of the miscellaneous receipts are diminishing under the action of the Department in 1893–94, and can only be counted on in poor schools for a sum so small as to be negligible, say, one farthing.

We can now compare an average balance-sheet of a Voluntary and a Board School under the present and the proposed systems:

Present average balance-sheet of Voluntary Schools (p. xli):

Cr.	£	s.	d.	Dr.	£	s.	d.
Parliamentary grant . . .	0	18	1½	Salaries	1	8	8½
School-pence and }	0	2	4½	Maintenance	0	8	10
fee grant }	0	8	6				
Endowments	0	1	3½				
Drawing and }	0	0	6				
miscellaneous receipts }	0	0	4½				
Subscribers	0	6	8½	Balance in hand	0	0	4½
	<u>£1</u>	<u>17</u>	<u>11</u>		<u>£1</u>	<u>17</u>	<u>11</u>

The same under the proposed system would be :

Present Balance-sheet.

<i>Cr.</i>	£	s.	d.	<i>Dr.</i>	£	s.	d.
Parliamentary grant	1	9	11½	Salaries	1	9	11½
Fees and fee grant	0	10	0	Fee grant returned	0	5	0
Endowments	0	1	3½	Maintenance	0	11	0
Miscellaneous	0	0	0½				
Subscribers	0	4	8				
	£2	5	11½		£2	5	11½

in which it will be observed that I am assuming that 5s. of the fee grant is returned to the Treasury.

The corresponding balance-sheets of Board Schools will be :

Present Balance-sheet.

<i>Cr.</i>	£	s.	d.	<i>Dr.</i>	£	s.	d.
Parliamentary grant	0	18	11½	Salaries	1	17	0½
Rates	0	19	9½	Maintenance	0	11	1
School-pence	0	0	8½				
Miscellaneous	0	1	1½				
Endowments	0	0	0½				
Fee grant	0	8	7½	Balance in hand	0	1	1½
	£2	9	2½		£2	9	2½

and

Balance-sheet under proposed system.

<i>Cr.</i>	£	s.	d.	<i>Dr.</i>	£	s.	d.
Parliamentary grant	1	17	0½	Salaries	1	17	0½
Fee grant and school-fees	0	10	0	Maintenance	0	11	1
Miscellaneous	0	0	0½	Fee grant returned	0	5	0
Endowments	0	0	0½				
Rates	0	6	0½				
	£2	13	1½		£2	13	1½

We can now estimate the total cost to the Treasury, and the apportionment of its relief to the rates, and to local subscriptions, and to the increase of salaries and expenditure on schools.

By our last result, prior to deductions, the increase of the Treasury grant was £2,955,170. From this must be deducted half of the fee grant. This, for the year ending December 31st, 1893, was £2,122,196, and the half of this is £1,061,098. Deducting this sum the total increase of the Treasury grant is £1,894,072 approximately. (It must be noted that some of these figures are for the year ending December 31st, 1893, others for that ending August 31st, 1893, and therefore exact figures cannot be given.)

It appears from the above balance-sheet that the rates will be relieved by the difference between 19s. 9½d. and 6s. 0½d. or 13s. 9½d. on 1,688,668 children, or £1,162,718 5s. 7d.

The teachers' salaries in Voluntary Schools will be augmented by £153,073 1s. 8½d., as shown above.

The increase of expense arising from the disappearance of school fees in Voluntary Schools is the excess of the sum of 2s. 4½d. and 8s. 6d. over 10s., or 10½d. This amounts to £105,497. This is practically an increased grant from the Treasury towards freeing education.

The diminution, by another $10\frac{1}{2}d.$, in Voluntary Schools, and $1s. 1d$ in Board Schools, of the miscellaneous receipts, is partly an actual diminution of charge on the Treasury of about £100,000, and partly arises from freeing books and stationery. The contribution of the Treasury towards this element of free education cannot be exactly defined, but will be not very far from another £100,000. Lastly, the diminution of subscriptions from $6s. 8\frac{1}{2}d.$ to $4s. 8d.$ means a relief to voluntary subscriptions of about £245,000. These amounts together make up approximately the increase in the Treasury grant. It is not possible, for the reasons given above, to make an actual balance.

Two or three more remarks must still be made.

The relief given to the rates by this proposal is so large that this seems an opportunity for drawing attention to the compatibility of an important item in the scheme of the Roman Catholic Bishops with the adoption of the principle of the Report of the Archbishops' Committee. It must be admitted that in our great voluntary town schools, whether Roman Catholic, or Church of England, or Wesleyan, a subscription list of $4s. 8d.$ is utterly unattainable. At present by the self-denial of our teachers, and by a rigid economy in apparatus, some schools are maintained without a subscription list; but the new system would require the subscriptions to meet the irreducible item of heating and lighting and other expenses. In most of such schools, school-pence and endowments are alike out of the question, and no economy could reduce the cost of maintenance from $11s.$ to a sum within the reach of the managers. It would seem that these poor large schools in the School Board areas of large towns, deserve the same special consideration that is already (Code Art. 104-5) given to the small country schools, which receive a special grant from the Treasury at the discretion of the Department. Now the Roman Catholic Bishops propose that a grant in lieu of rent for the buildings should come from the rates, where there is a School Board. They ask for a larger sum than is necessary if the Report of the Archbishops' Committee is adopted in principle, and if $5s.$ only is returned from the fee grant; but their proposal seems to me well adapted to meet the special need. And considering that the cost of each place in a Board School is about $11s.$ per annum, which falls on the rates to which all subscribe, and that the Voluntary Schools supply such places at present at a cost of nothing to the rates, it seems just that the rates in School Board districts should, under similar discretion, contribute a certain sum, such as $2s. 6d.$ a head, or one quarter of the rent in the Board Schools, by way of rent for school places, for the children in average attendance in Voluntary Schools within their area. This makes the distinction, so necessary to be drawn, between Voluntary Schools in School Board areas and Voluntary Schools outside them, and gives relief to the poorest schools. The concession

of such a claim would do something to satisfy a sense of justice which demands for all ratepayers a share of the rates they pay; it would at once diminish the feeling of opposition on the part of Churchmen to the establishment of new School Boards, and perhaps do scarcely less to diminish, in some places, the desire to establish them. It would raise no reasonable demand for local control, since the grant would be of the nature of rent, on receipt of certificate from H.M.I. that the buildings were in proper condition, and would not be used for directly educational purposes, or to pay the teachers.

I must not omit to add a few words on the great importance of the first of the further recommendations of the Committee—that the annual grants or salaries should be given, and continued under certain conditions, to “new schools built at private cost where the Department is satisfied that no sufficient provision exists for children for whom the school is intended, regard being had to the religious belief of the parents.” This is the real security for religious liberty for all denominations, and would remove the present grievance, which presses so hardly on Nonconformists in country districts. It is a grievance also in towns, that no religious body can furnish new school accommodation within a School Board area without obtaining the leave of the School Board. New populations spring up, churches and chapels may be built, schools for the middle class provided, but not schools for the poor, capable of receiving a Government grant, unless the School Board permit. This is a class inequality. The permission would probably have little effect, unless, from the pressure of religious difficulties or from other causes, School Boards tended to become more secular and aggressive than they now are; but such a permission would be a complete security against a secularism enforced in any locality on a minority, and would do much to maintain proper religious teaching in Board Schools. Throughout Germany the rights of a small minority to have a separate school are carefully safeguarded.

The other recommendations are of considerable practical importance, but they do not equally appeal to broad principles of general interest, and I do not, therefore, at present discuss them.

One more final word.

I do not myself believe that a scheme of rate-aid is impossible if the country resolves, as I think it is resolving, that Voluntary Schools shall be put so thoroughly on a par with Board Schools that elementary education shall not be retarded by the present dualism. The scheme of rate-aid has in favour of its principle the great argument of justice. But if any scheme of rate-aid is to win general support, in face of the present rival scheme, it must show more of far-sighted statesmanship than any scheme yet before the public and both a deeper insight into the causes of educational failure under

the present system, and a clearer view as to their remedies. The present rate-aid schemes do little more than attempt to remedy financial injustice to Voluntary Schools within School Board areas.

How incomplete the present paper is I am well aware. I have not access to all the figures I need. Any scheme, moreover, has to be discussed not only, as I have done, with reference to averages and totals, but with regard to individual schools of many types; to large town schools and small country schools; to schools within and schools outside School Board areas; to infant schools, to half-time schools, to higher-grade schools. The discussion of a great Imperial question like this has hardly begun. But I may venture to hope that I have done something to elucidate the great possibilities of the proposal, and to show how it may be combined with rate-aid. There are elements in the financial working out of the scheme which may be adjusted without destroying the simplicity of the scheme or cancelling its advantages. The suggested payment for the time spent by teachers on denominational formularies is one such element; the amount returned from the fee grant is another; the rent-charge payable out of rates within School Board areas is a third; and by the adjustment of these, and by facilitating the federation of schools, it will be possible at once to require great voluntary effort, and to relieve the pressure where it cannot be borne, in large and poor Voluntary Schools within School Board areas.

Moreover, it must not be forgotten that, besides the educational and financial considerations, there is another, of the highest importance. There must be security for the parents, that in places where a denominational school is alone available, there shall be given in it such religious teaching as members of other denominations may reasonably desire for their children. We desire religious liberty all round, and not only for ourselves.

Because the Committee's proposal involves so many considerations and so many principles it is certain that it cannot be adopted at once; and therefore it is of all the more urgency, that, in face of increasing expenses and diminishing income, the temporary recommendation of the Committee, that the 17s. 6d. limit should be altered, shall be carried out as soon as possible, inasmuch as if much delay takes place, there may be in the School Board areas of our great towns but few Voluntary Schools left to preserve.

JAMES M. WILSON.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: A PLEA FOR ACTION.

I HAVE no reason to complain of the reception accorded to my "Plea for Deliberation." The first aim of one who pleads is to obtain a hearing, and that I have had in large measure. It is true that the notices in the public Press have rarely indicated that the writers are actually converts to the procedure which I have been supposed to advocate, but they have shown that the advantages of the policy have been weighed, and they express clearly the objections that can be raised to it. Even putting aside all consideration of the great personal courtesy which has characterised them, and regarding only their bearing on the cause I have at heart, I should be hard to please if I were not satisfied. To me they were especially welcome, for I had no desire to make sudden converts. I regard the matter as one upon which we ought to act only after mature deliberation, and a thoughtless acceptance of any line of action, even that which I advocate, would please me less than to feel assured that the party was determined to act only with that degree of caution which is commensurate with the difficulty and importance of the case.

I am not dismayed by the objections themselves. The most weighty among them is due to a misunderstanding for which I must hold myself responsible, seeing that so many and so able critics have almost without exception taken the same view of my intentions. I have been supposed to suggest that we should forthwith bring in four Home Rule Bills, and fight them through as a group with a view to obtaining Home Rule all round. This was not my meaning. On the contrary, my main object was to induce the party to continue in the course which it has been following for the last eight years, and to keep Irish Home Rule in the first place in its programme. But I wished it to be viewed from a different standpoint, and to be

regarded not only as an act of justice to Ireland but as the pioneer step in a policy which will deliver the whole kingdom from the domination of the House of Lords. The battle must be fought on Irish Home Rule, and on that alone, but no longer as a question which relates only to Ireland, but as one in which we all have a direct personal interest. I do not wish at this moment to add to our measures but to our motives. The mainspring of my appeal was to prevent our increasing our programme by an addition which would be wellnigh as large as all the rest put together. To this end I strove to show that no direct attack upon the House of Lords was needed if we were prepared to persevere with Home Rule. In a time of difficulty like the present, when the Liberal party finds itself opposed by all the wealth of the country, backed up by the ill-omened alliance between the supporters of drink and the supporters of ecclesiastical establishments, when the personal history of the long and desperate struggle for Irish self-government has left its traces in a disunion which gives us our most implacable foes in those who ought to be our staunchest allies, we ought to concentrate our efforts on a few decisive measures and not distribute them over many. The tactics of our foes are to increase the time required for passing measures through the House of Commons by deliberate and constant obstruction, and to discount the weight of the decisions of that House by denying its right to speak in the name of the people because no one of its measures was alone before the nation at the General Election. However discreditable may be these tactics, and however unconstitutional and absurd this doctrine, we shall be playing into the hands of our enemies if we multiply, instead of restricting, the measures which we put forward as subjects for immediate legislation.

I admit that the blame must rest upon my head for having caused this misconception. But I cannot forbear saying a word by way of excuse. I was dealing with policy, not with procedure; with aims and principles of our future action, and not with the measures in which they will ultimately be embodied. Hence it seemed to me sufficient to speak of Irish Home Rule as remaining the "pioneer movement," without formally expressing my opinion that its success should not be delayed by making it "wait for its convoy," as one of my reviewers felicitously puts it. I feel inclined to reply to my critics, that the misunderstanding has arisen from their supposing me guilty of the very fault against which I was raising my voice. Thanks to the rapidity with which ideas are disseminated through the universal influence of the public Press, a policy is no sooner proposed than the public become familiarised with it, and it is assumed by both friends and foes that the time has come for the formulation of a measure to carry it out. This has its dangers. If a policy be far-reaching and coherent, it may attain many of its

objects without directly or immediately seeking them. The earlier measures bring them in their train or lighten the labour of successful action at a later stage. It was my special aim to emphasise this in the case of the House of Lords, and in my own mind I pictured Irish Home Rule as the field on which must be fought the battle that will decide the fate of federative delegation. What is granted to Ireland cannot be refused to the other countries when they ask for it, and if this be kept in mind, it will be seen that the conflict between the nation and the House of Lords will be practically at an end when we have gained Home Rule for Ireland, whether or not the case of the other countries be immediately taken in hand. The Lords will hesitate to provoke a conflict with the Representative Chamber when the consequences may be an immediate demand which cannot be refused for an extension of delegation and a further curtailment of their functions and importance as a part of the Legislature.

Many of my reviewers treat me as though I were tender-hearted towards the Lords and desirous of saving them from deserved and imminent punishment for their crimes. They decide that this must not be. The blow must fall at once. I respect most of the papers that take this line, for they include among them some of the stoutest supporters of our cause. Nevertheless, I cannot but recognise that they treat as synonymous terms the placing upon the Liberal programme the abolition of the veto of the Lords and the carrying it into effect. They remind me of an occurrence in my college days when knotty points of all kinds were ardently discussed amongst us. An ingenious disputant propounded the theory that a benevolent man would be justified in gambling at Homburg because of the good he could do with his winnings. Before the discussion had proceeded far an undergraduate of a practical turn of mind raised the preliminary question, whether the amount of money available for his philanthropic projects would be likely to be increased by his so doing; in other words, how did he know that he would win at all. Is it clear that we shall at this moment succeed if we make the attempt? I have pointed out the difficulties in the way of securing immediate popular support for such a mode of dealing with the question. I have no intention to repeat my former argument. Its aim was to show that to adopt this method of attack would be to fight under circumstances which strengthen the opposing forces and weaken our own, and even though the evil may be duly appreciated by the voters, we may be unable to obtain their support to the application of such a remedy. My views may be erroneous or not, but they are certainly influenced by no tenderness towards our Hereditary Legislators.

There is, however, one further consideration which I would put forward in this regard. Let us consider for a moment the result if we appeal unsuccessfully to the country on the abolition of the veto

of the House of Lords. Our failure will give them a new lease of life. The Unionist Government that will come in will, so long as it lasts, secure the Lords from doing wrong, because it will secure their doing nothing. Their interference will become a memory only. Yet the Liberal party, having once taken this line of action, cannot abandon it, and we shall be in a minority until the country is prepared to accept this doubtfully advantageous solution of the problem. During the whole of this period it will be impossible to redeem our promise to make Home Rule our primary policy. We may wish to do so, but the larger question must overshadow it, and decide the elections. Can we expect the Irish party, who rightly regard this only as a step towards Home Rule, to accept the position of waiting patiently till this great Imperial question is settled? The same may be said of the supporters of other movements. It is of no use to suggest that they have allowed Home Rule to go before their special measures, and that therefore they may permit the direct attack on the House of Lords to do so. It does not take the place of Home Rule, but it is in addition to it, and it possesses this special disadvantage—that even if we should on any occasion succeed in our appeal to the country upon it, we may expect to have to try again. It is a measure which would be certain to stimulate the Lords to resistance so stubborn that it would yield to no single defeat. And while the consequences of defeat are thus aggravated, the chances of success are not increased, for no one will support us who is not prepared to give Home Rule to Ireland, seeing that we are pledged to make this the first exercise of our new powers if they be granted to us.

The most serious of the strictures upon my article have, however, been on the line that the party has decided to appeal to the country upon the direct abolition of the veto of the House of Lords, and that I have no business to suggest or advocate another policy. I join issue upon the question of fact. I know that at Leeds the National Liberal Federation pronounced in favour of such a policy. At the time I felt it to be a step of more than doubtful expediency, suddenly to summon a body, which from its numbers and nature cannot possibly be consultative, to decide upon the course to be taken in a matter of such magnitude, involving such complex considerations, and I venture to think that very many thoughtful Liberals would agree in that view. And however great the weight which the leaders of the Liberal party may be disposed to give to the decision of the Leeds meeting, the responsibility of choosing the course to be pursued rests with them, and from them alone will the party take the word of command. I can see no evidence of any acceptance by them of such a policy. It is true that they have declared that the relations between the Houses should be properly adjusted, and will ask the House of

Commons to assert this by a resolution. When the time comes they will, no doubt, call for the support of the country to compel the Lords to pass the Bills that they have rejected, and thus to recognise the supremacy of the will of the nation as expressed by their representatives. But this is very far from amounting to an adoption of the Leeds resolution; therefore it is not a case where the form which action should take has yet been authoritatively determined. It is still a time for thought, and it is the duty of us all to do what we can to secure that the final decision will be a wise one.

So much for the objections to my proposals. I now turn to the main question, which is rightly put in the forefront by so many who would be friendly to them if they could see a satisfactory answer to it. How are we to get over the resistance of the House of Lords? It is fair to put this question to me, and I shall not content myself by pointing out that I am for the moment only seeking to get over their resistance to Irish Home Rule, to which we are pledged and which is a far less onerous task than the alternative of getting their consent to their own extinction. I agree that I ought to face the question and give a satisfactory answer. I am trying to dissuade my party from having recourse to heroic remedies, and to persuade them to content themselves with compelling the Lords to accept the Bills they have rejected by the ordinary means of appealing to the country on those measures, without going farther and asking its authority formally to put aside the Hereditary Chamber. It behoves me to show how a majority, if obtained upon this appeal, may be made more successful in the conflict with the House of Lords than the present Liberal majority has been.

The answer is a simple one. It is that we should make the House of Commons effective. At present it is so hampered by its own modes of procedure that it is incapable of promptly or satisfactorily expressing to the other House the national will. When we have remedied this we shall cease to hear of the House of Lords rendering nugatory the efforts of a progressive Government to pass into law the measures that it was elected to carry.

Take the case of the present Government. It came into power in 1892 with a full programme of Liberal measures which the majority of the House were and still are sincerely desirous of passing into law. The Sessions have been of unusual length, and the Government has been loyally supported by its followers. Yet only two Acts of first magnitude have become law, and this without the House of Lords rejecting more than one such Bill in each of the two years. All the other Bills that are waiting to be passed have been stopped by the clumsiness of the procedure of the House of Commons itself, and the opportunities which it gives for obstruction. But for this

there would have been ample time to give full consideration to the greater part if not of all the principal measures in the Liberal programme, and if they had been passed through the House of Commons and sent to the Lords the bulk of them must have become law. It is easy to find special reasons to excuse the rejection of one or two particular Bills, but to reject the bulk of the measures constituting the programme upon which one of the two great parties in the State obtained a majority in the Representative House can bear but one meaning, viz. —that of a formal refusal to bow to the decision of the people, expressed in due constitutional form ; and this is a step from which even Tory Lords would shrink.

I doubt if the public at large have any adequate conception of the state of things in the House of Commons in this respect. Let me first take the case of a Bill brought in by a private member. He obtains readily the permission to bring in the Bill, and gets it at once read a first time. Then if it be opposed, even by a single member, it is "blocked," *i.e.*, a notice of opposition to its second reading is entered, and it thereby becomes "opposed business," which cannot come on after midnight. The practical effect of this is that it cannot get any opportunity of being read a second time unless the member secures for it a day in the ballot that takes place at the beginning of the session, in which some 250 members ballot for, at most, twenty-five Wednesdays. Even then it is easy for any fairly strong body of opponents to prolong the debate, so that it is left unfinished when the House rises, and the case becomes hopeless. If it has been successfully read a second time, there is the Committee stage and Report, both of which can be blocked in a like manner. Briefly, it may be summed up by saying that no private member can get a Bill passed if there is any substantial opposition to it.

It will doubtless be said that the question of the Bills of private members is not of primary importance. It is to the Government that we look for our chief legislative action. In this case there is no longer any fear of the mischievous obstruction of single members or small groups, seeing that the Government has at its command so much of the time of the House. But this advantage is largely counterbalanced by the possibility of organised obstruction on a larger scale in a form which is most difficult to deal with. Let it be borne in mind that if each member of the House were to speak for two minutes and a half, it would take up more time than the Government has at its disposal in a week. Thus the members of the Opposition need only speak for five minutes apiece to consume a week of the time of the House. It is the avowed object of the Unionist party in the present Parliament to prevent the Government from having sufficient time to pass its measures. In this state of things is it wonderful that it succeeds ?

For the Rules of Procedure of the House seem to be specially framed to facilitate obstruction. Putting aside merely formal stages, each Bill has to be read a second time, to pass through Committee, and to be reported to the House. The second reading, which affirms the principle of the Bill, is usually and properly a serious debate, followed by a division. But in the Committee stage the whole Bill is gone through clause by clause. Any member may move any number of amendments to any clause, each of which he can make the subject of a debate and of a division. In each of such debates any member can speak any number of times and at any length. In Bills which are the subject of severe party opposition it is not unusual to see twenty or thirty amendments to a single clause, all of which must receive like treatment. And when this process has been gone through, and the Bill comes out of Committee and is reported to the House, there is once more an opportunity for moving numerous amendments. Fresh clauses may also be proposed, which must be read before being added to the Bill. It is not till all the countless debates that this implies have all come to an end that the Bill can be read a third time and passed.

It would be a matter of surprise if the Government could pass more than two or three contested Bills through such an ordeal within the limits of a Session, even if they had all the time of the House at their disposal for legislative work. But weeks have to be devoted to Supply, in which all the items of the estimates pass under the review of the House, and equally favourable opportunities of wasting time are given to the Opposition, especially as members enjoy the privilege of speaking any number of times upon the same motion. The combined effect of all this is that a prime (and perhaps the dominant) element in the decision as to what measures shall be brought in by a Government is the question of time. If a Bill is necessarily long and full of detail, as for example the Registration Bill, it must stand aside, for it offers too many opportunities for obstruction.

But is there not the Closure to remedy these evils? In its present form the Closure is practically of very small use so far as concerns the more serious forms of obstruction. It can only be used with the leave of the Speaker or the Chairman of Committees. No doubt they would consent to its application to the coarser forms of obstruction; but how are they to apply it to cases in which no member does more than to speak at a moderate length more or less upon the subject under discussion, but by reason of so many claiming to speak the debate consumes an inordinate time? It is in this form that obstruction mainly presents itself. It gets understood that business must not be allowed to get on too fast, and a few additional amendments are moved, a few unnecessary speeches made, and the evening is gone. The Speaker and the Chairman of Committees, who is

solely occupied with regulating the forms of debate, cannot look into the substance and see when the end is being sacrificed to the means, when the work of the House is being sacrificed to discussion, the sole object of which should be to promote that work. It is the House, and the House alone, that can protect itself from such attempts to paralyse its action by an abuse of those forms and Rules of Procedure which were intended to protect and facilitate the exercise of its powers.

Nor have we the consolation of thinking that, although our advance is slow, yet it is sure, and that at last, if we persevere, we must get our Bills through all their stages. If this is not successfully accomplished within the limits of a Session, all the work goes for nothing. In a succeeding Session the Bill has to commence and go through all its stages precisely in the same way, and with just the same expenditure of time as though it had never been discussed before. The same is true of Bills that have passed through the House of Commons, but have been rejected by the Lords. The days or weeks already spent on these Bills do not spare the House one single amendment or one single division that the Opposition chooses to re-inflict upon it. No better proof of the paralysis of public legislation could be given than the general dismay with which the London Liberal members heard a ruling of the Speaker a short time ago, which, following some old precedents happily disregarded of late, seemed to countenance the proposition that Bills relating to London must be brought in as public Bills, even though they were of the same nature as those which would be private Bills in the case of other cities. It was rightly considered by them that this would be a denial of all progressive legislation to London on local matters; for who could expect a Government to devote the already too scant time at its disposal for Imperial measures to fighting local London Acts (necessarily of a detailed and complicated nature) through the limitless obstruction which could be raised in a Committee of the whole House?

Let us see how this waste of time can be prevented. In the first place, why should the House of Commons be compelled to do over again what has once been carefully done? Take the case of a Bill rejected by the House of Lords. It would be quite proper that the House of Commons should have to pass the Bill again before sending it once more to the House of Lords; but why should it be thought necessary for it again to go through the laborious and tedious process of settling it clause by clause. It is sufficient for it to pronounce that it has not changed its views by reading the Bill once. This might be arranged by framing a standing order to the effect that after such a Bill has been read a second time it should be competent for the member in charge of the Bill to put it down for third reading without its passing through Committee stage. In

this way the House could re-affirm its continued support of the principle of the Bill and of its form without the loss of time that must now occur. This reform would have two important results. In the first place, it would make the procedure of the House express the principle that the rejection of a Bill by the House of Lords is not entitled to the same weight as its rejection by the Commons, and that if the Commons persist, it is for the Lords to give way. And secondly, it would afford opportunity for showing by action outside the House that the Commons possess popular support for their action, such as ought to induce the Lords to pass the Bill. At present the mischief is done before this can be effected, and that mischief can be repaired only at the cost of going through the whole work again. It would be a very different matter if the Bill could be sent up again without costing a considerable portion of the available time of the next Session, as is too often the case at present.

Again, why should the work be lost that has been done upon Bills that have not passed through all their stages? Why should they not be continued in following Sessions from the point at which they had arrived in the preceding one? I know of only one argument against this very rational proposal, viz., that the "slaughter of the innocents" affords a good opportunity for covering up the blunders of a Ministry. But this is a trivial advantage compared with the solid gain of time, and the equally important gain in the steadiness and quality of the work of the House that must follow from adopting the other plan. At present it is impossible to get the House to take interest in the steps of a Bill that it believes cannot pass into law during that Session because the work done on it must go for nothing so far as the House of Commons is concerned. If everything that is done will leave so much the less to do, this difficulty will not be felt, and we shall work as steadily at the end of the Session as at the beginning. And there is so much latitude given to alterations by Government during the Committee stage and Report that any modification of view that may have taken place in the interval can in practice be easily provided for.

So much for saving the time of the House by preventing good work being thrown away. But this is only the fringe of the question. The main point is to facilitate the doing of the work. How is this to be effected? There is only one answer, in my judgment. You must be content to trust to the House to decide when the means which are used to assist it in its work—speeches and amendments—are obstructing the end to which they ought only to be auxiliary.

Take the case of speeches. There comes a point when enough has been said upon a subject, and a continuance of a debate is merely a loss of valuable time. That point is reached at a very early stage

in those questions which have been for years before the public, an upon which members have made up their minds and have told their constituents how they will vote. Everything that can be said upon such subjects has long ago been said upon the platform and in the Press, and a prolonged discussion in the House is of no more practical value than if it were at the Cambridge or Oxford Union. In other cases it may be well to permit more elaborate debate, to inform the minds of the members and of the country. But, after all, the object of the House is to act and not to talk, and the debate should cease when the question has been so discussed that any further good that can come from prolonging the debate is not likely to make amends for the time it will consume. As I have already pointed out, the Speaker and the Chairman of Committees can only consider the forms of debate; they cannot weigh the importance of the subject or rightly estimate the value of the time of the House. The primary condition of reform, therefore, is to place the closure in the hands of the House itself, and any restrictions that are put upon it must be only such as prescribe that it should not be lightly or irresponsibly used, such as requiring that it should be moved by a Minister, or should be supported by a certain number of members.

But the worst obstacle to progress is the fetich of amendments—the almost unlimited power of proposing amendments during the Committee and Report stages. It is under cloak of this that obstruction works most effectively. I believe that but little is in the end gained by this free power of suggesting amendments to clauses. It leads to Bills being originally drafted in a very slovenly way, and being pieces of ugly patchwork when they emerge. But no one would think of taking away this power, which is at times so useful. It can be restrained within limits if you give to the House the reasonable privilege of saying that it thinks that the tinkering process has gone on for a sufficient length of time, and that it is satisfied that the clause should remain as it then stands. That is what every man of business does. No doubt he thinks before acting; but when he feels that he has weighed the *pros* and *cons* sufficiently he ceases to consider them, and proceeds to action. Why should not the House be able to do this? Nay, in many cases the amendments which are put down to a clause are such that the House can see at the outset that they are not worth the time that will necessarily be involved in discussing them. Why should not the House be allowed to decide that the clause shall be voted upon as it stands, without wasting time on trivial or unacceptable amendments?

This reform could easily be effected by a slight alteration in one of the standing orders, and it would produce widespread consequences. For it is by means like this alone that you can defeat obstruction. The private member is not likely to aid in abridging debate or fet-

tering the power of moving amendments, so long as they are fairly used. These are his own special privileges—the share which he personally has in the work of the House. But let him see that under this guise his opponents are deliberately wasting time and are trying thereby to paralyse the work of the House, and he has his remedy at hand. He can support the House in declaring that it considers a clause needs no amendment, or has been amended enough; in other words, that more time is likely to be wasted than will the equivalent of any good that is likely to be done. All this will be done as a part of the ordinary procedure. It will not be necessary for him openly to convict his opponents of obstruction. The possibility of this will make his opponents careful not to abuse the right of moving amendments, and they will take care that only those that they deem to be the more important are discussed. This will keep debate useful. It is a great mistake to think that unrestricted freedom of debate increases its value. On the contrary, it is rapidly destroying it. The loss of time is so much the most serious consequence of a debate that the members of a majority take no part in it with the exception of some one or two speakers who must, for form's sake, answer the Opposition. Similarly, the abuse of amendments leads the majority in self-defence to limit the time when the Committee on a Bill must be finished, with the effect, perhaps, of closing out important amendments which would have repaid discussion. But if you give to the House the power of passing on when it is satisfied with a clause or a group of clauses, it can check irrelevant and useless debate, without at the same time interfering with that which would be useful. It can take care that too much time is not devoted to discussing a Bill, and yet ensure that adequate discussion is given to those parts that require it.

I have not touched upon minor reforms, such as the abolition of the right to speak more than once on the same motion in Committee. It is probable that if the main reforms which I advocate be carried out, the relief to the time of the House by their direct and indirect action would make further remedies unnecessary. The aim of the whole is to enable the House of Commons to pass into law the measures which are supported by the country as represented by the majority. If it can become master of its own time so that this can be done, the effect upon its relations towards the other House will be astonishingly great. It will require more courage than the House of Lords possesses, or is likely to possess, to reject one after the other the measures which the House of Commons has been elected to pass, when it knows that they will certainly be returned to it, year after year, from the Representative Chamber, with fresh authority and with fresh evidences of popular support. At present we have practically to wait for a new election and a new Parliament to renew

an attempt to pass a Bill rejected by the Lords, and by that time new interests and needs may have intervened and diverted the public attention in other directions. But with the promptness of action that these reforms would bring about no such diversion could take place. The period of delay through the Lords would be measured by single years, and not as now by Parliaments. The people could then knock at the door of the Hereditary House as loudly and as continuously as might be necessary to get that door opened, which, after all, cannot be kept closed to such appeals.

J. FLETCHER MOULTON.

THE COUNTY COUNCIL AND THE MUSIC HALLS.

LIKE most mundane institutions, the music hall is at once old and new. In one sense, it has been always with us; in another, it is a creation of yesterday. A few years ago, in this REVIEW, Mrs. E. R. Pennell very ingeniously demonstrated the antiquity of all the main elements in a variety show.

"Before the miracle play had been invented," Mrs. Pennell wrote, "the people of England had clamoured for the variety entertainment and been given it. . . . In the castle hall at evening, when 'the tuns of mead were broached and the horns filled and borne round by young maidens, and men ate and drank and were merry,' then the minstrels came and sang their ballads, acrobats tumbled and wrestled, dancers twirled and pirouetted, jugglers threw balls and swallowed swords, and trained beasts were put through their paces. . . . Acrobats and minstrels travelled together, an innovation which M. Jusserand thinks the beginning of the end of minstrelsy, but which was really the beginning of the triumph of the variety entertainment."

Mrs. Pennell also reminds us how the mysteries themselves were full of "variety" elements :

"When the tyranny of Herod got upon the people's nerves, in came a boy with a bladder to buffet him. If the virtues of Queen Hester grew intolerable, Hardy-Dardy stepped in to 'stoppe the gappe.'"

Mr. T. Fairman Ordish, in his "Early London Theatres," tries to show that the Elizabethan drama itself developed from mere interludes ("sketches" we should now call them), traditional in character and sometimes of pre-Christian origin, intercalated in what were in reality variety shows, consisting of "activities," such as juggling, tumbling, rope-dancing, and competitions in fencing and other martial accomplishments. The stage, he argues, was at first a mere

movable platform (what we technically term "a fit-up") in amphitheatres devoted to popular "turns" of the above-mentioned order. Be this as it may, we know that the Elizabethan drama absorbed into itself the "varieties" which were too popular to be supplanted. In almost every play, the clown, sometimes disguised, sometimes openly flaunting the cap and bells, cracked his wheezes, gagged, and very often varied his patter with a song. Between the acts, or at the end of the play, he danced his jig and sang his comic ditty. Other actors, to the incalculable enrichment of our literature, broke into song on the smallest provocation. "Brother Bones" and "Mr. Johnson" (as yet unebonised), the "knockabout artiste," the "female delineator," and the instrumental virtuoso, all had their counterparts on the Elizabethan stage. After the Restoration, the music-hall element, as we should now call it, was rampant in the theatre. Such a comedian as Joe Haines, who spoke the epilogue to "Unhappy Kindness" seated on an ass, was simply the Dan Leno or Herbert Campbell of the day; and, divested of the glamour of the past, Nell Gwynne has very much the air of a "dashing serio-comic." Throughout the eighteenth century, pantomimists, rope-dancers, posturers, and even performing animals, frequently invaded the regular stage; while the provincial theatres, especially in the smaller towns, were often nothing but music halls with a play thrown in. The same may be said, with even greater accuracy, of the outlying metropolitan theatres which sprang up during the half-century or so before Bulwer's Act of 1843 abolished the privileges of the patent houses. At Sadler's Wells, the Royalty (in Whitechapel), the Coburg, and such establishments, the plays thrown in were necessarily, and on pain of legal penalties, trivial and trumpery in character—mere "sketches" in fact—while songs, dances, and "turns" of every description formed the staple of the entertainment.* And during

* The statement in this paragraph as to the minor provincial theatres is the result of an examination of thousands of play-bills belonging to the period between 1775 and 1850. For confirmation of my remarks as to the suburban theatres I applied to my friend Mr. E. Rimbault Dibdin, whose grandfather and great-grandfather were intimately connected with several of these establishments, and who has made large collections of play-bills and other documents relating to them. Mr. Dibdin's information quite supports my view. He sends me, for example, the following abstract of a Sadler's Wells play-bill of May 24, 1773:

"The celebrated Mons. Richer will exhibit various pleasing and surprising performances in *ladder dancing*.

"Dances by Mr. Atkins (and six others).

"Vocal parts by Mr. Lowe (and three others).

"Tumbling by Mons. Richer (and three others).

"Rope dancing by Mr. Ferri (and three others).

"With the last new entertainment of music and dancing called *Vineyard Revels; or Harlequin Bacchanal*. The music by Mr. Dibdin, and every decoration entirely new.

"Doors open at 5. Performance begins 6. Tickets for the boxes, 3s., which will entitle the bearer to a pint of port, mountain, Lisbon, or punch. For the pit, 1s. 6d. Gallery, 1s. Either of these payments, with an additional 6d., will entitle the bearer to a pint of either of the aforesaid liquors. Any person choosing a second pint may have it at 1s."

all this time, from the age of Elizabeth onward, booths and caravans, whether gathered at the great fairs or scattered over the countryside, had been the home of such "varieties" as did not readily find access to the theatre—acrobats, jugglers, giants, dwarfs, puppet-shows ("motions"), and performing animals. Thus the modern music hall merely concentrates, in buildings specially dedicate and set apart, elements of popular pastime which have always flourished among us, and which used formerly to foist themselves upon the traffic of the regular stage much more obtrusively than they do now—except during pantomime season.

It was an alliance—nay, a fusion—of the showman and the publican that begot the music hall as we now know it. I fancy—though of this it would be hard to adduce positive evidence—that the germ of the Empire, the Palace, and the Pavilion is to be found in a mere public-house "sing-song" or smoking-concert, the original performers being drawn from the audience, and returning to the audience when their "turn" was over. Of this first stage of evolution the "Chairman," who still presides in many halls,* is a clear survival. He came into existence, no doubt, at the time when there was no set programme for the evening's entertainment, but the audience, or rather the convivial company, simply requested this or that gifted amateur to "oblige." The chairman, like the Speaker in another place, kept order and expressed the general sense of the meeting. Professionalism, however, would creep in long before the gathering lost its air of boon-companionship, and became a mere audience, separated by a hard-and-fast barrier from the performers. A particularly mellifluous or side-splitting singer would be found to draw customers to the tavern. The publican would entice him to make it his nightly resort by putting him on the free-list for refreshment; and presently he would demand a salary, threatening, in case of refusal, to desert, with his admirers, to the public-house over the way. Thus a class of paid and to some extent trained vocalists would come into existence; rival caterers would compete for special talents; those who secured them would find it necessary to build large and of course glittering "caves of harmony" for their social evenings; a hall would involve a stage or platform; and given a platform, what could be more

Here we have almost every feature of the modern variety entertainment, including the ballet and the refreshments; and this is quite the typical bill of the period. "Djibdin's Royal Circus," my friend continues, "started in 1780, was on similar lines—the performances of children being a prominent feature at first. Licensing difficulties and other obstacles caused frequent changes of direction, but the general character of the entertainment was 'variety,' at times mixed with horsemanship, which however, eventually faded out before the house became the Surrey Theatre. You will of course not forget the part played in public entertainment by Vauxhall, Ranelagh, the Pantheon, Surrey Gardens, Marylebone Gardens, and other places of that type. Exeter Change has a curious dramatic history. . . . Astley's seems to have been more or less of a variety show."

* In the *Entrée Annual* for 1895 there are portraits of a round score of chairmen, and very imposing personages they are as a rule.

natural than to call in the aid of gymnasts, jugglers, ventriloquists, and mountebanks of all sorts from the booths, while enlisting from the minor theatres the services of male and female comedians and dancers? The chairman still formed, as it were, a point of contact between the audience and the stage; and so long as the performance was not continuous, but considerable gaps were left between the "turns," his hammer was necessary to herald each new singer and secure some approach to silence, while his rich and resonant voice would announce the name, and thus supply the place of our latter-day numbered programme. One need not be more than middle-aged in order to remember places of resort where the audience had still something the character of a supper-club, and where the performers, though professionals, were all males. Indeed, I have very little doubt that, if you know where to look for them, in London and the provinces, you may to this day find examples of every stage in the evolution of the music hall, from the mere nightly assemblage of "choice spirits" in some popular tap-room, through the "Coal-hole" and "Cider-cellar" phase of development, up to the palatial "Theatre of Varieties," which pays its 75 per cent. dividends, and whither Eastern potentates are conducted in state.

We find, then, that all the main elements of the variety show have existed time out of mind and been unfailingly in demand, while their ingathering into special, permanent and finally luxurious buildings, licensed for the consumption of liquors in the auditorium, has been the work of the past half-century or thereabouts. I dwell on these facts in order to show that the variety entertainment is not a new phenomenon, much less a new vulgarity or vice, in our social economy. It is a more spontaneous, and, so to speak, autochthonous product, and more fundamentally popular, than the theatre. However we may analyse the origins of the English theatre—whatever proportions of influence we may allow to the mysteries and moralities, to popular games and mummeries, and to the Greek and Latin drama—it is certain that there is, and has always been, a large foreign admixture in our theatrical life. The theatre is, more or less, an international institution. It reflects, in however feeble and distorted a fashion, the artistic effort and thought of Europe. The variety show springs from the people and speaks to the people. "Hamlet," "Becket," "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "The Mikado," even the "Gaiety Girl," are culture-products, addressing themselves to the classes in a dialect or dialects very imperfectly understood by the masses; whereas "'E dunno where he are," Cinquevalli the Juggler, and the Blondin Donkey, appeal, if not to every taste, at least to the meanest intelligence.

It follows—or so it seems to me—that the variety show claims the particular attention, and comes with peculiar appropriateness under

the control, of a democratic body like the County Council. Control of some sort there must and will be; of that we may be certain. The choice simply lies between bureaucratic and democratic control—between a practically irresponsible authority imposed from without, and a responsible elective authority, intimately in touch with the feelings, aspirations, prejudices if you will, of the community. To make this essentially popular institution a dependency of the Court would surely be the wildest absurdity. Personally, I regard the Lord Chamberlain's control of the theatres as a ridiculous and sometimes noxious anachronism; but at least it has a historic basis, and may claim the dignity of long prescription. Deliberately to place the music halls under his jurisdiction would be to invent an anachronism, with no explanation in history or excuse in reason. To assign them to the charge of the Home Office would be no less inconvenient. It would mean another slovenly intermixture of local with imperial concerns; and here, again, the executive authority would be out of touch with and inaccessible to the wishes of the people in whose interests it would be called upon to act. It could at best follow out a mechanical hard-and-fast policy, insensitive to changing conditions. The music hall, as we have seen, differs from the theatre in that popularity, in the widest sense of the word, is its very breath of life. A theatre may live, and many theatres do live in high prosperity, by presenting forms of art which are caviare to the general. Nothing of the sort is possible in the music hall. Its art or arts—or, not to beg a question, the wares in which it deals—must be essentially popular. Surely, then, the ideal to be aimed at is the control of this place of popular pastime by the people for the people; and the handiest mechanism to that end is obviously that of the County Council.

The main objections to the employment of this mechanism seem to be two in number: that the County Council shows itself capricious and sometimes vexatious in its demands for structural alterations; and that it is open to the influence of Puritan bigotry and busy-bodyism. The former objection, I think, is due to our new realisation of the rights and duties of the community with regard to the structural safety of places of public amusement. We have only to look at some of our older theatres, even as they now stand, in order to recognise the culpable carelessness in this matter of the authorities of twenty years ago. It is certainly due rather to good luck than to good guidance that London has escaped some terrible catastrophe, like those which in Vienna, Nice, Paris, Brooklyn, and elsewhere, have served as warnings to the whole world. A new ideal of structural safety cannot possibly be enforced without great inconvenience and apparent hardship to the owners of existing buildings, and to speculators engaged in the (very natural) attempt to utilise in the

most profitable way every square inch of the restricted and enormously costly sites at their command. If the County Council had failed to make itself unpopular with these gentlemen, it could only have been by carrying on the good old farce of inspection until it came to its inevitable end in a lurid tragedy. I do not pretend that its agents may not have been guilty, here and there, of injudicious and unnecessary interferences; such errors are inseparable from all human activity. Where they do not occur, we may be sure that activity has ceased and stagnation set in—precisely the state into which, in this matter, it would be most fatal to relapse. There is no doubt that we owe to the County Council an immense number of changes for the better in theatrical and music-hall construction. Those of us who go frequently to places of entertainment may thank our local parliament for an appreciable increase in our chances of dying in our beds. Gradually, as old buildings are replaced by new, and as speculators and architects learn to adjust their ideas from the outset to a higher standard of requirement in the matter of structural safety, the friction between them and the Council will doubtless diminish. But the fact that such friction exists would be a very bad reason for taking the control out of the hands of the body which (it will scarcely be denied) is of all possible authorities the least likely to grow weary in well-doing and relapse into a state of apathy broad-based upon corruption.

Now, as to the dreaded tyranny of the Puritan and the "faddist"—the reign of bigotry and gloom which has been prophesied in such appalling terms. The prophecy is, on the very face of it, self-contradictory. No one denies that the County Council is a reasonably democratic assembly—that it fairly represents a wide popular electorate. Why, then, should we fear that a body which expresses the will of the people should tyrannously thwart the will of the people in the matter of amusements? This is the sheer inconsequence of panic. If there were any probability of a widespread Puritan reaction, there might be some cause to apprehend that the amusement-hating majority would put down with a high hand the recreations of the amusement-loving minority; though the principle of toleration is surely so firmly established as to render even this alarm almost entirely chimerical. The oppressive Puritanism of the Commonwealth cannot be cited as a warning. That was not really a majority-tyranny at all, but a military tyranny. It was not exercised by any body even distantly resembling the County Council in its representative character. And, in any case, it is not a majority-tyranny that the alarmists profess to fear, but the tyranny of what they themselves represent as an infinitesimal and ridiculous minority. That such a tyranny exists in England cannot be denied, but its seat is at Westminster, not in Spring Gardens. There it is impossible—nay, a contradiction in terms.

It may be plausibly argued that the late County Council did not fairly express the will of the electorate in the matter of amusements, because at the time of its election its powers and possibilities had not been fully realised, and a definite amusement-policy, so to speak, was not a plank in any party platform. How far this argument may be true in fact I need not inquire, for, true or untrue, it has evidently no bearing on the general question. It may be valid as a basis for attacks on the policy of the expiring Council; it raises no presumption whatever against the fitness of the new body, or of the County Council as an institution, to be entrusted with the control of the music halls. Its functions as a licensing court have now been brought prominently enough, in all conscience, before the notice of the public. If the electors disapprove of the general policy pursued by the expiring Council, now is their time to say so.

What seems most to appal the alarmist party is the fact that certain private societies and individuals have placed their views before the Council, and have actually succeeded in justifying them. At this unspeakable audacity, a shriek of indignation and terror went up to high heaven from a thousand journalistic throats. But is not this precisely the one equitable, efficient and inevitable form of censorship? A private citizen, or a group of private citizens, lays before a committee of a public representative body certain allegations as to what goes on, either before or behind the curtain, in places of amusement sanctioned by that body. Evidence is publicly called (perhaps it ought to be taken on oath; if that can soothe the alarmists, at any rate, I see no vital objection); the matter is carefully considered, and openly discussed; and, under a full sense of responsibility, the Committee recommends to the Council a certain course of action. A reasonable time elapses, during which there is every opportunity for public opinion to make itself felt; and then, if there is any opposition to the recommendations of the Committee, or to any of them, the question is re-opened, finally thrashed out, and put to the vote of the whole body. It is hard to conceive a more efficient set of safeguards against "faddism," undue influence, precipitate or unjust action of any sort. Yet this open, deliberate, above-board procedure, with its double appeal—from the Licensing Committee to the whole Council, from the Council to the electors—is denounced as tyrannical by men who are content to see the regular drama placed absolutely at the mercy of a single official, appointed by Court patronage, who hears no arguments, gives no explanations, and from whose secret and silent tribunal there is no appeal!

The time when there shall be no need for any public control over public exhibitions is as yet indefinitely distant. It may come, perhaps, in a more healthful, rational, harmonious world; but we cannot shape our policy of the moment in accordance with millennial

possibilities. In the meantime, then, wide differences of opinion must necessarily exist as to what exhibitions are and are not consistent with the general well-being of the body politic; and persons who hold, for example, that the display of the nude figure on the stage is deleterious to public morals, have just as good a right to oppose such displays, by legal and constitutional means, as those who hold otherwise have to exhibit them, and make money out of them. The County Council represents, and, as we have every reason to think, represents with tolerable accuracy, the common sense of the community, which is surely the natural court of appeal in all such differences of opinion, as well as on questions relating to the police of the auditorium. That it will always decide with absolute wisdom and abstract justice is not the contention of its supporters; all we urge is that it is less liable to error, or, if you will, more likely to err in the right direction, than any other available, or even conceivable, authority. The whole dispute is only a part, or a reproduction in little, of the battle between democratic and oligarchic theories of government—between the organic and the mechanical conceptions of society. For my part, I hold popular pastimes to be a function of the body politic which ought to be controlled by the inner will, not mechanically governed from without by some power for whose superior wisdom there is no sort of guarantee.

As the County Council is on the point of renewal, I have held it more important to consider the theoretical question of its fitness, as an institution, for the control of the music halls, than to defend in detail the action of the out-going Council which brought the question into prominence. Indeed I scarcely think that any such defence is now necessary. Some faint echoes of the ignoble and foul-mouthed outcry which greeted that action are still to be heard in various quarters; but the game of bluff attempted by the Empire management having ingloriously failed, it is obvious to any one with eyes in his head that no harm has been done. If you ask whether any great good has been done, I am unable to give a very decided answer. When I last went to the Empire (in December) the structural alterations required by the Council had not yet been carried out; and in the new series of "Living Pictures" at the Palace it was evident that the management had not taken too much to heart the warning it had received. If the opponents of County Council control were to ridicule it, in this case, as practically inoperative, it would be hard to say them nay. But the Council's influence is not to be measured by the direct results of its action in individual cases. The main thing is, that the community should be alive to its powers and responsibilities in the matter of public amusements; that it should possess a recognised machinery for the exercise of these powers; and that managers and performers should know it. The music halls are

no longer places where ribaldry has a prescriptive right to run riot. It is true that the tendency towards reform had set in before the County Council came into being; but no unprejudiced person can doubt that the mere existence, so to speak, of an active and accessible local parliament has confirmed and accelerated that tendency. In November 1889, after the first brush of the County Council with the music halls, Mr. Clement Scott wrote in this REVIEW: "Depravity has been warned, recklessness has been checked, vulgarity has been shaken in its stronghold. . . . The London County Council has already, by its temperate measures, by its conciliation, by its true liberality and its strong common-sense, commended itself surely to the people at the most difficult moment of its existence." It is a pity that the "Englishman" who raised the first and fiercest howl in the *Daily Telegraph* over the County Council's recent action was unacquainted with this eloquent utterance.

It has been no part of my purpose to consider the music halls as an artistic institution. On that point a great deal of arrant nonsense is talked, not unmingled, as it seems to me, with pseudo-æsthetic cant. I have gone diligently from hall to hall, full of a sincere and humble-minded desire to discover the wonderful art which is said to have taken up its abode in these glittering saloons, and I have found it a bootless quest. Art there is, and marvellous art in its way; but it is art of the muscles, not of the mind. You may see in the London variety theatres the most amazing and often exquisite feats of strength and skill. It is said that the very best acrobats and jugglers in the world are to be found in London, because they can command higher salaries here than anywhere else. I, at any rate, have never seen, and cannot imagine, anything more wonderful, or in their way more beautiful, than the performances of the Schafer family of gymnasts, of Morris Cronin with his Indian clubs, of Cinquevalli the juggler, of Caicedo the wire-dancer, of the Selbini troupe of cyclists, to name only a few of those whom I happen to have come across. If you think such achievements merely despicable, I cannot agree with you; and I can cite Dr. Johnson on my side of the case. He would certainly have said of Cinquevalli and Cronin, as he did of the famous circus-rider of his day: "Such a man, sir, should be encouraged; for his performances show the extent of the human powers in one instance, and thus tend to raise our opinion of the faculties of man." He might have added, though such considerations were rather foreign to him, that there is a very distinct æsthetic pleasure to be derived from consummate and graceful physical dexterity. But if the jugglers and gymnasts "tend to raise our opinion of the faculties of man," the vocal "artistes," the "comedians," "comediennes," and "serio-comics" take very good care that we shall not be unduly puffed up with pride in human nature. There is no use in mincing the matter: the English

music hall is still the home of rampant, blatant, and incredibly brainless vulgarity. Gross indecency has been almost stamped out, though it still rears its head here and there; but I cannot discover the slightest movement in the direction of refined or thoughtful art. There are "clever people," no doubt, on the music-hall stage. The popularity of Mr. Chevalier and Mr. Gus Elen is comprehensible, and to some extent justified. They have a certain art of diction and of rhythmic declamation, rather than of singing properly so called. But their representations of coster-life are either absolutely trivial or grotesquely sentimentalised; they never get anywhere near the essence of their subject. Then there are one or two really amusing burnt-cork humorists. The evergreen or ever-black "Chirgwin," for example, is a dexterous entertainer; and there is an undeniable grace, a curious mellowness, in the performances of Mr. Eugene Stratton. Among the lady vocalists one may perhaps single out Miss Ada Lundberg as a real artist in diction; and I hear rumours of others whom I have either not seen or not appreciated. In a general way, of course, one does not in the least doubt that success on the music-hall stage is to be achieved only in virtue of a certain degree of merit. Everything is comparative; where blatancy is in demand, the man who is born blatant will doubtless have the advantage over one who merely assumes and apes that quality; where impudence is considered attractive, the woman who gives her whole soul to it is naturally more applauded than she who can be but hesitatingly and half-heartedly brazen. Broadly speaking, the art of the music hall is simply the art of vulgarity; and in that art, as in any other, there are innumerable degrees of natural genius and acquired proficiency. By all means let us recognise these degrees; let us admit that a feeble dabbler in vulgarity is a much more painful spectacle than a finished and forcible master of the art. But why we should exalt and glorify this art, and decry other arts in comparison with it, is more than I can understand. Is it not rather an appalling thought that, while thousands of songs are every year written for the music halls, and have been for the last half-century or so, not one song of them all, not one verse, not one line from them, has passed into literature!* They contribute a few cant phrases to the journalism of the moment, then pass away, and are heard no more. I have just been wading through several printed collections of music-hall songs, and find it impossible to convey, without pages of quotation, any adequate idea of the rank imbecility that characterises them, almost without exception. It would perhaps be unfair to dwell on their metrical deficiencies. There seems to be no reason why verses for music should not be written in metre; but the rhymers may retort that there is no reason

* I doubt whether any music-hall song has even become enduringly popular for the sake of its melody, unless we include Christy Minstrel songs in the music-hall category.

why they should. What is most striking is the utter poverty and monotony of their topics, the sordidness of their view of life, the baseness of their ideals, the insincerity of their enthusiasms, the total absence of healthy passion or indignation, and even of genuine, unforced gaiety or sentiment. Their humour is that of the mock-valentine, their pathos that of the pavement-artist. They pass from praises of debauchery and paeans of rowdyism to grimy caricatures of the sordidness of lower middle-class life, inept jocosities on love and marriage, birth and death, and patently insincere criticisms on public events. Their philosophy is a mean and shallow knowingness, their patriotism is cheap and empty bluster. That worship of the Ugly which leads the most popular "comedians" to assume a red nose when they have it not, and trick themselves out, with neither rhyme nor reason, in garments many sizes too large for them, inspires the literature of the music hall no less than its physical presentations. Intellectually, morally, artistically, this whole body of work is simply squalid. "But," we may be told, "it reflects the life of the lower middle classes, to whom it is addressed." No! It reflects their affectations, their snobberies, their superficialities—in brief, their vulgarities; but of the serious side of lower middle-class life, its real joys and sorrows, and crimes and heroisms, it conveys scarcely a hint. Not only has no music-hall lyric passed into literature: no music-hall character-type has impressed itself permanently on the popular imagination. Here have a thousand "comedians" been impersonating character of one sort or another, year out, year in, for half a century, yet not one of them has created a figure so true, or so happily fantastic, as to have become a legendary type, such as, for example, Robert Macaire or Lord Dundreary. We do not even owe to the music halls that popular hero "Ally Sloper."

So much for the vaunted "art" of the music hall. It is so utterly despicable as to be, I cannot but think, in reality below the intellectual level even of the average audience. We are told that they will not accept better things—that Mr. Kipling's "Barrack-room Ballads," for example, were tried on the music hall stage and found wanting. In the absence of fuller information as to how, when, and where they were tried, and what was the precise result of the experiment, we cannot draw any conclusions from this bare fact. For my part, I am convinced that it needs only a manager of insight, one or two singers of talent, and a song-writer of genius, to give the music-hall a totally new impetus, and hasten the development of many as yet latent possibilities. Whether the County Council will ever have the will or the power actively to co-operate towards this end, I am not politician or prophet enough to say. For the present its influence is negative; but, so far as it goes, it is distinctly an influence for good.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

THE REFERENDUM IN SWITZERLAND.

“**D**EMOCRACY is in full flow,” said Roger Collard under the Restoration, when the electoral qualification was fixed at three hundred francs. What would he think of our times, when not only universal suffrage is the rule almost everywhere, but when the sovereign people are aspiring to settle great legislative and constitutional questions for themselves? Would he say the stream has overflowed its banks, and dykes must be built to confine it? Or would he understand that modern Governments must adapt themselves to the times and the spread of education, by taking a more and more democratic form?

Not that it signifies in the least to us what was, or what would be, the opinion of that antiquated Liberal. One evokes his memory only to mark the distance we have come since the early days of the century. And it is quite clear that the original impulse is not exhausted yet. It will continue to act until, weakened by its own excesses, it meets with a counterpoising principle which may support and sustain it, or a superior force before which it must succumb.

At present, those who concern themselves with the solution of our democratic problems are turning their eyes towards the countries which have practical experience to show. Antiquity and the Middle Ages had indeed something to say on the point; but the conditions of ancient and mediæval popular life were too different from our own for their example to be at all decisive. We must learn from the experiments of our own time. And amongst the countries that compete for our attention, Switzerland must be placed in the first rank, since none can claim a longer democratic past, or possesses more advanced or more thoroughly tested institutions. It is for this reason that I have been asked to explain to English readers the

working of what we in Switzerland call "the referendum," to which must be added the complementary "right of initiative"—these two forming, along with the popular election of the authorities, the main body of the essential rights of the people as exercised in this country, and giving to our institutions a character hitherto unique throughout the world.

I.

Swiss institutions, to be rightly understood, must be studied, not only in their present form, but in their historical development. There are in Switzerland twenty-five cantons, or demi-cantons, each of which has its own constitution and special laws, its own legislative, executive, and judicial authority. These independent organisms, which are like so many distinct families, are united by a common bond—the Confederation, which in its turn has a constitution and laws applicable to the whole of the territory, and a legislative, executive, and judicial authority. The federal constitution guarantees to the citizens and people of the cantons a minimum of rights and liberties, and at the same time prescribes the obligations which, in the general interest, they are bound to fulfil. Thanks to this organisation, each canton becomes a practising ground for every new idea which only does not controvert the principles of the federal constitution. Experiments which have succeeded in one canton are frequently imitated by the others, or transplanted into the federal domain. Thus the democratic idea has been worked out in Switzerland at different paces, so to speak, and has given rise to institutions which vary according to the conditions, federal or cantonal, to which they have to adapt themselves.

The first and purest type of the direct democracy is the *Lands-gemeinde*, which has been in existence from the origin of the Confederation six centuries ago, and which still obtains in the cantons of Uri and Glarus, the two Unterwalds, and the two Appenzells. This system very nearly embodies the ideal of Rousseau, who in his "*Contrat Social*" depicts the happiest people in the world—"where you may see troops of peasants settling the affairs of the State under an oak, and acting always wisely." Unfortunately, the very smallest *Lands-gemeinde* nowadays could hardly meet under one oak, as it would number more than two thousand citizens, while the largest—that of Appenzell (Ausser Rhoden)—is so numerous that discussion is impossible, and it has to confine itself to voting. In other respects, Rousseau's eulogium is really not exaggerated.

But, from the time that the Confederation took in towns like Lucerne (1332), Zurich (1351), Berne (1353), Fribourg and Soleure (1481), the cantons no longer presented a uniform type of pure democracy. These towns, with their more or less aristocratic organisation,

treated the country as a sort of subject community. The Confederation itself, or groups of cantons (including some of the democratic cantons) did the same with the common bailiwicks,* which included a part of Aargau, Thurgau, and Ticino. At the time of the Reformation, indeed, in the cantons of Berne and Zurich, an attempt was made at consulting the people, in order to ascertain how far they were adherents of the new religion. At Berne the votes were for the most part taken by districts, and all the men above the age of fourteen were allowed to vote, the ayes either remaining where they were, while the noes moved off to one side, or else the whole assembly voting by show of hands. The vote of each district counted as one, whatever the number of voters. At Zurich, the reference to the people did not take the form of a simple enumeration of suffrages, but the answers of the communes were given at some length, alleging the reasons for their decision.

Down to the close of the last century, the Federal Diet, composed of the representatives of the confederated and allied States, was bound, of course, to take account of all these various institutions. The representatives could not vote without instructions received from their constituents; the proposals formulated by the Diet were taken *ad referendum*, and dealt with by each State in its own fashion. Here it was the Landsgemeinde that decided; there, a patriciate or a council of burgesses; in St. Gall it was a prince-abbot. The spirit of oppression which had sprung up little by little in the cantons which had bailiwicks, the rights usurped by the towns to the detriment of the country, and the intolerance shown by certain governments, led more than once to popular risings. Hence the peasants' war, which began with two federal Landsgemeinden, so called, held at Sumiswald on the 23rd of April, 1653, and at Hutwyl on the 30th of the same month; hence the troubles at Geneva at the beginning and during the course of the eighteenth century; and hence the conspiracy of Henzi and the revolution attempted by Chenaux at Fribourg in 1781.

By the end of the eighteenth century the structure of the old Confederation, with its history of five hundred years, was rotten through and through; it crumbled under the blows of the French invasion. The new constitution of the Helvetic Republic, modelled on that of the Republic one and indivisible, perpetuated the representative system to the exclusion of the direct democracy. This was promulgated in April, 1798. It was impossible that it should last, for it had been imposed by force, and it lacked the consent of the people. Several attempts at modification were made, through the mediation of the First Consul Bonaparte, who in 1801 forwarded to the Swiss delegates assembled at Malmaison the draft of a Constitu-

* Lands held in common by two or more cantons.

tion. This draft, adopted provisionally on the twenty-ninth of May of the same year by the legislative body of the Helvetic Republic, was several times altered, and after sundry agitations and two *coups d'état*, of which one was due to the federalists and the other to the unitary party, it ended (May 20, 1802) in the production of a fairly unitary Constitution, which was submitted to the approval of the people. This was the first instance of direct individual suffrage taken in Switzerland on a question relating to the federal Constitution. The result was: Ayes, 72,453; noes, 92,423; abstentions, 167,172. Now as, by a decree of the Legislature, the abstentions were to be reckoned with the ayes, the Constitution forthwith came into force as having been adopted by "the great majority of citizens having the right to vote." But the federalists soon got the upper hand; and in the course of the same year (1802) they attempted a new revision, which, however, was never finished, because Bonaparte intervened by imposing his Act of Mediation (February 19, 1803).

This Act, under which Switzerland was governed till 1815, re-established the democratic *régime* in the Landsgemeinde cantons, and the representative system in all the rest, on the basis of an electoral qualification and equality of rights for the towns and the country. The partisans of the old privileged system submitted sorely against their will to the new order of things, and seized the opportunity afforded by the reverses and subsequent fall of the Mediator to try and upset it. During the years 1813 and 1815 a sharp constitutional struggle was going on; the new cantons—Aargau, Thurgau, Ticino, and Vand—found their very existence menaced; the rural districts were threatened with the loss of the equality they had just acquired, and the very principle of the federative bond was imperilled. It needed a new foreign intervention—that of the Holy Alliance—to restrain these disastrous tendencies. The Congress of Vienna agreed to recognise the neutrality of Switzerland only on condition of the retention of the newly-created cantons; it added those of Valais, Neuchâtel, and Geneva; and on the 7th of August, 1815, the representatives of the twenty-two cantons solemnised the acceptance of the constitutional Act known under the name of the "Federal Compact." The Compact was never submitted for the sanction of the people. As regards the exercise of governmental authority, however, it differed in no essential particulars from the Act of Mediation.

Under the Federal Compact new struggles went on between the partisans of the older system and those who advocated the extension of popular rights. The constitutions of the representative cantons were regarded as a sort of charters granted by the governors, which could not be modified except at their will and pleasure. To assert the popular claim the citizens had but one way open to them—to

shoulder their muskets and upset the Government. Of this solitary expedient they did not fail to make use during the troublous times which lasted till 1848. Not only did they introduce into the revised constitutions the recognition of the popular right to demand a revision at any time, but some of the cantons thought good to go farther and institute the veto—that is to say, the right of the people to prevent a law from coming into force. The mode of exercise of this right varied in the different cantons. Generally it consisted of a declaration made by the non-contents, and if, after a definite period of delay, the number of names attained a certain figure, the law was held to be rejected. St. Gall adopted the veto in 1831; rural Basle in 1832, after a rupture with the city of Basle on account of the inequality of rights between the city and the country; Valais in 1839; Lucerne in 1841. The attempts made in 1842 to introduce the new law in Zurich broke down. On the other hand, in 1842, the canton of Valais passed a measure replacing the veto by the referendum on all laws whatever; but as the first use made of the referendum was to reject the proposed measure itself, the canton went back to the representative system pure and simple (1848). Vaud (in 1845) and Berne (in 1846) adopted the optional referendum. The referendum differs from the veto inasmuch as all the citizens are called upon to pronounce, yes or no, on the acceptance of a Bill, instead of the initiative resting with the malcontents.

— The struggle between the oligarchy and the democracy which fills the period of the “Federal Compact” was presently complicated by religious difficulties, and led in 1847 to the war of the Sonderbund. Out of this sprang a new Switzerland, governed by the federal constitution of September 12, 1848, which gave the requisite cohesion to the country by creating a strong central authority armed with the necessary powers. Along with the sovereignty of the cantons, the sovereignty of the Swiss people was proclaimed; and these two principles found expression in the two Chambers—the Conseil National, elected by popular suffrage; and the Conseil des Etats, elected by cantonal suffrage. The democratic principle was further emphasised by a triple reference to the people, under the following conditions:—(1) The cantonal constitutions, before they can receive the guarantee of the Confederation, must have been accepted by the people, and must be open to revision at any time upon the demand of an absolute majority of the citizens; (2) The federal constitution itself, and any modification of it, can only come into force by the suffrages of the majority of Swiss citizens taking part in the vote, and the majority of the cantons; (3) 50,000 Swiss citizens may at any time require that the question of revising the federal constitution shall be submitted to the people, who in this case are alone consulted, no account being taken of the cantons. If the vote is affirmative, the Chambers must be dissolved, and re-elected for the purpose of the revision.

Similarly, a dissolution must take place if the two Chambers disagree on the question of revision, and the people, who must then be appealed to, decide in favour of it.

It will be seen from this that the regenerated Confederation was seeking to put an end to the causes which from 1815 to 1848 had led to repeated conflicts in the cantons between the people and their representatives. For this purpose it instituted a regular method by which changes in the cantonal constitutions could be carried out; and it applied a similar proceeding to the Federal Constitution itself. There was a rooted idea that if there were any disagreement between the majority of the people and their representatives—were it only on a single point—it was the duty of the latter to resign. The regular mode of bringing about a change of Government in most of the cantons, both at that time and even much later, was to demand the revision of the Constitution; though some cantons had a special form of procedure for the dismissal of the authorities pure and simple. In this way the sovereign people displayed and emphasised their sovereignty. They endured, indeed, as yet, in the Confederation and in most of the cantons, the ordinary parliamentary system for purposes of legislation; but they thoroughly distrusted it, and were only anxious to find the means of replacing it by a direct democracy.

We shall see by what successive developments they attained their end.

II.

It was in German Switzerland that the democratic movement took its rise in its most accentuated form. It has been justly observed that German Switzerland is the more democratic by temperament, and Latin Switzerland the more socialistic. The canton of Basle-rural was passing, in 1862 and the succeeding years, through a singular political crisis. A former teacher, named Rolle, had succeeded in making himself the chief of a party which aimed at the practical realisation of the maxim, "Tout par le peuple." The election of all functionaries by popular vote; the compulsory referendum on all measures whatsoever; the constant intervention of the people in the conduct of public affairs—such was the programme of the party; a programme which was for a time carried out to the letter, and led to incredible absurdities. The leaders of this extraordinary *régime* soon fell from power, but they left behind them lasting traces of their work.

A few years later, in 1868, Zurich went through a somewhat similar crisis. This canton had hitherto possessed a purely representative system; but the people had become indifferent to the conduct of public affairs, and the polls were ill attended. The result was what it generally is under such circumstances; abuses had crept

little by little into the administration, and the more deeply rooted they became, the less easy it was to find courage to attack them. Absorbed in their manufactures, their merchandise, their banking and railway transactions, the influential men had neglected the interests of the State. Such, at least, was the accusation brought against them in a series of pamphlets full of caustic wit, but virulent and outrageous as if the writer's pen were possessed, by one Dr. Locher, a jurist by profession, who might be compared, in more respects than one, to Henri Rochefort. A brisk agitation followed the appearance of these pamphlets. A Socialist leader, Karl Bürkli, who had hitherto preached to deaf ears on the necessity of extending the rights of the people, now sprang up again with his programme, and other politicians espoused and popularised his ideas. The revision of the Constitution was resolved upon. After some lively debates between parliamentarians and democrats, the compulsory referendum was introduced, not only for constitutional changes (which is a matter of federal law), but for all laws and concordats, for all resolutions of general import which the Grand Council is not authorised to pass, and for matters which the Council itself may decide to lay before the people. The popular vote was taken twice a year, in spring and autumn. The right of initiative was also granted to this extent, that the elaboration, abrogation, or modification of a legislative Act must be submitted to the decision of the people if one-third of the members of the Great Council, or 5000 citizens, should demand it.

The example set by this great canton was naturally contagious. Thurgau soon followed, then Berne, then Schaffhausen, and so on, till the movement extended in due course to the Confederation itself. As early as 1865 an attempt had been made by the advanced Radicals to bring about a revision of the Federal Constitution, for the purpose of extending the popular rights; but the 50,000 signatures were not forthcoming. A few years later the Franco-German war demonstrated the necessity of a constitutional revision in order to increase the military powers of the Confederation. But the movement did not stop there. The unification of the laws of commerce and of certain matters of police (such as the regulation of labour in factories, woods and waters, hunting and fishing, &c.) was imperative, on account of the inter-cantonal character of this legislation. The democrats would lend no hand to the extension of federal powers without an accompanying extension of popular rights. Here again great debates ensued between democrats and parliamentarians. Amongst all the various forms proposed for the exercise of democratic rights—the right of initiative, the right of dismissal, the veto, the optional referendum, the compulsory and general referendum, &c., a limited referendum carried the day. The Constitution of the 19th of April, 1874, contained an article to the following effect:

"The Federal laws are subject to the adoption or rejection of the people, if the demand is made by 30,000 active citizens, or by eight cantons. It is the same with federal resolutions of general import which are not of an urgent character."

It was urged, on the federalist side, that the laws should not be taken as adopted unless the adhesion of a majority of the cantons were also obtained, as in the case of the Federal Constitution. But this proposal was rejected on the ground that it would lead to frequent conflicts between the popular majority and the majority of cantons, which might imperil the federative organisation itself. It was illogical, no doubt; but Swiss institutions are not based on inflexible logic—they are the product of a series of compromises between historical deductions and modern ideas, and historical deductions have often had to give way before present exigencies. And experience has shown that this is the only way to maintain the national equilibrium.

Once introduced into the Federal Constitution, the referendum could not but succeed in the cantons which had hitherto rejected it. Fribourg is now the only canton which retains the purely representative form; and there, as elsewhere, the change can only be a matter of time.

At present, out of twenty-five cantonal units, the six already mentioned have the old democracy embodied in the *Landsgemeinde*; ten have the compulsory referendum (Zurich, Berne, Schwytz, Zug, Soleure, rural Basle, Schaffhausen, Grisons, Aargau, Thurgau); eight have the optional referendum (Lucerne, urban Basle, St. Gall, Ticino, Vaud, Valais, Neuchâtel, Geneva); and Fribourg alone does not permit the direct intervention of the people at all in matters of legislation.

Of these various forms, the only one which really corresponds to the idea of self-government, strictly so-called, is the *Landsgemeinde*; but this is only possible in cantons which muster not more than a few thousand electors. In Glarus, which has some five or six thousand, the last limit is reached so far as the possibility of discussion is concerned; and in Appenzell (Ausser Rhoden), which numbers ten or twelve thousand active citizens, the *Landsgemeinde* votes without discussion, as we have said.

The compulsory referendum may next be considered, as approaching the most nearly to the *Landsgemeinde*. By this system the people are called together once or twice in the year to ratify the principal acts of the Legislature. Each citizen receives in advance the text of the measures to be submitted to him, together with a message explaining them, and a voting paper, on which he writes Aye or No to each of the proposed measures. On the day fixed for the ballot he

goes and deposits his paper in the urn. In some cantons the electoral assembly, meeting at a fixed hour in each commune, may re-discuss the measures proposed before proceeding to vote ; but in general this discussion takes place through the press or in non-official public meetings.

The optional referendum is an improved form of the old veto. It consists in the right of a certain number of citizens—the number varying according to the importance of the cantons—to demand, within a given time, that such and such a measure shall be submitted to the people for adoption or rejection. If the term of delay is not utilised in the prescribed manner, the bill or resolution is held to be passed. If, on the other hand, the signatures to the demand attain the requisite number, the text of the controverted proposal is distributed to all the active citizens, who are summoned to vote on a given day. The optional referendum, being in its nature an act of opposition, generally provokes a pretty lively contest, first over the getting of the signatures, and still more over the votes themselves.

Let us see how the optional referendum works under the Federal Constitution. Every law or resolution of general importance passed by the Chambers is published in the official paper, which fixes a term of ninety days from the day of publication for the exercise of the right of opposition. When the signatures have been collected, they are transmitted to the Federal Chancellery, which verifies the number and authentication of the signatures (the authentications are obtained without fee from the Mayor in each commune) and reports to the Federal Council. The Council decides whether or not the demand is sufficient and the voting will take place, and fixes the day, which must be sufficiently distant for at least four weeks to pass between the time when the text of the opposed measure is in the hands of the citizens and the polling-day. This time is utilised for public discussion. The law or resolution is held to be accepted if it obtains an absolute majority of the citizens taking part in the vote.

There has been much dispute as to the relative value of the compulsory and the optional referendum. This question is intimately associated with another question—What are the matters which have to be submitted to the referendum ? The extreme democrats maintain that everything must spring from the popular vote ; but experience dispels many illusions. Thus several cantons—*e.g.*, Berne and Aargau—submitted the budget of State receipts and expenditure. The people rejected it over and over again. It was then admitted that this was an exaggeration of the principle ; and it was laid down that the budget, being a mere statement of the execution of laws already voted, must be regarded as a simple act of administration, for which the referendum was not required. The Confederation itself has been obliged to exclude from the referendum not only the budget, but the

ratification of international treaties, where a rejection might place the country in an impossible position. It has also been found necessary to restrict the class of resolutions which are dependent on the referendum to such as are of general import—*i.e.*, which involve permanent measures, imposing obligations of a new description on the Confederation or the cantons, or upon private persons. Such are the encouragements held out to agriculture, to technical education, and so forth. Those resolutions, on the other hand, which refer to such matters as public works, the construction of buildings, the conservancy of rivers, and the like, are treated as purely administrative, and not requiring the formality of popular sanction. Finally, it has been necessary to provide for the plea of urgency being admitted in certain cases; but this provision is not readily had recourse to, for fear of arousing the suspicions and recriminations of the people.

Again and again the question has been raised, whether the referendum should not be made compulsory in federal affairs. But practical reasons have always been against it. The compulsory referendum may work without inconvenience in a canton, where the population is comparatively homogeneous, the interests less opposed, and where there are fewer questions to deal with than in the Confederation. The Federal Assembly has on the average three sessions a year, and each session disposes of some fifty or sixty subjects. Now, if only so much as one-tenth of these subjects has to be submitted to the referendum, it is easy to see what a burden must be laid upon the citizens, who are already required to pronounce upon numerous cantonal and communal affairs. In the city of Berne, for instance, we have had as many as twelve polling days in a year—elections included; and the day's voting would sometimes include half a dozen or more questions of different kinds. How is it possible, under these circumstances, for the "active citizen" to master all his subjects, and know exactly what he is doing? And how would it be if all the multifarious and difficult questions which come before the Federal Assembly every session were added to the list?

The chief objection to the optional referendum is that it plays too much into the hands of the Opposition. In order to obtain signatures, the Opposition has to create a sort of adverse current, which is afterwards very difficult to control. It is to this fact that the defeats suffered by the Federal Assembly on very advanced measures, and also on some very insignificant ones, are mainly attributed.

Let us see whether this objection is borne out by the facts.

In the course of the twenty years ending with last December the Federal Assembly passed 180 bills and resolutions of a general character; the referendum was demanded for eighteen of these; and the people, when consulted, accepted six and rejected twelve. Four of the twelve—a Bill on composition for military service, one on bank-

notes, one on epidemics, and a resolution on commercial travellers' licences—were completely recast and finally passed without further opposition. For the rest, provisional measures were resorted to in the more urgent cases, and the administrative machinery was thus kept going, the difficulties of the referendum notwithstanding.

As to the motives which decided the attitude of the people under these different circumstances, they may be summed up under two heads: either the points in question had been dealt with by the Federal Assembly in a manner which did not accord with the views of the opposing party, or else it was a simple manifestation of ill-humour at the general course of political affairs, or even an attempt to embarrass the central authority and foment a popular disturbance. In this last connection it cannot be denied that the optional referendum has here and there furnished a base of operations for the demagogue; but it may be affirmed that on the whole the Swiss people have used their new powers with moderation. The optional referendum has often hindered, but it has never destroyed; it is not within its scope to do so. It is an instrument of conservation, not of demolition. It acts as a restraint on the authorities; it obliges them to govern with caution; but it does not make government impossible, for it is not in its power to disorganise the State.

I doubt whether, in federal affairs, the compulsory referendum would give any better results. On the contrary, it is to be feared that under such a system more than one practical measure affecting some special locality or industry—such as those relating to watch-making or the phylloxera—would have failed to find grace with the majority, who would simply have seen no reason for them. Under the compulsory referendum the absence of opposition in the case of useful measures of a non-party character would often have led to their rejection, while the optional referendum has for the most part applied its veto to those subjects only which presented a good platform to the Opposition, and which consequently were keenly contested. It may be said, however, in general, that the compulsory referendum also acts rather as a check on the Government, and thus exercises a conservative influence. Like the optional referendum, it is not necessarily hostile to progress, but its effect is to keep it within bounds and make it conformable to the views of the general body of citizens.

Be this as it may, under the influence of the referendum, optional or compulsory, a profound change has come over the spirit both of parliaments and people. The idea of employer and employed, of the sender and the sent, which lies at the root of the representative system, becomes an absolute reality. The people still choose their representatives to make the laws, but they reserve the right of sanction. When they reject a law, in virtue of this sovereign right, there is no entering on a state of conflict, for a conflict can only take place where the exer-

cise of a right is met by a competing claim; and there is here no claim to compete. The craftsman carries out the work to his own satisfaction; the employer who gave the order is of a different opinion and sends it back to be altered. It is perfectly simple; each has done his duty within the limits assigned him; there is no ground of quarrel. The legislator is not discredited; he is only in the position of a deputy whose bill is not passed. There is no question of resigning. If here and there a measure is rejected, other measures are passed; there is clearly no want of confidence. Moreover, after rejecting a law, it is quite common to re-elect the same representatives. Thus the new *régime* leaves no room for either ministerial or parliamentary crises. The representatives of the people are elected for a comparatively short term, generally three years. During this time—thanks to the restraining referendum—they can do nothing really contrary to the public will, at least in any essential matter. If they prove incapable, or if their action gives cause of complaint, they are replaced at the next elections, and there is an end of it. We are far enough by this time from that era of revolutions which marked the period between 1815 and 1848.

But every medal has its reverse. The fear of the referendum tends to make timid legislators, who sometimes lack the courage to vote for what they believe to be the best for the country, or, having voted for it, to stand up for it before their fellow-citizens; they prefer to let it go without a struggle. The referendum has also given birth to a camarilla of politicians who exploit the credulity or passions of the populace in order to oppose measures which are perfectly legitimate.

Nevertheless, the new system has borne good fruits. The people have generally shown themselves wiser than the meddling politicians who have tried to draw them into systematic opposition. If now and then they have voted under the influence of obvious ill-humour with their own representatives, they have, on the other hand, more than once given the agitator clearly to understand that he had no chance with them. The net result has been a great tranquillising of public life. The debates which precede and accompany a referendary movement are a normal manifestation of the popular life. And when the ballot has pronounced, everybody accepts the result. Not unfrequently the Press, which loves to parade itself as the voice of public opinion, has been belied by the vote. Those who make the most noise cannot here impose on the people as they do in other countries; they are taken for what they are really worth. Adapted to a people fundamentally democratic, like the Swiss, the referendum is unquestionably one of the best forms of government ever attempted. It may be thought good to modify it in accordance with the suggestions

of experience, but there can never again be any question of doing away with it.

III.

In Switzerland, the popular initiative is regarded as the necessary complement of the referendum. It is, so to speak, the positive side of a right of which the referendum represents rather the negative side. By the referendum the people approves or rejects the work of its representatives. By the initiative it invites them to take such and such a constitutional or legislative measure, on which, nevertheless, it still reserves the last word to itself.

With regard to constitutional matters, we have seen, in the historical sketch already given, that the most important victory achieved by the democratic movement which regenerated Switzerland in 1848 was the acquisition of the right of initiative. In virtue of the Federal law then laid down, every Constitution is subject to revision on the demand of a majority of the active citizens. There were, however, different modes of applying this principle. A certain number of cantons recognised the right of the people to specify which articles of the Constitution should be amended, while in other cantons revision could only be demanded in general terms, and it rested with the representative authority to decide to what points the revision should be directed.

It was this last system that prevailed in the federal Constitution of 1848. The Constitution was a compromise; and it was foreseen that it would not do to let a chance majority have the power of imperilling or destroying its nice equilibrium by a side attack on its very foundations. The Federal Assembly, as the guardian of the rights of all, must alone have the power of introducing modifications, and in this matter it possessed the right of initiative. In 1865, after the conclusion of the treaty of commerce with France, the Assembly proposed to the people and the cantons a revision of the Constitution bearing upon nine points, of which only one was agreed to. The Extreme Left then proceeded to claim for the people the right of initiating partial as well as general revisions. In the general revision of 1872-4, however, the earlier dispositions relative to the popular initiative were left untouched. In 1878 the Federal Assembly, acting under the pressure of public opinion, proposed the revision of Article 65—an Article abolishing the penalty of death—so as to allow the re-introduction of the penalty in certain cantons where it was considered desirable. The revision was adopted. Two years later, in 1880, another attempt at the initiation of partial revision was made by M. Toos of Schaffhausen, who sent in 50,000 signatures demanding that the people should be consulted on the question of establishing a federal Bank with the exclusive

right to issue notes. The Federal Assembly, considering this mode of putting the question unconstitutional, refused to adopt it, and laid before the people only the customary question: "Do you desire a revision of the Constitution?" The answer was in the negative. But the agitation was continued by the Extreme Left, who claimed an initiative for the people on the plea that it could not have fewer rights than its own representatives. In 1885 the Catholic Right supported the demand, and finally the Federal Council proposed to the Chambers an article introducing the popular initiative in matters of partial revision. The project rested on the following bases:—If the revision of an article of the Federal Constitution, or the addition of a new article, is demanded by 50,000 citizens, the people are first to be consulted on the preliminary question, "Do you desire the proposed revision?" If the reply is in the affirmative, it will be the duty of Parliament to draft the bill, which is then to be submitted to the vote of the people and the cantons.

The advanced democrats, however, refused to accept this as a solution, and succeeded in carrying another proposition, by which the 50,000 citizens have the right to draft the new article themselves, and to require that it shall be submitted directly to the people and the cantons. The Chambers have then the alternative of recommending the adoption or rejection of the article, or of bringing in an alternative proposal—unless, indeed, they prefer to take no action at all. In this form the principle of the popular initiative was adopted by the people amidst universal indifference, scarcely 300,000 electors out of 650,000 taking part in the voting—183,029 Ayes to 120,599 Noes. But when it came to putting the new law in operation, there were found to be serious difficulties. How, for instance, was the question to be put in case of the Federal Assembly proposing a counter-project of their own? The citizens, while agreeing that the article should be revised, might be satisfied with neither the one plan nor the other. They could not express their views unless they were allowed first to answer the question, "Is the article to be revised?" And what complications might not result from such a system of voting, the whole inquiry being carried through at the same time, on a given day! However, for good or evil, the law was passed—a law which has been justly criticised by those who have examined it closely, and which can never work well under its present form.

The first use made of the popular initiative was not a happy one. An anti-Semite committee had long been clamouring for the prohibition of the mode of slaughter adopted in Jewish slaughter-houses. After minute inquiries, which resulted in proving that this method of slaughter was no more cruel than any other, and that it formed part of the rites of the Jewish religion, the Federal authorities refused to grant the prohibition. But no sooner was the popular initiative

secured than the anti-Semite committee collected the necessary signatures and demanded the introduction of a constitutional article forbidding the slaughter of animals without first stunning them. It was an appeal to the religious passions of the people ; the article was adopted, after a sharp contest, on the 20th of August, 1893, by 191,527 votes to 127,101, and by eleven and a half cantons against ten and a half. Nevertheless, as the drafters of the article had forgotten to impose any penalties, it has remained a dead letter in those cantons which did not care to put it in force. The anti-Semite committee has since repeatedly petitioned for a federal law insisting on compliance, but the federal authorities justly reply that it does not come within their powers.

In two other cases the initiative has been taken in formulating a law—once by the Socialist party, demanding the right to labour ; and once by the Extreme Right, demanding the partition of the customs duties between the Confederation and the cantons. In both cases the people showed more sense than on the slaughter of animals question ; they rejected the first demand by 308,289 votes to 75,880, and by twenty-two cantons to none ; and the second by 347,046 votes to 145,207, and by thirteen and a half cantons to eight and a half.

It is generally agreed in Switzerland that the popular initiative, as it is now established by the Federal Constitution, might at any time place the country in very considerable danger. From the moment that the regular representatives of the people are placed in such a position that they have no more say in the matter than an irresponsible committee drawing up articles in a bar parlour, it is clear that the limits of sound democracy have been passed, and that the reign of demagoguery has begun. The people have no other safeguard than their own good sense. The good sense of the Swiss people is certainly very great ; but who is to guarantee us against moments of sudden excitement or of unreflecting passion, when the bounds of reason and justice may again be overstepped, as in the case of the Jewish slaughter-house regulations ? The shaping of a wise Constitution must always be a matter of weighing and balancing ; it cannot be permitted that the gravest decisions should be the work of impulse or surprise. The generally adopted system of two Chambers, and of two or three readings for every bill before it passes into law, is in itself a recognition of this fact. But the demagogue is impatient of all these obstacles ; he wants a single Chamber and deliberation by steam. It cannot be denied that the Swiss people have shown a want of wisdom in adopting a system of initiative which places all our institutions at the mercy of any daring attempt instigated by the demagogue and favoured by precisely such circumstances as should rather incline us to take time for reflection. But it is, no doubt, a momentary error, which will be repaired at the earliest opportunity

In matters of legislation it has been seen that the canton of Zurich had in 1868 anticipated the demand for the popular initiative. It was the same in other cantons. Although this right has no explicit place in the Confederation, yet the formulated initiative comes practically to the same thing, since there is nothing to prevent a group of citizens from drawing up their own proposals in detail and demanding that the people and the cantons shall be called upon to say whether or not they shall become an integral part of the Constitution. Here again one sees to what strange results the formulated initiative may lead.

In contrast to the referendum, which is an instrument of conservation, the popular initiative may thus easily become the tool of a revolutionary movement. Thus it happened that one fine day the electors of Zurich thought good to grant a monopoly of the right of issuing bank-notes for the benefit of the State, in plain defiance of Article 39 of the Federal Constitution, which at that time forbade the creation of any such monopoly. Naturally, the decision was reversed by the federal authority; but there is unfortunately no authority to reverse a mistaken decision of the whole Swiss people. Elsewhere, too, as for instance in the federal city of Berne, on a question relating to a bridge, the popular initiative has been found to lead to almost insoluble complications. It is obvious that we are here in presence of a force far more difficult to organise and control than the referendum; but one may hope that repeated experiments may lead at last to success.

To sum up. Switzerland presents, thanks to the referendum and the popular initiative, the most complete example there is of a direct government by the people existing in modern times and under modern conditions. Can this example be imitated elsewhere? Not easily. In constitutional countries it would be necessary, to begin with, to adopt the Swiss doctrine that a negative vote on the referendum does not entail the dissolution of the Chambers; otherwise the result would be a state of perpetual agitation, worse than that which it is sought to remedy. Logically, according to this doctrine, the Cabinet also ought not to be obliged to retire before an adverse vote of the Chambers; and hence would result again the periodicity of ministerial functions, which would put an end to that office-hunting which is the chief motive of many a parliamentary man. It would mean a radical transformation of political life in those countries. At present the appeal to the country takes place only on the most serious occasions; and it is the Prime Minister himself who makes the appeal when he has reason to suppose that the representatives of the people are no longer in touch with their constituents. If in these countries the appeal to the nation on any question were to originate with the nation

itself, as is the case in Switzerland, one cannot conceal from oneself that it would probably lead to the most unexpected consequences. It would, indeed, be possible to fix beforehand the subjects on which it should be obligatory to consult the people, which would deprive the reference of any hostile character. But with the ideas current in those countries, would there not still be a tendency to regard a negative vote as an expression of want of confidence, before which the representatives of the people would be constrained to retire?

I think, indeed, that I have sufficiently shown that, for the reasons I have here developed, the referendum and the initiative in Switzerland form part of a system of government of which all the pieces hang together. It appears to me very doubtful whether it would be possible to introduce these two institutions elsewhere without at the same time introducing a mechanism of government similar to that of which they have become part and parcel here.

NUMA DROZ.

EMERSON, TRANSCENDENTALIST AND UTILITARIAN.

IN the following notes upon Emerson no attempt has been made to assign him his place in the kingdom of thought and expression, either by tracing his spiritual generations and kinships, or by comparing him quality by quality—so much more or less of intuition, logic, synthesis and analysis—with the thinkers who seem measurable in the same scales. Still less, to account for the peculiarities of the work by the peculiarities of the man, of his nation and times.

The relation I should wish to set forth is that between Emerson's writings and one of their readers—myself. For the relation between writer and reader, where such really exists, implies the originating of ideas and states of feeling such as did not exist in either reader or writer taken singly, the latent peculiarities of the one being vitalised and altered by the fruitful contact of the other. The thought, the feeling thus generated may be far from uncommon, and may be shortlived and comparatively barren; but it is an organic particle of that vast, fluctuating mass of spiritual life whence all thought and all feeling arise, and without which the most creative minds could not create, or, could they create, would be creative to no purpose.

This action and reaction, give and take, between reader and writer is worthy of attention quite apart from the value of the ideas which it may have brought forth. It would afford another demonstration of the relativity of all judgment, of the incompleteness of all definite views; and it would constitute an additional lesson, very wholesome for our conceit and impatience, on the poverty and faultiness of each individual's contribution to truth, as compared with the excellence of the individual mass of thought made up of such contributions.

As regards Emerson, I am aware of his exceptional influence in maturing my thought. And it is my impression that in return for

the partial change he has thus effected—since only partial changes are valuable, implying by their partiality the presence of some original tendencies—I have been able to alter some of his main ideas in a way such as to render them more fruitful: clearing them of certain sterilising excrescences, and grafting them on to the living thought of our days. My reader, in his turn, will alter and prune and graft my alterations, or cast them aside as useless, or useless at least to himself.

But be this as it may, my notes will be valuable in showing one of the means by which reader and writer unite to form a something new. For it will be visible in them that Emerson helped me first by arousing considerable antagonism, and that the reaction against his antagonistic peculiarities so helped to clear my own ideas, that I grew eventually able to approach him with impartiality, to separate deliberately what disfigured him in my eyes; and, having put aside these disfiguring portions, to enter his presence in a mood worthy of making me receive the inestimable gifts of his soul.

Emerson, like Ruskin, like Tolstoi, belongs to the category, once numerous, now daily diminishing in number, of mystics and symbolists. Their method is innate in him, if we may call method that which implies the absence rather than the presence of intellectual discipline; truth is perceived by flashes, in luminous points amid the darkness, without any attempt to work it out, to shed the light of one opinion upon the neighbouring opinion, to obtain a continuity of solid, illuminated ground.

He openly deprecates any attempts at consecutiveness, he warns mankind against wanting to do that which cannot be done without the wanting, against wishing to be or to have what they are not or have not already. He is the apostle of spontaneity; in his consuming passion for reality he confounds the deliberate with the artificial, and the artificial with the futile. The benefit of Emerson's advice on this head depends on the recognition that there are some things we can never do, some things we can never have or be—namely, all those of whose nature there is not in ourselves already a germ, a possibility. The danger of Emerson's advice consists in making us believe that the actual is the potential, that what we are not we cannot become, that what we have not yet got we may never obtain. There will be a distinct gain in spontaneity, which spontaneity means success, and a diminution of the kind of effort which means only failure, despair, or, worst of all, the wasting, the spoiling of what is valuable. There will be a much smaller number of shams, and a greater proportion of satisfactory products; which means an increase of happiness and what conduces thereto. But, on the other hand, there will be a waste of potentialities, of the things that might have been; and therewith a great loss in completeness, thoroughness, balance, and in all things

intellectual, of lucidity and efficacy for application to practice. The world will not be in thorough working order, since working order implies co-ordination, co-operation, compromise. Things will be comparatively spasmodic, and, in a measure, sterile. This absence of lucidity, this sporadic, sterile tendency, is visible in Emerson himself; it is the drawback of his doctrine, of his practice, of spontaneity.

Yet it is doubtful whether it is not better thus—better that the exaggerations and shortcomings should be corrected by Emerson's readers than forestalled by Emerson himself. It is possible that with men of this mystic-symbolical temper the greater lucidity and practical applicability (since practice is based on reality, and reality can be obtained only by being lucid) might fail to compensate for the diminution in suggestiveness and directness. The prophetically enounced thought works its way deeper, perhaps, into the mind of the hearer, when it is such as does not graze off the surface. It sets the mind a-thinking (when itself thinkable) more than the carefully argued thesis. So it is well worth while to let the prophet babble occasional nonsense, talk, like the earliest Christians and the Irvingites, in gibberish tongues, for the sake of the great words of inspiration which drop, ever and anon, from his superhuman lips.

But connection in our ideas, the quality of being *thought out*, is valuable for more than morality itself. The act of bringing our ideas into mutual dependence shows us also which of them are worthless: the union of a fallacy with a truth, even if it produce no immediate jar, can produce but a vicious consequence. We begin to doubt of our premiss on seeing its untenable conclusions or side-issues. Here, then, comes in the danger of the intellectual methods of Emerson, of all prophetic, clairvoyant, as distinguished from prosaically logical, thinkers. These men can throw out a falsehood or mere faulty approximation to truth, without being warned of what they are doing. Nay, worse, they can hit upon a truth without that truth destroying its corresponding error. In this system (or absence thereof) of isolating ideas, everything is safe—the good and the bad can rest at peace; the good does not inconvenience the bad, nor the bad inconvenience the good. The thinker is never called upon to make a choice among his thoughts, he may keep them all. Hence it is that these clairvoyant thinkers give us so much of truth swimming in so much of falsehood, or *vice versa*. Hence, worst of all, that they will be so serenely unconscious of the practical dangers of their teachings. The metaphysical Schoolmen of the Middle Ages kept up the standard of thinking and living; while the mystics, their superiors in mind and in feeling, very frequently debase it exceedingly.

And, moreover, this resting satisfied with one's spontaneous intuitions, as distinguished from all attempts to connect and correct them; this habit of never comparing one's conception of things with each

other, results in a virtual refusal to examine either facts or other men's views; no sense of intellectual responsibility can be generated by modes of thought so casual and disconnected. The thinker keeps his ideas apart, so they never clash; he keeps them separate also from their own consequences, from the thought of others, from the inconvenient testimony of reality. He clears all around him, and soon comes to be the only mind, the only thought in the universe: the universe becomes the image of his views of it; and all save the intellect ceases to exist.

It is most curious to observe how Emerson, whose exquisite moral and æsthetic sensibility is revealed in a thousand fragmentary utterances, uproots all human sympathies and preferences in laying out his stony garden of the intellect, leaving them everywhere about, to bloom delightfully—little unnoticed heaps of earth's weeds in those fine concentric paths and beds of intellectual spar and gravel. Thus, in the famous essay on "Friendship," that extraordinary revelation of a passionate personality, he affects to consider the friend as a mere intellectual excitement (all is over, he tells us, once curiosity is satisfied); and even in placing austere bounds to such intellectual voluptuousness, he speaks only of his own self-respect, his own spiritual temperance, and the results of indulgence or refraining upon his own soul, with never a reference to the feelings, the poor soft heart of the other party. Learn to check your fancies in friendship, to refrain from your friend, to do without—learn to expect no reciprocity. Why? Lest in your hurry you may engage another's permanent affection where you cannot give your own?—lest in your habit of constant spiritual union you become selfish, exacting, or, in your desire for reciprocation, you grow unable to give save where you receive? For not one of these reasons. No; merely because of the risk to your intellectual independence, your intellectual integrity and security. One would think, were it not for the evidence of a hundred scattered utterances of most delicate lovingkindness, that Emerson was a fierce intellectual egoist like Abelard, writing just such letters to Heloise, answering her prayer for one gentle word with chapters of theology, in the savageness of a mediæval ascetic, who sees with disgust something that has once inflamed his senses but never touched his heart.

And similarly he mentions pain, not as a horror whose existence all around we must for ever struggle against—a horror the thought of which, as existing in others, is almost as bad as its reality in ourselves—but as a possible factor in producing the man of pure intellect—the *justem et tenacem propositi virum*.

For Emerson is perpetually repeating that all life is in the intellect—nay, all reality. Hence a possibility of interest only in cause and effect—in the *why things are*, not the *how things should be*.

Hence all matters being referable only to Intellect, Intellect—or rather, an intellect corresponding to his own—is evidently God. And hence a perpetual worship, sometimes slightly savouring of Moloch's, of a Godhead which, in its apparent indifference to evil and suffering, is indeed but the mist-magnified shadow of Emerson's own Olympian mind.

All things, therefore, are the symbol of Divinity, the forms in which the Creative Force chooses, Proteus-like, to mask. And for this reason Nature, all that is and can be, is noble.

But Emerson is meanwhile the sport of a delusion: he conceives that what is taking place within himself is happening also without. He is watching his own mind, shadowed on the outer world, passing from object to object; and he fancies that this vague and magnified himself must be God. Thus the Divinity—for Emerson the Divinity passing into and through all things—is not the power by virtue of which things are, but in reality the power by virtue of which he perceives their existence. For Emerson, though often insisting on the part played by the perceiving mind in all matters of perception, refuses to consider that in the same way as the structure of the eye, which makes a straight stick seem crooked in the water, so also the quality and condition of the mind which perceives nature, is a fact *inside* nature, and not outside it. If Emerson had any habits of systematic thought, he could not avoid taking notice of this fact; he would be obliged, once having suspected their nature, to examine methodically his own mental operations. But being unhampered by any system, he can afford to look away from any fact which might disturb him; and so, at the convenient moment, when it would have become clear that thought can—no more than the senses can—handle absolute reality, he looks away from himself, and looks in the direction of what he calls God. Here, by no metaphysical sleight of hand, but by merely dropping the subject and picking it up elsewhere, he has momentarily got rid of the identity between the universal mind and his own. This intellect, self-created and all-creating, is now no longer the mind of Emerson: moulding matter into so many disguises for itself, it is the mind of the world. And who could deny that the mind of the world, in so far as mind of the world might sport with matter, or call it up as a mere phantom out of nothingness? The purely intellectual man, impatient of all that is not intellect, revolting from the thought that anything save intellect can have reality, does thus attribute his own temper to the Godhead—the Godhead with whom he fancies that, in following any chain of cause and effect, he must be united and identified.

Therefore, attempting to systematise what Emerson has thrown out in separate statements, the Divinity, inasmuch as the mere magnified reflexion of the individual intellect, is necessarily what that individual

intellect happens to be : that which makes or perceives all cause and effect. And so it comes to pass that cause and effect, being made by the mind identical with God, and hence God Himself, become the Godlike ; and the Godlike, Emerson has been accustomed to think, is the same as the holy, the virtuous. In short, *all that is is right*, not as Pope imagined, because it was necessarily made to be right, but merely because *to be right is the same as to be, because something else has been before and conditioned it*. "It is dislocation and detachment from the life of God," we read in the Essay on the Poet, "that makes things ugly ; and the poet who reattaches things to nature and the whole—reattaching even artificial things and revelations to nature by a deeper insight—disposes very easily of disagreeable facts." This, extended into less pithy language, means merely that all is right so long as it is understood ; and that the scientific thinker, whom Emerson misnames Poet, being able to demonstrate that even such things as most shock our constitution are yet the inevitable results of certain other things, can give us the satisfaction of seeing cause and effect, and thereby set our minds at rest about such "disagreeable facts" as it foolishly feels annoyed at. Whatever is, being cause and effect, is an emanation of His divinity, who is also cause and effect. And, as Emerson has been brought up to connect morality with what other men call God (meaning thereby any of a variety of things, but *not* cause and effect), Emerson perceives that cause and effect must be moral. "Since everything in nature," he says, "answers to a moral power, if any phenomenon remains brute and dark, it is because the corresponding faculty in the observer is not yet active"—that is to say, that the "brute and dark" phenomenon is not yet disposed of as cause and effect. Thus to the connecting, reasoning mind, having become divine, cause and effect come actually to mean morality ; the evil fact is comfortably settled once we have recognised its origin, and pain and death, disease and degradation, may link hands with whatever is fair and noble here below, and revolve mystically round the Divinity and the divine human being in a rhythm of causation and logic, making soul-music of *is and was* !

Nay, further—for it is easier sometimes for the intellect to endure evil than that which, being the reverse of intellect, is more antagonistic to it—Emerson formulates what has been blunderingly put into practice by Whitman, and condenses into a few mystical words what Whitman extends into grotesque rhapsodies of mixed beauty and dirt. "All the facts of the animal economy," says Emerson, "sex, nutriment, gestation, birth, growth, are symbols of the passage of the world into the soul of man."

But the soul of man, not being, as Emerson takes for granted, exclusively devoted to logic, will not receive into itself with equanimity some of the symbolical items. The soul of man protests against the

contact of foulness and baseness, injustice and pain, however much legitimated by logic. The soul will not be satisfied with a Divinity that governs mere cause and effect, it requires a morality, an æsthetic rule which perceive it.

In this fashion does the most cunning reader of the mind's strange palimpsest forget for the time being some of the mind's most striking rubrics. This delicate expert in exquisite nature leaves out of his reckoning some of finer nature's most essential qualities. He overlooks in his main philosophy what is the burden of all his detail teaching—namely, that we require for our spiritual satisfaction much more than the mere apprehension of cause and effect; that, besides the wish to understand why things are, there is in us the more imperious want to make things as they should be. He puts aside what elsewhere he perpetually postulates, that, even as we have physical senses which are disgusted by certain tastes and smells, despite all explanations of their chemical reasons, so likewise we have spiritual instincts which, despite all possible explanations of how and why, will always be revolted by whatever is unjust, cruel, ugly, or gross. There is in us the lurking faculty which reduces all things to cause and effect, making them all equally important or unimportant, according as the mind which perceives is keen or languid. But there are also the æsthetic and moral faculties which are essentially selecting, preferring, and which arrange all things in a long scale whose bottom means abhorrence or contempt, and whose top the fervidest love and admiration. These and these only are qualifying activities; the mere logical intellect can only recognise and connect, it cannot judge. It is not thanks to the intellect, that anything, that "sex, gestation, nutriment, &c.," can be made high or low according as it is, or is not, viewed in connection with the scheme of creation; since the intellect knows neither high nor low. If a subject can seem now gross and now fine, now trivial and now dignified, it is because our qualifying activities, moral or æsthetic, recognise the superior desirableness or rareness of the intellectual perception as distinguished from the bodily one; because they have decided that if there is enough and too much of the contemplation of some matters by the brute, there is not enough of this contemplation by the scientific man or the moralist. And who tells us that the man of science or the moralist is nobler than the brute? Not the instinct of mere causal relation, but the instinct which says: "I want more of this, less of that"; the instinct which brings things into relation, not with what Emerson worships as God, but with what Emerson is for ever overlooking—man.

The fact is that Emerson, in his process of forgetting everything that is not mind, has forgotten human nature; in his supposed union with God he has left man in the lurch. His grave optimism

is founded on a disregard for man's existence; when he is talking about man, with the marvellous intuition so oddly at variance with his theoretic one-sidedness, he is often pessimistic enough.

Having perceived that all things proceed with logical correctness, and having identified his own perception of cause and effect with the creative act, Emerson has judged that all that is, is right. Thus, in the universe where Emerson's God and Emerson—strange mystic dualism!—sit alone, willing and understanding, understanding and willing. But introduce into this universe *man*, and the aspect of matters changes. Those things which affect Emerson and Emerson's God as right—that is to say, as *being*—affect man sometimes as agreeable, sometimes as disagreeable; sometimes as beautiful, sometimes as atrocious. The current of intelligent approbation between the Universal Mind and the mind of Emerson is interrupted now and then by a sudden movement of this new agent, man, standing, as it were, halfway—movements meaning joy, admiration, pain, horror, despair. Why so? Simply because this new agent, *man*, perceives things according to a new standard, the standard of his own preservation and happiness. Right and wrong mean no longer intelligible and unintelligible; they mean that which makes for man's interests or against them. An æsthetic and ethical standard evolves, by which it is quite impossible to continue considering all things as equal, merely because they are equally willed by God; that is to say, speaking objectively and without mystical metaphor, because they can be equally understood by Emerson. Instead of the cause, man asks after the effect; and that things are and must be results merely, in certain cases, in rendering things more odious in his eyes. Hence, with the appearance of man, the scheme of pure optimism falls to the ground; and Emerson, systematic in one matter, and obeying an unerring instinct, does all he can to keep man out of the way—man, be it understood, in so far as he is more than a mere fragment of the Universal Mind, a mere molecule of causal perception. We hear, therefore, of pain and sorrow only as we might hear of hot or cold; and of justice and injustice rather as intellectual questions—virtually openness, or the reverse, to conviction. Attempts at reform—that is to say, at diminishing or equalising the human burden of woes—are treated as intellectual experiments, movements interesting in their symmetrical equilibrium with other movements. All is quite regular and lucid, hence right and noble; and thus a great lid of intellectual optimism descends to silence the unrest and dissatisfaction of man.

The Nemesis comes. Its name is *Unreality*, and this should have been the title, and not *Experience*, of Emerson's most wonderful essay. The punishment, or rather (since I do not, like Emerson, believe in a neatly adjusting Providence) the inevitable result of reducing all things to their merely intellectual aspect, is that, ever and anon, the

man who has so reduced them will awake to the sense of reduction to nothingness. For intellectual relations exist only in our thought. This is merely a mode of grouping, which we apply to them without affecting their actual existence; and hence it is that the man who shall have viewed things merely in such relations must, sooner or later, feel the lack of reality. For Emerson, when Emerson dogmatizes, the individual is nothing, the type everything; and similarly, the separate, sensible moment, yesterday, to-morrow, to-day, is nothing, and the balance struck between them is the important. Thus optimism is saved; injustice and pain are lost to sight in a disproportionate abstraction. But reality recoups itself; for in reality there happens to exist only the individual, the moment existing independent and outside ourselves. And so, in the intervals of speculation, when the man re-becomes a man and compares his emotions with those of his neighbours, Emerson discovers that in his search for reality in thought he has lost reality in fact. A passage in that essay on Experience reads curiously like the confession of some great neo-Platonic thaumaturge returning to earth after making himself an abstract creature, and finding that all things elude his clutch:

"What opium is instilled into all disaster! It shows formidable as we approach it, but there is at last no rough and rasping friction, but the most slippery, sliding surfaces. We fall soft on a thought. . . . There are moods in which we court suffering, in the hope that there, at least, we shall find reality, strange peaks and edges of truth. But it turns out to be scene-painting and counterfeit. The only thing grief has taught me is to know how shallow it is. That, like all the rest, plays about the surface, and never introduces me into the reality, for contact with which we would even pay the costly price of sons and lovers."

Such a sense of unreality must come to all of us at certain times of our spiritual life, particularly during the years when we slowly replace with the experience of ourselves the borrowed or ready-made notions of life which had to do duty in our youth. But it is a phase; and in learning that all things are evanescent, a healthy human being learns also that this condition of soul is the most evanescent itself: a state of trance from which the least rough shock or warm breath will rouse us. But Emerson would have us think that this condition of semi-paralysis in all save the logical faculty is the normal and permanent condition; probably because he is taking for granted the possibility of extirpating from our natures everything besides this merely logical perception. It is grotesque, and in a measure pathetic, to read after this Emerson's denunciation of the fatalism involved in a materialistic explanation of the mind's peculiarities—"given such an embryo, such a history must follow. *On this platform one lives in a sty of sensualism and would soon come to suicide.*" Yet, what suicide could be compared to the courting of pain and loss of the beloved for the

sake of the rough and rasping friction of reality? And in another passage we are led to question whether, as in the case of Quietism, the transcendental platform might not be easily transformed into a *style of sensualism* as bad as any which Emerson could attribute to materialistic influence. "Saints are sad, because they behold sin (even when they speculate) from the point of view of the conscience, and not of the intellect—a confusion of thought. Sin, seen from the thought, is a diminution or loss; seen from the conscience or will, it is pravity or *bad*. The intellect names it shade, absence of light, and no essence. The conscience must feel it as essence, essential evil." . . . For whence should come *conscience*, this odd Puritan interloper, in a world which is full, every nook and cranny, of the universal creative essence, of the Supreme Cause and Effect, knowing neither good nor evil—in a world full of what Emerson calls God, and void, utterly void, of the sentient and suffering individual, concrete man? But Emerson is, fortunately, no real systematic thinker, and is, essentially, a Puritan, full of the sound morality of Mosaic law, and morality formulating as God's will the practical interests of man. So we hear no more about the reasons which allow philosophers to differ from saints in not looking sadly at evil. And, on the contrary, among all the qualities metamorphosed into *essences*, and all the adjectives transfigured and enthroned as metaphysical entities, each with its crown of stars or of city walls, its attributes in hand and under foot—we find, foremost truthfulness, chastity and justice. Nay, by one of those bold but adorable contradictions which save the soul of transcendentalists and mystics from the hell of indifference—we are especially informed, in the curious essay called the *Over-Soul*, that the soul of man, that inlet of the universal mind, is filled with the tide of the universe's divine life more particularly when it perceives justice or conceives heroism.

This mysticism, this determination to reduce all things to intellect, this violent clutching at the cause behind phenomena, gives Emerson, like Ruskin, a certain mediæval character, not usually to be met nowadays, save among theological writers: he is related to the Abbot Joachim, to Abelard, to the compilers of herbals and bestiaries; he has a quaint look, quaint and delightful, of being a belated brother of Sir Thomas Browne or Burton of the *Anatomy*. Montaigne (the man he so ardently admires) might as well never have existed for him; and the other masters of inductive thought—Locke, Voltaire, Hume, the eighteenth century with its strong level vision, its materialisation of Nature, its enthroning of man—have passed without affecting him. Modern science he distinctly turns away from; he has a hankering after visionaries and allegorical expounders, even the trashiest. The names of Jacob Boehme and of Swedenborg are perpetually returning to him; he believes Jesus to have been a mortal man, but he might

easily grant some transcendent quality to Apollonius of Tyana. He tends to find a symbol in everything, a mysterious "Open, sesame!"; he cannot be satisfied with a thing meaning only its poor self, serving its obvious purpose. Every analogy is to him an actual causal connection, every metaphor which his fancy perceives a sort of sign-manual of God. He has, to the highest degree, the symbolic superstition. For him the world exists by virtue of certain formulæ, which are not so much shorthand generalisations of man as actual creative spells of God: system, dualism, the principle of opposites and compensation, and sex. There must be a mysterious equilibrium everywhere: an evil for every good, a good for every evil, an answer for every question, a satisfaction for every craving, a loss for every gain, a bitter for every sweet, a female for every male. And do what you will you cannot alter things, since, by such a mysterious law as that matter displaced on one side must reappear on the other, so also the happiness given to Tom must be taken from Harry. That the nature of one thing or case being different from that of another there will be a corresponding difference of rule and action, never occurs to Emerson. He strips all things into a sort of unqualified, non-existent nakedness, and then calls it unity and identity.

And yet, despite all this, Emerson remains one of the thinkers who can do most for us moderns; whose teachings, if put into practice, could carry us through the greatest number of temptations and dangers. It is with Emerson's writings as with the sacred books of ancient times: we must separate what is due to imperfect knowledge, to superstitious habits of mind, and is consequently mischievous, or worthless and deciduous, from that which is due to some great intuition of truth, some special energy of soul, such as is given to exceptional races, or moments or individuals—moral gifts whose usefulness will never suffer a change. And, as we find in all such writings, bibles of all nations, sacred and profane, so also in Emerson this worthless, changing, deciduous part has received its excessive importance from the very vital and immortal part which it has served to deface; thus in Plato and St. Paul, the "Imitation of Christ;" and, among the prophets of to-day, in Ruskin and Tolstoi.

The vital, vitalising intuition in Emerson is a dualism, closely connected: the intuition of the worthlessness of unreality for our happiness and progress; and the intuition of the supreme power, for our happiness and progress, of that portion which we call soul. Such intuitions are rarely new; antiquity knew these of Emerson, as India knew those of Christ and His mediæval followers; but they are born afresh, as it were, with new vigour and efficacy, in a new mind; and at each new incarnation they are obliged, alas! to assume the foolish costume and habits—nay, the very maladies—which belong to thought at the moment of the new birth. In the case of Emerson, the

intuition of the supreme value of reality, and of the soul's most marvellous powers of expansion and adaptation, of its unique capacity for embracing all things in the acts of comprehension, imagination, and sympathy—these vital thoughts were defaced, hampered and compressed, by a cheap transcendentalism: the metaphysics of Germany adulterated by the shoddy science, the cheap mysticism of America. And the divine strength of his mind may seem, at first sight, to have been employed merely in carrying the weight, in filling up the forms, of the threadbare garments of Dr. Faust, and the tinsel garments of some more Sludge-like wizard. Let us strip them off; and we shall see the Titan beneath.

We have seen how Emerson has got himself a pocket religion by making the human soul consubstantial and co-extensive with God, and the life of the soul identical with the perception of cause and effect; so that, while Jehovah says, "I Am," Emerson fulfils his spiritual duties by repeating, in various forms of words, "Thou art." Also, how, in his dread of materialism and hedonism, he has attempted to measure phenomena of sensation, emotion, and æsthetic perception by a mechanism for registering cause and effect which is as unfit to register their quality as a pair of scales is unfit to measure the degree of heat, or a barometer the intensity of the colour blue. Similarly, we shall find that the same spiritualistic bias has led Emerson to repeat, very often, the stale Stoical sayings of the self-sufficingness of the mind, the unimportance of circumstance, the indifference to momentary pain and pleasure.

The soul, indeed, can be trained to considerable indifference: it can be rendered obtuse to pain and pleasure, to impressions and affections; religious asceticism has always boasted, in the words of Molière's *Organ*: "*Et je verrais mourir frère, enfans, mère et femme, que je m'en soucieraï tout comme de cela!*" But such indifference means, not uniting ourself closer with Nature and the Infinite, but cutting loose from them on one whole side. The human creature, no longer enjoying, no longer sympathising, no longer loving, would hold on to the universe only by his reason. The wind would blow, trees rustle, waters murmur, hills be blue and fields green, and people around be beautiful, brilliant or kind, sorrowing or clinging, without his being any the wiser. Nay, the wiser, if it be wisdom merely to know the necessities and sequences of things without knowing the things themselves, but neither the happier nor the more conducive to others' happiness. It would be good practice for dying, as, indeed, Roman Stoicism was the school where men learned to escape from tyranny by suicide of body and soul. Such Stoicism is the folly of philosophers, the cowardice of heroes, the blasphemy of those who, believing in gods, reject their good gifts for fear of their bad; it is afraid of the universe, and tries to look at it, as Perseus

at the head of Medusa, only in the reflected image. This excess of intellectualism, thinking to limit all wants to those of the logical intellect, would defeat its own end; for what should the intellect contemplate and discuss, if all were reduced to abstractions, if things existed only as ideas, if the moment, the individual, the sensation, the emotion, ceased to be?

Such dogmas as these cannot form the basis of Emerson's teachings, much as he tries to deduce the one from the other; any more than the dogmas of celestial caprice and barbarity, of the Fall, the bloody Atonement and eternal Hell, could be the rational foundation for the religion of mercy and love of Francis of Assisi. There is, fortunately for the world, a higher logic, guessing at the relations between dogmas and facts, which works divine havoc in the smaller logic connecting one theory with another; the soul frees itself from the tyranny of lies by stealthy self-contradiction. The logical consequences of Emerson's intellectual pantheism would be to deny (what man, according to the Hebrews, never learned from the great I Am) the distinction of good and evil; to accept only the bare fact of existence, of emanation from the All-powerful. Why, therefore, preach heroism and the search for truth? Why struggle against unreality, hypocrisy, appearances? Why denounce the waste of effort, the dealing in words, supineness, vanity, and all the tissues of *wine and of dreams*?

In reality because, however unconsciously to himself, Emerson was judging them worthless by the purely human instinct of affinity for certain qualities, and repulsion for certain others, by the purely utilitarian intuition of what is desirable or undesirable for man and man's race. And because the main energy of his mind, his originality and inspiration, consisted in an instinctive craving, despite the mere intellectual satisfaction in cause and effect, after a life more large, more varied, more transferable from object to object, from mind to mind: a true life of the soul, which includes the life of the sensations and emotions, which is based on realities, and which implies happiness.

For it is this which renders Emerson's writings so efficacious in one's life, so charged with vital principle, which, entering into our torpid thought, fertilises it, makes it expand, alter, and bear fruit. No writer can have a greater influence in certain lives; yet no writer, surely, was ever more chary of criticisms and rules of conduct, of what, in most cases, makes the moralist. Indeed you might sometimes think he had never lived, never felt, made choice, acted, nay existed among real individuals (for all the passionate hints of the chapters on love and on friendship) but only among such abstractions of mankind as his own representative men: among ideals of human beings not to be touched, but to be criticised. The human efficacy

of Emerson's teachings lies in his constant insistence upon the necessity of widening existence by increased contact with reality on all sides, and of such reality being apprehended by the mind, the sympathies, the imagination, as well as by the senses. For the narrowest life is the one into which there enter the fewest ideas—the animal's, the child's, the savage's life of the mere sensation, the mere moment—and the next narrowest is the base man's life of the mere *ego*, the appetites of to-day projected into to-morrow, the appetites of others employed to gratify his own. Unselfishness is a widening of ourselves by giving equal rank to the pleasures and rights of others—that is to say, to what is after all an intellectual conception, an idea to us, not a thing we can taste or touch. Justice, mercy, truth—those great abstractions covering the greater happiness of the greater number, and to which nobler men and women must sacrifice good for themselves and their neighbours—justice, mercy, truth, are more than ever intellectual existences, transcending our sensation and experience. And the logical, the æsthetic appreciation which unite us to the world beyond man, which add to our own the life we understand in all phenomena, the life which we love in some of them, are still more obviously an enlarging of ourselves through the enlarging of our mind. For the mind embraces all, while the body can hold but little. Hence a constant regard for our possibilities from the intellectual standpoint, a constant preference of the life of the soul, life in all times and places, over the life limited by moment and place of the body; an insistence upon the life which unites us to all things instead of enclosing us within ourselves. Such a view of existence must be to the highest degree vitalising and fruitful. This would not be the case were Emerson the mere ordinary intellectual man, submitting to the intellect only the things which are obviously of the intellect, and leaving to the appetites, the emotions, all the rest. For Emerson gives unto Cæsar only the copper penny, and claims for God the kingdom of the earth. Emerson asks not what the mind can make of books, art, and its other notorious belongings; but what the mind can make of life as a whole: of love, friendship, practical efforts, political struggles, domestic arrangements—of everything? To him the real life is that of the soul: the life, so to speak, at head-quarters, to which all other subordinate lives do but bring their necessary tribute of well-being, of experience, of sensation, of facts. He knows that there is in the noblest creature a sort of uppermost consciousness to which all lower ones lead; which is as homogeneous as they are heterogeneous, as persistent as they are fleeting; in which our sensations, actions, affections are multiplied tenfold by those of other men, of other times and places; and where, in an endless chain of pattern, everything is connected with something else, everything transmuted into something

different. Therefore all the things which constitute our ordinary daily consciousness, Emerson examines; asking of what use they may be in this great uppermost consciousness or existence; accepting and rejecting in accordance with this standard. Hence he is characterised and takes rank of nobility mainly for a constant scrutinising, unflinching elimination of unrealities, of activities and habits which bring only wear and tear, and produce neither truth nor good nor beauty. A great part of his philosophy consists in the separation of futile efforts from fruitful; another, in showing how much more we may gain by letting things act for us than by squirming our souls out in unnecessary action. He teaches that it is not by the books which we read, the men whom we speak to, the stones and tree-trunks which we pull about, that we are increasing our life, still less by the money we amass or the complications we establish; but only by as much of the books as we understand, of the men as we love, of causes as we wisely consider, of the materialities we combine to give us health, more peace, and more power of being realities. In fact, it is only by as much as is vital and fertilised in our life that our life is improved. This great purveyor of realities wherewith to nourish our highest life is for ever warning us against the adulteration of things intellectual and moral, teaching us to separate the stones from the bread, to throw away the husks and the rind. He is no hater of tradition, even of convention; because he recognises that both of them may contain a portion of life. But once that life has left the tradition and convention he has no patience, but sweeps them away, be they called by the solemnest names of virtue and honour. Hence his deep sympathy, idealist and transcendentalist as he is, despiser of the gross and lover of the spiritual, with the *terre à terre* scepticism of Montaigne; for that scepticism is one of the most potent agents for the removal of rubbishy spurious fact and spurious thought. Hence his admiration also for the coarse practicality of Napoleon, because that also means reality, real energy, sweeping away the unreal, the inert.

Those who should deliberately follow Emerson's counsels, omitting from their lives not merely what he directly advises *should* be omitted, but also what his whole system logically leads us to reject, would be surprised to find how much space they had left themselves, how much energy for the real life, the life of enjoyment and utility. For half of our life is spent, if not in struggling with trash, with the unreality others have burdened us with, as education, so called, religion, sociabilities, false necessities and ideals, then in actually doing the unreal: reading books we do not understand, seeing people we do not like, doing acts which lead to nothing, or to the reverse of their intention. All great teaching, of the sort which is, so to say, prophetic and sacred, helps us to a wider life in other men, other

fields and times. Half of it helps us to do so by trying to understand and love others; the other half, and Emerson's teaching is among it, by bidding us understand and reduce to reasonableness ourselves. This vital energy in Emerson's teaching is, I think, given free play only if we liberate it from notions which belonged not to Emerson's mind, but to his intellectual surroundings. His transcendentalism, horrified at science and despising utility, arises, in great measure, from the old metaphysical and theological habit of regarding the soul as a ready-made, separate entity, come, heaven knows whence, utterly unconnected with the things among which it alights, and struggling perpetually to be rid of them and return somehow to its unknown place of origin. Had Emerson suspected, as we have reason to suspect, that the soul is born of the soil, its fibre the fibre of every plant and animal, its breath the breath of every wind, its shape the space left vacant by other shapes, he would not have been obliged to arrange a purely intellectual transcendental habitation for this supposed exile from another sphere; and his intuition of a possible universal life would have been strengthened, not damaged, by the knowledge that our soul is moulded into its form—nay, takes its very quality, from surrounding circumstances; by the probability, therefore, that between the soul and its surroundings there will be a growing relation and harmony, as of product and producer, concave and convex.

VERNON LEE.

THE DESCENT INTO HADES.

IN the shortest of all the Articles of the Church of England we read, "As Christ died for us, and was buried, so also is it to be believed, that He went down into hell." This briefness, and the absence alike of explanation and of emphasis, are sufficiently expressive, as the compilers of the Articles could not well leave out a thesis which finds a place in the Apostles' Creed, though not in that of Nicæa. We may in fact venture to call the doctrine of the Descent into Hades a piece of dead wood from the tree of Christian doctrine. This very want of actuality in the doctrine fits it the better for purposes of historical investigation. We can venture to handle it, not indeed without reverence, but without that ever-present fear of hurting the Christian conscience, which makes it so difficult to analyse many of the doctrines of Christianity in the fearless fashion in which they must be treated when approached from the purely historical point of view.

In his remarkable paper on the Apostles' Creed,* Harnack writes as follows :

"The phrase *descendit ad inferna (inferos)* first appears, so far as I know, in the baptismal confession of the Church of Aquileia ; after that, not only in Gallic confessions, but in the Irish and elsewhere. In the East it first makes its appearance in the confession of the Fourth Synod of Sirmium, A.D. 359. It is not found in the Creed of Nicæa and Constantinople. But as early as the second century we trace in literature, alike in the writings of Fathers and heretics, the notion that Christ descended into the lower world, and there preached, as before Him John the Baptist, and after Him the Apostles."

Harnack does not venture to decide whether the doctrine started from passages in our New Testament. And this caution seems

* Page 28 of the 25th edition.

justified, because the authoritative phrases in professedly Apostolic writings are by no means easy of explanation. They are, as is well known, two. First we have the Pauline saying (Eph. iv. 8), "Now this, he ascended, what is it but that he also descended into the lower parts of the earth?" And second we have the phrase in 1 Peter iii. 18: Christ, "being put to death in the flesh, but quickened in the Spirit; in which also He went and preached unto the spirits in prison, which aforetime were disobedient, when the long suffering of God waited in the days of Noah." The Pauline phrase may imply no more than death, and is so vague as scarcely to give an opening for discussion, but the Petrine is far more definite, and demands some attention. Let us for a moment consider it in the light of a historic record. I can easily imagine (analogies are plentiful enough) that some one might find in it a statement made by our Lord after His resurrection to St. Peter, and by him committed to writing. Such views there are no means, so far as I know, of directly refuting. It is only possible to point out the general historic improbabilities which they involve. In this case we should have to suppose, first that the Petrine Epistle is really by St. Peter, and second that he was intending to record a piece of historical biography, which, thirdly, had been committed to him and none other. But if the theory can weather these three points, it will certainly be wrecked on the shoals of variety of interpretation. In this matter theologian so completely differs from theologian, and Father from Father, that, even were it certain that the passage contained a record of history, we could not hope to determine what particular event it recorded. The passage is certainly extremely difficult. On the face of it, it refers to the antediluvians who rejected the preaching of Noah; the key of it probably rests in some theory or fancy of contemporary Judaism. Among the many interpretations given of it, several find no connection with the *inferi* at all. As any discussion of them would lead us too far afield, I hope it may not be too bold merely to mask the fortress as one which cannot be stormed, and pass on, leaving it in the rear. Since the Apostolic writings and those of the Christian Fathers alike afford no secure historic basis for the *Descensus*, we cannot do better than adhere to the opinion of the Bishop of Carlisle,* who regards it as "obvious that" (the *Descensus*) "can in no manner or degree depend upon history; it is essentially transcendental, supernatural, hyper-historical."

If, however, the doctrine be thus removed from the field of historic fact to that of pious imagination, it at once becomes legitimate to investigate it according to the methods of anthropology and comparative religion, to search for its origin in previous beliefs, and for its relation to Jewish and Gentile mythology. And in thus passing

* Goodwin, "The Foundations of the Creed," p. 166.

to the larger field of comparative religion we must needs somewhat widen the scope of our inquiry. For we no longer have to deal with an event, actual or imagined, in the history of the Founder of Christianity, but must consider in what circle of ideas a mythical story arose. And thus it is not merely reported visits to Hades which come before us, but the very notion of Hades itself, of its regions, its rewards and punishments, and the possibility of visiting it. In entering on so great a subject, however, I propose to confine myself strictly to certain lines of investigation and of thought, and to exclude all details which are unnecessary for our immediate purpose.

I think it more than probable, almost demonstrable, that the notion of the descent into Hades arose under the influence of a particular school of Pagan mythology, that of the Orphists, and was, like many another Pagan belief, admitted into Christianity after baptism into the name of Christ. Since this paper was sketched out I have found that its views are to some extent anticipated in German works published during the last twelve months.* But this fact will scarcely deprive them of novelty to most English readers.

In using the term Orphism I no doubt use a word of dubious and vague meaning, and involving some danger of confusion. The Orphic literature, of which some fragments have come down to our day, was at one time very extensive, and arose during a long period of time and in many places. Even Herodotus was sufficiently critical to judge that the poems which passed under the name of Orpheus were really later than the great epic literature. So far as we know, Onomacritus, a contemporary of the Pisistratidæ, was the earliest writer who edited—and doubtless largely re-wrote—works which he gave forth under the name of Musæus and Orpheus. Later writers such as Prodicus are said to have followed the example, and in this way by degrees there was formed a small library of works bearing upon the theogony, upon sacrifices and expiations, upon the nature of the world beyond the grave, upon the duties of man during life, and his relations to the heavenly powers, which certainly had influence in Greece not only among the uneducated, but even with poets and philosophers, Æschylus, Plato, the Stoics, Plutarch, and many others. Of these Orphic writings we cannot judge from the very late and degraded specimens of them which have come down to us; nor must we wholly accept the one-sided and prejudiced statements of the Christian Fathers. In fact our means of judging of them are very small.

Orphism was always a more or less secret religion in Greece. It occupies the background of the religious life, while the foreground is filled by the more attractive and pleasing figures of the national

* Especially Dieterich, *Nekyia*, 1893; and Heussner, *Altchristl. Orpheusdarstellungen*, 1893. Cf. also Rohde, *Psyche*, 1894.

mythology. Probably it bore to the public religion of Greece a relation not wholly unlike that borne to the religion of our cathedrals by the enthusiasms of the obscurer sects of Methodists. It was deeply mingled with superstition ; but we know from experience that an admixture of superstition does not deprive religion of its vitality and of its power over the life. And at intervals, all through Greek history, this deep cloud of religious enthusiasm sends forth flashes of light which have a stronger power of revelation than the diffused light of ordinary day.

At the same time when Onomacritus was at Athens reducing to writing the principles of the Orphic religion, another great teacher arose, in whom the same wave of religious revival took a different line. This was Pythagoras, the Samian saint and sage, who not only taught the principles of a very influential theosophy, but even set up in the cities of South Italy a brotherhood of great political influence, which for a time governed Croton, and even looked at one time as if it might be the beginning of something like a theocracy. But theocracies were not in accordance with Hellenic tendencies, and the Pythagorean league was soon suppressed. The members, however, retained their principles, and henceforward the works of Pythagoras, as well as those of Onomacritus, stood in authority among the Orphic sects. Not long after Pythagoras, we find in Sicily a not dissimilar figure, Empedocles, a mystic divine who is said to have wrought miracles, and to have gained in the flourishing city of Agrigentum almost the reputation of a divine being.

In Greece proper there were two main foci in which the forces of Orphic religion were concentrated, and whence they played upon the Greek mind. One of these foci was the secret cult of Eleusis, the influence of which gradually grew throughout Greek history, and which was, as is well known, penetrated through and through with the ideas of Orphism. The other focus was the orgiastic worship of Dionysus or Sabazius, which made its way into every part of Greece, bringing mystic rites and strange outbursts of enthusiasm, partly religious and partly sensual. From Greece it crossed into lower Italy, and there long held its ground, producing effects the depth and duration of which we can scarcely measure, but which certainly survived the fierce and sanguinary persecution in which the ruling aristocracy of Rome tried to put it down.

I cannot deal with the views of the Orphic schools as to the Generation of Gods, nor with the curious ceremonial observances which were part of the life which arose out of their doctrines. But one part of their lore closely concerns the subject before us, their teaching as to the future world. It was this which formed the kernel of all their doctrine, and by this they at once aroused the interest of philosophers and secured the adhesion of the common people. A quota-

tion from Plato's *Republic* will set this in a clear light. "The blessings which Musæus and his son represent the gods as bestowing on the just are still more delectable than these; for they bring them to the abode of Hades and describe them as reclining on couches at a banquet of the pious, with garlands on their heads." "The ungodly, on the other hand, and the unjust, they plunge into a swamp in Hades, and condemn them to carry water in a sieve." * With these statements of the Orphic poets, Plato, in the passage from which I cite, compares the poems of Homer and Hesiod, which promise to the just reward, not in the future life, but in that which is present :

"As grows the fame of blameless kings, who fear the gods and reign
With right and truth, while plenteous corn springs from the wealthy plain;
Their trees with fruit are laden still, their flocks with lambs abound,
While in the sea a harvest rich by fishers' toil is found."

The contrast is very suggestive. The orthodox and typical poets of Greece dwell, just as do the poets and prophets of the Jews, on the temporal rewards of a good life; it is left to Orpheus and to Musæus to bring in a new world to redress the inequalities of the old. And the testimony of Plato is fully confirmed by all that we know of Greek religious beliefs and burial customs. The future world of Greek belief was dull and grey, joyless and unattractive. But it was no place of rewards and punishments, of the transports of the blessed, and the tortures of the condemned. This is, so far as we can judge, a foreign element, which belongs not to ordinary Greek religion, but specially to Orphism, to the religion of Dionysus and of Eleusis, to the mysteries and initiations which always remain foreign to the pure naturalism and gentle scepticism of the better educated Hellenes.

It seems altogether a mistake to insist, as does Dieterich,† on the Greek origin of the notion of places of reward and punishment which were so widely spread in the countries of the Levant during the five centuries that precede the Christian era. He is doubtless right in maintaining them to be altogether foreign to all the older literature of the Jews. And they come to us necessarily in a Greek dress in words of Greek philosophers and poets. But their origin, as I conceive, is by no means Hellenic. The Greeks themselves derived Orphism from Thrace, the mysteries of Sabazius from Phrygia, and the story of Zagreus from Crete. They represent Pythagoras as journeying into Egypt and the far East, and thence bringing back his theosophic lore. The clearest sight we obtain of the mystic doctrine of Hades comes to us from Egypt and Babylon. And that doctrine found its strongest seat not among pure Greeks, but among

* Page 363, c. Translation of Davies and Vaughan.

† In his *Nekyia*, already mentioned.

the imperfectly Hellenised races of Asia Minor and Syria and Southern Italy.

It is clear that the details of the beliefs as to the future world filtered through from a lower to a higher civilisation. The tortures supposed to be there inflicted on the condemned could have been imagined only by peoples to whom the torture of criminals and prisoners taken in war was an ordinary and an agreeable subject of meditation. Only barbarians and those classes of civilised peoples which remained at a barbarous level could really have welcomed such notions. Thinking and cultivated men who entertained them would interpret them not literally but metaphorically, and turn the flames which savages love to apply to their captured foes into cleansing and purifying means of moral reform. In the same way the rewards of virtue, which, as Plato says, Musæus regards as consisting in perpetual feasting and drunkenness, would gradually be converted by the more cultivated into celestial repose, and the enjoyment of converse with the gods. Though in the passage above cited Plato speaks in contempt of the Orphic writings, he does not hesitate to borrow from them the materials of those myths as to the future life which form a noble part of such works as the *Phædo* and the *Republic*.

In India we find a parallel contrast between the comparatively pure Theism of the pure-blooded Brahmins, and the crude beliefs of the low-caste peoples, with all their fables of heaven and hell, and their veneration for impure and hideous deities. Indeed in all countries something of the same kind may be observed. But to the well-being of a nation cruder as well as more refined religion is necessary. From time to time the fading beliefs of the educated have to be reinforced by impulses from below. The wild tree of faith grows most freely among the unrefined, and it is by successive graftings upon that tree that the great religions of the world have arisen and flourished.

It is not, however, in Greece alone that we may trace the working of these tendencies. We may see it, though less clearly, in the literature of the Jews; not in the earlier literature, as I have already observed, but in the later. The Book of Daniel, dating from the Maccabean age, is perhaps the earliest work in which any clear moral differentiation as regards the unseen world is manifest. "Many * of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt. And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever." To find a more detailed account of Hades we must turn to the books of the Apocrypha, written in Greek, and pervaded by ideas not precisely Hellenic, but Hellenistic. In particular the Book of Enoch, which deals largely in eschatology and the secrets of the universe, speaks in

* Daniel xii. 2.

some detail of the future of righteous and wicked: "All goodness and joy and glory are prepared for them, and are written down for the spirits of those who have died in righteousness, and manifold good will be given to you in recompense for your labours, and your lot is abundantly beyond the lot of the living." And in contrast: "Know ye that their souls" (the sinners) "will be made to descend into Sheol, and they will become wretched, and great will be their tribulation; and into darkness and a net and a burning fire, where there is grievous condemnation, will your spirits enter; and there will be grievous condemnation for the generations of the world." * In the fourth Book of Esdras† it is said of the enemies of God, that "they shall decay in confusion and be consumed with shame, and wither in fear, when they see the glory of the Most High, in whose sight they sin while they are alive." Much influence on later Jewish thought was exercised by a well-known passage of the later Isaiah: ‡ "They shall go forth, and look upon the carcasses of the men that have transgressed against me: for their worm shall not die, neither shall their fire be quenched; and they shall be an abhorring unto all flesh." These words in their primary meaning refer to the material bodies of the dead, but in the Hellenistic age they were used of the future world of spirits. And the picture of which the outline was thus sketched was by degrees filled in from non-Biblical sources. But this filling in went on but slowly, and was not far advanced at the beginning of the Christian era.

In regard to Hebrew utterances as to the world beyond the grave, one point is very noteworthy. The doctrine of the immortality of the soul belongs not to the Jews, but to the Greeks.§ The coming of the Messiah, the resurrection of the dead, and in particular of the bodies of the dead, the future glories of Israel; these are the ideas by which Hebrew writers are dominated. The notion of places of bliss and of torment, awaiting the soul at its exit from life, though it appears in later Jewish literature, appears in a subordinate place. And that this notion is exotic is indicated by the fact that, so far as it is clothed in physical imagery, the imagery can be traced, not to the earlier sacred books of the race, but to the literature of the Greeks, and in particular to that part of it which was dominated by the ideas and the doctrines of Orphism. But, generally speaking, the Jewish writers confine themselves to vague phrases, and avoid definite descriptions, as is natural in a people to whom the arts of sculpture and painting were forbidden.

In the writings of the New Testament the world of spirits and of future rewards and punishments is touched on with great sobriety

* "Enoch," edited and translated by Charles, ch. ciii.

† Ch. vii.

‡ Ch. lxi. 24.

§ Renan, "Histoire du Peuple d'Israel," V., p. 65, &c.

and reticence. In the sayings attributed to our Lord we find such phrases as "my Father's house" and "outer darkness," and the expression, taken from Isaiah, as to "the worm that dieth not, and the fire that is not quenched;" but detailed descriptions of the world beyond the grave are wanting. The fullest description to be found in the Gospels is that contained in the story of Dives and Lazarus, which is found in the Third Gospel only, and which is, moreover, on the face of it, a parable. And the Apostles in this matter adhere closely to the custom of their Master. In their writings there is scarcely a trace of any attempt to inflame the zeal of their adherents by pictures of future bliss, or to terrify their opponents by detailed threats of torment awaiting them in a future existence.

When, however, we come to the Christian Apocalypses we find another range of phenomena. On no subject did the imagination of the early Christians dwell with more persistency than on pictures of the world beyond the grave, of the sufferings of the damned, and the bliss of the followers of Christ. Obviously for these pictures materials were needed. But they were not to be found either in the teaching of the Master or in the Jewish sacred books. Whence, then, could they be derived? The obvious source was Orphism. And Dieterich, by a careful analysis of one of the early Christian Apocalypses, that passing under the name of Peter, has clearly shown that the details on which it dwells were taken from the current beliefs and the sacred books of the Orphic mysticism.

The Orphic authorities dwelt with constant emphasis on the details of the happiness awaiting their adherents beyond the grave, and particularly on the various kinds of torments reserved for the wicked and the disobedient in the world of shades. They spoke of the ever-burning fire, the rivers of mud and filth, the snakes and monsters which dwelt there, and the evil spirits who tormented the miserable inhabitants, who were hung upon trees, roasted alive, or plunged in morasses of blood and ordure. Virgil, in an Orphic passage, speaks of these tortures (*Aen.* vi. 739):

"Ergo exercentur pœnis, veterumque malorum
Supplicia expendunt: aliæ panduntur inanis
Suspensæ ad ventos; aliis sub gurgite vasto
Infectum eluitur scelus, aut exuritur igni."

It cannot be mere coincidence that in the Petrine Apocalypse the same tortures are dwelt on, with close coincidence even in expression.

This is a matter on which I cannot dwell as it deserves. To set forth the evidence in detail would occupy us too long. But I think that if the whole evidence were duly arrayed, it would leave little refuge for doubt in any mind. The heaven and the hell of early Christian writers and of the Middle Ages owe their origin neither to the teach-

ing of Christ nor to that of His Apostles. Nor are they derived either from the established Jewish or the established Hellenic religion; but so far as they have a source in either, that source was itself derived from the underground mystic beliefs and speculations of the more primitive and probably non-Hellenic peoples of Asia Minor and Hellas, and even the races of Syria and Babylon. The Greeks, so far as influenced by those beliefs, had worked them into artistic form in the poems of Pindar and the paintings of Polygnotus. The Jews, so far as influenced by those beliefs, had formed vague conceptions of a life in the presence of God, and of a fire in which the wicked were consumed for ever. But the early Christians went much further, and imported from Orphism into Christianity notions of the future world at once of a more definite and a less refined character.

If any scholar should doubt as to the probability of any connection between the doctrine of Orpheus and that of the early Christians, he can, I think, be convinced, if at all open to conviction, by an argument of the most definite and most tangible character. We are told by Lampridius that Severus Alexander set up together in his *Lararium* images of Christ and of Orpheus. This might pass as an extreme instance of the religious eclecticism of the family of Severus. But it is very noteworthy that we find in the Christian burial-places of Rome a perfectly parallel phenomenon. In the wall-paintings which adorn the sepulchres of the early Christians also we may see, side by side, representations of Christ and of Orpheus. This fact is most suggestive, and I propose to consider its interpretation.

There are two motives readily discernible which would induce the early Christians to give form to their doctrine of the descent of their Founder into the world of shades. In the first place, since Jesus was supposed to have been buried on the Friday and to have risen on the Sunday, the question would naturally be asked where His spirit remained in the intermediate period; and the answer which would naturally be given was that it was in the world of shades, in Hades. We have already seen that some of the Fathers did not seek to attach to the doctrine a fuller meaning than this. And, in the second place, speculation would naturally arise in the Church as to the state of departed worthies of the Old Testament. Would they, merely because born too early, be deprived of the benefits of the death of Christ? This could scarcely be supposed; and thus it was natural that it should be maintained that as Jesus had preached to men on earth, so in the day succeeding the Crucifixion He should preach to those who had left the world before His birth.

As disembodied spirits might wait for a body wherein they could come to life on the earth, so these desires and tendencies would await a mythical and doctrinal body wherein they could find expression in the nascent Church. Whence should such a body come? It could

not come from a use of Old Testament narrative and theology, since none of the Jewish worthies had been to the land of shades and returned. Enoch had been taken by God; Elijah had been carried up alive to heaven, but neither had passed through Sheol on the way. But, though the idea of a visit to Hades, and a return thence, was foreign to the classical literature of the Jews, it had a place in the religious writings and speculations of many other peoples. In Babylonian legend, the goddess Ishtar went down into the world of spirits, there for a while to abide and thence with difficulty to return. In the mythology of Buddhism we read of journeys to the land of the dead by the living, and not dissimilar tales are told in the primitive lore of more barbarous peoples. On these, however, we need not dwell, since there seems no reason to believe that such tales would be known by or influence the members of the early Christian Churches of Greater Greece and Italy. But there were current in those regions stories of heroes, well known wherever Greek was spoken, who had made the voyage to Hades. And these stories belong to the mystic mythology of the Orphists in a peculiar manner, nor do they seem to be found in Greece, outside the Orphic circle of ideas. It was told how Herakles descended into the abode of Hades, and dragged away the watch-dog Cerberus. Odysseus, by the advice of Circe, had voyaged to the mouth of the world of the dead, and consulted the seer Teiresias as to future things. But the passage of the "Odyssey" which describes this visit is supposed to have been largely adulterated by Orphic influence, Onomacritus, the Orphic sage, having had a share in the collection and editing of the Homeric poems at the Court of Pisistratus. We hear of a journey to Hades by Pythagoras, in which he saw the soul of Hesiod bound to a pillar, and that of Homer hung in a tree, as a punishment for speaking unworthily of the gods. And Persephone, the august goddess of Eleusis, had herself been carried by violence to the world of shades, and thence been restored for a time to her mother on earth.

But of all the visits to Hades recorded in Orphic mythology by far the most important was that of Orpheus himself. The lovely and pathetic story told by the poets on the subject is familiar to all, how he could not live without his lost Eurydice, and so, with a love stronger than death, followed her to the realm of Hades; how his lyre won a way for him, and so softened the heart of the stern rulers of the dead that Eurydice was allowed to follow her husband on the road to the world above on condition that he did not look at her; and how at last he violated in his longing the stern condition, and Eurydice was reft from him once more and for ever. Such was the tale of the poets; but it would seem that the tales told of the *descensus* of Orpheus in the Orphic books and in the mysteries were different and more serious by far.

The *Karάβασις εἰς Ἄϊδου* of Orpheus, ascribed to Prodicus, was doubtless an Orphic poem. And though we know little of the contents of it, the blank in our literature is to a great extent filled up by the even more graphic monuments of ancient art.

The *Nekyia* of Polygnotus, painted in the Lesché at Delphi, occupies a similar place in ancient religious art to that held in modern religious art by the Last Supper of Lionardo, or the paintings of the Sistine Chapel by Michael Angelo. Apolline influences which were prevalent at Delphi, and Eleusinian doctrine which was dominant at Athens, were combined by Polygnotus, whose pure idealism and charming style made him an admirable exponent of Hellenic religion. He took his inspiration partly from the Homeric voyage to Hades, and partly from Orphic lore. In his great picture Orpheus occupied in Hades a central place. He was seated in the sacred grove of Persephone, surrounded by heroes of olden time, whom he charms with the sound of the lyre which he bears in his left hand. But no Eurydice is near him, nor does he come to Hades on a personal quest, but in order to calm the souls of the blessed, and to fill with music their shadowy lives. In the same picture those who had despised the mysteries of Eleusis were represented as continuing the task of the daughters of Danaüs, carrying water in vessels which were broken.*

A number of fine vases, painted at Tarentum in the fourth century B.C.,† present us with a parallel though somewhat different view of Hades, in which‡ Orpheus appears in the dress of a citharist in the presence of Hades and Persephone, whom with his music he charms. On these vases also Eurydice is wanting, but in her place are a group of the initiated, a man, a woman, and a child, whose partaking of the mysteries of Eleusis has rendered them fit to have a share in the happiness of Hades.

In later heathen art, from the beginning of the Christian era onwards, Orpheus appears in another scene, as a harpist who by the music of his lyre tames many beasts both wild and domestic, the fowls of the air, and the fishes of the sea, who stand round him in a circle. Orpheus as subduer of wild beasts is known to poetry as early as the days of Simonides‡ and Æschylus.§ But he makes his appearance in art in that capacity much later. The earliest monument which we can cite is one described by Pausanias,|| which stood in the precinct of the Muses at Helicon. The Thracian bard and Teletê (Initiation) were ranged side by side; and around them were figures in marble and bronze of wild beasts attracted and subdued by the lyre. The date of this group we are unable to fix. But a Pompeian painting which represents Orpheus surrounded by wild beasts

* Pausanias, x. ch. 28-31. A remarkable conjectural restoration of this picture has recently been published by Professor C. Robert.

† See the article *Unterwelt* in Baumeister's *Denkmaeler*.

‡ Berg, *Pœt. Lyr.*, p. 885.

§ *Agamemnon*, 1598.

|| ix. 30, 3.

shows that the subject was known in art before A.D. 79; and in the first and second centuries of our era it frequently occurs in paintings, and on sarcophagi, and gems.* It has a greater attraction for artists than we can at first sight understand. In regard to this whole group of monuments three points are noteworthy. First, they emerge at a time when Greek art is no longer freely productive, but prone to accept convention, and fanciful interpretation. Second, they most commonly appear in a sepulchral connection, in the paintings of tombs, and on sarcophagi. Third, the presence of Telete in the notable group at Helicon distinctly indicates a connection with the mysteries. Putting these indications together we can scarcely doubt that the triumph of Orpheus over beasts is no mere illustration of a picturesque old legend, but constitutes an appeal to Orpheus the priest, the revealer of divine mysteries, and the mortal who had overcome the powers of Hades. The beasts are not mere *feræ naturæ*, but foes of a more ghostly character, whom the spells and the teaching of Orpheus render innocuous.

I am quite aware of the danger of applying to works of art a mystic manner of interpretation. In the past this kind of interpretation has led to many absurdities and much waste of time. But we must not allow the pendulum to swing too far in the direction of literalness and materialism. And however undesirable it may be to apply the key of the mysteries to Greek works of the great creative age, it is quite another matter to apply it to a group of late monuments, the sepulchral destination of which is assured. So many of the artistic representations of Orpheus appear to have some relation to him as mystic and hierophant, that it is quite legitimate to suspect such a relation in the class of monuments with which we are occupied.

Hades was, in the imagination of the Greeks, the abode of monsters and fierce beasts. The three-headed dog Cerberus, who guarded its portals, is familiar to all; but he was only one of a class. We hear of Gorgo, whose head Odysseus fears to see as he approaches the portals of Hades, the lion who devours souls, the chimæra who tears the sacrilegious in Hades, and other fierce monsters. As Herakles and Dionysus in the *Frogs* approach Hades they tremble at the monsters who guard the approach, snakes and *θηρία μύρια*, the circling hounds of Cocytus, Hydra with a hundred heads, Tartesian monsters and Tithrasian Gorgons.† One of these monsters, Empusa, appears to Dionysus now as a mule, now as an ox, now as a woman, then as a dog with flaming eyes. These monsters no doubt played a large part in the Orphic notions of Hades, and it was against them that Orpheus, who had already overcome them in his own person, assured his votaries. In the *Frogs* these Stygian dæmons disappear as the

* A list by Stephani in the St. Petersburg *Comptes Rendus*, 1881, p. 107.

† The expressions of course are comically exaggerated.

Mystæ approach with their hymn to Dionysus. Herakles had by his strength of body overcome Cerberus; but Orpheus by spell and lyre could vanquish all the strange forms which lie in wait for the departing spirit.

The representation of Orpheus as the tamer of wild beasts is adopted without change from Pagan art by that of the Christians. Tombs of early Christians in the catacombs of Rome are adorned with rough wall-paintings in which appear incidents from the lives of Jewish patriarchs and from the Gospels. Daniel in the lions' den, Moses striking the rock, Jonah being swallowed by the sea-monster or reclining under the gourd, are common instances from the Old Testament cycle; while the raising of Lazarus and the cure of the paralytic who carries his bed are instances from the New Testament cycle. In several instances Orpheus, unmistakably identified by dress, lyre, and attitude, sits in the midst of the Jewish and Christian scenes. Sometimes he plays the lyre to an assembled crowd of animals—the lion, the camel, the snake, birds, and others whom the sweet music tames and attracts. Sometimes in a more pastoral aspect he is surrounded only by sheep. In either case he is the most prominent figure in the group of representations in which he occurs; the deeds of Jewish saints, and even the miracles of Christ, are ranged round the edge of scenes, of which he occupies the centre. No scenes of Pagan mythology occur in these paintings; no Gnostic emblems or marks of Syncretism, yet Orpheus holds a place there, and that place one of supreme honour. The interpretation of this remarkable fact is not easy, and has been various.

The explanation hitherto adopted of the appearance of Orpheus on Christian tombs is that borrowed from one or two passages in the Christian Fathers. Eusebins in particular writes: *

"Greek fable tells that Orpheus used to tame with his song all kinds of beasts, and soothe the passions of the savage, while the strings of his instrument were struck by the plectrum. Accordingly, the Word of God, perfect in wisdom and harmony, offers cures of every sort to the souls of men-mastered by evils of many kinds."

In view of statements like these the great archæologists of the Roman Church have not unnaturally concluded that the Christian paintings of Orpheus were "*images symboliques du Dieu fait homme attirant à lui tous les cœurs par le charme de sa parole.*" Such an explanation was, I repeat, not unnatural; yet it seems to me quite inconsistent with the testimony of the monuments themselves, when treated from the comparative and historical point of view.† That the parallel of Eusebins was suggested by the paintings is likely enough; that the comparison

* *Laud. Const.*, c. xiv.

† This is strongly argued by Heussner, "*Die Altchristl. Orpheusdarstellungen*," 1893, p. 14.

on which he dwells suggested the pictures is almost demonstrably not the case.

The representations of ancient art commonly carry most of their explanation in themselves, and literary explanations are apt to be very deceptive. We have determined the meaning which the Orphic pictures bore to Pagans, and we have now to discover how they were re-interpreted by the Christians who borrowed them, how Orpheus received, so to speak, Christian baptism. For that the Christians would be at the same time Orphists, and take the pictures in their full heathen sense is not to be supposed.

Analogy will lead us to think that when the Christians borrowed from Paganism the group of Orpheus and the listening beasts, it was rather the idea of the picture which attracted them than the details. They saw in it a rendering of the divine protection in the perils of death and the coming life, an earnest of security against the malignant power which is as a roaring lion seeking whom it may devour.* Without precisely identifying the figure of Orpheus as a representation of Christ, they would doubtless transfer the efficacy of Orpheus to the Founder of Christianity. Had the age been one of artistic creation and originality, they would have made a more appropriate picture of a new kind. But they were closely limited in their power of origination, and such subjects for painting as the Resurrection and the Ascension were beyond their faculties. So they adhered to the language of existing art, though they put their own meaning into that language. Moses striking the rock represented to them the rising of a well of life; Jonah issuing from the throat of the sea-monster stood for the Resurrection, Daniel among the lions for the victory over the powers of evil. So the raising of Lazarus indicated that of all the faithful, and the healing of the paralytic man must have had some similar signification. It is obvious with how great naturalness there would be combined with such a series of symbolical representations, mostly having reference to the future life, a picture of Orpheus taming wild beasts or spirits of evil. It would at once be read as a representation of the Christian victory over Satan, and of a sure hope of a safe passage through the ranks of evil spirits which beset the paths of the dead. A picture which to the heathen conveyed hope and confidence in a prosperous voyage to the land of souls, would to the Christian convey a parallel, though a changed, confidence in the power of the risen Founder of the Christian faith to protect those who trusted in Him amid all the perils of death and the grave.

This, then, is a brief sketch of the artistic argument which proves

* Heussner rightly insists (*op. cit.* p. 16) that the predominant meaning of the Christian sepulchral pictures was salvation from the grave by divine power, and a joyful resurrection.

the power of the influence of Orphism on the Christianity of the second century. It seems to me incontrovertible; for even those who do not accept the particular views above set forth, are confronted with the fact of the prominence of Orpheus in early Christian painting. And no explanation of that fact can be given without admitting in some way Orphic influence on the Christian community.

And the same idea which thus took visible form in Christian art, working on parallel lines, found expression in Christian doctrine in the quasi-historical doctrine of the Descent of our Lord into Hades. In this case also the language in which the idea clothed itself was borrowed from Orphism. In this case also Christ succeeded and superseded the great prophet of Hellenistic mysticism. In this case also Pagan beliefs were ennobled and glorified by being baptised into the name of Christ. And with the main doctrine came a train of consequences. As the Christian *descensus ad inferos* took the place of the Orphic *κατάβασις εἰς Ἅϊδου*, so the Apocalyptic pictures of heaven and hell, of the triumph of Christ, and the liberation of imprisoned souls, were merely enlarged and glorified copies of the supernatural landscape of the Orphic eschatology. In the Gospel of Nicodemus, which contains a long description of the Descent of Christ and His victory over death and hell, we find a long colloquy between Hades and Satan. The Greek lord of the world of shades and the arch-enemy of Jewish theology are alike introduced as persons in the drama of the triumph of Christianity. The power to be broken was the power of Satan, but the scene of the conflict was that which had been developed by Hellenistic speculation.

Unfortunately the adoption into Christianity was in this case late, and the transformation incomplete. Greek good taste had rejected centuries before the baser descriptions of bliss and torment which Orphism owed to its lowly birth and obscure course. Neo-Platonism and Eleusis had allegorised them into spirituality. The Jews had refused them as unworthy. There is no taint of them in the writings of the New Testament. But into the subterranean Christianity of the Roman Empire they made way but too readily. Every one knows how deeply they stained the thought as well as the art of the Middle Ages. Modern religion rejects the materialist distortions, while preserving the spiritual substance. And in doing so it loses nothing. To any thinking man the simple phrases of the Gospels as to the fire which cannot be quenched, and the worm which dies not, are far more terrible in their intensity of meaning than the barbarous imagery raised to sublimity in Dante, which was a frequent subject of ridicule even in the ages of faith, and is now set aside by the common feeling of Christians.

Our investigation of the *descensus ad inferos* has thus led us into a study of a particular religious development during a few centuries.

The result has been the discovery of a great probability that the Christian doctrine of the Descent into Hades, together with the imagery in which the future world was presented to the early Christian imagination, was derived, neither from a Christian nor a Jewish, nor even a Hellenic source, but from the mystic lore of Dionysus and Orpheus. And however much the doctrine was Christianised, it never wholly shook off, especially among the unlearned, a certain barbarism which belongs to its origin. In this case it seems that Christianity transplanted ideas and beliefs which had already come into being before its advent. This would not, of course, be the case with all doctrines. But certainly it would be the case with many, and I submit that the hard and fast line now commonly drawn between the study of primitive religion and that of the Christian origins has a disastrous effect upon both, and tends to cast obscurity upon much which a sound historical sense would value more as it was seen in fuller light, or condemn with wider judgment.

PERCY GARDNER.

THE MANCHESTER SCHOOL.

SCHOOLS of thought, political or of whatever kind, and types of character, have their day. The Manchester School cannot expect exemption from the law of fate. The world moves swiftly, and the youngest members of the circle are now past seventy. Bright and Cobden, with almost all the other orators of the League, and the chiefs of commerce who supported them, are in their graves. Perhaps it is in the course of nature also that anything but flowers should be thrown on the departing. Anything but flowers has been thrown on the Manchester School from both sides: by the Jingo because we were moderate in foreign and imperial policy; by the Socialists because we were Liberals. The name Liberal, I submit, belongs to people of our way of thinking, not to the votaries of Socialistic interference with liberty or Socialistic confiscation.

"School" and not "Party" is the right term. The circle never was formed into a party, never put forth a general programme, had not even recognised leaders, though it looked up to Bright and Cobden. Its only organisation was the Anti-Corn-Law League, in which it had its origin, and which brought its chiefs to the front. No doubt, on the part of the manufacturers who formed the League, self-interest was strong. Some of them, when they had gained their commercial object, or as Cobden said with his usual simplicity, when "their gross pocket question was settled," fell away politically, and even became Tories. The sentiment of class, manufacturer against squire, also made itself felt. Unhappily, without gross pocket questions or sectional sentiment, you will not often find a sufficient motive power; and it was by the most barefaced self-interest on the part of a Parliament of landowners that the Corn Law had been imposed. Few, however, now doubt that on the question of the Corn Laws the

Manchester School was in the right. At the time when the League was set on foot, want and almost famine prevailed in the great manufacturing centres. Wedding-rings were being pawned by scores; nettles and carrion were being eaten. The result of the repeal of the Corn Laws, beyond doubt, was a flood of wealth of which statistics seem to show that the wage-owner has had his full share. If he has generally chosen to spend his wages as they came instead of husbanding them to improve his condition, this is no fault of the League. The influx of wealth has had its drawbacks: that there has been such an influx since the repeal of the Corn Laws is certain. Nor can the present depression of the agricultural interest, deplorable as it is, be fairly laid at the door of the League. It results from the immensely increased production of wheat in foreign countries, especially in countries of cheap labour and comparatively stable climate, such as India and the Argentine, together with the reduction of freights; nor does it affect the wheat producers of Great Britain alone. The value of land in England for a time rose, as the result of general increase of prosperity and the improvement of the home market, after the repeal of the Corn Laws. The British farmer will have apparently to change his productions; but he has still the immense Home Market created for him by the expansion of industry and the growth of wealth consequent on the adoption of Free Trade.

That Free Trade has not made the progress in the world which at the moment of victory its English champions hoped and predicted, is true; yet the mockery with which the prophets are assailed is unjust. What has arrested the progress of Free Trade? Not change of conviction, but the political power of sinister interests, international antipathies, cultivated for the purposes of Protection, and, above all, the necessity of taxation created by bloated armaments, for the existence of which Manchester peace-mongers assuredly have not to answer. The Protectionist tariff of the United States itself was a war-tariff. While Protectionism reigned in American legislation, almost all the professors of political economy in the American Universities, and the writers on economy generally, were on the side of Free Trade. Great Britain, at all events, has not renounced the Manchester principle. She meets with a positive refusal the application of the colonies for a change of her social system in their favour.

To the taunt that the world had not continued to move in the direction of Cobden's policy, Free Trade and peace, Cobden could reply, so much the worse for the world. He could not help the revival of the war spirit, nor in 1850 could he well have foreseen it. Pitt's economical calculations were suddenly wrecked by the French Revolution. It was to the United States that Cobden looked with special hope, and there all was changed by the War of Secession. Does anybody say that Free Trade and peace are not good things, or

that peace is not promoted by Free Trade? If the gospel of Free Trade and peace has had a very imperfect measure of success, and which answered very poorly to the sanguine hopes of its preachers, may not the same be said of a gospel of a much higher kind?

The League having done its work, and the bond which it created having come to an end, there remained the school of political thought which it had formed, with its leaders to whom it had given birth. There was plenty of room in that school of thought for differences of opinion on particular questions, and for varieties of degree in the application of the general principles which were held in common. "To try to square the policy of the country with the maxims of common sense and of a plain morality" was Bright's description of his own aim, and it was the general aim of his school.

Peace-mongers, Quakers, and Little Englanders are epithets freely bestowed on us by the Jingoës. If anybody can persuade himself that a Europe armed to the teeth and consuming a large part of its earnings in preparation for war is a blessing, he may call us any names he pleases. We did not preach defencelessness, a tame submission to wrong. Cobden said that in a just war, though he could not serve in the field, he would serve in the hospital. Bright was a Quaker, but he had tacitly dropped the extreme sentiments as well as the garb and dialect of his community, and never, I believe, in his later years, said anything against national defence. He was a member of a Government which had the army and navy in its charge, though he never himself administered, and would no doubt have refused to administer, a War Department. That he would have been extreme in his peace policy I do not doubt. But surely, for an industrial people, if not for a warlike aristocracy, his was the right extreme. The school steadfastly opposed Palmerston with his *Civis Romanus sum*, and his Afghan, Chinese and Russian wars. On the question of the war with China he beat us, and unseated our chiefs in a general election by an appeal to what he called the honour of the country. Let Palmerston's admirers read the letters of his own envoy to China, Lord Elgin, in Walrond's excellent "Life," and say by whom the real honour of the country was best upheld. For nothing was the school more denounced than for its steady opposition to what was supposed to be the patriotic policy of perennial enmity to Russia and of propping up the Turkish Empire in Europe. Now what do we see? Shades of the men who by tens of thousands found graves on the blood-stained heights of Sebastopol or in the stormy Euxine, what do we see? An Imperialist Prime Minister, amidst general applause, throwing himself into the arms of Russia!

It was always possible, as I can bear witness, to belong to the Manchester School and at the same time to regard the British army and navy with the heartiest attachment and their achievements with

the liveliest pride ; though it was not possible for any one belonging to the Manchester School to join in the Jingo choruses of the music-halls, or to forget the responsibility that rests on every civilian who incites to war. On this subject there were different shades of sentiment among us. Some of us thought, and, as the event proved, with reason, that Bright and Cobden were too much inclined to rely on the good faith of the French Emperor and to deride the necessity of preparations against his restlessness, his necessities, and the schemes to which his necessities gave birth. The extravagances of the panic-mongers had driven them to the opposite extreme. They also, perhaps, gave the Emperor credit for better motives than those which really actuated him in making the commercial treaty. They did wrong, as some of their followers thought and think, in discouraging the volunteer movement. They, however, did not quarrel with those among their friends who enlisted as volunteers. That the real occasions for war are very few, and that instead of courting and provoking it, every effort ought to be made to avert it and to keep its spirit under control were, it is to be believed, the only necessary articles in relation to this subject of the Manchester creed. For these we must answer at the tribunal of history if we ever have the honour to come before it.

The question between intervention and non-intervention, again, was one on which, though our general principle was non-intervention, we recognised no hard-and-fast line. To meddling with the domestic affairs or institutions of other nations we were all opposed. Such interventions as that of Palmerston in Portugal we all heartily condemned. There would probably have been difference of opinion as to intervention in favour of Italian independence. Garibaldi, however, had passionate admirers and supporters in the personal circle of Bright and Cobden. That nations had better not meddle, diplomatically, and still less with arms, in each other's concerns, was, I repeat, our common belief, in opposition to the Palmerstonian system. But I do not think that any of us denied that there was a community of nations, or that right and clear causes must be upheld and wrong put down.

Again, during the War of Secession in the United States, at Manchester was the centre of opposition to sympathy and alliance with the slave power. Cobden, though he was a little misled by his economical sympathies at first, was soon found at the side of Bright. For this, too, we were denounced as negrophilists, enemies to British interests, and patriots of every country but our own. Those reproaches have sunk in silence. We saw the party of sympathy and alliance with the slave power go into an inner chamber to hide itself, and almost cringe to the victorious Republic. The Treaty of Washington was humiliating ; but to whom was the humiliation due ?

In the same spirit the men of the Manchester School joined in seeking justice for the negro peasantry of Jamaica against the Governor who had massacred them in blind panic and had judicially murdered his personal enemy, William Gordon. Again, we were abused as traitors to the Empire, and as maudlin sentimentalists, Kingsley, Carlyle and Ruskin leading the chorus. I cherish the words of a judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, who said to me that he rejoiced in the advance of the British flag because it carried with it the reign of law, and wherever it flew nothing could be done to, or taken from, any man, however weak or humble, in any but a legal way. I felt that we had been doing our best to earn that praise for our country when we were acting on the Jamaica Committee.

Just now the particular cry against the school and its memory is that we were anti-colonial and wanted to get rid of the colonies, a base design in which we are triumphantly told we have failed, after being tantalised by a near approach to success. To get rid of the colonies, as it would be highly criminal, is happily impossible, the relation between the Mother Country and a colony being one which can never be annulled. A colony need not be a dependency, nor have the most successful colonies been dependent. To promote colonial independence was our aim, and a great step towards it was made by the completion of colonial self-government and the withdrawal of the troops. By the withdrawal of the troops the British taxpayer obtained relief from the expenditure on Maori and Kaffir wars which had cost in all about fifteen millions, and would probably have continued so long as the colonists had British troops at their command. The colonists gained not less in humanity and in self-reliance. By neither measure is it now contended that the colonies have suffered, much as was said against both at the time. The Imperial Federationists are now trying to reverse the Manchester policy. But they have not yet achieved any practical success.

They have not yet succeeded in getting the colonies to contribute to Imperial armaments or to renew their commercial union with the Imperial country by repealing their protective duties on British goods, both of which things seem essential to a practical and effective union. They have not even put forward a definite scheme of federation; they deprecate any call for such a scheme; though how they are to go to work without a working plan is best known to themselves. Meantime the stream of events runs and the final collapse of the Federationist policy will probably bring the consummation of ours. But whether our policy was right or wrong, whether it was strong or weak, whether it is destined to prevail or to succumb, it was not unpatriotic, since it was inspired by nothing but our sincere conviction as to the real interests of our country. We never wished to make

England little. We believed that the greatness was in herself, and was only impaired by the dissipation of her forces and her exposure, through her dependencies, to attack in every quarter of the globe. The England of Cromwell was not little.

If, in regard to Imperial and foreign policy generally, the Manchester School has been in favour of neutrality, moderation, and justice, rather than of meddling, bullying, and aggression, surely there is in this nothing that need grate on a patriotic ear. Scrupulous regard for the rights and for the honour of others, while you manfully maintain your own, is the rule of an English gentleman's conduct in private life, and it never entails loss of dignity, seldom loss of anything else. Review the diplomatic and Imperial history of England in this light, and say which of the two policies has been that of her best rulers, and by which of the two most has been gained or lost. Is it possible that quarrelsomeness and aggressiveness should be the true policy of a country with a world-wide commerce and dependencies open to attack in every part of the world?

Then, the Manchester men were unsentimental. They were "cotton-spinners" and "bagmen," with the gross and sordid notions of their trade. It was not likely that, owing its origin to a commercial question, and having its seat in a manufacturing centre, the school would be particularly poetic. On some occasions, as in the struggle against slavery, the culture of the country was almost all on the other side. No doubt the school had the defects of its qualities and the aberrations of its principles. But if Bright and Cobden directed their political efforts to the promotion of material welfare, it was not because they were incapable of appreciating spiritual things, or set material things above them, but because they thought that the material welfare of the people was the special object of government. Cobden said that he valued religious equality more than commercial freedom. One can only smile at the idea that there was less of sentiment in Bright or Cobden than in a Tory squire or colonel. Bright adored Milton, and read poetry, as well as the Bible, better than any other man I ever heard : nor could any man talk with more interest on high subjects. Cobden was a reader of Burke, Spenser, and Cervantes, as his speeches and pamphlets show. He read Demosthenes in a translation. Bright's speeches are classic, and Cobden was a first-rate writer in a plain style. His heart was thoroughly open to beauty and to poetical impressions of every kind. When he was asked by a friend who was about to visit America whether Niagara was worth a special journey, his answer was : "There are two sublimities in Nature : one of rest, the other of motion ; the sublimity in rest are the distant Alps, the sublimity of motion is Niagara." The Tory colonel or squire could hardly have

put that better than the bagman. Let it be remembered, too, that a sentiment, though different from that of war and aggrandisement, attaches to the prosperous industry which brings with it kindly feelings, self-respect, cheerful hearts and happy homes.

We of the Manchester School were, or flattered ourselves that we were, thorough-going reformers in a practical way. We were called, and were not unwilling to be called, Radicals rather than Whigs. You could hardly have imagined one of us being knighted, or even being made a deputy-lieutenant. Bright stood aloof from the two aristocratic parties, and compared them to two trading establishments which pretended to be rivals, and courted custom by running each other down till each became bankrupt, when it turned out both were the same concern. We looked forward to the elimination of the hereditary principle from legislation, and to the time when government would be founded no longer on blind allegiance, but on the reason of the community. We also looked forward to the severance of the connection between Church and State, and all the more earnestly when the State clergy preached war, or rang their church-bells on the acquittal of Governor Eyre; though opposition to a State Church was not opposition to religion, for both Bright and Cobden were religious men, and Cobden remained a member of the Church of England, saying that it had been the Church of his mother. It seems that events have not condemned us, and it would have been better to have considered betimes the expediency of changes for contemplating of which we were called revolutionists. Revolutionists we never were, nor can any revolutionary party claim the allegiance of any of the survivors of us. To make the past slide quietly into the future was Bright's conception of statesmanship, as expressed by himself. Peel, as the Minister of practical reform, had our strong sympathy. In a memorable letter, Cobden tendered him more than sympathy—his support. Cobden, as may be gathered from Mr. Morley's excellent Life of him, was rather indisposed to move in the line of organic change, and preferred to devote his energies to economic improvement. Coupling the general language of the leaders about government with their disregard of party ties in the pursuit of what they thought the general good, it may, perhaps, be fairly said that the general tendency of their efforts was towards an impartial government of intelligence.

On looking back, I think it must be owned that we were somewhat too trustful to the political intelligence of the masses, and too ready to concur in the sweeping extension of the suffrage. For this, perhaps, more than for anything else, we may have to fear the verdict of posterity. Not from us, however, but from Lord John Russell and the Whigs came the first proposal to disturb the settlement of 1832. In Cobden's writings will be found clear perception of the

danger of popular ignorance and folly, loyalty to the Government by intelligence, and freedom from sympathy with anything like mob rule. The Chartists were enemies to the League. One of the school, at least, believes that he can truly say that he never addressed an audience of working-men on the subject without avowing his belief that the franchise was a trust, for which qualifications ought to be required. It must be remembered, too, that we were for a reform of the House of Lords, a measure then thought revolutionary, but which, if it could now be carried in an effective shape, would redress the balance of the Constitution and might avert the coming crash. It must further be remembered that Bright and Cobden were sincere, and had no selfish or party end in view. They were not like the Whigs and Tories, who were bidding against each other for power by largesses of the suffrage. Their object was not to dish Whigs or Tories, but to set the House of Commons free from the old landowning oligarchy, by which it was still dominated, and to bring it into unison with the interest of the whole nation.

The Corn Law struggle unhappily took the shape of a war between two classes, the landowners and the millowners, which was waged with great bitterness on both sides, and certainly not with the least bitterness on the side of the landowners. I am not aware that either Bright or Cobden was a strenuous advocate of peasant ownership, though they would gladly have seen the great estates of the present aristocracy broken up, and an end put to the divorce of the people from the land. They could hardly fail to see that agricultural England was almost irreversibly organised on the principle of large farms. But they did, in the heat of conflict, make somewhat unmeasured attacks on the squire and the manorial system. There was no denying, however, that the condition of the peasantry in those days over large districts was very wretched and discreditable to their masters. Too symbolical of it was the pair of trousers belonging to a Dorsetshire peasant exhibited in the Free Trade Hall at Manchester, which stood upright with grease and patches. The landlord's pretence that he was defending the labourer against Free Trade could not possibly be treated with respect. The weak point in the manorial system is that it depends on the willingness of a rich man to do unforced duty. In anything like a malignant and fanatical attack on the landed gentry as a class, or an attempt to use taxation as an instrument for their ruin, I do not believe that Bright or Cobden would have taken part.

To the character of our leaders I think we may point with reasonable pride. They had their failings, no doubt, but in the main they were actuated through their whole career, not by ambition or self-interest, but by a sincere belief that what they were doing was for the public good. There is something in this at least as

noble as the vociferous patriotism which leads to the prizes of ambition. For Cobden a handsome provision was made by generous friends, of whom Mr. Thomasson of Bolton was the chief. He had left his business to give himself to the cause. Why was the tribute which he received from gratitude, and had amply earned, less honourable than fortune which a member of the landed aristocracy inherits by birth. The same Tory Press which denounced Cobden as a mendicant charged Bright as a manufacturer with hard and rapacious treatment of his workmen; Bright said nothing, but the workmen came forward, and gave the accusers an answer which silenced them for ever.

With the Socialists the Manchester School never had anything in common, except the most general desire to remove economical injustice and to promote the good of the whole people. Its motto, often repeated by Bright and Cobden, was

"All constraint,
Except what Wisdom says on evil men,
Is evil."

It thought that man having, after centuries of struggle, shaken himself free from the paternal control of autocrats or aristocracy, and got a chance of self-development, ought to be allowed to make what he could of that chance, and not thrust again under a despotic yoke, even though the despot, instead of being a king, might be a committee representing the trade unions. It regarded the general function of Government as that of protecting, not regulating, the conduct of life. "I would rather," said Cobden, "live in a country where this feeling in favour of individual freedom is jealously cherished than be without it in the enjoyment of all the principles of the French Constituent Assembly." The principle was no doubt carried to excess in the attitude of some of the Manchester men towards factory legislation. Nor was their combat, in this case any more than in that of the Corn Laws, untainted by self-interest. On the other hand, the landowners, in pressing the Factory Acts, were certainly actuated in some measure by a desire to retaliate on the landowners for the repeal of the Corn Laws. Brougham, who had no interest in manufactures, was, on principle, an opponent of the Factory Acts. We were, and the survivors of us still are, for liberty. But liberty, in our conception, was not selfish and inhuman isolation. No one ever was a greater lover of liberty, or could have been less congenial to Socialists, than Bright's particular idol, Milton, who deliberately sacrificed his eyesight to the public service. Self-help is mutual help, because, constituted and related as we are, in a state of freedom, we all, at every moment of our lives, stand in need of each other's aid; whereas, under a paternal Government, be it that of an ordinary despot or of a Socialist committee, each man will look more to the Government

and less to his fellows. What is Individualism, against which there is now such an outcry, mean? Does it mean self-exertion and self-reliance, or does it mean selfish isolation? If the latter, I repeat, it was never preached or practised by the Manchester School. Freedom does not preclude voluntary association, which may co-exist with it to any extent; whereas, under the Socialistic system, voluntary association would be no more. There would be an end, too, apparently of private beneficence. Some Socialists seem to go as far as the abolition of domestic ties. In "Bellamy" no child is to be dependent on parental care. As to the limits of government, I am not aware that the Manchester School ever attempted exactly to fix them. They must be fixed largely by circumstance, and by the stage of social progress at which any community has arrived. The paternal meddling of Peter the Great may not have been so bad for the Russia of his time, or that of the Jesuit for Paraguay. What services Government should undertake, whether it should own the railways as well as the high roads, and the telegraph as well as the post; whether it should build in private yards or in yards of its own, is not a question of principle; nor am I aware that the Manchester School ever enunciated any dogma on the subject, though no doubt it always leant decidedly in favour of the spontaneous agencies against the official. It is in the hands of officials, let us remember, not in those of the community at large, with its collective wisdom, that, under the Socialist dispensation, we should be. A system of State education, which Cobden, by the way, favoured, is in the charge of the Minister of Education and his bureaucratic subordinates, while the general intelligence of the country is shut out. However, let Government do that which the citizen cannot do for himself with the aid of voluntary association, and let it protect all who cannot protect themselves. To say this, one need not be a Socialist. No man of sense will object to good sanitary regulations or to the adoption of the necessary means of enforcing them, any more than he will rejoice in the extension of official interference for its own sake, or in the growth of an army of inspectors. Nor does even a limitation of the hours of adult labour, as a measure of public health, whether it be wise or unwise, violate the general principle of freedom of contract, or answer to the aspirations of the Socialist who wishes to put the State in the place of the capitalist, and make it the employer of labour. But when we are told that an entity called the State has rights transcending those of the individual citizen, and that it is the State's duty to regulate our industries and lives, the answer is that the State, if it means anything but the Government, is a mere abstraction, which can have no rights or duties of any kind.

In property, again, the Manchester School, like everybody but Proudhon, in those days believed. We believed in it as the only

known motive power of production, and at the same time the foundation of domestic life. We wished to do away with all unjust privilege, such as the power of entail; but we thought that all a man's honest earnings, whether great or small, were his own, and that this, being the only incentive to earning and saving, was for the good of the community as well as for that of the individual man, unless a race of men could be found willing to work, not for themselves and their families, but for the community at large. We should have gone heartily with any one who sought to regulate taxation so that as little of the burden as possible should fall upon the poor: though we should not have gone with any one who wished to use the taxing power for the purpose of demagogic confiscation. We were never, I believe, for the spoliation of the few by the many, any more than for that of the many by the few. By Cobden, in his controversy with Delane, anything like agrarian rapine was indignantly disclaimed. Peace and economy, we hoped, would afford fiscal relief to all, and especially to the working classes; while the increase of wages, arising from Free Trade and its consequences, was at any rate a larger measure of upward levelling than any which Socialism with its *ateliers nationaux* has yet achieved.

The hopes of the Manchester School were limited to gradual improvement. The last millennium in history, which was that of French fraternity, had covered the century with its wreck. It may be that a new era is now opening, and that the social organism is at last to be, not improved only, but transformed. Socialists, however, have not yet told us what their scheme of a reconstituted society is, or how they propose to put it in execution. They must bear in mind that for the construction of the new edifice they have only those human materials which they have already condemned as full of prejudice, selfishness, and the evil traditions of property and competition. At present, we have nothing before us but most general principles or sentiments, sometimes embodied in Utopian visions of fictitious characters who wake from a magic sleep or pass through some fissure of the earth into a social and material paradise free from cupidity, from competition, from pecuniary transactions, and almost from disease and death. Meanwhile, the wage-earning classes through Europe, the mechanics especially, are imbibing and proceeding to act upon a very practical Socialism of their own. They are learning that instead of improving their lot by frugality, temperance, and faithful industry, it will be easier and more pleasant to use their political power in transferring the property of the other classes to themselves. In almost all countries governed by popular vote a reign of legislative confiscation seems to be setting in, and demagogues are beginning to vie with each other in the purchase of votes by largesses of public money—that

is, the money of all except the politically favoured class. Labour is in danger of being demoralised, and unless the owners of property are willing to be plundered without limit, they will presently turn to bay, and there will be social war, in which the victory of the demagogues and masses is not assured. If the transformation of society is to take place through the rival action of political parties bidding against each other for power, the crash is not far off.

I cannot help, in conclusion, protesting that nothing can be more unjust than to charge Bright and his associates with apostacy because they refused to turn round with Mr. Gladstone on the Irish Question. They had all along been hearty friends to justice for Ireland, heartier friends, if practical effort is to be the measure, than the Irish Members of Parliament themselves. They had strenuously pleaded for the disestablishment of the State Church in Ireland, for the reform of the Irish land system, for the payment of the tenants for improvements, for the abolition of primogeniture, for every righteous measure that could help the people to the possession of land, though not for the subversion of the faith of contracts, or for the spoliation of proprietors. They had done this long before the conversion of Mr. Gladstone to the policy which he himself denounced as that of "dismemberment and rapine." They had always been favourable in a general way to the extension of local self-government. But not one of them, I believe, had ever committed himself to Home Rule or disunion in any form. Cobden shrank from alliance, almost from contact, with O'Connell, and in answer to the advocates of Repeal, said that the real source of evil was in the character of the Irish Members of Parliament, which he thought would not be improved by transferring them from Westminster to Dublin.

I was myself supposed at the time to have truly reflected the sentiments of my leaders and friends in a work on "Irish History and Irish Character." Much of the historical part of that book would now require modification in the light of subsequent discussion and research. But in its practical conclusions it is strongly Unionist and as much opposed to Mr. Gladstone's measure of Home Rule as anything I could write now. A man must surely be steeped in party spirit if he can persuade himself that we were all bound at Mr. Gladstone's bidding to change in a day the opinions of our lives, not only about Irish policy, but about Irish history, and to join him in denouncing as a monstrous crime what he himself lauded as the great work of Pitt. Was it supposed that we could shut our eyes to the circumstances under which Mr. Gladstone's sudden conversion to Home Rule took place? Were we bound to go with him in reviving the hideous memories and rekindling the hateful passions of a war of Irish races, in setting the masses against the classes, and ignorance against intelligence, in reviving dead jealousies and antipathies among

the different sections of the United Kingdom—all for the purpose of forcing on the nation a policy in which we had never believed, and which the nation, if the issue could be clearly tendered to it, free from irrelevant subjects of agitation, would manifestly condemn? We had never bound ourselves to Mr. Gladstone's leadership. We rejoiced, of course, when he gradually came over to us and carried Liberal measures, such as University Reform and Irish Disestablishment, which he had once opposed. We rejoiced when the most distinguished member of the Government which made the Crimean War, not only abandoned, but denounced, our Protectorate of Turkey. On the question of Free Trade Mr. Gladstone was always with us, and we knew how to value his support. Still, there were points of difference. Mr. Gladstone seemed to be unchangeably committed to the principle of English Church Establishment. He seemed also strongly attached to hereditary institutions, and we hardly knew of which party he would have become the leader if Disraeli had been out of the way. Bright left Mr. Gladstone's Government on the Egyptian Question, and I know that he felt strongly about it, though he was too chivalrous to attack in public the Government of which he had been a member. Our chiefs had preserved perfect independence, and when we went with the survivor of them on the Irish Question, we were being true to personal connection as well as to public principles.

Society, as was said before, may be at the opening of a new era and on the eve of a complete reconstruction. Even in that case it may be hoped that the champions of Free Trade, retrenchment, religious equality, peace, and "a government squared to the maxims of common sense and a plain morality," will be held to have done not badly in their brief day. How it will fare with our belief in liberty and property remains to be seen. If coercion and confiscation gain the day and make the world happy, our principles will lie for ever in the grave of extinct superstitions. Otherwise, *Resurgemus*.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

THE ENGLISH FAILURE IN EGYPT.

THE Englishman's bashfulness is proverbial, but it is not confined to the individual. The disease has attacked the nation as a whole, and is causing it to look back after putting the hand to the plough. The English have come to Egypt and there undertaken a task which almost rivals that of Sisyphus. In spite, however, of enormous difficulties—the greater part of which, it must be confessed, is of their own making—they have succeeded in introducing a little cleanliness into that Augean stable and in teaching the Oriental that there actually is such a thing as an honest official. Yet the English people are still mistrustful of their own work. I have been asked till I am tired of hearing the questions: "But are we popular?" "Do the natives like us?" "Are they grateful to us for what we have done for them?" "Have our reforms taken root in the country?" To all these questions there is but one answer—No!

The English are *not* liked; their influence and *prestige* are less to-day than they were three years ago, and with the departure of their red-coats, their reforms also would vanish into air. Within six months scarcely a trace would be left of the latter, except in the reaction which would inevitably follow. English ideas and work in Egypt would be stamped under foot more effectually than was Puritanism after the Restoration. There is not even a remnant of the native population which would be faithful to them. The Englishman at present does the work and the native looks on, sometimes antagonistically, sometimes wonderingly, more often with apathy. Since the beginning of this century the Egyptians have been accustomed to seeing their country made the victim of European *doctrinaires* and speculators, but the experiments have never lasted longer than was needful to leave the subjects of the Khedive worse off than they were

before. Why should not English reforms meet with a like fate? Now and then, indeed, a native is found who seems to have assimilated the spirit of his English superiors, and in whom they fondly hope to have a colleague, if not a successor; it only needs a slight shock to English influence to show that his sympathy with English ideas of reform was but skin-deep. The recent case of Maher Pasha is a case in point.

Such is the result of twelve years of occupation and ten of practical government. The public at home may well ask why this should be so? The causes are numerous, but there are two which far outweigh all others. One of these is the ready way in which the English official has been made to ignore his own presence in the country. Whatever benefits he may have bestowed upon the natives have been ascribed to the Khedive, his native Ministers, or the Sultan—to every one, in fact, except their real authors. The English occupation of Egypt may be a veiled Protectorate, but the veil is so thick that the ordinary man cannot see through it. Now and again, it is true, it has been torn aside; but this has been in despite of the English administration, and in consequence of deplorable "incidents." Then, to the surprise of the Egyptian, another power has shown itself behind that to which he has been told to look up, and in opposition to that from which he has been taught to believe that all his benefits have been derived. This is the power of England, seeking to undo the *régime* which has been so good to him, but retreating again as soon as it has been fooled by one of those verbal concessions of which the Oriental is a master. While the machinery works well, while taxes are lightened and equal justice is administered, nothing is heard of England and the English; it is only when tobacco is forbidden to be grown, when a patriotic Khedive is humiliated, or the army of occupation (and therewith its attendant charges) is increased, that the hand of England shows itself. In the management of Egypt, English national bashfulness has been carried to an extreme, and last winter we had an example of what might be expected from such self-effacement. The Khedive and his Ministers had really begun to share the belief of the rest of his subjects that they were the *de facto* rulers of the country, and they acted upon it accordingly. Attempts were made to tamper with the Egyptian army, and it was only the prompt action of the Sirdar which prevented consequences of the most serious nature. The Egyptian is of all men the least able to understand a government which is not personal; a power, therefore, which makes itself felt only when an "incident" occurs, is a power for which he not only has no respect, he is not even able to realise that it exists.

If, then, England is to expect gratitude from the Egyptian, or even simple recognition of the services she has rendered his country, she

must cease to play her present game of hide-and-seek. Were it not for the English officers of the Egyptian army and native police and the irrigation officials there would be little sign of her presence. And as these necessarily act in the name of the Khedive, the Egyptian naturally concludes that they are as much the creation of Abbas II. as they would have been of Abbas I. The Khedive accordingly is regarded as the author of whatever measure of justice and well-being the *fellahin* now enjoy, and any attempt to oppose or humiliate him on the part of the English becomes a plain proof of their hostility to the good government of the country. If only the English army of occupation would depart and the Khedive be allowed to carry out his philanthropic plans without fear of hindrance, the valley of the Nile would return to the Golden Age.

But, it will be said, such ideas are confined to the *fellahin*; the educated native knows better. Apart, however, from the fact that some of the best educated men in the country are to be found among the well-to-do *fellahin*, this is by no means the case. The educated native of the town ignores the English initiative and control quite as much as his brethren in the country. And with good reason, since except when an "incident" occurs any such initiative is studiously hidden out of sight. The motive force is invisible except when the machinery goes wrong. And then it is discovered that without the motive force the machinery cannot move, at all events in a desirable direction. But the discovery is made chiefly by European officials and journals; the Egyptian either never makes it, or forgets it immediately afterwards.

This is in great measure due to the second and perhaps primary cause of the little hold English ideas of reform have taken upon the Egyptian mind. It is a cause, the gravity and importance of which can be fully realised only by those who have lived in Egypt. England has not only effaced its officials, she has also effaced the English language. There are natives indeed who know the English language, but they are chiefly to be found among the donkey-boys, the dragomans, and the shopkeepers who are brought into contact with the tourist. The official European language of the country still remains French. The absurd spectacle is presented of English officials writing and speaking to one another in bad French, sometimes to the miscarriage of the business in hand. The result is that the native who desires an official post—and what native is there who does not desire one?—is obliged to make French the European language which he specially studies. If he adds to it a knowledge of English, this is but a work of supererogation, and in a country where everything is judged by its pecuniary value, works of supererogation are necessarily rare.

French, consequently, is the only European language which is really known to any extent by the vast majority of educated natives.

It is the only one which they can read with any facility, and therefore the only one which is read by them. Such Europeanised ideas as they have are supplied by French novels and Egypto-French newspapers. The moral consequences of a training of this kind may be easily imagined. The French novel which falls in the way of the Egyptian is not calculated to improve his moral character; too often it destroys what little he possesses. But the moral consequences of excluding the young Egyptian from what we believe to be the purer literature of the English-speaking race, we do not now wish to dwell upon; it is the political consequences to which we would draw attention. The hostility of French journalism to the presence and work of England in Egypt is notorious, and nowhere is it more acrimonious or less regardful of the truth than in Alexandria and Cairo. And yet it is from this poisoned source that the larger part of the educated class of natives derives its views of English work and English policy. Every effort is made to pervert and misrepresent them, and to inculcate the belief that they are evils to be got rid of as soon as possible.

Nor is the influence of French journalism confined to those who can read the French language for themselves. It is disseminated through the country by the native journalists, whose knowledge of French and ignorance of English throws them for their information and ideas upon the French newspapers. With the exception of the *Mokattam*, which the Egypto-French press is perpetually seeking to discredit on the ground that its editors are Syrians, the Arabic newspapers of Egypt are either wholly or in part in the Egypto-French interest. And the influence of these newspapers is but imperfectly realised in England. They penetrate into almost every village of the country, they are read aloud and discussed at the cafés, and their words are regarded as the utterances of an oracle. The official class of Egypt is already as a body anti-English, full of deep hatred or mistrust of English efforts and methods of reform, and the other classes of the country, thanks to the Arabic newspapers, are rapidly becoming so too.

History and science alike teach us that the surest, if not the only, way of influencing a community is through the language with which it is familiar. This is a truth which was recognised by the Roman Empire, and which is recognised to-day by France, but it has never been recognised by the rulers of England. They have left education to take care of itself, and regarded law and finance, public security and national defence as alone worth the attention of a politician. But they have forgotten that unless a people is educated into understanding and appreciating the laws and administration of its government the latter are but a house built upon the sand. How is it possible for the rising generation of Egyptians to sympathise with the English

measures of reform, much less to co-operate with them, when the European education they receive is so contrived as to make them believe that these measures are so many evils forced upon them by a foreign tyranny, or else, in so far as they are beneficial, not English measures at all? How can they be expected to enter into and assimilate the spirit that underlies the English administration of Egypt when such European training as they get is diametrically and openly opposed to it? If England wants to educate Egypt into carrying out English ideas and political principles, she must begin with the root and not with the crown of the tree. To imagine that the reforms she has initiated can be carried out by those whose intellectual training and attitude are not only unsympathetic, but antagonistic, is worse than absurd; it is a political blunder of the first magnitude. The mind and spirit of a nation is reflected in its language, and so long as the European language of the Egyptian official remains French his political mode of thought and action will be French also. And in Egypt this means Egypto-French.

As might be expected, every year sees the French language, and therewith the influence of Egypto-French journalism, gaining a tighter hold over the native official mind. The rising generation is better educated than its predecessor, and therefore it has a better knowledge of the European language to the acquisition of which its best energies are devoted. It takes accordingly an increasing pleasure in reading such French books and newspapers as fall in its way, and in forming its opinions from them. Moreover, the schools of the American Mission in which English was made the school-language, and from which most of the English-speaking officials have come, have been practically superseded by the Government schools in which French holds the chief place. French is fast becoming the single European language of the railway and postal services, so far as these are not worked in association with Messrs. Cook & Sons, in spite of the fact that the vast majority of European travellers in Upper Egypt during the winter months are English-speaking tourists, many of whom do not speak French. Formerly there were always clerks at the Central Post-office in Cairo who knew English; now it is possible for the English soldier who speaks neither French, Italian, nor Arabic, and wants information, there to be obliged to have recourse to the language of signs. A whole department of the public service—that of the conservation of the antiquities—has been so completely handed over to the French that an Englishman is not even allowed to hold a post in it; and as it is just this department which is most in evidence throughout the country (as opposed to the capital) it is naturally the language of this department which has the most chance of being cultivated by the natives. The innocent attempt lately made in Cairo to encourage a study of English among the Egyptian boys

by giving prizes for proficiency in it, has been officially suppressed, and notices which only a short time ago appeared in the official journal in English are now published in French.

Those of course who are anxious that the English occupation of Egypt shall be indefinitely prolonged will doubtless regard such a state of things with satisfaction. England has undertaken to remain there until the reforms she has set on foot can be safely left to the native Government to carry on. But unless the younger generation of natives is taught to read English books and papers, and so to assimilate English modes of thought and moral and political principles, she will have to remain there till doomsday. English reforms, as things are at present, would all vanish on the day of the departure of the British army, and on the day following they would be replaced by the exact contrary. About this there ought to be no mistake. We cannot really influence the mind and *morale* of a people except through the language in which they are taught to think and feel, and as long as England neglects to educate the Egyptian in English modes of thought and action, the edifice of reform she has been slowly and painfully building up in the valley of the Nile will prove to be a mere house of cards.

A CAIRENE.

THE EXPERIENCES OF AN ANGLICAN CATHOLIC.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE DEAN OF LICHFIELD.

THE pain and sorrow that I feel at the course of action adopted by the Archbishop of Dublin, in the matter of the consecration of a Spanish bishop for the small dissenting community which has separated itself from the Catholic Church in that country, lead me to lay before your readers some account of my own personal experiences, and of the difficulties I have had to face, and for the most part, I humbly hope, have surmounted, in my fidelity to the great principle of Catholicity.

I was born and brought up a member of the Society of Friends, and, in looking back on the associations of my early life, I am bound to admit that, in all my varied experiences since I emerged from that condition of religious ignorance, I have never met with more beautiful examples of the highest Christian character than were exhibited by several of those who then belonged, and, if living, still belong, to that heretical sect. Since I have learnt to believe that it is through the sacraments that the divine grace which enables us to lead a really Christian life is conveyed to us, I have often marvelled how it is that the distinctive features of the Christian ethos are so strikingly apparent in those who have neither part nor lot in the sacramental system. I remember once putting this difficulty to a clerical friend of mine who was a strong Catholic, though, I am afraid, a somewhat weak Christian. At any rate, in consistency of life he was certainly much the inferior of those of whom I was thinking. His explanation was ingenious, if not conclusive. It was to the effect that most probably the devil made things easy for such persons, in order that their amiability and virtues might lead others to be less disposed to avail themselves of divine grace in the sacraments, concluding, as they naturally would, that such a high standard of goodness proved these

means of grace to be superfluous. I cannot say that this explanation wholly satisfied me. No doubt Satan may sometimes transform himself into an angel of light; but it seems to me that something more than diabolic influences, however eccentric, would be required to produce such peaceable "fruits of righteousness unto holiness" as I recall in connection with these good people. But, not to pursue this digression further, let me briefly proceed to state that I was led, shortly after completing my university career, to see the grave errors of my sectarian education; and I was assisted in my approaches to Catholic truth by the good offices of one who has proved all my life through my best earthly friend. The Rev. Upkirk Priestley was some years my senior; indeed, he took his fellowship shortly after I matriculated. But circumstances threw us together. It is not a very usual thing for members of the Society of Friends to send their sons to Oxford; but Mr. Priestley, senior, the father of my friend, was distantly connected with my family, and it was his influence that induced my father to consent to my completing my education at the university. Mr. Priestley, senior, was a somewhat old-fashioned Evangelical, and I believe that he was so much distressed at my falling under the influence of his son that I almost think that he would have preferred that I should have remained an unbaptised heretic to the end. But perhaps I am wronging the good man. I was baptised by my trusted friend, Priestley, junior, and subsequently had the satisfaction of being confirmed by the Bishop of Lincoln. I became for a time the attached member of a very advanced congregation in that cathedral city, and great was my joy when, a vacancy occurring shortly after my connection with the church, I was mainly instrumental in securing the appointment of my guide and counsellor. I must not dwell on the happy memories of those tranquil days, in which Sunday by Sunday I was more and more firmly grounded in Catholic principles: all too soon the scene changed and my trials began.

Before, however, proceeding to describe these I should like to refer for a moment to a remarkable sermon and a memorable conversation, each of which has left an indelible impression on my memory. It happened at that time that our city was honoured by a visit from a very pugnacious Roman priest. A series of lectures "On Schism" were announced, and my friend Priestley told me, that, as he and those who held the same views as himself had been specially singled out for attack, he felt it his duty to offer a public reply; and this was duly announced for an early Sunday evening. The church was crowded: the excitement was intense. A good many strong Protestants were present, expecting, no doubt, to find signs of embarrassment displayed by one whom they themselves regarded as at heart a Papist. They soon found that they had "reckoned with-

out their host!" He began with what I might call a theological outflanking movement that fairly took their breath away. He boldly repudiated that mainly political movement, miscalled "the Reformation;" but while disparaging it and its leaders in the strongest terms, he proceeded to show how Providence had overruled this movement, with all its errors and crimes, to conserve that protest (I did think that the word protest was a little unfortunate in the circumstances, but I suppose that no other could have been employed) which all through the Middle Ages had been, in one form or another, maintained against the Papal supremacy. The primacy of the Pope, at any rate in the West, no good Catholic would be disposed to dispute; but the supremacy we could not accept; and if the introduction of such a doctrine induced what seemed a schism, the responsibility lay with those who introduced the novelty, not with those who maintained the original fabric of Catholic Truth. This arrogant and unfounded claim of supremacy had recently been fortified by another innovation—the doctrine of the Papal infallibility. If that doctrine were true, then, indeed, the Anglican position was untenable, but if, on the other hand, it were not true, was the assertion of such a claim anything short of blasphemy? Having insisted that there was no escape from one or other of these conclusions, he proceeded, in the most masterly way, to show cause why we should adopt the latter. I shall never forget the almost vehement eloquence of his peroration: "We," he exclaimed, "are the true representatives of the Catholic wisdom of the Council of Trent; ours are the Fathers and the authority of the undivided Church; you are welcome to share with Martin Luther the credit of heretical innovation. You may have the glory of posing as religious inventors: we are content to guard the sacred deposit of primitive truth!" But I must check myself, or I shall be reproducing the entire passage, which so impressed itself on my mind and heart, that, after the lapse of all these years, I think I could almost repeat it word for word.

I little thought how soon these sentiments were to be exposed to a searching test. The next day we had to go to Oxford together—I to take my M.A.; he on college business. I shall never forget that afternoon. We had a long walk and talk, and I well remember asking him point-blank the question: "Do you then regard the Church of Rome as heretical?" I should not for a moment be disposed to call his answer evasive, but neither was it direct. "Schismatic," he replied, "in this country the Roman community certainly is; for she has no business here, setting up a rival hierarchy, and ignoring the duly constituted authority of the Holy Anglican Church. Relatively to our purer standard of doctrine in this country, she may be described, as I described her last night, as in a certain limited sense heretical. But it would be quite another thing to affirm, that in the abstract her

errors are sufficiently grave to render her heretical in those countries in which she is the Church of the nation. One of our Articles affirms that several ancient Churches have seriously erred; and, although no good Catholic would be the least influenced by anything that occurs in that preposterous collection of platitudes, truisms, and sophisms, yet here, at least, we have what may be regarded as a fairly correct historical statement. Yet who would take upon himself to say that the error was of such a kind as to render the Churches in question heretical, and thus to absolve those who are naturally their members from all allegiance to them? "You are still, then, of the opinion," said I, "that Catholics born in, say, France, or Spain, or Italy, ought to remain in the unity of the Roman Church, even though, to use your own strong language of last night, which struck me as not a bit too strong for such a monstrous claim, they should, by doing so, connive at blasphemy? And I suppose that you would say the same thing of all who are born in the Protestant States of Germany, where there is no branch of the Catholic Church but the Roman, even though in many parts it is wholly unrepresented?" "My dear friend," he replied, "a well-instructed Catholic, like yourself, does not need to be told that Lutherans, and Zwinglians, and members of all such non-episcopal communities have and can have no place in the divinely-appointed order. Of course, we recognise the possibility of the operation of the uncovenanted mercies of God, even as we do in the case of the heathen. But with these we have nothing to do. Salvation comes through the Catholic Church, and, there being no other branch of it in Germany than the Roman, whatever is to be demanded in the name of the Catholic Church of the faithful in Spain is equally to be demanded of the faithful in Germany. But to turn to the main issue: yes, I can see nothing for it but that, where the Roman Church is the true and only national Church, the faithful should submit to her authority, even though some of her doctrines may not be wholly justifiable." It occurred to me as my friend uttered these last words that there was rather a contrast between their comparative mildness, and the strong term—"blasphemy"—that had commended itself to all my sense of the fitness of things in the previous evening's discourse. But not wishing to interrupt the flow of his thought I proceeded: "I suppose that you think that, as amongst ourselves, so in the Roman community, private individuals are not necessarily compromised by all the authoritatively maintained tenets of their Church. It occurs to me, however, that the institution of the Confessional, with all the advantages that you and I recognise as connected with it, must make it very difficult for any one belonging to that body to harbour misgivings or to maintain any sort of reserve. Will not the priest be almost sure to ferret out the secret, and to deny the unfortunate

doubter all access to the means of grace until the doubt has been formally renounced?" I have a recollection of something like a look of momentary embarrassment passing over the handsome intellectual features of my friend, as I presented this very concrete difficulty; and I distinctly remember that he whistled. We had just reached the top of Shotover Hill, and, turning round, we rested our tongues as well as our wind for a season, while we admired the view. In looking back, I can hardly explain my own pertinacity, unless some strange prophetic foreboding of coming events was secretly moving my heart; but, instead of letting the subject drop, I resumed it, breaking in upon his reverie in a way that to one of less perfect temper would have been exasperating. "It occurs to me, too," I said, "that whatever may be the difficulties of an intelligent Spaniard in maintaining his connection with the Catholic Church, supposing that he cannot bring himself to swallow such doctrines as the Papal Infallibility, or the Immaculate Conception, they must needs be small as compared with those which would have to be faced in the case of, say, a Lutheran, who desired to be true to the claims of Catholicity and yet regarded these monstrous doctrines as you and I regard them. Would not such a one, before he could be received into the Roman communion, be obliged to give his actual assent to these very dogmas; and if he did not believe them, would not that assent be a lie? Would he not have to choose then between remaining a schismatic and doing violence to his conscience by affirming what he did not believe?" My friend whistled again, and stood so long silently gazing down on the grand old city nestling in the plain, that I began to think that he had scarcely attended to my observation. Suddenly, with something like a return of his natural enthusiasm, he broke forth: "My friend, the science of casuistry has no doubt been much abused; but unquestionably there is such a thing as reasonable casuistry, and we need to recognise it. There is profound philosophy as well as common sense in the proverb, 'Of two evils choose the least.' Some of the tenets of the Roman Church of to-day *may* be wrong, schism *must* be wrong. It is possible under such circumstances to accept a doctrine with a certain hypothetical reserve. We may accept a doctrine on the hypothesis that it is true, even though we do not see it to be so. We may have a conviction that our judgment is less to be relied on than that of any branch of the Church Catholic; and so, distrusting our own view, we may submit ourselves, remembering that the one thing that we may feel sure about is that heresy and schism are deadly sins." He said much more of the same kind; indeed he spoke so volubly that for the rest of our walk I was for the most part the admiring auditor of a monologue; but as I wish to be perfectly frank I must confess that, more than once, I felt myself dwelling on the contrast between the studied moderation, and I might almost say

uncertainty, of tone with which he spoke of these dogmas now, and the fiery denunciations of the controversialist the night before. Once a thought crossed my mind that almost made me shudder: Was it possible that he was paving the way for his own retreat? Could it be that the very strength of the language that he had employed the night before only betrayed the uneasiness of a mind that was committed to a position that he felt to be untenable. But I wronged the dear man in the thought, as I was soon to learn. We reached the door of my lodging, and were about to separate, when a Post-office boy handed me a telegram. My friend saw a look of dismay pass over my face, as I glanced hastily at its contents; possibly I may even have turned pale. It was an intimation from the head of the firm for which I was engaged to the effect that they would require my services in Spain, and that I had better be prepared for a prolonged sojourn there.

I will not take up your space by attempting to explain the curious complication of circumstances which not only rendered it necessary that I should reside in Spain for a considerable period, but that I should also consent to become a naturalised Spanish citizen. The distress that I felt on receiving that eventful message was largely due to the thought of the separation that I knew it must bring about between me and my best friend, and also of the unspeakable loss that it would be to me to find myself torn from the Church where I had learned so much and worshipped so long. But there was worse to follow, and soon I had to face it. I found myself in a foreign land, amongst strangers, whose speech I had to acquire, and whose habits and ways of looking at things were quite as strange to me as their language. It happened that my lot was cast in a little town where a congregation of the so-called "Reformed Church" had a diminutive synagogue. The officiating clergyman (if he should so be designated) could speak a little broken English, and, although I did not feel drawn to his ecclesiastical position, I did not resent his kind social advances. Nay, must I confess it, for some little time, I felt so repelled by the obvious ignorance and gross superstition of the Roman Catholics around me, that I could not bring myself to attend regularly at their Masses, and more frequently, in a surreptitious sort of way, used to drop into the little congregation of schismatics. An article in the *Church Times*, which useful publication was all the more precious to me now that I was in a foreign land, roused my conscience, and brought home to my heart the thought that I was evidently aiding and abetting the sin of schism.

What should I do? As I wish to be perfectly fair in this statement of facts, I must admit that I was much impressed by the simple and unaffected piety of these "Reformed Church" people. I could not help contrasting the unblushing immorality of many of the

priests, and the low moral tone evidently prevailing amongst the people, with the earnestness and sincerity of these "Protestant" worshippers. Besides which I could not help being struck with the simple dignity and, in many respects, the beauty of their Liturgy. Much of it reminded me of our own dear Prayer-book, now doubly dear that I could no longer participate in its public use. But perhaps I was even more interested in those portions which were culled from the ancient Mosarabic Office, the form that prevailed in Spain generally in the not so very distant days in which the Church of the Peninsula retained a very considerable amount of independence of Rome.

While I was thus the victim of conflicting ideas as to what was right and what was desirable it occurred to me that I could not do better than consult my dear old friend Priestley. He had no doubt given his full attention to this question—what ecclesiastical question was there, that he had not given his attention to? What would he advise me to do? Should I go on attending the, on the whole, acceptable ministrations of this episcopally ordained clergyman, or should I attach myself to the Catholic—in this case the Roman Catholic—Church? I explained that my sojourn in Spain would probably continue for several years, perhaps for the greater part of my life; that in a few weeks I should have become a naturalised citizen of the country, so as to be able to secure certain legal advantages to the company which I represented that otherwise must be sacrificed. What was I to do?

His reply did not come very promptly. It was manifest that he had taken time to think the matter over.

"After carefully considering your letter," said he, "it seems to me that there is only one answer that can be returned. As to that petty sect which the Archbishop of Dublin is attempting to foster, you can have nothing to do with it without incurring your share, and a very grave share, because you know better, of the sin of schism. With regard to your own future action, I should recommend you to attend Mass regularly; probably you will find it possible occasionally to communicate, as I believe this is frequently done by Anglican Catholics on the Continent."

I confess that this was very much the answer that I had expected, but the last sentence puzzled me. For many years past I had learned to prize the unspeakable assistance to the religious life of a weekly Communion. Was this to be sacrificed? And, on the rare occasions on which my spiritual appetite was to be gratified did he really mean that I was to obtain my spiritual food surreptitiously, like a sort of ecclesiastical thief? All my manhood rose up in resentment against the idea. Besides, I was already pretty well known in the neighbourhood, and the thought of being publicly refused was in itself enough to deter me from adopting this course. But Easter was drawing near, and the thought of spending an Easter-day without participating in the Paschal Feast was altogether too distressing to me. I could not

endure it. The previous Easter had been a very happy one considering my circumstances. I had attended the early celebration at the little conventicle, and had heard a most stirring sermon at Mattins. A Spanish version of our familiar Easter hymn, sung with great heartiness, had, from old associations I suppose, brought the tears into my eyes. And the good minister, whom I as sincerely respected as I despised the ignorant and sensual-looking priest of the little town, had spent a delightful evening with me, talking theology in a way that gave me a high opinion both of his mental and of his spiritual attainments. He was a man who had suffered much and sacrificed much for his convictions, and, whatever I might think of his position, I could not deny him my heart's respect. An utterance of his on that very occasion recurred to my mind amidst my present perplexities, and I remember thinking that it had proved almost prophetic. Our conversation had been turning on the proposed establishment of an Episcopate within the "Reformed Church," and I had been expressing my strong repugnance to the idea. "My dear sir," he exclaimed with some warmth, "will you forgive me if I say that I do not understand the position taken in this matter by certain English High Churchmen? I sometimes ask myself, Do these men really believe what they profess to believe—that the Sacraments are necessary to salvation, and that without Episcopal Orders there can be no valid Sacraments? If so, is it a matter of indifference to them that we poor Spaniards, who cannot receive what they themselves cannot receive, should perish for lack of the means of grace? Do they really wish to drive us into becoming Plymouth Brethren, while holding that, in becoming so, we risk the salvation of our souls?" I remember that in the reply, which I found it rather difficult to make, without implying more than I wished on the one side or the other, I observed that he must bear in mind that I was a Catholic first and an Anglican second. Then it was that, fixing his full dark eyes upon me till it seemed as if he would look me through, he exclaimed with evident feeling: "Ah, my good friend, if those are your sentiments I will only give you twelve months before you make your abject submission to the Church of Rome, and swallow all that she gives you to swallow, however unsavoury it may be!"

I do not recall my answer; but I remember feeling at the time that he was probably right in his forecast, unless I altered my principles. Perhaps a feeling of this kind on both sides may have to some extent interfered with our intimacy, and of late, with my convictions ripening in the direction that I have indicated, I had drawn off from him altogether.

Easter, as I say, was approaching; what was I to do? Fortune seemed to favour me in my difficulty. I had business that took me to a town about thirty miles away, and there I determined,

although it went sorely against the grain, to adopt what seemed to me a "back-stairs" kind of method of procedure, and to present myself with the other communicants. I cannot describe to you how strangely nervous I felt all through the service: I fear that it did me no kind of good. But how shall I picture what followed? I was kneeling before the altar, in no way, as I supposed, distinguishable from the other worshippers, when the priest approached me. Happening to look up—a thing that I hardly ever do at such a moment—to my horror I beheld a vindictive scowl on the man's sinister countenance, and heard him mutter between his teeth the terrible word, "Heretic!" as he turned indignantly away! Abashed and confounded, I rose and returned to my seat, but my troubles did not end there. Several of those who were communicating had heard the ominous utterance; there were whisperings all around me, and frowns and even clenched fists, indeed things began to look so serious that, in order to avoid further complications, I thought it prudent to retire. It was not till months after, that I found out the explanation of this distressing experience. Though I had never dreamed of such a thing, the Jesuits were on my trail. They had noticed my disposition to carry out the Anglican theory of Catholicism, and, having the strongest objection to it, they had warned most of the priests in the neighbourhood. This particular priest had seen me in the church which I usually attended, and had recognised me to his horror at the very moment when he was about to administer to me.

This incident decided me. I could no longer attempt an underhand part, I would go and discuss my position with the Bishop of the Diocese. I arranged an interview. I found him a man of culture and education, and to my great delight he could speak English even better than I had learned to speak Spanish. His manner, which was cold and reserved at first, became sympathetic, as soon as he understood the true character of my position. "My son," he said blandly, "have you never read in your own Bible, 'No man can serve two masters'?" What you conceive to be a branch of the Catholic Church is a plant of the devil; its evil root is that arch-crime of human history, 'the Reformation'; the husbandman who was used by the devil to plant it was none other than that fiend in human form, Henry the VIII. Only one course is possible to you—renounce all connection with it and enter the true fold of Christ." We had a long conversation, but the end of it all was that I was given to understand: (1) that I could not be admitted even to confession unless I were re-baptised; (2) that I could not receive absolution, unless I, from my heart, abjured the errors of the Anglican Body; (3) that I must definitely rehearse to my confessor, and avow my faith in, all the doctrines of the Roman Church, including the "Papal

Supremacy and Infallibility," and the "Immaculate Conception"; and (4) that not until after having complied with these conditions, and I had received absolution, could I be admitted to the Eucharist.

In my despair, as soon as this interview was over, I sat down and poured forth all my sorrows into a long letter to my good friend Upkirk Priestley. He, if any one, could help me in this hour of perplexity and dismay, and to him I made a somewhat plaintive appeal. The answer was long in coming, and in the interval I recalled that scene on Shotover Hill over and over again. "I wonder if he is whistling all this time," I found myself exclaiming, as a faint and gruesome smile stole for a moment over my countenance. I found out afterwards that he had been to the cathedral city of the sister university to talk the case over with a learned Canon, who has since been elevated to a still more exalted position in the Church. At last the long-looked-for answer came, and a sad day it was for me when I perused it. Let the reader bear in mind that I was still in heart and soul a decided Anglican. My nearer approach to Rome had not increased my respect for that branch of the Church. Indeed, I never felt less disposed to become a Roman in all my Church life than I did then. But here was the inexorable advice that I received, and the stern logic of the position made me feel that it carried conviction with it:

"It is," said he, "with the greatest pain that I write this letter. I have taken time to think over it, and have asked the advice of several Catholic friends, especially of the Canon. One of two things, my dear friend: either our whole theory breaks down, or else, in these distressing circumstances, it is your duty to submit to the national Church of your adopted country. I arrive at this conclusion by an exhaustive process, thus: First, you cannot dispense with the appointed means of grace; that were to starve your soul. Second, you cannot become a supporter of schism in another country, when no one would more strenuously denounce schism in your own. Third, there is, therefore, nothing for it. You are a naturalised Spaniard, and as such you must accept your Providentially assigned obligations, and submit. Perhaps some special testing, both of your obedience and of your faith, may be designed in this most trying dispensation of Providence. About your baptism, or re-baptism rather, of course it is no better than a profanity; but then does not the onus of this rest rather with them than with you? They are, of course, utterly wrong, for it has always been admitted that baptism, even by heretics, is valid, provided it have been performed in the Triune Name. It is possible that they may employ the hypothetical form, in which case compliance would be easier; but any way, if they thus use the power of the keys, which no doubt in those regions belongs to them, the responsibility is theirs, rather than yours. As for the doctrines which you and I have before discussed, you will remember our conversation on that subject on Shotover Hill, some years ago. Alas! my friend, I little thought that you would so soon be called upon to act in accordance with the views which I then expressed."

The distress that I experienced as the result of this letter is better imagined than described. I could not bring myself to act hastily, and the worry fairly told upon my health. Another counsellor

appeared very unexpectedly on the scene. The junior partner in our firm had a son, who was a Balliol man, and took a good degree shortly after I graduated. I knew him slightly in those Oxford days, but we never drew much to each other, not so much, I believe, on account of our religious views as of our tendencies. He was distinctly on the "down-grade," while I was very much on the "up-grade," and we had no sympathy. Some serious business undertakings that were being discussed at headquarters made my employers feel that it would be to their advantage to send this man out to give a careful opinion on the projects. I must admit, with my usual frankness, that they made a wise selection. A clearer-headed man of business than John Stuart Straight I have hardly ever met with. Alas! his clearness did not follow him into a higher region, for religiously he was more or less, I fear, involved in the nebulosity of Agnosticism. However, I am bound to say that he had a reverent mind, and ever referred to his difficulties as a matter of profound regret; indeed, he seemed disposed to envy those whose faith was settled and strong.

He had not been with me very long before he detected that something was wrong; indeed, my depression of spirits could not be concealed. One night after dinner, as we sat sipping our claret and smoking our cigars, he twitted me facetiously on my "blues," and asked to be introduced to the dark-eyed beauty who had evidently crossed me in love. I assured him that there was no such stuff in my brain, and when he pressed me further, as though he were moved by a better and more sympathetic feeling than mere curiosity, in a moment of weakness, perhaps, I unbosomed myself to him. He listened to my long, painful story with the most friendly attention; and when I had got through it, he reached out what seemed to me like a brother's hand, and, laying it on my shoulder, exclaimed, in tones more tender than I could have supposed him capable of: "My dear old man, I do sympathise with you awfully—by Jove, I do! and I would give a great deal to be able to help you. But don't be angry with me," said he, and suddenly his tone changed from tenderness to vigour of strong feeling, "if I say right out what I feel, that this Catholic principle of yours is confounded rot!" (That, I remember, was the very expression that he used; I cannot say how often it recurred to me in my subsequent conflicts.) "Can't you see, my dear fellow," he proceeded, "that whatever truth there may, or may not, be in theology—and I am the last man to affirm that there may not be a great deal—there can be no two opinions as to whether one is or is not justified in telling a lie. You tell me that you cannot believe in that infernal nonsense about the Pope's Infallibility and the Immaculate Conception; for my own part I could just as soon believe in either as I could in Transubstantiation; indeed, that would be the more incredible dogma to me, for it seems to my limited intelligence

to contravene the great logical principle of Identity, and I could as soon believe that twice two are five as conceive of this being subject to any modification. But be that as it may, you would not find it difficult to accept the more astonishing doctrine, but you wince at the less inconceivable—nay, you find yourself unable to believe it. Very well, *cadit questio!* Yon old bigot, that you credit with the right of the keys in these favoured quarters, asks you, as the condition of being admitted to Church ordinances, to affirm what you told him that you did not believe—I wonder that the villainous suggestion did not stick in the throat of him—but of course he forgot that he was dealing with an English gentleman, not with one of these rascally Spaniards, who take as kindly to lying as a baby does to its mother's milk. Whatever may agitate your mind, one thing is clear as noonday: you cannot lie—even if God Almighty were to threaten you with hell-fire if you didn't. So, like the famous G.O.M., you find yourself face to face with three possible courses: either you may abandon all religious ordinances, and trust to the God you believe in to make good all that you lose in this respect, which would seem to me the most sensible course; or you may throw this fine-drawn theory of yours, which is being shown up by the stern logic of facts, to the winds, and take your place amongst these good folk, who will no doubt be all the better for the presence of an intelligent Englishman amongst them; or (third) you may, to put the thing baldly, tell an infernal lie. This last you won't do, and can't do, and as you would probably lose morally, considering your peculiar temperament, were you to abandon all outward religious observances, you had far better join the 'Conventicle.' Vainly I pressed the great argument of Catholic unity; he became almost impatient, as, shooting an enormous column of smoke out of his mouth, and giving the chair on which his foot was resting a violent kick, he exclaimed: "Catholic fiddlesticks! Why, my dear fellow, if there be, as I hope there may be, a good God, who takes any sort of notice of such small fry as we are, do you really suppose that He makes favourites of these lazy, lying Spaniards and their priests, who, if they are not married, ought to be, and pays no attention to that magnificent race of Germans, or those sturdy Scotchmen, just because they have only two grades of ministers instead of three? Really, do you wish me to become a Christian, if that drivelling balderdash is Christianity!" I confess that I felt the colour mount in my cheek when he spoke of the impudence of the proposal that I, an English gentleman, should stoop to a lie. Indeed, the conversation impressed me so profoundly that for nearly six months I adopted the course that he had said would have commended itself to him, and went nowhere. But I also found that he was right in his estimate of my temperament. I do not believe that any one can afford to dispense with divinely appointed means of grace; cer-

tainly I cannot do so myself. I felt that my life was gradually being secularised, and I was ceasing to have any religion at all. Another correspondence with Priestley, and a long talk with a most ingenious Jesuit, whose subtle mind seemed to be ready with an answer for every difficulty, and I yielded. Even now I cannot recall without a shudder the horror of that mock baptism. How different were my feelings when the real ordinance was administered by my dear friend, and that at my express wish, in the primitive manner—by immersion. That was a time of real spiritual blessing; this I felt to be a farce and an impiety. But I regarded it as a sort of sacrificial act, in which I bound to the altar all my natural feeling and preferences. Surely the act had all the merit of the highest self-renunciation; I had given up my dearest associations, my most cherished sensibilities of self-respect, in order that I might be true to the great Catholic idea; and I could only hope that my self-sacrifice would not miss its reward. I do not even now like to look back on that passage in my life's story, though I know how high my motive was; but it will easily be understood how indignant I feel, after having gone through so much, at the attempt so recently made to sanction schism by the imposition of episcopal hands. If I went through so much, surely they who would not have been called on to do half that I had to do, might without much difficulty have continued in the unity of the Catholic Church.

But I must draw this long story to a close by referring to two other incidents in each of which the Catholic principle was put to a very severe test, so that my readers may have some idea of my right to speak strongly on this subject, after having remained faithful to it under such extraordinary difficulties. I had only just begun to settle down in my new position and was hoping to reap some benefit from the great sacrifice that I had made, when I received information of the death of the representative of our firm in Russia. As I expected, I was requested to take the vacant place, at a large increase of salary. It was a distinct upward step in my commercial career, but I frankly confess that I would have preferred to remain where I was, so great was my misgiving about the fresh complications that might arise from the application of the Catholic principle. However, the decision of my firm was imperative, and I had to go. I cannot say that I felt any kind of regret in paying my last visit to the Church of my adoption. I was still an Anglican at heart, and all that remained in me of the sturdy Protestant, that once I was in my Quaker days, revolted against the appalling superstition which I saw diligently cultivated by those who ought to have been the instructors of the people. But, would things be better in a remote Russian town, where even Roman Catholicism was almost unknown and where Anglicanism had never been heard of? I wrote to Upkirk Priestley to

know whether in his opinion it would be my duty to attach myself to the Greek Church, as I had already to the Latin; but while his letter was on its way I had a conversation with the Spanish Bishop to whom I have before referred. He was good enough to call to take leave of me, and to express his regret at losing a member of his flock who, as he kindly put it, had so generously supported the Faith since his admission into the true Fold. If I seem to lack modesty in mentioning this I do so merely that it may be understood that I had endeavoured to act as a conscientious Roman, even though I did not at all heartily appreciate that system. When I had explained to him my future plans, he drew a note-book from his pocket, and, looking over it carefully, he observed that unhappily there was no Catholic congregation in the town in which I should have to settle, but, by making a fifty-miles journey into the borders of Poland, I should be able to profit by the means of grace at least once in two or three months. I replied with the utmost frankness, a quality that I have always endeavoured to cultivate, that I should not think of anything of the kind. My principles would not allow me to adopt any such course. Obviously the Greek Church was as much the National Church of Russia as the Roman was of Spain. It would no doubt be very painful to me to submit to a fresh change in my spiritual relations, but of course I should have no choice in the matter. I added, perhaps somewhat imprudently, that I should as soon think of going into a Methodist conventicle in England as I would of going of into a Roman church in Russia. I was not prepared for the outburst that followed. Rising to his feet (he was a tall and imposing-looking man), his face red with passion, and his heat such that the English that he usually spoke so well seemed to forsake him, while his native Spanish rolled forth in stentorian tones that I am sure might have been heard across the street, he proceeded to address me in language which I shudder even now to recall: "So then, sirrah, you have all this time been wearing a mask and playing a part! Yes, playing a part indeed, the part of a sneaking reptile, of a lying hypocrite. You have dared to go through the form of abjuring all this heretical nonsense only to profane our altars with your unhallowed presence, while you still remained, and knew that you remained, a heretic at heart. And now you propose to crown your infamous career with an act of apostasy. Get thee hence, thou perjured impostor, go by all means to Russia, or better still to Siberia—that were the most fitting domicile for such as thee, but wherever thou goest, the curse of God Almighty and of His Church rest upon thee!" And, like one of old, "he turned and went away in a rage."

I confess that this painful interview left me both distressed and humiliated. He only, of all the ecclesiastics that I had seen anything

of in this country, had inspired some sort of feeling of respect. It was evident to me that his indignation was spontaneous and quite genuine; he had spoken in the kindest way at the commencement of our interview of the help that I had bestowed on the Church; and he could have no object in insulting me. Was this, then, the way in which my conscientious action presented itself to an honourable and possibly a high-minded Roman Catholic? Was it so that, for the first time in my life, so far as I knew, I who plumed myself on my candour had acted disingenuously? The letter from my friend Priestley came as a sedative, and calmed my feelings with the fresh demonstration of the logical necessities of the case; and, armed with this advice from one whose counsels I had almost begun to regard as infallible, I prepared for whatever might happen to me in Russia.

I must not weary the reader's patience with any description of the extraordinary phases of religion that I was brought into contact with there; or describe how I was repelled by the coarse licentiousness, particularly in the matter of intemperance, and the barbarous ignorance of the priests. Suffice it to say that, just as a child postpones the swallowing of a nauseous draught, so I deferred as long as I possibly could the question of attaching myself formally to this community. When at last I had a conversation with the Bishop of the Diocese on the subject, I found, to my fresh dismay, that while in this case I should not have to subscribe to absurd dogmas which I had no sympathy with, it would be necessary for me to pronounce a solemn anathema upon all other forms of religion, whether Roman, Anglican, or Protestant. After my recent castigation at the hands of the Spanish bishop, I confess that I shrank from exposing myself again to the charge of playing a part. I had summoned up courage to present myself on several occasions for participation in the Holy Eucharist, and as the town was large, and all alike in winter had to dress in furs, and there was nothing about me to attract attention, I procrastinated; and perhaps it was as well that I did so. At last, as I had reason to think that the bishop suspected me and would probably subject me to espionage, I had a fresh interview with him, and actually began to discuss the necessary arrangements for my reception into the Orthodox Church of the East, when relief came from an unexpected quarter. An old friend of my father's offered me a junior partnership in his very thriving firm in the Southern States of the American Republic, and I gladly turned my back on Russia, where, indeed, I had received much kindness, but, ecclesiastically and religiously, but scant profit.

I found myself in due course settled in New Orleans. But even here my evil genius seemed to follow me. It had been my principal gratification, in accepting my new position, that I should now be in

a position to rejoin the Anglican communion. I heard with regret that there was but little of the Catholic spirit amongst the clergy of that town ; in fact, they were almost all Low Churchmen, or, at best, Moderates. Still they belonged to the Anglican branch of the Catholic Church, and after my late experiences I was not disposed to be fastidious. On my way out, however, it so happened that I shared my state-room with a very well-informed Jesuit priest, who was bound for the same destination in order to undertake the charge of a seminary there. We naturally had much talk, and, in my guileless way, I expressed the satisfaction that I felt in the prospect of settling down once more in a country where I could be an Anglican without being a schismatic. He raised his eyebrows, and, with a fine air of dramatic astonishment, asked me how in the world I made that out. "Are you not aware," said he, "that New Orleans was originally a French settlement, and that the old Creole inhabitants are almost all of them to this day good Catholics ; by what amazing process of historical investigation can you bring yourself to suppose that your sect, which has been here a mere ecclesiastical interloper, can have any sort of claim to represent the Catholic Church ?" This was a new and unexpected blow, and led to much anxious thought and further discussion. I pointed out to him that, even if it were conceded that the first settlers were Roman, it could not be questioned but that the conquering race, to which I belonged, was Anglican. Surely the religion of the dominant race should be regarded as the national religion. "What," he exclaimed, "are we come to this, then, that not only is Providence disposed to favour the heaviest battalions, but that upon this military foundation the Almighty builds His Church ! What an amazing theory of Catholicism is this of yours, my friend !" "But," I replied, "you must admit that the members of a conquering race are not bound to accept the particular form of Catholicism that was affected by the vanquished ; surely each may retain its own !" "My good sir," he rejoined, "it is just in cases of this kind that the utter absurdity of your position becomes manifest. Let me divert you with a fable. In an island in the Mediterranean some four dozen 'Orthodox' Greeks settled and built themselves a synagogue. The only inhabitants that they found on the island before them were a score or two of Maltese fishermen, who, of course, were Catholics. Shortly afterwards the population was swelled by 100 Armenian refugees, flying from Turkish atrocities, and subsequently disturbances in Egypt induced a considerable number of Copts to settle there. A Norwegian bark was wrecked on the island, and its crew and passengers, finding it a pleasant place, with a good deal of unoccupied ground, took up their abode there, and introduced the rites of the Episcopal Lutheran Church. To increase the pleasing variety, an English archbishop, who happened

to take a lively interest in the Nestorian Church of Central Asia, settled a considerable number of students there, with a view to their becoming acquainted with Occidental literature. Not unnaturally, they became still better acquainted with the extraordinary fertility of the soil, and with the charms of the fair Greek women, with the result that they ceased to be students and became settlers. In process of time the mighty all-grabbing hand of England came down on the place, and it was duly annexed, and added to the diocese of the Bishop of Gibraltar. Alas, poor island! 'whose shall she be of the seven?' They marry and they intermarry; to which 'branch of the Church' are the children to belong? To make things better, a considerable number of heathen negroes from Africa settle on the island, and, losing faith in Heathenism on witnessing the charming variety offered to their love of novelty by the Christian community, are willing to become Christians. Poor bewildered creatures! to which of all these mutually hostile 'branches of the Catholic Church' shall they attach themselves?" Arguments such as these, presented with much skill and brilliancy, so far affected me as to lay me open to the greatest spiritual temptation of my life. I could not give what seemed to me a reasonable answer to the man's contentions, and yet I felt a distinct shrinking from the conclusion to which he would have led me up. Then, for the first time in my life, a storm-cloud of unbelief swept over my soul. Was it all a tissue of inconsistencies—this Catholic faith? Must I abandon the great principle of Catholic unity, and with it all reasonable faith in the Christian revelation? I felt towards Rome as a burnt child feels towards the fire. Protestantism, with its thousand sects, seemed to me equally impossible. What was there left? Must I own it? For a whole year after my landing in New Orleans I remained unattached to any Christian congregation.

Help came from a strangely unexpected quarter. I was walking through the slums of the city one evening, returning from a visit to one of my poorer employés, when my eye was caught by the words "Mission Room," painted in very large letters on a very unpretentious edifice, and a vague curiosity impelled me to enter. A large number of poor people were collected in the homely structure, and a gentleman, apparently a layman, was holding forth with, I may say, impassioned earnestness. He spoke like an Englishman and a gentleman, and I concluded, from some reference to our baptismal responsibility that fell from his lips, that he was also a Churchman. There was something in that voice that seemed familiar to me, but I am a little short-sighted, and for a few minutes I listened without raising my glasses. At length I could no longer restrain the feeling of curiosity that had taken possession of me, and I lifted my glass to my eyes. I felt like to drop with amazement unutterable, when my eyes, thus

assisted, revealed to me the familiar personality of my quondam acquaintance, nay, let me say friend, John Stuart Straight! I cannot permit myself to attempt to reproduce the conversation that I had with him that night, as he sat in my room telling me all about his spiritual history in the interval that had elapsed since our last meeting. There are some conversations too sacred to be repeated, too impressive ever to be forgotten. Briefly it would appear that, dissatisfied with a selfish, useless sort of life, he had offered his services to the people at Toynbee Hall, where he had become thoroughly interested in work amongst the poor and the depraved; but, feeling more and more his helplessness to do any real good on the lines of Freethought, and longing for some higher force to lift the fallen and comfort the broken-hearted, he had recommenced with prayer and care the study of the Christian evidences. In this he had been much helped by a course of evidential lectures delivered by a well-known lecturer. The sequel was before me—he had become in every respect a changed man, except that he was just as manly and as clear-headed as ever. His strong common sense enabled me to see my way to resuming my proper place in the Anglican Church, and his genuine spirituality seemed to act like a spiritual restorative to my shattered faith. It was not long before we were kneeling before the altar together (though I fear, dear fellow, that is not what *he* would have called it). But it was not only for my spiritual restoration that I was to be beholden to him. An epidemic of malarial fever happened to be raging at the time, and I fell before it. For long weeks he nursed me and watched over me like a brother, and after my convalescence he took me away to the wilds of Tennessee, hoping that the pure air of the tablelands would clear my system.

I cannot help repeating a question that he once asked me, on the occasion of my making some more or less jocular remark of a depreciatory character, as we passed a particularly ugly and vulgar-looking Methodist chapel. "My dear friend," said he, "have you made up your mind what religious community you would have attached yourself to, if it had been your misfortune to be born in this State? Why, out of some seventy counties, more or less, I was told the other day, there are only about thirty that have a single episcopal congregation in them! Clearly, my good sir, you would have had to be either what you call a schismatic or a heathen."

I resolved inwardly that I would lay that case before my old friend Priestley, on the first occasion that we had an opportunity of talking things over, but what I may have replied I don't exactly recall. No doubt I referred, as any Catholic would, to the uncovenanted mercies of the Almighty. My friend's care and kindness did me good, and so did that clear bright air; but I feared New Orleans, and began to feel an indescribable longing for home. I made at this time another

unlooked-for discovery about my friend. His father, it appears, had died without becoming more than a nominal paid partner in the business with which for so many years I had been connected. The son had therefore been turned adrift, and was at that moment without employment. I contrived to arrange that I should take charge of the home branch of our business, while Straight was put in charge of the New Orleans branch, with a promise of ultimate partnership.

So here I am in old England again, and I have the satisfaction of feeling that through all these strange and trying vicissitudes I have still preserved inviolate the great Catholic principle with which I started on my travels. True, for a moment, the shadow of a great doubt clouded my vision, but that has passed away, and it will be understood that, having suffered so much for my consistency, I have but slender patience with those who cannot accommodate themselves, but rather venture to play fast and loose with this great principle. Such may, no doubt, be excellent men, as is my benefactor Straight, and as, I doubt not, is the Archbishop of Dublin, but the encouragement of schism means the subversion of all true Catholic order, and the justification of religious anarchy. Great was my joy, on arriving, at hearing that my revered friend, Upkirk Priestley, has been appointed to one of the most important posts in the English Church, short of a place on the Episcopal Bench. Certainly he deserves all that a grateful Church or country can do for him. I saw him yesterday, and congratulated him on his Canonry, and he congratulated me on my *consistency*.

A.

THE MEANING AND MEASURE OF “UNEMPLOYMENT.”

“UNEMPLOYMENT” is perhaps the most illusive term which confronts the student of modern industrial society. This illusiveness exposes the subject to grave abuses. Well-meaning but somewhat hasty social reformers stretch the term and bloat it out to gigantic proportions; professional economists and statisticians, provoked by this unwarranted exaggeration, are tempted to a corresponding excess of extenuation, and are almost driven to deny the reality of any “unemployed” question, over and above that of the mere temporary leakages and displacements due to the character of certain trades, and to the changes of industrial methods.

In order to get some clear understanding of the nature and size of the industrial malady of unemployment, we must, I think, set aside for the present the personal aspects of the subject which appeal most powerfully to human interest, and try to relate “unemployment” to waste of labour-power regarded from the social point of view. This method has the advantage of strict accord with the position held by Mr. Charles Booth, who urges that “The total number of the superfluous is the true measure of the unemployed.”

Let us first try to ascertain how far the various classes of those who at any given time would be found to be “off work” can be reckoned as “superfluous” or as waste of labour-power.

1. Many workers, especially in employments which severely tax the muscular energy, prefer at times to earn their weekly wage by hard labour during four or five days in the week rather than spread their energy more evenly over the six days. This voluntary “play” of the miner or the gas-stoker clearly cannot rank as “unemployment,” nor does it, if confined within reasonable limits, involve any waste of labour-power. On the other hand, when “short time” is either forced

upon employees, or accepted by them as an alternative to a reduction in the number of employed, such off-time will rightly rank as "unemployment," and implies waste of labour-power.

2. Season trades with short engagements usually involve a certain "leakage," as in the intervals between "jobs" in the building trades. A census of "unemployed," taken on a given day, would be apt to include a certain number of masons, bricklayers, &c., who were at leisure for this reason. Yet, so far as this leakage belongs to an irregularity inherent in the trade, it cannot rank as "waste," nor could the labour thus temporarily displaced be regarded as "superfluous." But a strict limit must be assigned to this "necessary" leakage. If the building trade is slack, not only will a smaller number of workers be employed, but the intervals between jobs will be longer. Here there exists a genuine waste of labour-power, which would rightly rank as unemployment. A period of brisk trade in which intervals are smallest must be taken as the right measure of necessary leakage, and even then, if the leakage is due to inadequate organisation in the trade, it implies some waste. In various trades improved intelligence, cheaper travelling, travelling benefits of trade unions, have reduced what would formerly have been considered "necessary" leakage due to natural conditions of the trade.

3. How far can this view of necessary leakage be extended to the longer intervals of leisure in the building trades and other trades whose irregularity is due to natural causes? The recent Report of the Labour Department upon the Unemployed is disposed to rule out all "unemployment" in the building trades in the winter months.

"A certain amount of time will be lost almost every year during frost. Are the men thus thrown out of work really 'unemployed'? The loss of time may be considered as one of the ordinary trade risks; it recurs more or less every year; it may be supposed to be discounted in the rates of pay earned by members of these trades when fully at work. The bricklayers idle during frost are in no sense 'superfluous,' if the whole year be taken as a unit; were they emigrated or planted in farm colonies, or otherwise lifted permanently off the labour-market, the building trades would presently suffer from a deficiency of men. Nor are they necessarily insufficiently employed. There may be work enough for all, but the trade is such that the work it offers has to be concentrated in certain parts of the year."

This view of compensation forcibly recalls the "economic man" of the old economists, with his infinite capacity for calculating chances, an absolute freedom to select his employment, and a full power to extort from his employer a higher wage to compensate for any specific disadvantage attending his work. Such a man, being in our present case a bricklayer, might be supposed to obtain such earnings, and so to regulate his expenditure as to hibernate comfortably during the annual period of slackness. The actual bricklayer, though he doubt-

less can make some provision against the idle season, is not economically strong enough to fully discount in his earnings the irregularity incident to his trade, still less is the bricklayer's labourer able to do so.

If the *a priori* reasoning in the Board of Trade view be accepted, it may be pushed so far as to show that all workers are able to discount all "ordinary trade risks," and to obtain wages adequate to support them during such portion of the year as trade statistics show to represent the average "unemployment" in that trade.

The casual docker, the fur-puller, and all the workers in "season" trades, whose irregularity can be foreseen, ought, according to this theory, to be able to make adequate provision against the "off" period, however long it may be; and since the work of all of them is necessary for the season, their idleness in the off period must not rank as "unemployment," or be regarded as a waste of labour-power.

We are not here, however, concerned to discuss how far workers in "season" trades might or ought to make provision against the times when they are unable to earn wages, but whether the labour-power in such periods is to be reckoned "superfluous" or "waste." Of the literal "superfluity" there can be no question, but is there "waste" from the social point of view? Surely there is. The case is not on all fours with the irregular distribution of work within the week. No true economy of human forces is able to compensate for a winter's idleness by excessive work in the spring and summer months. This "waste" may be due to inherent irregularities of trade, but it is not the less waste. The "unemployment" of the painter during the winter months is not rightly classed with the "leakage" between jobs. In the first place, a good deal of the seasonal unemployment in the building, dock, and many other trades is not necessary or inherent in the nature of the trade, but is attributable to the very existence of a chronic over-supply of labour. If there were not so large a "margin" of labour to make sudden calls upon, the irregularity of many trades would be largely modified. Climatic and other natural causes will doubtless impose a certain amount of irregularity, but a far more regular distribution of employment, even in the building trades, would be possible, if it became necessary; and such readjustment would not imply a waste but ultimately an economy of labour-power, since it would prevent the degradation of *morale* and industrial efficiency which every irregularity of trade produces. Just as in the case of the docks, the recent readjustment of methods of employment has squeezed out and exhibited as "superfluous" a large mass of casual labour which formerly would have ranked as a necessary margin for occasional absorption, so in the building and other trades a similar pressure, modifying methods of work, would expose a like superfluity or "waste" of labour-power. But even if it be

held that the distribution of employment throughout the year in these trades cannot be materially altered, it should be admitted that the necessary working of these trades involves a great waste of labour-power by reason of its irregularity. The bricklayers idle during frost clearly represent a superfluity of labour, though not necessarily of bricklaying labour. The earnest desire expressed by some to provide these season workers with an alternative craft is a virtual admission of the present waste of labour-power.

4. A very large majority of the skilled workers who are "out of work" at a time like the present owe their unemployment, not to short leakages or seasonal fluctuations, but to great depressions in the manufacturing trade of the country. This, one might imagine, would be at once admitted to imply a superfluity and a waste of labour-power. But the Report on the Unemployed is disposed to think quite otherwise :

"In a period of contraction like the present there are many men who are out of work. They are industrially 'superfluous,' if so short a period as a year be taken as the unit, but over a period of seven years—which for ship-building appears to be about the period of the cycle—they are necessary, and were they lifted off the labour-market in slack years there would not be enough men to execute the work when trade revived."

That is to say, when trade is good a large body of men are wanted to work, when trade is bad they are wanted to wait in case it may get better. While they wait their labour-power is not to be considered "waste," because, in the words of Mr. Booth, "our modern system of industry will not work without some unemployed margin, some reserve of labour." "They also serve who wait," Milton has told us, but this specific application of the truth has seldom been made clear. My chief criticism of the judgment made in the Report is that it begs the entire question with an almost humorous effrontery. As an alternative to the suggestion that without this unhappy margin of "waiters" "there would not be enough men to execute the work when trade revived," I would put the following question: "May not the existence under normal conditions of an average margin of 5 per cent. 'unemployed' in the skilled trades, and possibly a larger margin in the 'unskilled' trades, be a cause, as it is certainly a condition, of the very fluctuations which make this year 'good' and that year 'bad'?" If there did not exist this "margin," it is evident trade could not "revive" to the extent it does in such a year as 1889; but, on the other hand, is it not conceivable that it might not decline so deeply as in 1887? In other words, is it not possible that the fluctuations would be less violent if there did not under normal conditions exist an average "reserve" force of labour to "play with"? The subject is, of course, far too large for parenthetic treatment here, but I cannot forbear to raise this question in protest

against the placid assumption in the Unemployed Report that there is no "superfluity" of labour, because the "superfluity" is sometimes for a brief period mopped up.

But whatever may be the explanation of trade depression to which we may incline, there can be no question but that this depression is directly responsible for a vast amount of unemployment. Even the Unemployed Report admits that it would be a "strain of ordinary language to refuse to these men during slack years the title of 'unemployed.'" I further claim that this "unemployment" is "superfluous," or waste labour-power, whether the trade depression from which they suffer be accounted the cause or the effect of the "superfluity."

5. If I correctly understand the Unemployed Report, the only "superfluity" or waste of labour-power which it admits consists of the following two classes :

"Those members of various trades who are economically superfluous, because there is not enough work in those trades to furnish a fair amount to all who try to earn a livelihood at them.

"Those who cannot get work because they are below the standard of efficiency usual in their trades, or because their personal defects are such that no one will employ them."

These classes are represented by a small fringe of the "skilled" trades who even in fairly good trade fail to get sufficient employment, and who represent a genuine over-supply of labour-power, and by a large mass of low-skilled inefficient labour of the towns, that superfluous mass which Mr. Booth reckoned in East London to amount to 100,000.

Although the Report confines "superfluity" of labour-power to these narrow limits, the question of "the unemployed" admittedly includes others—viz., all that labour whose temporary displacement is due to changes in methods of industry, changes of fashion, changes in the field of employment, or other causes, which are unforeseen and cannot be reasonably discounted by the workers or provided against.

The Unemployed Report thus narrows down "unemployment" by refusing to include not only "leakages" in employment but seasonal idleness, and it still further limits superfluity or waste of labour-power by excluding the large body of "unemployed" whose condition is due to trade depressions.

I claim to have shown *prima facie* reasons for a wider extension of the term "unemployment" than commends itself to the official mind, by the inclusion of all forms of involuntary leisure suffered by the working classes. This connotation has the advantage of being in closest accord with the general usage of "unemployed," and in this sense I shall continue to apply the term. The more scientific definition would, however, identify unemployment with the total quantity

of human labour-power not employed in the production of social wealth, which would rank, under present conditions, as superfluity or waste. This latter, it can be clearly shown, is not narrower but far wider than is indicated by the official unemployment.

Exact statistical measurement of "the unemployed," or even a close estimate of the total number of those "out of work" at any given time is impossible at present. The miserably defective character of our statistical machinery forms an adequate basis of ignorance upon which to base discreet official answers to awkward questions. But though we cannot directly measure the magnitude of the evil, we are able to show that it is very great.

The only official figure relating to the general quantity of "unemployment" is that percentage calculated by the Board of Trade from the returns furnished to it by trade union officials. The official figure represents the average percentage of members of certain unions who are at a given date in receipt of unemployed benefit from the union funds. In the December number of the *Labour Gazette* the figure obtained by averaging the results of sixty-two trade union returns was 7 per cent. But this figure cannot be taken as a general measure of "unemployment." It is not designed as such by the Labour Department, but is merely quoted as a serviceable index to the general fluctuations of trade and employment in some of our staple manufactures. The Board of Trade exercises no power to compel all trade societies to make returns of "unemployed"; many unions have no record of "unemployed," many that have a record make no return, and many of the returns are too indefinite for use.

But though we cannot take the 7 per cent. average of sixty-two trade unions and apply it generally to the working classes in order to estimate the total of unemployed, we may use it as a serviceable starting-point for legitimate conjecture. In particular, I propose to bring evidence to show how far it is likely that the average of those who are involuntarily "unemployed" is greater or smaller than 7 per cent.

This task requires an answer to three questions:

1. How far can the figure 7 per cent. be taken as a true estimate of "unemployment" in the trade unions?
2. How far would the average "unemployment" in trade union returns be reliable as a measure of employment in the whole manufacturing and extractive industry of the country?
3. How will these industries compare with other branches of labour in respect of "unemployment"?

In order to deal effectively with the points involved in the first two questions, it is well to understand how far the sixty-two trade unions which yield the basic 7 per cent. are representative of the general

trade of the country. The courtesy of the Labour Commissioners enables me to present the following distribution of the sixty-two unions in relation to the numbers of their members. To these figures I append a third column compiled from the return of occupations in the last Census Report in order to furnish a general indication as to how far the trade unions in the general groups of industry are fairly representative of the whole body of workers.

Trades.	Number of Unions.	Number of Members of Unions.	Total Occupied in the Trade.*
Engineering and Metal Trades . .	11	111,889	342,231
Shipbuilding	4	53,895	70,517
Building and Furnishing	13	76,043	820,582
Textiles	2	10,629	1,128,589
Mining	2	68,030	561,637
Printing and kindred trades . .	20	34,632	145,307
Clothing, Leather, Glass, &c. . .	10	4,973	unknown

Now the first thing evident is that the trade union figure of unemployment is based on returns which are in many cases too small to adequately represent the mass of industry to which they refer. Only in the case of the engineering and metal trades, shipbuilding and printing, can the number of trade unionists, upon whose condition the return is based, be considered large enough to reflect with some degree of accuracy the whole trade to which they belong. In the other cases the condition of certain small sections of a trade or of certain districts can alone be accurately reflected in the returns. These figures are checked and rendered more serviceable in the *Labour Gazette* by the general reports of trades from the several districts. We are thus enabled to see that the large percentage of unemployed is in shipbuilding, engineering and kindred trades. Other information leads us directly or inferentially to the conclusion that the average for the other groups of trade is comparatively small, not greatly in excess of what is due to normal trade displacement and personal causes. Indeed, if we take out the shipbuilding and engineering trades, the average of "unemployment" would seem to be so small as to furnish a contradiction to the general idea of slackness and depression which prevails and which is even reflected in the descriptive reports of the several trades.

* Employers as well as employed are included here, and, in some cases, a large number of dealers as well as makers. Other difficulties of classification prevent these figures from being anything but a general indication of the relative importance of the several groups of industries.

Now it seems to me there is much reason to believe that, so far as the "making" industries are concerned, the figures of "unemployment" furnished to the Board of Trade do not adequately indicate the full measure of "unemployment."

In the first place, it is certain that the number of members returned by trade union officials as in receipt of unemployed benefit does not fully represent the number of trade unionists out of work. A period of twelve months' membership is commonly required as a qualification for the receipt of unemployed benefit: in most unions "unemployed pay" is only given for a limited number of weeks, seldom extending over thirteen and in some cases for only six; "unemployment" does not generally count as such until a member has been out of work for a week or longer; some better-to-do workers make it a point of personal pride not to come on their union fund until they are obliged. Owing to these causes, particularly the first, the returns made by the trade unions will in many cases be a considerable underestimate. Again, the strain of modern competition and the pressure of our great "driving" system bears more and more heavily upon working men who are past their prime of vigour; the age when men are superannuated as no longer able to earn the standard wage is very early in the harder manual trades; and members who are still possessed of a fair measure of efficient labour-power no longer receive "unemployed" benefit, but are placed upon the superannuated or the sick list, receiving aid for a certain period, after which they are left to shift for themselves. Not only among trade union members of skilled trades but throughout the entire field of industry the shortness of employment is most largely represented in the progressive under-employment of the middle-aged. In many departments of labour, for example, among miners, sailors, mule-spinners, in metal and machine making, it is practically impossible for a man to have any security of work over the age of forty-five or fifty. Notwithstanding all efforts to retain the appearance of youth, he finds employment slipping from his grasp; his skill and experience avail him little in competition with the younger generation who can outstrip him in pace and muscular activity. In ideal schemes of industrial society it is often held that the twenty or twenty-five years which form the prime of manhood or womanhood afford an ample period for the expenditure of labour-power in the social service. Under present conditions the early compulsory retirement, not into honourable and comfortable leisure, but into a miserable and degrading struggle for the casual means of a bare subsistence, which becomes more precarious as old age advances, must be accounted one of the most terrible forms of the problem of unemployment.

In estimating the returns of "unemployed" by the textile, the mining, and other trades, it must be borne in mind that many of the

strongly organised trades distribute the loss of employment among all their members, instead of allowing some to become wholly unemployed, working short time instead of allowing a reduction of the number employed. This, of course, introduces an element of genuine "unemployment" as measured in superfluity or waste of labour-power, which is not returned in the statistics of "unemployed." If all the members of a trade work half-time for a period, in any scientific measurement this must reckon at 50 per cent. unemployed. The amount of economic "unemployment" due to this cause is growing all the time as trade organisations become stronger and are able to bring pressure on the employers to distribute a spell of bad trade so as to inflict least injury to the body of workers.

It is then probable that, even among the trade unions whose figures form our basis of calculation, the actual amount of unemployment is greater than is reported.

If we turn to the further question, how far the condition of the trade union is a just indication of the condition of the whole trade, we shall, I think, be driven to conclude that unemployment is greater among non-unionists than among unionists.

On the average, the members of trade unions must be regarded as the pick of their trade in skill, strength, character and intelligence; and one chief economic object of trade unionism is to secure as far as possible a monopoly of regular well-paid employment for its members, limiting membership by the test of capacity to earn a standard wage. In a period of slack or depressed trade the trade unionist, both by virtue of personal efficiency and by the strength of his union, is more likely to retain employment than the outsider. It is true that against this we must set the ability of the non-unionist to hold his work by a readier acceptance of lower wages. Moreover, as he has no "unemployed benefit" to fall back upon, he will often be driven to take what casual labour of any sort he can get. In measuring the chances of "unemployment," these probabilities must be set against the superior position of the union man, but taking the term "unemployed" as commonly applied to members of a skilled trade, we must without doubt expect to find a larger percentage of "unemployed" among non-unionists than among union members.

Again, in regarding the trade unions which make returns as a general index of the condition of trade, we cannot fail to observe that the trades which they represent are in most cases the highly skilled and well-organised trades. It is true that some skilled trades are among the most fluctuating, and this is particularly true of ship-building, which furnishes so high a percentage of unemployment in the present returns. It is sometimes stated that the great fundamental and staple industries which are here represented are more fluctuating than the

minor trades in their employment. We have here no means of accurate comparison, but it does not seem reasonable to suppose that this is the case. On the contrary, it seems more than likely that the minor manufactures, which are concerned largely in the supply of luxuries, or at any rate of "unnecessaries," and are subject to innumerable freaks of fashion, or genuine change of natural taste, and which are, moreover, the first to suffer from any depression which affects the spending powers of the community, should on an average present an amount of displacement of labour in excess of that which occurs in the more necessary trades. That this is certainly the case at the present time is, I think, clearly illustrated from the textile trades. The trade union returns refer only to the Lancashire cotton trade. If the minor textile industries in the woollen trade, and particularly in the silk, lace, and linen trades, had been faithfully recorded, a very large quantity of "unemployment" would have been registered.

Finally, the important question confronts us as to how far "unemployment" is greater in the "unskilled" or "low-skilled" than in the high-skilled trades. The *Labour Gazette* 7 per cent. is derived exclusively from the picked members of skilled trades. Is there not a strong presumption that in the low-skilled trades the proportion of economic "unemployment" or waste is much greater?

One result of the organisation of the skilled trades has been to render it more difficult for outsiders to equip themselves for effective competition in a skilled trade. To some extent, at any rate, the skilled unions have limited the labour-market in their trade. The inevitable result of this has been to maintain a continual glut in the low-skilled labour-market. This permanent pool of over-supply of low-skilled casual labour is fed by the periodic trade depressions which thrust the weaker members of the skilled trades into the seething mass of low-skilled town workers to struggle for a bare subsistence by irregular labour.

It is sometimes sought to separate entirely the problem of the low-skilled superfluous labour of our towns from the problem of "unemployment" to which skilled workers are subject. But, while the severance may be sound and serviceable in considering modes of relief or remedies, any deeper diagnosis of industrial disorder shows a close organic connection constantly maintained between the two classes of "unemployed." It is true that, in times of good trade, nearly all the members of skilled trades find full employment, while a close investigation among the poorest quarters of our towns would show that even at these times there was a large superabundance of low-skilled, inefficient casual labour. But more minute examination would show that the "sediment" of labour was the gradual accumulation of deposits from the various regular grades of workers, dislodged

from their former place in the course of agricultural or manufacturing disturbances, weakened by irregular town life, and breeding weaklings and incapables.

That there does exist, even in periods of normally good trade, a large permanent over-supply of low-skilled and casual labour in all our large towns there can be no possible doubt. In East London alone Mr. Charles Booth estimated the "waste" or "superfluity" at 100,000 (11½ per cent. of the whole), not counting therein the lowest dregs of the population :

"It may not be too much to say that if the whole of Class B (100,000) were swept out of existence, all the work they do could be done, together with their own work, by the men, women, and children of classes C and D ; that all they earn and spend might be earned, and could very easily be spent, by the classes above them : that these classes, and especially class C, would be immensely better off, while no class nor any industry would suffer in the least."

This same class B numbers no less than 317,000 in the whole of London. The metropolis may be somewhat worse than other cities, but we are brought face to face here with a huge mass of "waste" labour-power which finds no reflection in the reports of the *Labour Gazette*.

Much, if not most, of this low-graded town labour, taken as it is, differs widely in respect of "unemployment" from the case of skilled workers in times of depression. Unemployment here, even more than in the case of skilled workers, becomes a question of "degree." Living by casual and essentially irregular work, few of them could be definitely said to be "out of work" at one time more than another : some scraps of work they must be getting constantly, or they sink into pauperdom. The true measure of unemployment here would clearly be the waste of such labour-power as they possess. This, I take it, is what Mr. Booth meant by his estimate of superfluous labour in East London. Now, if we bear in mind the large mass of our growing town population which is subjected either to the essential irregularities of the low-skilled trades or ekes out a living by casual labour, we shall recognise that even in periods of good trade such a figure as the 7 per cent. which is applicable to skilled trade unionists, would be far below the measure of economic "unemployment" in these classes.

This view of the higher rate of "unemployment" among low-skilled and casual workers seems to be borne out by such direct evidence as is available from the reports of the Labour Bureaux in London, Liverpool, Salford, and other places. Among male applicants for work, general labourers form by far the largest class, while clerks and warehousemen, porters and messengers, contribute a very large proportion of the whole, and far outweigh the members of skilled trades, which are chiefly represented by the building

engineering, and metal trades. Similarly, among female applicants for work, charwomen and other general workers have a large predominance. Although no close statistical conclusions as to distribution of unemployment can be drawn from such sources, because the greater helplessness of low-paid labour would more readily drive it to have recourse to these Labour Bureaux, the evidence does warrant us in concluding that "unemployment" is greater among the low-skilled and casual than among the high-skilled manual labourers.

Following this line of argument, we shall conclude that the 7 per cent. which was taken as our starting-point, is not a full measure of the "unemployment" in trade unions of skilled trades, still less is it a measure of the "unemployment" or the waste labour in the whole body of these trades, and that when we turn from the skilled trades to the less skilled, and from them to the casual labour of our towns, we shall expect to find a far higher average rate of economic waste or "unemployment." If to this we add the inevitable tendency of modern industrial forces, attested plainly by statistics of occupations, to assign an ever-diminishing proportion of national employment to the great staple manufactures engaged in supplying common "routine" wants, and an ever-increasing proportion to subsidiary and luxury trades, which are in their nature prone to irregularity, we shall find good reason to believe that the "waste" of labour-power and the economic "unemployment" in the extractive and manufacturing trades taken as a whole is very much under-represented by the evidence which is drawn exclusively from the higher grades of the best organised trades.

But it must be remembered that our inquiry has so far confined itself almost entirely to the wage-earners in the manufacturing trades and in mining. How far can the conclusions which apply there be extended to employment in general?

We are so accustomed to regard ourselves as a manufacturing nation as to forget that less than one-third of the occupied classes of the English nation are engaged in manufacture. Unfortunately, the method of our Census Returns does not enable us to say with any precision how many persons are engaged in manufactures as wage-earners; but the careful investigations of Mr. Booth into the Census Returns lead to the conclusion that the proportion of English people engaged, not merely in the staple manufactures but in manufactures as a whole, has been gradually declining since 1861. The percentages up to 1881 run as follows:

1841	27.1 per cent.
1851	32.7 "
1861	33.0 "
1871	31.6 "
1881	30.7 "

If we could separate the "makers" from the "dealers" in our latest Census Report, I feel sure we should find that the proportion of our people engaged in manufactures could not be placed higher than 30 per cent. Taking into account the two great branches of "extractive" industry, agriculture and mining, the recent increase in the latter as regards employment is approximately balanced by the decline of the former. A considerable majority of the "employed" classes, alike in England and in the United Kingdom, are engaged in occupations which we have not yet placed under survey for the purpose of estimating "unemployment" or "waste." An ever larger proportion of our workers and employers are continually engaged in commercial and transport trades and in the various sorts of professional, civil, and domestic service. Now it must be at once admitted that in many large departments of these occupations the quantity of direct "unemployment" and of other labour-waste will be much less than in the manufacturing trades. If, as a rough estimate, we take 13,000,000 as the number of wage-earners in the United Kingdom, it is not likely that more than 4,000,000 * are engaged in manufactures. The large class engaged in retail dealing, which, from official evidence, seems to be growing more than twice as fast as the population, and which affords an ever-growing proportion of employment, and the "commercial" classes, which in most departments are growing still more rapidly, cannot, I think, be charged with nearly so large a proportion of "unemployment" as belongs to the manufactures. The chief waste of labour in distribution takes the form, not of "unemployment," but of employment which is excessive and useless from the social standpoint, the multiplication of clerks, warehousemen, and shop assistants, &c., which proceeds far faster than the growth of wares to be distributed. It is true that the evidence of Labour Bureaux shows that large numbers of clerks, shop assistants, and warehousemen are "unemployed," and the heightened competition in these departments of work leads doubtless to an increased precariousness of employment. But in taking a present estimate we should be obliged to assign a lower figure of "unemployment" to commercial than to manufacturing industry. Again, the "transport" industries constantly afford more employment, occupying more than 6½ per cent. of the employed classes. Some large departments of work connected with road-transport show a great "superfluity" of labour, and carmen, stablemen, and others connected with street traffic figure largely in the lists of the Labour Bureaux: while, apart from absolute "unemployment," there must be an enormous waste of labour-power in cab-driving, &c. But against this must be set the steady and large employment on railways and in large

* The general summary of groups of occupations from the Census of course includes large bodies of employers as well as the whole class of dealers.

departments of navigation. On the whole, the workers engaged in "the conveyance of men, goods, and messages" would yield a far lower rate of unemployment than the manufactures. We must next add in the rapidly growing department of public services, State, county and municipal, together with the semi-public services of gas, water, electricity, &c. These routine services are essentially regular and would yield no appreciable quantity of "unemployment" either in their civil or military departments, unless we include under the latter the lamentable and criminal waste of "labour" represented by the constant flow of soldiers from regular military service into the Army Reserve, which helps to feed the standing host of untrained and low-skilled labour. One other large class of wage-earners requires mention, those engaged in domestic service. The conditions of this work impose a high degree of regularity in employment, and though the multiplication of registry-offices indicates a large constant flow from "place" to "place," which doubtless involves a certain "leakage" of employment, there cannot, if we take the country as a whole, be a large percentage of "unemployment" or direct "waste" in domestic service. I think that the "unemployment" of servants which figures considerably in the accounts of Labour Bureaux, belongs rather to the large-town problem of general low-skilled labour than to the specific conditions of domestic service. Some over-supply, however, in the lower grades must be admitted.

The conditions of this estimate of "unemployment" among wage-earners forbid us from venturing even upon an approximate figure for the total of unemployment. I am on the whole disposed to think that if it were possible to take an accurate census upon the subject, we should find that the average for our manufactures as a whole was considerably higher than the figures of the Board of Trade Return (applying the term "unemployed" as usually interpreted by trade unions), but that the bulk of other wage-earning occupations would tend to lower the average of "absolute" unemployment. Interpreted more liberally and more logically as "waste of social labour-time," I think that a figure like 7 per cent. must be considered far below the true measure of this waste. In other words, great as is the evil of complete "unemployment," the evil of irregular and insufficient employment is far greater.

Taking a wider survey of this "unemployed" problem from the social standpoint, we cannot fail to see that it by no means exclusively applies to the wage-earners. That all the professions and the higher arts are "over-stocked" has long been a commonplace. Turn where you will—to the law, to medicine, engineering, architecture, teaching, to literature and journalism—you find large numbers of men who are only "nominal" members of their calling, still larger numbers who are always under-employed. Neither here nor in the case of

manual workers is it a question of competency or qualifications: set what standard of efficiency you will, the number of well-qualified applicants for any fixed employment, however moderate the salary, indicates that every grade of the arts and professions is over-supplied.

In viewing the subject, not from the exclusive standpoint of poverty, but from that of the social economy of labour-power, two other classes must be taken count of before we realise the full waste of labour-power. The first is the class of upper "unemployed," euphemistically described in the Census Reports as "unoccupied." In 1891 there were in England and Wales no fewer than 238,446 males between the ages of twenty and sixty-five who were not even nominal members of any trade or profession. This represents a large mass of adult labour-power utterly wasted for purposes of social work, subsisted out of the labour of others and contributing nothing in return. A large proportion of this class are well-nourished, capable men, whose idleness injures both themselves and the society upon which they live. The casual voluntary work which some of these may undertake cannot be regarded as a serious contribution to the aggregate of social work, being amateur in character and commonly misdirected, since from the economic nature of the case it is not amenable to social direction and control.

The sum of labour-waste is not complete without an allusion to the lowest class of "unemployed"—the able-bodied pauper class. There were on January 1 of this year, in England and Wales alone, 116,478 able-bodied adult paupers. It is true that most of these, regarded from the working point of view, would be found hopelessly inefficient. But a full consideration of their case would show that this physical, moral, industrial incapacity is inseparable from the disorder of a society which has failed to furnish opportunities of educating and utilising in the social service the labour-power which in some kind and degree attaches to every human being. This able-bodied pauper class cannot be regarded as a separate problem, out of organic relation to general problems of industrial and social order. The forces which are responsible for other forms of "unemployment" are engaged in depositing and maintaining at the bottom of society the sediment of pauperism. The able-bodied pauper represents so much potential labour-power which is wasted now.

An adequate analysis of causes of unemployment is foreign to the purpose of this paper. But in order to realise in some degree the relative importance of the economic causes which are directly responsible for "unemployment," some deductions from our earlier analysis may be of service. The common notion of the "philanthropist" and the moralist who, wholly untrained in economic thought, thinks the only thorough treatment of this and other problems of

poverty consists in the treatment of individual character, need not detain us long. The fallacy is one necessary to all individualist views of society. A depression of the staple trade in a town throws out of employment 10 per cent. of those who are normally employed. The charity organiser with his individual scrutiny sets to work, and a close investigation of each "case" discloses in most of this 10 per cent. some moral or economic defect: there is drink, laziness, inefficiency, or some other personal vice discernible in, or imputed to, most of these "unemployed." Our "thorough" investigator, having, as he thinks, found a sufficient reason why each man should be unemployed, reaches the conclusion that "unemployment" is due to individual causes. Such conclusion is, of course, wholly fallacious. Personal causes, no doubt, explain in large measure who are the individuals that shall represent the 10 per cent. "unemployment," but they are in no true sense even contributory causes of the "unemployment." When economic causes lower the demand for labour, competition will tend to squeeze out of employment those individuals who, for reasons, sometimes moral, sometimes industrial, are less valuable workers than their fellows. If these individuals had not been morally or industrially defective they would have kept their work, but necessarily by pushing out other 10 per cent. Personal causes do not to any appreciable extent cause unemployment, but largely determine who shall be unemployed. The individualist-moralist is keen to detect the fallacy involved in supposing that poverty can be stopped by regarding it as a number of holes to be filled up by pouring in promiscuous charity. But he does not perceive that his analysis and treatment of "unemployment" involves a fallacy closely analogous to that which he has condemned. The moral and industrial elevation of defective individuals is, for their individual sakes and on general moral grounds, highly desirable, but it will have no *direct* effect in diminishing unemployment. Moral and technical inefficiency are not the causes of "unemployment," as may be proved by the fact that in periods of good trade these very individuals who seem defective are for the most part in regular work.

It can, I think, be clearly shown that the great mass of "unemployment" and "under-employment" is not due to those "minor" leakages which belong to the character of certain trades or even to the detailed changes of machinery, industrial method, and *locale* of markets, which we saw were *veræ causæ* in the problem. At certain periods, large sudden displacements have, of course, been attributable to the substitution of machinery for hand-labour or to some great political event affecting markets. If, however, we confine ourselves to British trade in recent years we cannot explain by these means the great fluctuations of employment. These machinery changes and specific trade movements are, of course, extremely numerous and of continual occurrence. For this very reason, in

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taking a term of years their influence may be discounted. The amount of "unemployment" due to these causes must be taken as a pretty constant quantity. A glance at the statistics of unemployment recorded during the last seven years will indicate the importance of this conclusion.

At End of each Month.	1887.	1888.	1889.	1890.	1891.	1892.	1893.
January . . .	10·3	7·8	3·1	1·4	3·4	5·0	10·0
February . . .	8·5	7·0	2·8	1·4	2·6	5·7	9·5
March	7·7	5·7	2·2	1·7	2·8	5·7	8·7
April	6·8	5·2	2·0	2·0	2·7	5·4	6·9
May	8·5	4·8	2·0	2·0	3·0	5·9	6·2
June	8·0	4·6	1·8	1·9	2·9	5·2	5·8
July	8·5	3·9	1·7	2·3	3·3	5·0	6·2
August	8·3	4·8	2·5	2·3	4·2	5·1	7·1
September . . .	7·5	4·4	2·1	2·6	4·5	6·2	7·3
October	8·6	4·4	1·8	2·6	4·4	7·3	7·3
November . . .	8·5	3·1	1·5	2·4	3·8	8·3	7·2
December . . .	6·9	3·3	1·7	3·0	4·4	10·2	7·9

Now, if in the skilled trades here represented we are justified in counting the minor "leakages" and special displacements due to introduction of new machinery, &c., as a fairly constant quantity, taking one year with another, we cannot fail to recognise that some greater forces are at work which account for the large bulk of the unemployment here displayed. In January, 1890, the necessary minor "leakages" and specific displacements were going on, and yet these only caused 1·4 unemployment. If, then, we are called upon to explain why in January, 1887, 10·3 men are "unemployed," we must seek another cause or causes. A further comparison of one year as a whole with another will disclose the fact that the force to which we must attribute the mass of unemployment is one which operates over wider periods than a year. We are driven irresistibly to the conclusion that the great tidal movements of trade, and not the minor detailed movements of special trades, are the root-cause of the evil we are investigating. No accumulation of minor short-period causes will explain why, on the average, throughout 1889 the rate of "employment" was only 2·1, while in 1887 it was 8·1, and in 1893, 7·5.

So far as these statistics of skilled trades can be taken as an index of general trade movements, we must conclude that the great trade depressions are the vital factor with which we have to deal, and that no palliatives or cures will be of much service unless they serve to mitigate the force of these vast world-movements in trade.

One final statement belongs to an understanding of the nature and magnitude of the disease. "Unemployment" of labour, waste of labour-power, does not stand alone. At the great periods of depression, we have not only "unemployed" labour, but "unemployed" capital. Nor can it be accounted a mal-adjustment of capital and labour as between trade and trade. The special characteristic of industry during a period of trade depression is that, not in this or that trade, but over the general field of industry, there is labour-power and capital lying "unemployed." The actual phenomenon is a general excess of productive power. The waste of labour-power in our modern communities is evidently but one important aspect of an even larger economic problem. This question is one we may well allow to germinate in our minds. "Why is it that, with a wheat-growing area so huge and so productive that in good years whole crops are left to rot in the ground, thousands of English labourers, millions of Russian peasants, cannot get enough bread to eat? Why is it that with so many cotton-mills in Lancashire that they cannot all be kept working for any length of time together, thousands of people in Manchester cannot get a decent shirt to their backs? Why is it that, with a growing glut of mines and miners, myriads of people are shivering for lack of coal?" These questions are not conceived in a spirit of sensationalism, but merely to bring home the nature of the vital problem which is forced more and more upon thinking men and women: "Has our general standard of consumption risen to a degree commensurate with the prodigious increase of productive power brought about by modern improvements in machinery and methods of industry, and vested in modern forms of labour and capital?"

JOHN A. HOBSON.

RELIGION AND THE STATE.

THERE is a wide-spread dissatisfaction with the existing organisation of the people of Great Britain for the promotion of religion. Few, who think, are content with it as it is; fewer still are agreed as to the causes and grounds of the increasing discontent; and fewest of all, see clearly what is best to be done so that the highest interests of real religion may be advanced, and the abiding welfare of the whole of the people secured, without making the scales in the hands of Justice deflect from the right line by so much as a hair's breadth.

It is gladly acknowledged that recent years have witnessed a marvellous revival in the Anglican Church. Days of "laxity and idleness" have given place to glowing devotion and unresting zeal. Her "servants have taken pleasure in her stones, and had pity upon her dust." Good works have been multiplied. Generous gifts have been bestowed. Good men and women have increased, and incalculable benefits have been conferred upon the people by her scholars and preachers, missionaries and saints. In the long story of our English Church, no years surpass those of this half-century in the ability and brilliance of her leaders, the piety and single-hearted consecration of her saints, the ardour and passion of her missionaries, or the variety and abundance of her works.

Still, it is admitted by Churchmen of indisputable loyalty that their ecclesiastical machinery is sadly out of gear; that the Church urgently needs many radical and far-reaching reforms; that she has mournfully failed to keep pace with the development of the general life of the British people, and is largely closed against the uprising forces and dominant ideals of the last years of this century. High Churchmen demand a freer hand and a bolder initiative. They assert

their independence of political tribunals, repudiate the right of Parliament to touch the Book of Common Prayer, to alter the definition of a doctrine, or vary the reading of a rubrical direction ; and, in short, count it a degradation that the "Church" should be controlled in her most vital movements by such a heterogeneous and contradictory body as that which the people of Great Britain have sent to act for them at Westminster. On the other hand, the "Evangelicals" fret and chafe day and night because they cannot instantly expel the usurping "clericalism," that seems to them to be arrogantly usurping the pulpits and using the funds of what was meant to be a Protestant organisation, in the interests of a Romanist interpretation of Christianity. Nor does this exhaust the signs of unrest and the differences of thought in the Anglican Church. Following in the wake of Arnold and Stanley, leaders like Canons Fremantle and Barnett and Dean Stubbs advocate extensive parochial and legislative reforms in the Church "system," with the purpose of making it a more powerful ministry for justice and goodness, and bringing it into harmony with democratic ideals. An elect few, amongst whom Dr. Percival, the new Bishop of Hereford, takes primary rank, are prepared, if not to welcome, yet unfearingly to allow the total severance of the bond which has bound together for so many centuries the Anglican Church and the Crown ; and every year adds to the number of Churchmen in England and Wales who would rejoice in an Act of Separation, if only the resources of which the Church is at present possessed were not in any way diminished.

The position of Nonconformists is well known. In the main, they stand where they did. Whilst not expressing their dissatisfaction in the same terms as their fathers, yet they cling, not with less, but with more, tenacity to the fundamental principle, that any arrangement by which Parliament controls and administers the inward life and actions of societies of Christians, is contrary to the express teachings of the Lord Jesus, an invasion of His rights as the sole Ruler and King of His people, an impeachment of the adequacy of the ministry of the Holy Spirit in the Church ; and is historically proved to be fraught with grave mischief to the disciples of Christ, to the progress of religion, and to the welfare of the people at large. But, what converts this principle into an aggressive force of daily increasing strength, is the painful feeling that the Episcopal Church is carrying our countrymen towards Roman Catholicism at an alarming rate ; and that unless some re-arrangement is made speedily, the expectation of Cardinal Manning may be realised, so far as concerns the English Church, and this "imperial English race be brought to bow its neck to Rome."

Outside organised Christianity and amongst the masses of the people, there is a deepening distrust of "the Church," and an increased

faith in Jesus Christ. Men judge "the Church" by the large incomes of the archbishops, and by the action of the Episcopal bench in the House of Lords, and the alliance of the clergy with the parties and causes of reaction; and so it comes to pass that the institution which of all others ought to commend Christianity to the people, is a fruitful source of alienation and antagonism.

The most obvious sign of discontent is in Parliament. The Protestant Church of Ireland has been set free from the control of the Legislature. Scotland asks for the application of the same principle of religious equality. Thirty-one out of the thirty-four representatives of the Welsh people are charged with the mandate to seek the termination of the connection between the Episcopal Church in Wales and the British Parliament. This is the problem of the immediate future. The House of Commons is engaged upon it now. But this is only one of many indications that the whole question of the organisation of the State for the promotion of religion is entering upon another, and probably its final, phase.

II.

For new factors of special significance have found their way into this problem within the last forty years, and no solution of it can be given with even approximate accuracy and fulness without reckoning with these changed conditions. New conceptions—(1) of the State, (2) of religion, (3) of Christianity, (4) of Christian churches and of their relation to one another—have come into play, and are actually re-making our world. Ideas are the builders of States. They make and re-make institutions. The possession of a fixed territory, the enjoyment of a common speech and a common heritage of tradition, are forces of special cohesiveness in the life of a people; but ideas are the soul of nations. Armies and navies, buildings and industries, laws and magistracies are forms in which the manifold life of a community embodies itself; but the highest ideals cherished by the community are the mightiest agents in its progress. They form the atmosphere the people breathe, and by which they live. They create what Mr. Arthur Balfour calls an authoritative "psychological climate." He says: "The power of authority is never more subtle and effective than when it produces a psychological 'atmosphere' or 'climate' favourable to the life of certain modes of belief, unfavourable and even fatal to the life of others. Such climates may be widely diffused or the reverse. Their range may cover a generation, an epoch, a whole civilisation, or it may be narrowed down to a sect, a family, even an individual." Accordingly, it was the ideas of life and religion which found their most brilliant and powerful expression in the writings of Erasmus and the deeds of Luther, that initiated the Reformation, still

to be regarded as one of the most fruitful epochs in the life of man. In like manner, the conceptions of God and the Gospel, of Christianity and Churches, of government and society, carried by the men of the *Mayflower*, were the moulds in which were fashioned the life and institutions of the United States. So the best hope for the France of to-day, is in the recent but undeniable ascent to power of the ethical ideas of duty, of the supremacy of conscience, and of the right of the spiritual to reign over the material. Therefore, it is not possible for us to ignore the new thoughts of men concerning the State and religion, the kingdom of God and the Churches, which are now working, if invisibly yet extensively and with surprising energy, through and upon the people of this land.

The times are changed because the moving forces are changed. We no longer regard the State as a mere Parliamentary machine, worked by opposing parties, and "able," as we often say, "to take care of itself." It is an organic unity, with a character of its own, with qualities that are more than the total of the qualities of the individuals composing it, and with duties and responsibilities springing out of those qualities. As Lotze says, the State is "a union of living persons for mutual protection and the furtherance of well-being; . . . but as feeling itself to be more than the sum of those living persons." The State is not one thing, or many things, apart from the people. It is the people. Like the home, or the village, or the city, it is one of the organs by which the individual realises himself, attains his full development as a man, and at the same time aids the whole organism, inclusive of home and village and city, in reaching its appointed goal; and its real greatness is not simply in the splendid qualities of its individual citizens, but also, and chiefly, in its capacity as a whole for unselfish effort; its enthusiasm for justice, for ordered liberty and progress, and its impartial devotion to the public good. The old individualism "goes to its long home, and the mourners go about the streets"; but in its place there has come, as one of the re-incarnations of the best thought of Greece, a conception of the State, in which the strong bear the infirmities of the weak; the wise, as Browning says, "lend their minds out" for the guidance of the erring; the good seek and save those who are lost; and the spiritual, intellectual, and commercial wealth of all is the property of all, and "distribution is made to each according as any one has need."*

Concurrently with this renovation of the conception of the State,

* "To the common consciousness of Greece, the State or the City was not an organisation, but an organism; no lifeless machine of government, no alien force imposing itself upon the citizen, but a living whole, which took up into itself all individual wills: not impeding spontaneous energies or crushing individual growth, but enriching and completing the individualities which it embraced. It was the individual on his ideal side; his true and spiritual self; the glorified expression and embodiment of his noblest aims and faculties; the higher unity in which he merged his separate or selfish self; the enduring substance which outlived his transient existence. From it were

there is growing up amongst us a fresh interpretation of religion, a new answer to the inquiry, "What is religion?" I do not say the answer is adequate for all purposes, or by any means faultless from the point of view of the philosophical theologian or of the devoted ecclesiastic: I only indicate its presence as one of the formative forces of British life, working with wonderful energy, acting as a solvent on much of our intellectual inheritance, and making room for fresh applications of religion to the life of the people. For while it is not doubted, that religion is the basis of morality, and an indispensable instrument for the regulation of conduct and the building up of character, yet it is maintained that ecclesiasticism is not of the essence of religion, nor is sacerdotalism, nor dogmatism, nor intellectual orthodoxy, nor even ritual observance. Religion is not a matter of rules and forms, but of spirit and truth; not of the terminology of doctrines and the accuracy of symbols, but of habits of mind towards justice, towards men, and towards God. But though the religion of the new era has no definite creed, it is more than a vague theism. It is Christian, and holds truth as "truth is in Christ Jesus." It is Biblical, and welcomes the Scriptures as "profitable for teaching, for reproof, for correction, for instruction, which is in righteousness, that the man of God may be complete, furnished completely unto every good work." Its chief note is service: the effort to do good to others, "loosing the bonds of wickedness, undoing the bands of the yoke, letting the oppressed go free," and "proclaiming the acceptable year of the Lord." As the new light in which the State is seen recalls the radiant thought of Greece, so this dominance of what Dean Stanley calls "Common Christianity" in the thought of England about religion, is the re-birth of the teaching of Jesus in His Sermon on the Mount; in His description of the judgment of the nations according to their treatment of the hungry, the sick, and the criminal, in Matthew xxv., and in His uniform emphasis upon conduct as the one infallible test of the religious man. "Pure religion and undefiled before our God and Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

It is not unlikely that the acceptance of this change of thought has been greatly facilitated by the re-discovery, in these later days, of the teaching of Jesus concerning "the Kingdom of God," and of the relation which that kingdom bears to Christian societies or churches. It has been like a new revelation to many minds to see that the

derived and back into it flowed all the currents of individual life. 'The Man *versus* the State' was a phrase unknown; the Man was complete in the State; apart from it he was not only incomplete—he had no rational existence. Only through the social organism could each part, by adaptation to the others, develop its inherent powers. To the Greeks, Society and the State were one and indivisible."—*Some Aspects of the Greek Genius*, by Professor Butcher, LL.D., pp. 51, 52.

"Kingdom of Heaven," "the Kingdom of God" fills wide areas in the reported sayings of Christ; whilst His utterances concerning the "Church" and the "Churches" are almost undiscoverable. So far as terms go, the words "Kingdom of God" and "Kingdom of Heaven" occur over a hundred times in the Gospels; whilst the word translated "Church" is only found thrice. In fact, the burden of Christ's teaching was not about "Churches" or the "Church," but about the rule of the Father in and over the life of man; the benign sway of heavenly dispositions, of meekness and gentleness, of humility and self-sacrifice, of righteousness and love. For centuries men had forgotten that this was the sign of His teaching, the mark of His mind, and had failed to see that the Church is only one of the organs—even if it be the most important, still only one—for bringing our whole human life under the redeeming rule of the Father; and they had become vain, sectarian, intolerant, uncharitable, and blind to the divinity of the State, to the service of the laws, of the Press, of civic activity in establishing the rule of God; and were unaware of the real unity which binds Christian men together, independently of their ecclesiastical organisations and theological speculations.

But a new day has dawned. New light shines on the life of man and of the Churches, and in it the "secular" is seen to be not in "things" but in souls, in low aims and selfish motives and unworthy ideals; the disunion of Christians is held to be a discredit, and disagreement a sign of defective vision or of self-seeking. Hence "a movement for the reunion of Christendom" proceeds in one direction, and the "federation of the Churches" is taking place in another. The rift in the lute of the Churches mars the music, and by-and-by will make it mute; it must therefore be repaired. The rents in the attire of the daughter of Zion diminish her charms. They are the signs of our imperfection, and though inevitable in the past, they are not eternal. The kingdom is more than any Church, as Christianity is more than any one of its symbols, and the State more than all its machines. The religion of the British people is not their formal definition of God, or their theories of the inspiration of the Bible. It is not the Presbyterianism of the Scotch, nor the Calvinistic Methodism of the Welsh, nor the Episcopalianism of the Anglican, nor the Independency of the Congregationalist: it is the spirit that "does justly, loves mercy, and walks humbly with God," and subordinates the possessions, privileges, and powers of each member of the State to the furtherance of the welfare of all.

III.

Hence, the precise character of the change that is taking place in the thoughts of men about Religion and the State, is not that the

State is losing its character as intrinsically a religious organism ; but that it is reconstructing, multiplying, and perfecting the various instruments through which the religious forces of the nation may co-operate in the most effective manner for the intellectual and spiritual education of the whole of the people.

The State is essentially a spiritual organism. It is a soul and has a body, and like the individual man it "does not live by bread alone, but by every word"—not the Biblical word only—but "every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." It does not exist primarily for the production and distribution of wealth, the satisfaction of material wants, the creation of capital or the organisation of labour, the construction of cities or the building of empires ; but for the sake of what Aristotle calls "a good and noble life." As the human unit cannot live without "bread," so the State must exercise itself in industry, commerce, the framing of laws of exchange, the ordering of the conditions of material well-being ; but the end of ends, is to give the citizen the best intellectual and moral culture of which he is capable—to make the best man. From first to last, and through all the complexity and variety of its detailed movements, the State is concerned with the intellectual and spiritual element in man, with happiness of being and nobleness of doing. It exists to produce justice ; to make this a just world ; for though, as Ruskin admits, "absolute justice may be unattainable, yet as much justice as we need for all practical use is attainable by all those who make it their aim." It exists to establish and protect the liberty of the individual, the peace of the family, the unity and brotherhood of all ; to "make it easy to do right and difficult to do wrong," to withdraw facilities for vice, to impose salutary restrictions on lust and greed, to lessen the number and weaken the force of temptations to evil, to raise the standard of material prosperity so as to set the man free for the higher struggles of intellect and heart, to reinforce the weak against the strong, to create and foster a passion for righteousness and goodness and humanity. All its work must be educational, since, in the language of Lotze, the true State "holds itself obliged to maintain a definite form of spiritual culture," for its life depends upon very many co-operating factors, and "self-surrender to a spiritual ideal" cannot be the least, but is the most important. The State is thus a teacher, a sovereign educator, a guide to life, including therein all its powers of love and joy, of admiration and service. Speaking of the United States, Professor Seeley says : "I always hold that religion is the great State-building principle ; these colonists could create a new State because they were already a Church, since the Church—so at least I hold—is the soul of the State ; where there is a Church a State grows up in time ; but if you find a State which is not also in some sense a Church, you find a State which is not long

for this world." Hence the ideal State is always proceeding towards the goal described by Burke as "a partnership in all science, in all art, in every virtue, and in all perfection."

IV.

The history of religion is accordingly, the history of States, and the story of the Churches is inseparably interwoven with the annals of the nations. Israel is not alone in the theocratic basis of its collective life. The early Romans were a moral and practical people :

"They were called," says Froude, "a nation of kings—kings over their own appetites, passions, and inclinations. . . . They had a unique religious peculiarity, to which no race of men has produced anything like. They did not embody the elemental forces in personal forms; they did not fashion a theology out of the movements of the sun and stars or the changes of the seasons. Traces may be found among them of cosmic traditions and superstitions which were common to all the world; but they added of their own this especial feature—that they built temples and offered sacrifices to the highest human excellences, to 'valour,' to 'truth,' to 'good faith,' to 'modesty,' to 'charity,' to 'concord.' In these qualities lay all that raised man above the animals with which he had so much in common. In them, therefore, were to be found the link which connected him with the Divine Nature, and moral qualities were regarded as Divine influences, which gave his life its meaning and its worth. The 'virtues' were elevated into beings to whom disobedience could be punished as a crime, and the superstitious fears which run so often into mischievous idolatries were enlisted with conscience in the direct service of right action." *

Indeed, to the ancient world it was unthinkable that the State was "profane." The distinction between Religion and the State, as it obtains in many quarters to-day, would have been wholly unintelligible to the Greeks. Delphi was a spiritual centre for Greece, and in its best days its influence was dominant in laws and customs, in manners and in discipline. So religion, in some form or other, has always been an integral, not an accidental, part of our British State. It has varied in its contents, in the mode of its ministry, in the measure of its influence, and in its ethical qualities and applications; but it has been the secret of the stability and the source of the progress of the people. The Church of the English has been the Church of the king, as the recognised head of the State; and the dogma that sprang into form among the German States in the days of Martin Luther, "whoever rules in the State has the say in religion," has been the generally received rule. The Church has not been a part of the State, but one with it; the king being the ruler of all his subjects in all their interests, religious not less than industrial or political; officials differing of necessity; a bishop here and a judge there, at this

* "Cæsar: a Sketch." By Professor James A. Froude. Pp. 9, 10.

post a cleric, at that a layman; but all officials of the king, deriving their authority from him, carrying out his will according to the law, and treating refusals to obey, whether in matters religious, or industrial, or social, as offences against the king. The unity was complete. Solidarity marked the life of the nation. The Church and State were conterminous; they had the same centre and the same circumference. The great Act of Supremacy, passed in 1535, registered the convictions and beliefs of the time in the declaration that the sovereign was rightly the only supreme head on earth of the Church of England. The Pope was excluded; his jurisdiction was resented then, as it had often been before, as an intolerable usurpation. The crown of England was under subjection to no one but to God alone.

But that crown was the symbol of England's united life, and the king who wore it was himself "under God and the law," that is to say, under the control of the English people, through their customs, traditions, and legislation; so that when Henry Plantagenet issued a code of laws by his sole authority, and without any appeal to the sanction of binding and immutable custom, he was long and strenuously resisted; in the same way as when ecclesiastics, following the example of the priests at Delphi, were consumed by avarice of power, both king and people set themselves to resist their unwarrantable claims. Amid the clash of interests, the strife of parties, the battles for merely selfish aims, there has been a central ethical principle of union, indisputably advancing to victory, and making the religion of the British State more potent and all pervasive to-day than at any former date in our history.

Of course, the modes and organs of religious ministry have changed; and never more rapidly or radically than in recent years. Lowell says:

"New times demand new measures and new men;
The world advances, and in time outgrows
The laws that in our fathers' day were best;
And, doubtless, after us, some purer scheme
Will be shaped out by wiser men than we,
Made wiser by the steady growth of truth."

"New measures" have come, and "new men." There has been a "steady growth" in national and civic ministry. It is the marvel of these later years, and one of the most cogent witnesses to the energy and purity of the religious spirit. The unfortunate and sick poor have good news carried to them; they are studied with genuine sympathy, classified with scientific exactness, and the causes of their poverty are traced out. The impulses of piety derive force from the conviction of justice. It is felt that the poor are wronged by the mechanical and legal conditions of society; that their lives are darkened and their limbs fettered through the faults and defects of the State, and not solely by their own folly; and there-

fore, as a matter of simple righteousness we are trying to provide for them a fair and legitimate share of provisions at the table of life. The insane have found a home and friends. The blind, the deaf and dumb are being trained in the art of compensating for the absence of senses by the fuller use of those they possess. Justice has visited the toiler, relieved him of many of his burdens, readjusted others, and given him interests beyond those of the machine he directs. "The schoolmaster is abroad," quickening and nourishing the intellectual life of the country. "The happiness, and joy, and admiration of life" have been increased by the purification of "amusements," the multiplication of facilities for healthy recreation, and the opening of the treasures of art and literature and science to the whole of the country.

The ethical and religious distance we have travelled in this half-century is incalculable. Even the old liberalism is gone or is going. "Manchesterthum" is no more. Nobody speaks of the alliance of Religion and the State as "an unnatural monster." It is no longer imagined that *laissez-faire* is the last word in political economy. "Personal liberty" is not so securely entrenched against the invading State as when the Factory Acts were introduced. Trade is not so free to roam over the wilds of injustice and selfishness as in the days when "Free Trade" was a "fair-seeming name," containing the final message of the students of the science of wealth to the toilers of the world. The middle classes, together with the aristocratic classes, are coming down from their seats, and those of low degree are being exalted, so that we may be one people and one brotherhood. The State is seeking first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, as though assured that, according to the divine order, "other things" must follow.

Constructive statesmanship has done wonders in spite of the massed opposition of all the vested interests and grasping monopolists. The Irish Church Act, the Elementary Education Act, the Acts for the extension of the franchise and the promotion of purity of voting, the Acts relating to the union of labour and the promotion of co-operative industry, the Acts lifting the bar of religious creeds from the entrance to our national universities; the Acts for free libraries; the Acts creative of the London County Council and of District and Parish Councils, are essentially acts of religion; for they are acts of justice, of equality before the law, of help for man as man, for the culture of the intellectual and ethical life of the people, and creative of machinery for the accomplishment of "Church" work on a really national scale; yea, of that very Church work which the Church of the English in former centuries regarded as its own distinctive province. They are additions made in the interests of the State for the promotion of religion.

Nor can it be doubted that they owe their origin to a lofty religious ideal, a genuinely religious spirit. The difference of idea and ideal, of policy and of spirit, between the England of, say, 1825 and 1895, is fundamental. It goes sheer down to the roots of human well-being. It is the difference between plutocratic selfishness and democratic altruism in the administration of our national life; between a nation fashioned on the lines of a peddling and mischievous parochialism, and one based on unity, justice, and brotherhood; between a treatment of labour that makes mainly for the gains of a few, and one that yields a just advantage to the toilers as well as to the nation as a whole; between a sordid, squalid, insanitary hovel and a healthy, wholesome human dwelling; between amusements that are death-traps provided at the bidding of remorseless greed, and amusements that do not degrade as they please and corrupt as they charm; between indifference to the lot of the weak, the poor, the unfortunate, and the suffering, and a wise and humane consideration for the least fortunate citizens of the commonwealth; between an expensive neglect of the ignorant and the young, and an effective and truly national system of education. Dr. Arnold's ideal for the English Church has been accepted and adopted as the working ideal of the British State, with the result described by Dean Stubbs: "In theory Church and State were intended to grow together, but in practice the State has outgrown the Church, and left it as it were centuries behind"; or, adapting the figurative language of the late Bishop of Peterborough: "We of the Church are trying to hold the strong fermented wine of the nineteenth century in the bottles of the sixteenth;" but the wine is too valuable to be lost, and therefore the State has provided other "bottles" by which the good wine of religion may "make glad the heart of man."^e

V.

Nor is this all. Simultaneously with the advent of these new creations, Episcopalians themselves have recognised a gradual detachment of the Anglican Church from the life of the people, and admitted in many ways that the province of the Church has undergone such a shrinkage that it can no longer claim in fact or right to be the sole organ through which "the kingdom of God," the rule of the Eternal, is brought to the heart and conscience of man, and by which the State is enabled to promote the intellectual and moral well-being of its citizens. As a matter of national consciousness the Church is already separated from the State. A great effort is

^e Lord Bacon complained 285 years ago: "Why should the civil State be purged and restored by good and wholesome laws made every three years in Parliament assembled, devising remedies as fast as time breedeth mischief; and contrariwise the ecclesiastical State still continue upon the dregs of time, and receive no alteration these forty-five years or more?"

required to think of State and Church as one; so far have we travelled from the conditions and from the mental habits of our ancestors. Churchmen in their acts and speech make it perfectly clear that they do not themselves so think. Canon Barnett tells us "the nation has become separate from the Church, not by any law express or implied, but by the assumption of the clerical party." Representing that clerical party, Canon Knox Little speaks of the Church as though her beliefs and ritual, her government and funds, her life and ideals held the same relation to the State as the Presbyterian Church of England, the body of Friends, or the Salvation Army, excepting that the State confers a certain dignity on the institution by its recognition, and contributes valuable, if not necessary, funds out of its resources. Quite recently in the House of Laymen, Lord Selborne said "he should oppose tooth and nail" a proposition by which any parishioners should have any influence in the direction of the affairs of the Church unless they were declared Churchmen who believed its belief, accepted its ritual, and obeyed its laws. In the educational controversy now proceeding through the country, the plea for funds from the rates or from the Imperial exchequer is mostly presented in an exclusively denominational spirit and with an avowed denominational purpose. In short, the separation of Church and State is already accomplished in the habitual thought of the people concerning Anglicanism, and men behave as though the formal deed of separation were already drawn and waiting for the signatures of the respective parties thereto.

And, indeed, would it not be surprising if it were not so? Assuredly. But that is not all. A further question must be faced. Is it not the duty of the State, in presence of these altered conditions of service, to rearrange the Anglican department of its religious work, and alter the terms of the application of the funds at the disposal of the people, through their representatives, for religious purposes, so as to aid the new corporations, councils, and boards which are now administering its religious life. Does not justice require this?

No doubt we are bound to respect the acts of the State, and the State is bound to respect its own acts, with regard to property, and not to suffer any tampering with the sacredness of property. But, as Canon Moberly tells us—(1) "No right of private property is absolute;" (2) "Corporations like the Church of England have no absolute rights;" and (3) length of tenure is not of itself a sufficient justification of the continuous hold of property unless "there is a continuity into modern times of such ancient conditions as justified the original appropriation." A rearrangement of some of these funds is not immoral *per se*. Such rearrangement must not be arbitrary, or capricious, or violent, or unfair to those at present in possession; but it may be unjust in the State not to make it. For

the whole nation is responsible for securing the righteous and full use of all its wealth in the service of its members.

Now what are the facts? Take the "tithes" as an example. It is not denied that they were given for the poor as well as for the clergy, for hospitable ministry to strangers as well as for worship; not less for broad and comprehensive human purposes than for the teaching of a belief and the offering of public worship. Tithes are not derived from ecclesiastical sources, but from the State, and were expressly intended, according to the "Apostolical Constitutions" (Book vii. c. 30), for "the orphan and the widow, the poor and the stranger."*

At least, then, so far as the original *purpose* and destination of tithes are involved, it would be no "robbery of God," no "diversion of sacred gifts" to "secular uses," if they were made contributory to the education of the young, the care of the needy, the recovery of the criminal, and similar forms of practical religion. That is expressly in harmony with the primary aim. It is part of the work of the "Church." It is "sacred," for God is served in His poor, in the weak and suffering, and in the children, whose angels behold His face in heaven. It is exactly according to the "mind of Christ."

But does this apply to what is called, speaking on separatist principles, the whole of the "endowments" of the Anglican Church? The keen sense and just discrimination of Bishop Butler led him to answer a question of this kind addressed to him by a lady of rank in the following words:

"I would not carry you, madame, into abstruse speculations, but think it might be clearly shown that no one can have a right of perpetuity in any lands except it be given by God, as the land of Canaan was to Abraham. There is no other means by which such a property or right can be acquired, and plain absurdities would follow from the supposition of it. The persons,

* "The Growth of Church Institutions," by Dr. Hatch, p. 102. "Tithes as a Christian institution date, in fact, from the eighth century. They are one of the results of the great Carolingian reformation. They are not strictly ecclesiastical in their origin, but came to the Church from the State."

"All first-fruits of the produce of the wine-press and threshing-floor, of oxen and sheep, thou shalt give to the priests; all tithes thou shalt give to the orphan and widow, to the poor and the stranger. In the West the first mention of tithes is much later, and it will be found that when they are mentioned the distribution of them was governed by the same rule as that of other offerings to the Church."—*Ibid.* p. 109.

"The Laws of King Ethelred" say: "And respecting tithes: The king and his witan have chosen and decreed, as is just, that one-third part of the tithe which belongs to the Church go to the reparation of the Church, and a second part to the servants of God, the third to God's poor and to needy ones in thralldom." Dr. Hatch gives the emphatic words of one of the greatest ecclesiastics of the early Gallician Church, which shows the place of the poor and starving as recipients of the tithes. "Tithes are required as a due, and he who refuses to pay them has invaded other people's property. A man who does not pay his tithes will appear before the tribunal of the Eternal Judge charged with the murder of all the poor who have died of hunger in the place in which he lives, since he has kept back for his own uses the substances which God has assigned to the poor."—*Ibid.* p. 117.

"Tithe, whatever its destination may ultimately be, whether to endow a church or to support a system of national education, is an appanage of the State. The commuted tithe belongs clearly to the people at large."—*Spectator*, April 5, 1890.

then, who gave these lands to the Church had themselves no right of perpetuity in them; consequently could convey no such right to the Church. But all scruples concerning the lawfulness of laymen's possessing these lands go upon supposition that the Church has such a right of perpetuity in them; and therefore all those scruples must be groundless, as going upon a false supposition."

Indeed, the "divine right" of the Episcopalian Church to "establishment" and "endowment" by the State is the survival of the "divine right" of kings to act without the consent of the people, or the "divine right" of the House of Lords to defeat the will of the people; "rights" introduced in consequence of the victories of absolutism won in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, and only secured by a distinct violation of the historical principles of English development. "There is no ground," says Dr. Moberly, "on which Establishment can claim to outlast the national will."* "Establishment" and "endowment" are national acts, not necessarily of any particular day and hour, or described in any special parliamentary enactment, and prepared with the full and clear consciousness of the whole nation; but they are not less acts of the nation since they have depended upon and been sanctioned by the will of the people. It is the national Act of Uniformity of 1662 which determines the Church's worship. The Book of Common Prayer itself forms part of an Act of Parliament (13 & 14 Charles II. c. 4), and its sanction and enforcement rest wholly on the national authority. The services are regulated by national authority, as the bishops are chosen by the nation's ministerial representative, the Prime Minister. Convocations are not independent bodies of clergy; they are simply "adjoined to the Parliament," and may be consulted or not as the Government thinks expedient. The only authoritative legislature of the Church is Parliament, and Parliament has often set ecclesiastical legislation aside, fought clericalism, and put the clergy under national law. It has readjusted episcopal and capitular revenues. It has created a body of Ecclesiastical Commissioners to continue the processes of rearrangement. To say, as Canon Knox Little does, "It is unjust to 'disendow' the Church because the property is not national;" that it is "robbery" and confiscation, looking at it from an ethical standpoint; and that the "endowment" of a Baptist chapel stands in the same category as the "endowments" in question, is to deny the unequivocal verdict of English history, and betray so grave a want of the power of discrimination as to invite something more than distrust of the competency of the witness.

As a matter of absolute right, then, the whole nation, through its representatives, has the control and disposition of all the tithes and glebes, of all the parochial churches and cathedrals of the land; and

* "Considerations upon Disestablishment and Disendowment," by R. C. Moberly, D.D., Canon of Christ Church, p. 17.

the Anglican Church, considered as a separate corporation, is a steward discharging certain functions entrusted to her by the State for the whole interests of the State. The State, who is the creator of all the stewards of her manifold life, not only provides the resources necessary for the task, but also reinforces the service of the people by calling in other stewards to overtake the work the first and most ancient steward has been unable to perform. Where, then, is the moral wrong of devoting some of the money provided for the entire service amongst those who are actually doing the work by the authority of the same master? If nine new stewards are added, would it be ethically wrong to take nine-tenths of the national resources for the new workers?

That is a large question; but two conclusions are clear, and must at once be conceded: first, there is absolutely nothing in the *purpose* to which the funds under review are to be devoted that makes the new use wrong. That purpose is, in a deep, and true, and practical sense, "religious," "sacred," Christian; it is "a dedication of the things of the nation to God," and therefore men who value truth, will cease from representing the proposed disendowment as on that ground a "robbery of God" and the "diversion of sacred gifts to secular uses."

The second conclusion I will state in the language of Dr. Moberly: "The State has an option about recognising corporate bodies, or allowing them publicly to exist, which it can hardly have, in any similar sense, about the existence of those who are born its citizens. And when they politically exist by virtue of the State's permission, the State claims naturally a certain power of positive superintendence and authorisation in regard to them, beyond the negative restrictions with which it keeps the individual life from illegality; their conduct is felt to be matter of public concern, as the (not illegal) conduct of any private person is not; there is felt to be in them always some element of the character of a public trust; a corporate body which claimed the irresponsible discretion of an individual with regard to its property would be felt to be *ipso facto* an anomaly. This inherent visitatorial power, based upon the fact that no corporate body can exist in a legal or property-holding sense except by continuous consent of the State, makes it natural for the State to exercise a revision over corporate properties which it does not exercise over private possessions; and for that very reason it is felt that the impolicy of interference, on account of the risk of general unsettlement and insecurity, which is near at hand when the usages of private property are touched, is at least more remote in case of the public revision, by the community, of the tenure of a corporate body." It ought not to be difficult to assent to a principle so sound in itself, and so carefully expressed.

VI.

But, it will be asked, is it necessary, is it just, is it wise to "dis-establish" and "disendow" the Anglican Church in order to accomplish this rearrangement of the work and resources of the people in the interests of religion? Why not reform this ancient corporation so as to make it harmonise with the conceptions of the State and of Religion now dominating the consciousness of the people?

For one brief moment in our history that goal was in sight, and the Christian religion was established and endowed without a creed, without a catechism, without a detailed confession of faith. The Church of the Commonwealth was fashioned on the basis of a "Common Christianity." All the emphasis of its arrangements was on character. No allusion was made to creed or to catechism. Cromwell's Commissioners for the ejection of scandalous, and the approval of godly, ministers had one object and one only, that of placing men of religion and moral character in the parishes of the land; and another Commission "provided for the maintenance and administered the emoluments of the past in support of the ministry." Popery was excluded, so was Prelacy; but in matters of ritual, the administration of baptism and the Lord's Supper, the ordination of ministers and government by presbyters or others, excepting those of the episcopal order, the several churches were nearly free. Parliament was supreme, and religion was administered on the following principles:

"1. That the Christian religion contained in the Scriptures be held forth and recommended as the public profession of these nations.

"2. That to the public profession held forth none shall be compelled by penalties or otherwise, but that endeavours be used to win them by sound doctrine and the example of a good conversation.

"3. That such as profess faith in God by Jesus Christ (though differing in judgment from the doctrine, worship, or discipline publicly held forth) shall not be restrained from, but shall be protected in, the profession of the faith and exercise of their religion."*

The nation as a whole was never more sympathetic with such principles than it is to-day; and yet it has to be confessed that it is as impossible to reorganise the Church and redistribute endowments on those lines, as it is to effect a comprehensive reform of the Church by the action of Parliament. In one direction "clericalism" blocks the way; in the other the democracy checks advance. The latter with its principles of religious equality and its sense of the perfect adequacy of the churches of Christ to manage themselves; the former with its resistance of reform by Parliament, because that would involve a further and degrading control of the movements of the Church. If,

* Cf. CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, vol. lxx. p. 80.

then, the problem cannot be solved in that direction, it only remains for us to consider the solution offered by what is now called "Disestablishment and Disendowment;" not by "Disestablishment" alone, but by both.

And here it is of supreme importance to enquire what would, and what would not, be the issues of Disestablishment and Disendowment.

First and foremost, this process would not affect the spiritual energies and treasures of the Church one jot or tittle. The creeds might be kept and repeated, or alterations, long desired by many, might then be made. The Book of Common Prayer, so highly prized, could still minister to reverent piety and devout worship. The services and holy days might be observed, and all the ministrations of learning and devotion sustained. Lord Rosebery said in his Cardiff speech: "The essence of the Church is spiritual; the inspiration, the traditions, the gracious message, the Divine mission, the faith that guides us through the mystery of life to the mystery of death—all these were produced in poverty, in the cottage of a carpenter, and flourished under persecution; nothing can be so remote from their essence or their spirit as wealth, or power, or dignity in this world." Is it not profoundly true, that these supreme forces are altogether beyond the touch of Parliaments?

(2) Disestablishment and disendowment will not affect the organic efficiency of the episcopal or parochial forces, or enfeeble any of the machinery really essential to the discharge of the functions of the Church as a Christian society. Not a solitary parish need lose its priest, not a single church its service, not a district its visitors and workers. The old parochial and diocesan landmarks might be maintained. The Roman Catholic bishops are territorial. Presbyterians and Methodists are territorial. Why should not Anglicans remain territorial? Has Irish Protestantism broken up any of its machinery because it is separated from Parliament? Does not the Colonial Episcopacy follow the same lines of work as those which obtain in the Mother Country? The Act of Separation would not prevent Churchmen from retaining all the good they have, and it would set them free to attempt reforms that have waited for a century and more.

(3) Canon Knox-Little does not think it would be *wrong* to diminish the "temporal dignity" of the Church by Disestablishment and Disendowment; but he does think it would be *unwise*! But there is a prior question. Notions of "dignity" differ exceedingly. Does separation involve a loss of dignity? True, the king or queen would not be compelled to belong to the Anglican Church; nor would the clergy be alone qualified to read prayers in Parliament, or perform marriages in England without the presence of a registrar; nor would the chief pastors be appointed by the Prime Minister, and a large

proportion of them would not sit in the House of Lords. Archbishops might possibly lose their place in the ranks of British dignitaries, and some of the pomp and splendour of great occasions might be dimmer; but the Anglican Church would still be the church of the aristocracy and society, and would lead the public religious life of the country. Historical associations will always invest that community with an indescribable charm, and so long as she serves the nation by ministering to righteousness and goodness she will not lack the highest dignity and the most enduring honour, even as dignity and honour are regarded in the Church of Society.

(4) But it will involve the "abandonment by the nation of all control of the Church." To Churchmen, a quarter of a century ago, this was a dreaded calamity, forelooming the fall of the "bulwark of Protestantism." Most men are delivered from that fear now, for they see that the control of Parliament brings no real advantage to the Protestantism of our fathers, while self-control, as in the Colonies, in the United States, and in Ireland, would be attended with a quickened sense of responsibility on the part of the laity, a heightened appreciation of "Protestant" principles, and a greater prosperity in all departments of the Church's work.

(5) It is quite natural that the diminution of the financial resources of the Church should be the one issue most of all feared and most vehemently attacked. There is nothing we part with so reluctantly as property, and there is no act the State should do with more equity and justice and reverence than that of modifying and rearranging the property of the corporations in its service. As a matter of historical fact, we have experience, in connection with the abolition of slavery and the disestablishment of the Irish Church, to show that the State generally errs, not in irreverence, harshness, and stinginess, but in tenderness and generosity in its treatment of its corporate servants. The withdrawal of funds is not sudden; and it is so effected as to protect the persons immediately concerned from loss. It does not put a farthing into the hands of any other Christian society. What is taken away is devoted to similar purposes on a wider and more distinctively national field. Above all, it need not cripple the Church's activities. In 1875 *The Church Times* anticipated Disendowment without any alarm, and said: "Towns and places with anything like a considerable population could very well shift for themselves. A vast number of them already do so, and the rest could be none the worse for having to follow their example. The only difficulty would be as to small villages of the country, of which no one could be found to assume the charge gratuitously; and as to town districts which were too poor to pay for a clergyman. These, of course, would have to be undertaken by the diocese as such, and dealt with as missions; nor do we doubt that they would, on the

whole, be better cared for than is always the case now." Surely the Church has not less faith and courage, conscience and consecration, than it had twenty years ago!

VII.

Three objections are urged with such frequency against the State behaving in this way towards the Church that they merit a brief consideration. Canon Knox-Little tells us that we should lose by Disestablishment and Disendowment "the immense blessing of formally and solemnly recognising the claims of religion and of the Christian faith as seriously influencing national life." Many earnest and devout men speak as though we should become an "atheist" nation, if we failed to make this corporate acknowledgment of the Church of Christ, or threw away this opportunity of rendering "national homage towards God."

Now what is this "immense blessing"? And what is it gives it any value it may have? Canon Moberly answers, "that the Church is not any longer, even approximately, coextensive with the nation, and that if the nation nationally professes churchmanship there is a necessary and a considerable unreality in the profession," for "the nation is too much divided to be able any longer to retain any single corporate religion," and therefore "the maintenance of official profession does involve us, from time to time, in scenes of painful religious unreality;" so that, on Dr. Moberly's showing, it is desirable and necessary, in the interests of truth and sincerity, that the national profession of religion made in this particular form should cease forthwith.

Moreover, does not this objection proceed on the illusion, that it is the connection between State and Church that gives the religious sanction to the acts of State, and not the intrinsic religiousness of spirit and purpose of the acts themselves? Now, in sober truth, would the Parish Councils Act have been one whit less beneficent if the archbishops and bishops had not been in the House of Lords? or if it had been passed by a Legislature holding no special and exclusive relation to a specific religious corporation? Are the Acts of our Colonial Legislatures lacking in "religious sanction"? Are the United States "atheist"? Does not their Senate acknowledge God? The plain common sense of Englishmen will not be caught in the toils of such a palpable illusion.

But it is urged that if the State may take in hand the supply of the common wants of the poor, why should it not provide a broad, common worship, and for that purpose keep up our existing system of religion and moral teaching and worship, though admittedly imperfect, instead of inviting a reign of sheer secularism and godlessness by abolishing it. Here we have an institution that has struck

its roots deep into the past ; itself venerable and venerated, providing pastoral care in all the parishes of England, conducting a system of public worship, and inculcating certain theological beliefs—why disturb it ?

Much is to be said for this contention. It is a cogent appeal to the fear of consequences, and has operated with tremendous power against any change, and is, in fact, the most effective ally of those who still resist separation. “ Destroy it not, there is a blessing in it,” is a potent argument with many minds. The utilities of the present arrangement are immense and incalculable. Dr. Temple says : “ Whenever the day comes when the nation can say to the Church, ‘ You cost more than you are worth,’ the only dignified position for the Church to take is to say, ‘ Then by all means let the Establishment cease and let us do our duty.’ ” From all sides rings out the conviction that the best defence of the Church is her work.

It may be assumed for the sake of argument that in the character of the State as an organism there is no valid reason why it should not teach a religious creed, organise worship, and administer pastoral care. In Greece it did something of that kind ; Rome followed Greece, and both were anticipated in Palestine. The reasons against such a policy are in the nature of the spiritual life, the impracticable character of theological opinion as a basis of unity ; the condition of the Episcopal Church at the present moment ; the deep and sacred necessities of the societies of Christian men ; the teaching and spirit of Christ ; and the development of religion in the individual man. Experience demonstrates that the State cannot take a more just or useful attitude towards societies of Christian men than that it adopts towards the home. It does not control the home, or administer it ; it protects it from intrusion, it upholds its liberty, and so it perfects, in the best way it can, that unit of the State, a law-abiding home. So with the Christian fellowship. It thrives best in the air of liberty. It breathes a deeper, broader, and fuller life if it is not controlled by political machinery. It keeps its freshness and spontaneity, maintains its energy and reproductiveness, and grows the highest, holiest manhood, when its members are in immediate recognition of Jesus Christ as their Head, and are directly responsible to Him as their Ruler.

It was the radical defect of the Platonic Republic that it subordinated the individual so completely to the State as to obliterate his moral responsibility and fetter his free action. The same defect seems inseparable from the State establishment of any one form of faith or worship. It starts with acts of uniformity. It is blind to the manifoldness of the marvellous and mysterious nature of man ; and offers him the same faith and worship for his youth as for his age, for his fiery manhood as for his advancing years, for the man of refinement and culture as for the ignorant and half-civilised. It

intrudes into the realm of personal belief and thought, and so defeats the very purposes of culture and free self-development it was intended to promote. It refuses the divinely intended evolution of religious thought, and its application to the living problems of the day. It is incapable of providing fitting forms for the expression of Christian enthusiasm. The story of Christian societies, from their early development in the Roman world up to this hour, is one long and powerful argument in favour of leaving theological faith and public worship absolutely free.

The third, and to many minds the strongest, objection to Disestablishment, is that the Church will be left by that act in the hands of a clerical corporation; admittedly one of the most unsatisfactory bodies for the direction of human life. Part of the answer to that apprehension is that the Church is now dominated by the clerical spirit and swayed by clerical principles and motives; and that the State could not fail in its scheme of Disestablishment to confer upon the laity ampler powers than they have now. If Disestablishment had taken place in the English Church at the same time as in the Irish, would not English laymen have made impossible the menacing advances of sacerdotalism which have marked and marred the England of these later years?

VIII.

This at least is to be hoped. For the act of separation will be one of the greatest and most beneficent acts of ecclesiastical reconstruction English history has yet known. All the Churches will be affected by it. It will be a time of crisis, and the prospect of its arrival should lead to deep searchings of heart. Our religious systems will go into the crucible, and only the pure gold will stand the fire. The democratisation of British religion will be enormously advanced. The stronghold of the principle of aristocracy in religion, so alien to the spirit and teaching of Christ, will be taken, and the hour and opportunity of the people will have arrived. The exclusive privileges of the priestly hierarchy will be undermined, and the community of the faithful will know their responsibility and rise to their task. The long and weary fight of Parliament against ecclesiastical ascendancy will end in lifting the laity into their true place, and giving to English Churchmen their rightful power in their own society. The Churches best fitted to draw to themselves the really best life of the nation, to attract the boldest and bravest spirits to their service, and to feed the spiritual aspirations of the people, will come to the front, to the incalculable gain of the State and all its institutions.

The religion of the people will be brought into fuller harmony with the spirit and aims of the gospel of Jesus Christ. For the State will

cease to foment strife by the special patronage of one Christian society, to create hostility and bitterness by giving a false position to one set of religious teachers, and to generate persecution by conferring social advantages on the professors of one particular faith. It will no longer foster privilege and act as the foe "of equality of opportunity" to men, on the paltry ground of differences of theological belief. It will be just; and justice is of the essence of religion. It will not put a premium on one set of opinions and a ban on others. It will not reward the religious work of an Archbishop Benson with great treasure and brilliant opportunity, and condemn and penalise, as far as possible, the position and activities of Charles Haddon Spurgeon, solely because the two citizens failed to agree in the acceptance of the same body of theological and ecclesiastical notions, and to adopt the same mode of public worship. It will not obtrude the personality of a Prime Minister (chosen, not because he is a Churchman or a Christian, but because he is a capable political leader) and the exigences of party strife into the election of the chief officers of a great Christian society. It will not endorse the exclusion from the pale of the "true Church of Christ" the non-episcopal communities in which, if the New Testament be accepted as our guide, the "signs" of the Church of Christ are abundantly manifest. It will cease to affront the nation's sense of justice, and minister peace between man and man, heal divisions, enrich social life, and develop social unity and brotherhood, and so promote on the widest scale the happiness and well-being of all the members of the State.

Did not the late Dr. Liddon recognise the grave necessity for this change and foresee these results when he said in one of his sermons?—

"Whenever it happens to a great Church, or to its guiding minds, to think more of the secular side of its position than they think of the spiritual—more, it may be, of a seat in the Senate and of high social rank than of the work of God among the people; if, in order to save income and position in times of real or supposed peril, there is any willingness to barter away the safeguards of the faith, or to silence the pleadings of generosity and justice in deference to some uninstructed clamour—then be sure that, unless history is at fault as well as Scripture, we may listen for the foot-falls of the Son of Man on the outer threshold of the Temple, and we shall not long listen in vain. Churches are disestablished and disendowed to the eye of sense, through the action of political parties; to the eye of faith by His interference who ordereth all things both in heaven and in earth, and who rules at this moment on the same principles as those which of old led Him to cleanse His Father's temple in Jerusalem." *

But there are greater gains than those which come to the State. Edward Miall said at the outset of the movement for the repeal of the union between Church and State, "We must aim not so much to right ourselves as to right Christianity." Our fathers suffered and fought for what they described as "the crown rights of King Jesus." This is—

* "Christian World Pulpit," vol. vi. p. 98.

be it be believed or be it scorned—this is the real force at the heart of the agitation for Disestablishment and Disendowment. In that unselfish and sublime aim lies its unsubduable strength ; from thence it draws its patience, its quenchless enthusiasm, and its assurance of final success. We aim to “right Christianity,” to give free course to its lofty ideas, unhindered expression for the societies and institutes it creates, an unchecked opportunity for its aggressive and missionary enthusiasm ; and surely,

“If precious be the soul of man to man,”

the qualities and forces of the Gospel of Christ will, as of old, vindicate the freedom granted to them in the service they bring to the life of man. Christian doctrines will not be regarded as abstract propositions, or as articles of creeds, or as conditions of membership in Churches, or as tests of character ; but as food for the soul and inspiration for duty. Above all, the “fellowship of saints” will be a gracious and gladdening reality. Christian unity will be nourished. The sense of individual responsibility will be quickened. “Liberty of prophesying” will be revived. The speech of the lip will cease to belie the thoughts, and forms of faith will keep pace with the inward belief. “The holy Catholic Church” will shake herself from the dust. “The captive daughter of Zion will loose herself from the bands of her neck,” and “put on strength,” and “clothe herself with her beautiful garments,” and the voice of the prophet will be heard saying : “Break forth into joy, sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem ; for the Lord hath comforted His people, he hath redeemed Jerusalem. The Lord hath made bare His holy arm in the eyes of all the nations : and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God.”

JOHN CLIFFORD.

We have been requested to print the following letters :

TOWNSEND, ST. ALBANS, *February 13, 1895.*

To the Editor of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

SIR,—My attention has been called to the article by Mr. Sidney Webb—"The Work of the London County Council"—in the January number of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, particularly to that part of it which, at page 147, refers to the York Road sewer.

I am not *named* in the article, but the minutes referred to in the foot-notes show that Mr. Adams and I are the two contractors referred to.

I have ample proof that the work done by the Council upon that sewer was less in quantity and was inferior in material and workmanship to what was provided in the specification by which the contractors were to be bound, and if you will give me the opportunity, I shall be glad to lay before your readers in an early number of your REVIEW the *facts* as opposed to the *fictions* of the article in question. But what I am now concerned with is the following statement made by Mr. Webb at page 147: "It is clear from the other particulars given, and from facts notorious at the time, that an agreement had been come to by the contractors not to compete with one another for this job, in order to induce the Council to abandon its fair-wage clause." If this means that Mr. Adams and I agreed not to compete with each other, I say *there is not a word of truth in it*. I had not the least idea of the figure Mr. Adams was tendering at, nor was there any communication between us in reference to the tender, either direct or indirect. If it means that contractors as a body came to the agreement stated, I say that I was no party to it, that I never heard of it, and that I do not believe it existed.

Is it too much to hope that when Mr. Sidney Webb and other gentlemen are writing their fairy tales about the results obtained by the Council in doing its own work, they may have *some* regard for the characters of other men, even if they are not members either of the Council or the Fabian Society?

Thanking you for your courtesy in promising to give publicity to this communication,—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

JAMES DICKSON.

9 KING'S BENCH WALK, TEMPLE, LONDON, E.C.

February 15, 1895.

To the Editor of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—We are instructed by Mr. Thomas Adams to call your attention to a statement on page 147 of your January number.

Mr. Sidney Webb, in the article "Work of the London County Council," at the bottom of that page, states: "It is clear from the other particulars given, and from facts notorious at the time, that an agreement had been come to by the contractors not to compete with one another for this job, in order to induce the Council to abandon its fair-wages clause."

Our client was one of the contractors referred to, and it is altogether untrue to state that any such agreement was made or dreamt of by him. The whole statement is an absolute invention, and we are surprised that it should have been published in your REVIEW without some inquiry.

We are instructed to demand that this denial should be published in your next issue, and that an apology from Mr. Webb should also be inserted thereafter; and we think that he should also be required to pay twenty-five guineas to some charity, to be named by our client, for his uncalled-for and unjustifiable libel.—Yours obediently,

TEMPLETON & COX.

“THE FOUNDATIONS OF BELIEF.” *

THE appearance of the statesman as a theologian is a matter of interest not only to theologians, but also to the State. It speaks of interests which have all the greater significance for this world that they embrace another and larger, and of ideals which are potent in making character and governing both private conduct and public policy. Plato has told us that only the statesman under the inspiration of the kingly Muse can implant in the souls he governs the Idea, which is a divine principle, of the noble, and the just, and the good; while not till philosophers were kings, and political power was wedded to philosophy, could his ideal city live and behold the light of the sun. Aristotle was doubtful whether kings were an advantage to States, but he was clear that they ought to be chosen for their merit, or personal life and conduct: while the statesman might be considered as much a lover of virtue as the philosopher, since it was the note alike of the wise State and wise man to regulate life according to the best end. It is well now and then to be recalled to the ancient idea that the State is, alike in basis and aim, essentially an ethical society, and that virtue and ethical knowledge in the statesman are necessary to order and progress in the State. Our tendency for the moment is to substitute material for moral well-being, to conceive comfort as the highest good and poverty as the last evil. To be poor or to endure hardness is to be thought incapable of being personally happy or of contributing to the common happiness. If Diogenes were to appear among us with his tub, he would be told that before he could be heard or be regarded as other than an object of charity, he must have a more desirable dwelling, exchange his sack for

* “The Foundations of Belief: being Notes introductory to the Study of Theology.” By the Right Hon. Arthur James Balfour. London: Longmans. 1895.

respectable broad-cloth, and demand of Alexander not only that he get out of the sun, but actually dispel the smoke or the fog that was intercepting his beams. If Epictetus were to set up as a teacher of morals, he would be assured that he could not be a philosopher while he continued a slave, or think worthily while his labour was another's. We ought, then, to welcome a book which shows us that we have a statesman who at least thinks as deeply of ethical as of material well-being, and who spends his quiet days not simply on brown moors or breezy links, but in attempting to lay anew, broad and deep and strong, "the foundations" of the beliefs on which he conceives society to rest.

I.

1. It does not indeed always follow that the statesman who studies theology either applies his religion to the State or serves it by his studies. We all remember Gibbon's* famous aphorism as to "the various modes of worship which prevailed in the Roman world" being "considered by the people, as equally true; by the philosopher, as equally false; and by the magistrate, as equally useful;" but if the philosopher chanced to be also a magistrate, his use of the religion he held to be false was more a tribute to the expediences of government than to the integrity of philosophy. Cicero, too, as orator and statesman, praised the popular religion, and played the rôle of sincere believer, fervently recounting the miracles it had accomplished on behalf of himself and the Republic; but as a philosopher we find him in his treatises flouting this same religion with lordly disdain. Marcus Aurelius appears in his "Meditations" as the typical Roman saint, the ideal man of the Stoics embodied in breathing flesh and blood, but he stands in history as one of the chief persecutors of the Christian Church, leaving to us the hard problem of reconciling the tolerant philosopher with the intolerant Emperor. In the long roll of English kings two stand out as eminent and learned theologians, Henry VIII. and James I. To the former we owe, among other things, the famous book against Luther, the *Assertio Septem Sacramentorum*, which procured for its author and his successors the proud title of "Fidei Defensor"; to the latter, among other things, the "Basilikon Doron," which declared that he hated "no man more than a proud Puritan"—a being no king could suffer, unless indeed "for trying of his patience, as Socrates did an evil wife"—and the "Apology for the Oath of Allegiance," which explained his theory of kingcraft in the province of religion. But he would be a bold man who should assert of Henry that he was one of the most just and magnanimous of kings, or of James that he was one of the wisest. Last century Bolingbroke discoursed through five prolix volumes on sundry matters,

* "Decline and Fall," chap. ii. 1.

philosophical and theological, including such congenial themes as "the folly and presumption of philosophers, especially in matters of the first philosophy," and "authority in matters of religion;" and "Alexander Pope, Esquire," to whom the essays and letters were addressed, did the system of his "friend and genius," the "master of the poet and the song," into the polished measure and empty optimism of the "Essay on Man." But, though Bolingbroke professed deism and upheld the Church, yet we may reckon it among the kind things of Providence that he had not the opportunity of realising his "Idea of a Patriot King," or maintaining as a statesman the Church he did not believe in as a man. In this century, statecraft and theology have often gone hand in hand. In France, Joseph de Maistre led the counter-revolution, and evoked the Papacy as the spirit which was to reduce to order the chaos of loose and lawless wills; the Duc de Broglie described the early, that he might inform and defend the living, Church; Guizot, when relieved by the Second Empire from the service of the citizen king, occupied himself with the interpretation of Evangelical Christianity, and the revival of French Protestantism; while Jules Simon had edited "Descartes," and vindicated "*La Religion Naturelle*" before he was known as a politician and minister. In England the most venerable of living statesmen has also been throughout his long life an eager and prolific theologian. He began his career as a sort of lay divine, claiming for his Church a higher place, more independent authority and indefeasible rights, than even her official heads had then either the courage or the faith to affirm; and at its close, he pleads at once for the integrity of Christian doctrine and the recognition of the excellence of the Christian virtues, whether within or without his own communion. And now, just as many have been feeling how the withdrawal of a mind accustomed to study the State through the large and luminous atmosphere of religion had impoverished politics, a younger statesman descends into the arena and boldly challenges attention and criticism by his "Notes introductory to the Study of Theology." And what can a theologian do but ask, Whither does this Introduction lead—into theology? or elsewhere?

2. Mr. Balfour here repeats and expands his older book,* developing and applying its principles. And we may at once say, the old book is the best introduction to the new, and is, indeed, necessary to its complete elucidation. The new work is distinguished by many admirable qualities, is at once lucid and subtle, brilliant and eloquent, always grave, yet often lighted up with flashes of a nimble though ironical humour, with a delicate yet elastic style, excellently suited to the deft and sinuous movement of the thought. If to be well put were to be victoriously argued, this would indeed be a cogent book; but I must

* "*A Defence of Philosophic Doubt: being an Essay on the Foundations of Belief.*" 1879.

frankly, even at the very outset, confess that to one reader at least it has been a deep disappointment. The early chapters awakened high hope ; their form threw over one a sort of spell ; but the spell slowly faded, and pleasure turned to pain as the underlying philosophy was seen to be shifting sand rather than solid rock, and what could its unstable weakness do but fracture the whole frail superstructure ? The farther the reading proceeded, the less satisfactory the argument seemed. The criticism that had appeared so pleasantly potent at the beginning, became sadly impotent at the middle, and mischievously inadequate or irrelevant at the end. This was a conclusion most reluctantly reached ; but whether justly reached it will be for the readers of both the book and this REVIEW to determine.

It is, I hope, not necessary to say how thoroughly I sympathise with Mr. Balfour's purpose, and how entirely I admire the motives of his book and the ability by which it is everywhere distinguished. As one whose work and interests lie altogether in the domain of theology, I would welcome the incursion into it of this brilliant amateur. For so far as it relates to theology, properly so-called, it is an amateur's book, and as such it ought to be judged. It is difficult, for example, to conceive that any one whose knowledge was first-hand, especially if possessed of a philosophic and scientific mind, could have written the note on pp. 278-9 as to the decisions of the early Church relative to the doctrine of the Trinity. The very thing that the creeds were not, was "the negation of explanations." They were framed by men who had elaborated doctrines which were theories concerning the highest mysteries, and their decisions were definitions which were expressly intended to affirm their own and exclude other and opposed doctrines. The symbols both of Nicæa and Chalcedon are distinguished by terms as strictly technical as any terms in either philosophy or science ; and, indeed, the great struggle at Nicæa, which it needed all the subtlety of Athanasius and all the authority of the Emperor to overcome, was against the introduction into a symbol of terms and phrases which had been coined and used in the schools, but had not hitherto been sanctioned by the Church. In other words, the terms were exactly what Mr. Balfour says they were not—"of the nature of explanations" ; they expressed theories, embodied definitions, affirmed one doctrine and denied another, and were for this very reason introduced, and for the same reason strenuously resisted. But if in historical theology he shows the mind and art of the amateur, it must not be understood to mean that his appearance as a philosophical theologian is held to be unwarranted. On the contrary, there is no field of inquiry where a fresh and well-disciplined mind may be of more real service, especially if he be in thought and language neither derivative nor conventional. And there are sections or borders of the field where a man of Mr. Balfour's knowledge and speculative

capacity is absolutely in place ; and it is with such a section that his book is mainly concerned. The men who are in this field, as it were, common day labourers, may well feel cheered and exhilarated at the appearance amongst them of an occasional workman so effective in form and so dexterous in the use of his tools as is this last comer, who so happily combines the capacities of the philosopher and the statesman.

Mr. Balfour well defines his initial position, which also implies the function he is best able to fulfil, in the sentence: "The decisive battles of theology are fought beyond its frontiers. It is not over purely religious controversies that the cause of religion is lost or won. The judgments we shall form on its special problems are commonly settled for us by our general mode of looking at the Universe."* This, of course, means that theology is implicit in philosophy, or philosophy explicit in theology. As the late Sir William Hamilton used to say, every question which emerges in theology has before emerged in philosophy. So the philosopher can render no greater service to theology than the discussion in his own free province and way of those principles which determine its problems. But I wonder that Mr. Balfour failed to feel how fatal to his theological purpose is his want of an explicit philosophy. Without a positive philosophy how is a positive theology possible? The "mode of looking at the universe" which is to determine our attitude to theology, will not be created by a negative criticism of philosophical or scientific ideas; this is more likely to leave us in an attitude of vacant expectancy, where perception is blind and conception empty, than in one of intelligent receptivity. One may deeply sympathise with Mr. Balfour's purpose, and be all the more deeply regretful that he has, by his peculiar method, done so much to defeat it. But this is to anticipate a criticism which has still to be made good.

The book, though divided into four parts, really falls into three main divisions; which we may distinguish as the critical, the transitional, and the positive or constructive. In the critical, Mr. Balfour discusses and dismisses as philosophically inadequate both the empirical and the transcendental theories of knowing and being, especially as regards those ideas which are held to be the assured and necessary principles for the interpretation of man and nature. In the transitional he discovers and emphasises what he holds to be a group of neglected factors in the formation of belief. In the positive, he attempts a provisional justification and unification of beliefs. What is to be here said will deal with these three divisions in succession.

II.

1. The critical discussion, which runs irregularly through the entire

* "The Foundations of Belief," pp. 2, 3.

book, though it is more systematically dealt with in Parts I. and II., is applied to four provinces—two philosophical, empiricism and transcendental idealism—and two theological, the older rationalism and its corrective yet counterpart, the older apologetic and rationalistic orthodoxy. The latter two need not concern us, though they are perhaps more kindly handled than as tendencies historically effete they altogether deserved to be. Nor need we concern ourselves with the discussion on Transcendental Idealism. It is not very serious and in no respect thorough, nor is it marked by the author's usual subtlety and grasp, while it really stands outside the argument, which has not been "arranged" "with overt or tacit reference to that system" (p. 6). Only two things need be said: (1) Mr. Balfour fails to recognise the conspicuous services this Idealism has rendered to the cause he champions, and the recognition might very well have been associated with the name of the late Professor T. H. Green, whose position is mainly here criticised. To see what these services have been, we have only to remember the controversies of from twenty to twenty-five years ago, when, under the impulse given to pamphysicism by evolution, agnosticism became belligerent and constructive, and the doctrine that "matter had the promise and potency of every form and quality of life," was preached with eloquent assurance from the chair of the British Association—and then compare that most electrical atmosphere with the very different "psychological climate" we now enjoy. If to-day our empirics cultivate a modesty which was then unknown, if they are more conscious of the limitations and impotence of their physico-metaphysical theories, it is largely due to the criticism of the Idealism which is here so cavalierly dismissed. (2) This Idealism is not to be understood from the subjective point of view emphasised by Mr. Balfour. He fails to apprehend its objective significance, its ability to explain those problems in the history of mind which remain in his hands the most hopeless of puzzles. The one philosophy which has done even approximate justice to the religions of man and the nature by which they are, certainly deserved juster treatment in a book concerned with the "foundations of belief." It reveals, at least, an imperfect sense of the gravity and range of the most serious attempt yet made to solve these problems.

2. But the author's serious and perfectly tireless criticism is concentrated on what he terms "Naturalism" (p. 6). His dexterity in dealing with it is marvellous; he argues against it, he examines its psychological data, analyses its logical principles and processes, tests it by man, measures it by nature, and finds it, in all its fundamental doctrines, either impossible, or unveracious, or self-contradictory. Its creed is composed of two elements: "The one *positive*, consisting, broadly speaking, of the teaching contained in the general body of

the natural sciences; the other *negative*, expressed in the doctrine that beyond these limits, wherever they may happen to lie, nothing is, and nothing can be, known."* One would have expected him to be rather more careful in his definition. What is here described as the positive element does not belong to Naturalism in any special or even in any tolerable sense at all, and what is termed the negative is really the only positive element. For what constitutes "Naturalism" but the affirmation that beyond the limits of nature, as it exists to sense, "nothing is, and nothing can be, known"? The "Natural Sciences" have nothing to do with it; it existed before they were as they are now; they exist now where it is denied; it exists to-day where they are known only in part.† Nobody knows better than Mr. Balfour that the most distinguished names in Natural Science are those of men as averse to "Naturalism" as he himself is. And this double definition was an argumentative as well as an historical blunder; it forces him to become, as it were, a scientific agnostic, in order that he may the better refute metaphysical agnosticism; and to become a fictitious character is certainly not the most effectual way of ending fiction. Nor is he a happy warrior who in battle strikes at friends as well as foes; in the result he may slay what he most of all wishes to save alive.

The Naturalism he thus defines he discusses from two points of view: the personal and practical, and the psychological and speculative. Under the first aspect, he shows its insufficiency to man as an ethical, æsthetic, and rational being. This is, to my thinking, his far most satisfactory piece of work; for it I have nothing but praise. In Part I., which deals with it, his dialectic and literary qualities are seen at their best. Under the second aspect he shows that Naturalism is psychologically unjustified and speculatively incoherent; its theory of knowing contradicts its theory of being. His arguments are not new; they are the commonplaces of transcendental criticism; but they are vigorously put and strikingly illustrated and applied. The experience which supplies Naturalism with its premisses is not a thing of nature;‡ nor are these premisses in the strict sense true to nature. "The most immediate experiences carry with them no inherent guarantee of their veracity." "Habitual inaccuracy" attends "the cognitive leap through perception to object." "Our perceptions, regarded as psychological results," are, "regarded as sources of information, not merely occasionally inaccurate, but habitually mendacious."§ As a consequence, "science owes its being to an erroneous view as to what kind of information it is that our experiences directly convey to

* P. 92.

† That Mr. Balfour is perfectly well aware of the distinction is obvious (see p. 134) but in his reasoning he often allows it to seem as if he forgot it.

‡ P. 108.

§ P. 111.

us." * Nay, more, "Out of a succession of individual experiences," such a fundamental scientific principle as causation cannot be "reasonably extracted." † The conclusion therefore is—"A philosophy which depends for its premisses in the last resort upon the particulars revealed to us in perceptive experience alone, is one that cannot rationally be accepted." ‡

Now, why this elaborate analysis and refutation of empiricism? It serves various ends, negative and positive. It is only by "an effectual criticism of empiricism" that Naturalism can be effectually destroyed, § and the admission compelled that we are "as yet without a satisfactory philosophy." || Doubts are started "as to the theoretic validity of certain universally accepted beliefs," ¶ in order that a scientific standard may cease to be used as "sole test of truth." ** Beliefs that are so open to doubt cannot be logically held to make other beliefs doubtful; the weapon sceptical criticism has blunted has lost its power to kill or even to wound. The result is that our ethical and religious ideas have nothing to fear at the hands of those termed scientific; their provinces differ, and, as regards the right to be, the one class has no advantage over the other. They are in many respects parallel, yet, in a sense, inter-independent. "Philosophic doubt" as to "an independent outer world" is possible, but "for all practical purposes" the belief in it "should be accepted with a credence which is immediate and unwavering." †† Similarly doubt may be possible as to theological and ethical beliefs, yet they ought to be accepted as necessary to the satisfaction of human needs and the regulation of conduct. Both classes of belief are alike "symbolic"; "the world, as represented to us by science, can no more be perceived or imagined than the Deity as represented by theology." ‡‡ Our idea of Deity is no more anthropomorphic than our idea of the external world. §§ Our knowledge of matter is no more direct than our knowledge of Deity. ||| So ideas that are alike symbolic and alike open to sceptical criticism agree in a kind of unity; neither can claim pre-eminence or be used to discredit or disprove the other.

3. The cogency of the criticism is undeniable; its usefulness, within limits and properly balanced and qualified, may be undoubted; but what precisely does it accomplish in Mr. Balfour's hands, and how does it serve his purpose in regard to the foundations of belief? He himself recognises its thoroughly sceptical character, not only so far as empirical theory but even so far as fundamental scientific ideas are concerned. ¶¶ His two books are indeed models of mordant scepticism.

* P. 118. Cf. "Philosophic Doubt," p. 287. "Science is a system of belief which, for anything we can allege to the contrary, is wholly without proof. The inferences by which it is arrived at are erroneous; the premisses on which it rests are unproved."

† P. 119. ‡ P. 133. § P. 134. || Pp. 246-7. ¶ P. 246. ** P. 235.

†† P. 238. ‡‡ "Philosophic Doubt," p. 245. §§ *Ib.* p. 246.

||| *Ib.* p. 258. ¶¶ F. B. pp. 245-6; cf. "Philosophic Doubt" pp. 287, 293.

He has said of his earlier book that "the title has attracted more interest than the contents,"* but the title is hardly just to the contents or their interest. It is not so much a "defence of philosophic doubt" as critical doubt of all the philosophies. These two are not only different, but almost opposite things; "philosophic doubt" is more positive in character than doubt of philosophy. Hume is the typical exponent of "philosophic doubt," but he is in some respects much more positive and even constructive than Mr. Balfour. He accepted the current philosophical doctrine of his day: Locke's "ideas of sensation," Berkeley's "ideas of sense," were his "impressions"; while, we may add in passing, the familiar "phenomena" of our contemporary thought, and Mr. Herbert Spencer's "vivid manifestations of the unknown" may be regarded as their living representatives, if not strict equivalents. Locke's "ideas of reflexion," Berkeley's "ideas of imagination" were Hume's "ideas," which were echoes or reminiscences of the impression, true in the measure that they repeated it, false in the degree they omitted any feature of their original. Now, Hume did not trouble himself with Descartes' speculative deduction of being from thought, with his innate ideas and occasional causes; nor with Spinoza's substance with its two attributes of extension and thought; nor with Leibnitz's monads and pre-established harmony, or his pregnant hint that the intellect was needed to interpret the impressions which the senses conveyed in from without. On the contrary, he resolutely left philosophical criticism alone, and, assuming the premisses of the home or native philosophy, turned to the problem they set him. He saw quite as clearly as our author sees that if "impressions" were ultimate, the origin of all knowledge and its only authentic elements, then those fundamental beliefs by which we interpreted both man and nature had no warrant in reason. Every "impression" was of a single or individual thing, a subjective experience which could tell nothing of the reality or nature of the objective world, its system or coherence, its causation or continuity, or of the continued personal being of the subjective. What caused and what experienced the "impressions" were alike unknown: nor were we endowed by Nature with any faculty or instrument sufficient for their discovery. But Hume was at once too subtle and too speculative to remain satisfied with so purely negative a conclusion; and so he boldly essayed to explain how beliefs that had no warrant from Nature yet naturally came to be. His problem was twofold: How did a fleeting succession of subjective "impressions" come to suggest and to seem a permanent and ordered outer world? And how could a stream of ideas in perpetual flux, and succeeding each other with inconceivable rapidity, come to bear the appearance of a continuous personal and conscious self? The solution lay in the mystic words

* "Essays and Addresses," p. 284.

"association" and "custom"; association was personal, individual, the tendency to join together in thought things perceived together in sense, to conceive as inseparable objects invariably associated in perception; but custom was collective—association worked into a habit at once common and personal. Now, Hume's scepticism, so construed, cannot, whatever we may think of its intellectual or philosophical validity, be denied a positive character. His formation of ideas or beliefs by association or custom, whether arbitrary, illicit, or accidental, was a philosophic theory of knowledge adapted to a special though current and common psychology. His speculative sincerity may be doubted, even when his speculative genius is admired,* but his philosophy was a theory intended to account for beliefs which, however unreal, had all the appearance and served all the purposes of realities. But Mr. Balfour, while more critical, is less positive than Hume. He may not be sceptical in his results, but he is so much so in his argumentative process as to leave us without any premisses that can justify his conclusions. His book is the work of a man who has "always found it easier to satisfy himself of the insufficiency of Naturalism than of the absolute sufficiency of any" other system of thought;† and what he gives is cogent destructive criticism unredressed by any equally cogent constructive argument. In other words, he vindicates his own principles by invalidating those of other people, but he does not explicate or justify the principles on which he builds his superstructure, or discover the basis on which they ultimately rest. Hume was sceptical both in his premisses and in his conclusion, though positive in his method; but Mr. Balfour, though positive in his conclusion, is negative in his method, and uncritical as to his premisses. He dismisses, by a searching critical process, our current philosophies, empirical and transcendental; then confesses he has no effectual substitute to offer, and finally offers a provisional theory for the unification of beliefs which throws into the most startling relief all the sceptical elements in his own criticism.

This criticism need not perhaps be further elaborated, but it is necessary that its precise point and purpose be not missed. There is no complaint that Mr. Balfour's criticism of empiricism is destructive; the more thorough he can make it in this respect the more wholesome will it be. The objection is to its purely sceptical character; it creates doubt, it does nothing more. It does not make the formation of belief more intelligible, the process of knowledge more conceivable, its results more real, or its conclusions more trustworthy. It involves all these things in deeper doubt; it turns the relation of mind to nature and of nature to mind into a hopeless maze, and creates suspicion as to the truth and reality of knowledge. And this cannot

* "Foundations of Belief," p. 96. Cf. "Philosophic Doubt," pp. 85-6.

† "Foundations of Belief," p. 92.

be done at one point of our intellectual being without affecting every other. Scepticism is a double-edged weapon, and very dangerous in audacious hands. If faith in one class of beliefs is broken down, the result is more likely to be that all classes will suffer than that any one class will specially benefit. Doubt of the veracity of mind in its simplest operations has a subtle way of becoming doubt all round. Certainly faith is not made more possible by the processes and products of mind being made less intelligible and real. The want of a constructive philosophy, an architectonic idea and method, is a fatal want in a book which aims at the conservation of belief. Descartes' universal doubt was not doubt, and was not universal; it was a process of digging down to what the thinker believed to be solid rock, in order that he might build upon thought a system which thought could clearly conceive—*i.e.*, the critical process was necessary to the architectural purpose—was, indeed, the first stage in its realisation. So, too, the Transcendental Idealism, which is here so episodically criticised, may handle Empiricism quite as caustically as our author, but it does so that it may discover the real factors or positive conditions of knowledge. Its aim is to make the universe more intelligible to man, and man more intelligible to himself; to show the subjective reason and the objective rationality in such reciprocal action and correspondence as to make the process of knowledge a solution of the problem of being. The theory may be true or it may be false, but, at least, it is positive—*i.e.*, it so uses the transcendental factor in knowledge, the interpreting reason, as to discover and determine the real ultimate of being, the interpreted reason, and to make the thought which unites these a veracious and rational process. But Mr. Balfour's method is purely sceptical; he leaves mind bewildered in the face of Nature, unable to trust its perceptions, unable to determine what is truth, unable to feel any reality in knowledge. By this means he may have made the fundamental ideas of science too doubtful to be used against faith; but what is the only logical deduction possible from the principles which he has used his sceptical method to obtain? Why, this:—Since error creeps into all our thought, and uncertainty surrounds all our knowledge of Nature, how can we know that there is any truth anywhere, in any premiss or in any argument, any certainty in any knowledge, any reality in any belief? If such be the result of his sceptical criticism, where is the advantage to faith? For what does it represent in thought save the method of the blind Samson who sacrificed himself in order that he might the more effectually bury the Philistines under the ruins of their own temple?

III.

So far we have been concerned with what may be termed fundamental philosophical theory ; we have now to proceed to its application to religious or theological belief.

1. And here I may say, Mr. Balfour seems to me to have no adequate sense of the range and complexity of the problem he has set for himself ; *that* is nothing less than to find a positive philosophy of religious beliefs. And this he is all the more bound to find that his destructive criticism has been so merciless and so complete. But this problem cannot be discussed simply as if it were a matter of individual experience, or a question of contemporary thought. There is nothing at once so universal and so particular, so uniform and so varied, as religion. Man everywhere possesses and professes it, yet it is never in any two countries, with any two peoples, or even any two persons, exactly the same thing. There are, therefore, two distinct yet cognate questions : Why are religious beliefs at once so invariable, and so varied ? Why do they everywhere emerge, and yet everywhere assume some specific local form ? It is evident that the special function of the philosophy of religion is to explain at once why religious belief is so universal and uniform, and religious beliefs so multiform and varied. The causes that produce it must be common and continuous in their action ; but the conditions that produce variation, local and occasional. The creative factor can never cease to operate, otherwise the belief would cease to live ; and were the modifying conditions to become inactive, all beliefs would tend to a monotony of character or sameness of form. The one question is wholly philosophical, the other is partly philosophical and partly historical ; and taken together they signify that the only scientific and satisfactory method of inquiry and discussion is the constant correlation of the permanent factor of belief with its varying forms, in order to the discovery of the reason at once of its continuous life and constant change. Now, what one most of all misses in this book is the sense that there is such a problem, that it is initial to all philosophical theology, that till it be discussed neither the bed nor the material for any foundation for belief has been found. One is surprised to find Mr. Balfour distinguishing as he does between "causes" and "reasons" of belief ; in the only sense tolerable in such a discussion "causes" are "reasons," and reason is cause. In a scientific theory of the genesis of knowledge we find its justification ; in a philosophical explanation of the origin of belief we have its vindication. The very process which, consciously and analytically pursued by the individual, justifies his theism, produces, when spontaneously and synthetically pursued by the race, the beliefs which have organised and built up its religions.

But we must take Mr. Balfour on his own terms ; we have no

right to demand his acceptance of ours. Well, then, let us grant that his sceptical criticism has been completely victorious, empiricism is vanquished, and its scientific ideas so paralysed that they can no longer be used as tests or standards to determine the credibility or incredibility of theological beliefs. What then? The beliefs are *there*: What are they? How did they come to be? How are they to be justified? He has proved scientific ideas to be so incapable of proof as to be without normative value or force in the ethical and religious realm, but he has not proved theological beliefs to be true; on the contrary, he has pursued a method which compels us to approach them in an attitude of doubt or even negation. The radical scepticism which has created doubt of one class of beliefs has created a presumption against the truth of the other class. But what do we find here? A sudden reversal of the method before pursued, and no attempt made to compel the beliefs to give an account of themselves, to justify their being, or to examine their form and contents in the light of their source. The whilom sceptic becomes curiously credulous, while he skilfully does not see the questions which he can neither discuss nor answer frankly and explicitly; but he offers an instructive substitute for a discussion. There is a titular inquiry into the "Causes of Experience." * What are these "causes"? The most diligent search through the book has left me still with the question, but without any answer. This, of course, may be purely my fault, but the fruits of the search are worth recording. "Naturalism" is dismissed; what, then, is to be our system? Not dualism, "a natural world immediately subject to causation, and a spiritual world immediately subject to God." This is "a patchwork scheme of belief," "a rough-and-ready expedient" for escaping from "the rigid limits of a too narrow system," excellent in a measure, and not to be hastily condemned, but clearly a system in which many find it "difficult or impossible to acquiesce." † To those who "ask for a philosophy which shall give rational unity to an adequate creed" he answers, "I have it not to give." ‡ Instead, "provisionally restricting himself to the scientific point of view," he forbears "to consider beliefs from the side of proof," and "surveys them for a season from the side of origin only, and in relation to the causes which gave them birth." § This is excellent; the best philosophy of belief is an adequate theory of its origin, though we note that the forbearance from proof is here logical, or rather inevitable; the sceptical criticism had made any other course simply impossible, especially any course involving rational proof. What, then, is the cause or origin of "the apparatus of belief" (a most significant phrase) "which we find actually connected with the higher scientific, social, and spiritual life of the race"? || The causes are many, "presuppose the beliefs of perception" (the very

* Part III. chap. 1. † Pp. 186-7. ‡ Pp. 187-8. § P. 188. || P. 193.

perception which had been proved so habitually inaccurate and mendacious), "memory, and expectation in their elementary shape," and "an organism fitted for their hospitable reception by ages of ancestral preparation." We may note, in passing, how empirical and scientific this mode of speech is; but "these conditions" (not *causes*, it will be seen), "are clearly not enough"; there must be "an appropriate environment," and within this is "a group of causes" (not conditions), "so important in their collective operation" as to demand "detailed notice." The name of this group is "authority," and our immediate concern is with it as "a non-rational cause of belief."

Now, our first question here is, What does Mr. Balfour mean by "Authority"? It is a large word, denotes varied things, connotes many ideas. It has one sense in literature, another in science, another in law, still another in religion; in the realm of opinion it denotes the right to define and the power to enforce belief; in the sphere of action, the right to prescribe conduct and to exact obedience. It has been conceived as both personal and impersonal, vested in the one case in a society like the Church, or in a body of beliefs like tradition, or a written word like the Sacred Scriptures; or, in the other case, in either an invisible Head like our Lord, or in a visible head like the Pope. Now, in what sense does Mr. Balfour use the term? He says it is "a word which transports us into a stormy tract of speculation nearly adjacent to theology"; * it may be too much to say it "has been for three centuries the main battlefield of new thoughts and old," but we can contrast it with reason, its "rival and opponent."† "We are acted upon by authority," but when "we reason" we act, we produce.‡ When it is so described we seem to be dealing with authority in its special religious sense, as legislative over opinion, and judicial as regards conduct; but this soon turns out to be a mistake. For under one aspect it is the *Zeitgeist*, the spirit of the age; then it appears as a "psychological atmosphere," or "climate," favourable to some, unfavourable to other beliefs; § then it assumes the shape of "custom, education, public opinion, family, party, or Church"; || in a, for him, curious antithesis, "the equities of reason" are opposed to "the expediencies of authority"; ¶ and finally, it is said to "stand for that group of non-rational causes, moral, social, and educational, which produces its results by psychic processes other than reasoning,"** and in this sense it is contrasted with "Papal infallibility."†† What, then, does he mean by "authority"? Why, exactly what Hume meant by "custom"; what Mr. Spencer might describe as the accumulated and transmitted experience of the race, of the State, or of the family. It is an explanation of belief by

* P. 194.
 || P. 213.

† Pp. 195, 219.
 ¶ P. 216.

‡ P. 203.
 ** P. 219.

§ P. 206.
 †† P. 223 ff.

means of a "non-rational cause";* in Hume's phrase, it is "belief engendered upon custom," which custom he would, in turn, have termed the creation of "a certain kind of accident"—*i.e.*, a result which was "non-rational," or for which he could give no reason. We may understand why Hume should tell us that the "ultimate cause of the impression is perfectly inexplicable by human reason," that reason itself is only "an unintelligible instinct," that "belief is an act of the mind arising from custom," which is "the foundation of all our judgments"—that was scepticism logically applied to all classes of beliefs; but what we do not understand is how custom, though transmuted into "authority," should be able to save one class of beliefs while criticism is free to inflict upon another the sentence of intellectual death. What seems plain is that Mr. Balfour has, by emptying the reason or normal nature of man of all constructive ideas, emptied it also of all the higher beliefs, and so has to invent a special agency or method for their introduction. In other words, the sceptical criticism has evoked its inevitable Nemesis—*i.e.*, has divorced thought as completely from God as perception from the realities of Nature, and so made, in Mr. Balfour's own words, "certitude the child of custom,"† only custom has undergone baptism, and appears as "authority," the demure mother of Christian beliefs.

2. Now, on this very curious theory, which is also most instructive, especially so far as it illustrates Mr. Balfour's own mind and attitude to theology, I have some criticisms to offer.

i. What is the "reason" to which "authority" is here opposed? It seems to be not so much "reason," as ratiocination. The use and interchange of terms in this chapter is indeed a perplexing but highly educative study. We have "reason," "we reason," "reasoning" gliding out and in of sentences and taking each other's places as if they were strict synonyms. Now ratiocination may denote an activity or exercise, or process of the reason, but it is not reason, and is in no sense the antithesis of authority, under which, as scholasticism shows, it may live and operate with quite preternatural acuteness and success. If these opposed terms had been carefully discriminated and defined we should have been spared this chapter.

ii. It is curious that the author, in dealing with a matter so fundamental to his argument, should never raise the question,—how this authority, or custom, or group of causes "of psychic processes," acting within our psychological environment, came to be? To what kind or class of factors or agencies does it owe its existence? He describes it as "a non-rational cause of belief," but what is it itself—a

* In "Philosophic Doubt" Mr. Balfour seemed prepared to apply his theory to theological as well as to other beliefs: "The progress of knowledge has led us rather to diminish our estimate of the part which reasons as opposed to other causes have played in the formation of creeds; for it has shown that these reasons are themselves the results of non-rational antecedents," pp. 200-1.

† P. 164.

creation of reason, a result of purpose, or a non-rational effect of a non-rational cause? If reason made it, how can it be truly described as "a non-rational cause of belief"? If reason did not make it, what did? Accident or chance? But these terms denote the worst sort of Agnosticism; they are the kind of words which a moment of puzzled incompetence surprised out of sceptic Hume, and so they are alien to the mind which comes to lead us into the inner court of theology. The question as to the source or cause of the authority is determinative of its nature and character; one would think that if it be a "rational effect" it could not be a "non-rational cause" of a thing so rational as ethical and religious belief. And the greater the function authority has in history and in the formation of mind, the less can we conceive it as a non-rational factor of rational things; otherwise the forces which govern man will cease to be either theistic or ethical. And the puzzlement is increased by some of Mr. Balfour's own phrases. His "authority" assumes various most rational forms; "the spirit of the age," which is just the intellectual atmosphere created by its living thought; parental discipline, which is surely the action of rational will upon rational will; education, which is the more mature acting by means of rational instruments on the less mature mind; custom, which is a mode of intelligent action become habitual and common.* What acts under these forms and conditions is surely incorrectly described as "a non-rational cause of belief." The phrase seems, therefore, to me either insignificant or absurd. If what is here termed authority—viz., our organised ethical ideals, intellectual habits, and social instincts in their organising action—have a rational cause—and unless this be granted we depose Providence for accident—then it must be rational when it becomes a cause of beliefs. And, whatever their cause, what are beliefs? Non-rational effects? If so, what are the things whose being Mr. Balfour would justify but blind creations of a blind cause which man must with his growth in reason get progressively rid of?

iii. It is also curious that Mr. Balfour did not raise the question as to the relation of the individual to these beliefs of non-rational origin. Man is ever modifying his environment by his action on it, which means that this so-called authority is ever in process of change, being, as it were, ever called to account and compelled to adapt itself to the new mind and its new forms of belief or modes of thought; and this further means that the person whom the authority forms, in turn reforms the authority. For the life of the belief is quite as significant as its origin. If its origin is non-rational, it lives its life in a rational medium, and has to accept the conditions under which life there is possible. And surely it is more philosophical to bring the

* Mr. Balfour in one place explains "authority" by "the non-rational action of mind on mind" (p. 238). Sentences of this order cause one's ideas to get a little mixed.

causes of the origin and the conditions of the maintenance of life into harmony, than to set them at war with each other. We must also remember that the life of the belief within the reason ever acts as a modifying force on the environment. Mr. Balfour knows the distinction which the Roman jurists drew between *jus naturale* and *jus civile*, and the use they made of the former to affect the latter. The *jus civile* was statutory, established and fixed law, as it were the actual legal environment; the *jus naturale* was ideal, the principle of justice and equity immanent in the man, yet, with the progress of his ethical culture, growing ever more articulate. And the great jurists of the second and third centuries, who were also for the most part Stoics, so applied the ideal of law within to the actual law without as to compel the actual to embody the ideal at least in as perfect a degree as we are ever likely to see in time. And precisely the same action is ever going on in the region of belief. Whatever may be its origin, thought is a potent factor in its modification; and on its harmony with thought its continued life depends. A "non-rational cause" is no explanation of the being of a rational thing; and we may be certain that in the last analysis the real source can never be different in kind from the cause which secures continuance.

iv. The most curious point of all is this: Mr. Balfour never raises the question as to whether the authority which causes the belief justifies the belief it causes. This surely was for his purpose the most vital point in his problem; apart from it his cause was without character or logical function. The real question he set himself to answer was this: What are we to think of Christian theology and the principles on which it is built? It is not any or every religious belief that he seeks to justify; it is our specifically Christian beliefs. He has made his appeal to authority, which is "the spirit of the age," our "psychological climate," public opinion, custom, family, party, Church; but these are all the most variable of things. Our "psychological climates" are more numerous, varied, and changeable than our geographical; the extremes are greater, the gradations steeper, and the variations more sudden. Mr. Balfour is a statesman as well as a philosopher, and he will not think me impertinent if the point be illustrated by his own position and experience. He is by descent and family a Scotchman, by education and political place an Englishman; the "psychological climate" in Scotland is Presbyterian; in England, Episcopalian: does his double nationality duplicate his beliefs? Does it justify his being a Calvinist and Presbyterian north of the Tweed, an Arminian and an Anglican south of it? Are the proper beliefs of a man those of his "psychological climate"? or is this "climate" a justification for the beliefs? or has it no significance for their character? But this is an innocent comparison, involving what may be thought no very radical difference. Well, then, Mr. Balfour, as

a statesman, has helped to govern India, he may one day be at home the responsible minister for it, or even go out there to be the representative of his Sovereign. Its "psychological climate," customs, education, public opinion—in a word, "authority"—is very unlike ours: what of the beliefs it causes? What is their truth, their validity, their value and warrant? The question is not simply curious; it is vital. If authority is invoked to explain belief, how do the beliefs it explains stand related to theology and theological truth? Is religion to become a theory of "climate"? And is all idea of a religion true for all places, all times, and all men to be allowed to fall to the ground? This would be indeed a strange result to follow from a philosophically conservative attempt to lay "the foundations of belief." Yet it recalls the attempt of another conservative and sceptical philosopher to make the "psychological" coincide with the civil or national, if not with the geographical, climate; it exactly repeats the theory of Hobbes, with impersonal authority substituted for the personal king. We were not surprised at it in his case, for he had¹ a frankness which was so blunt as to leave no room for surprise; but we do wonder at finding it in so acute a critic of "Naturalism," and so strenuous an upholder of theology as Mr. Arthur Balfour.

IV.

But it is more than time we passed to the constructive part of the work, if constructive it can be called. Here it is more difficult to criticise, for the points of agreement and difference are in these later chapters so intricately intermixed. His argument has about it the waywardness of genius, it halts in unexpected places, turns back upon itself, breaks into felicitous asides, diverges into delightful by-paths. The book indeed is redeemed by its digressions; without them it would have seemed a mere exercise in cunning sword-play, but with them it has all the appearance of an army of victorious arguments marching into the battle. Were battles won by gallant bearing, gay banners, and martial music, our author would deserve to be saluted as a victor indeed.

What, then, is the method and principle of the constructive argument? It starts with the provisional scheme for the unification of beliefs; and here the definition of faith is significant: "Faith or assurance, which, if not in excess of reason, is at least independent of it, seems to be a necessity in every great departments of knowledge which touches on action."* In this sense it belongs in an equal degree at once to science and theology, to ethics and religion; and while the belief in an outer world is more universal and inevitable than any single religious belief, yet "these peculiarities have no import. They exist, but they are irrelevant." For man is a being

* P. 240.

of needs as well as of sense-perceptions, his needs require ethical ideals and religious beliefs for their satisfaction. And just as in every belief which has its origin in perception we assume some kind of harmony between ourselves and the outer universe, so a like harmony ought to be assumed between "that universe and our higher needs." * What strikes one in this rather rudimentary equation of beliefs, is its unreasoned character, indeed the utterly illogical and unphilosophical procedure by which it has been accomplished. Nothing could be more different than the measure which is meted out to the two orders of beliefs respectively. The one class has been analysed, criticised, satirised, beaten and buffeted in every possible way; the other class is allowed to enter without any kind of question or any attempt to examine either its subjective warrant or objective validity. But this difference is a serious confession either of the incompetence of the philosophy to justify the beliefs or of the incapability of the beliefs to be justified. It is an acknowledgment that they cannot bear to be reasoned about, but live in a region of emotion or instinct, of feeling and impulse. This is of all positions the most intellectually dangerous, especially when the basis for it has been laid in philosophical scepticism. For feeling is an individual thing, living an unstable and dependent life, noble only as it is penetrated by the intellect and governed by the conscience. A distinguished German thinker whose philosophy was even 'as Mr. Balfour's, described himself as a heathen according to the intellect, but a Christian according to the heart. And where such a schism has been introduced into the nature, the old heathen is certain to prove himself subtler and stronger than the young Christian.

Mr. Balfour, indeed, maintains that the relation between our "needs" and their satisfaction is not as "purely subjective in character" as that between "a desire and its fulfilment." The correspondence is that between "the immutable verities of the unseen world," and "these characteristics of our nature, which we recognise as that in us which, though not necessarily the strongest, is the highest." † But what are these "characteristics"? What faculty in us corresponds to verity in the universe? Is it not reason or thought, the faculty by which we know rather than feel? He had everything to gain by as free a use of the critical method on the source, the form, and the matter of religious beliefs, as on the basis and truth of scientific ideas; by his failure to use it he leaves to the beliefs an unjustified existence, introduces a hopeless schism between knowledge and faith, and tends to reduce religion to a mere consuetudinary and institutional system. Indeed, the notion that religion—though not religious ideas—is the creature of custom, the thing of "psychological atmosphere" or political "climate," is the

* P. 247.

† P. 248.

historical correlative of his fundamental philosophy, and, though incompletely developed, it lurks in all the constructive parts of the book, notably in his theories of "authority" and of "beliefs and formulas."

But I would not part from the book and its author without expressing anew my admiration of its spirit, and of his purpose and endeavour. It is a remarkable achievement for a statesman, and gives to the State the happy assurance that a mind which may yet control its destinies, has visions of higher and more enduring things than the strife of parties, the collision of interests, or the jealousies of classes. We live by faith, and this faith is here often fitly and finely expressed. To his belief in a God capable of "preferential action"; in an inspiration "limited to no age, to no country, to no people"; in an incarnation which may transcend science, but is "the abiding place of the highest reality"; in Christianity as a religion so "effectually fitted to minister to our ethical needs" as to be made even more credible by the mystery of evil, which it so forcibly recognises that it may the more victoriously overcome—I entirely and heartily subscribe. My criticism has concerned not so much the end he has reached, as his mode of reaching it. The way of faith is in these days hard enough; it need not be made more difficult; and it becomes those who believe that the highest truth of reason is one with the highest object of faith, to make it clear that in their view at least a true theology can never be built on a sceptical philosophy, and that only the thought which trusts the reason can truly vindicate faith in the God who gave it.

A. M. FAIRBAIRN.

THE CANADIAN COPYRIGHT ACT.

UNLESS something is done immediately, unless the most earnest and active opposition is raised within the next few weeks, the Royal Assent will be given to the Canadian Copyright Act, and incalculable injury will thereby be done to the interests of authors all the world over. We who are English authors are only a little handful of people, and we contend against a mighty force. It is natural that the English Government should wish to meet the demand of a great self-governing colony like Canada. Nothing but the strongest representations of the injustice threatened will operate to prevent it. Those representations we must now make. It is our duty to speak out, and to speak with no uncertain voice. It is not copyright in Canada merely that is at stake—it is the principle of copyright all over the world.

What is the substance of the Canadian claim? It is that the British Government will sanction arrangements to take away copyright in Canada from all British authors except Canadians. If Imperial sanction is granted to this demand Canada undertakes to legislate in the interests of British authors and she indicates the direction in which her legislation will go. With that we may deal later: our first business is with the principle of Canada's claim. What are we to say about it? One thing at the very outset—that it undermines the whole general recognition of copyright in literary property. For fifty years we have been struggling—we and our great predecessors—Dickens, Thackeray, Carlyle, Lytton, and a host of others—for recognition of the principle that a man has a right to the commercial value of the property he creates in books. It has been a stiff fight but we have conquered all along the line. We have prevailed upon the chief nations of Europe to meet together in

convention at Berne, and establish once for all the fundamental principle that without registration, simultaneous publication or any similar mummery, an author holds property in the children of his brain, and that this property cannot be taken from him except by his own direct assignment. We have created a moral sentiment so strong in favour of the right of an author to control his own work that even in the countries that did not come into that general treaty—Sweden and Denmark—no reputable publisher (as I can say of my personal knowledge) will publish a translation of a foreign book without the authorisation of the author. We have secured an even greater triumph in America. There we have had to contend against a colossal trade interest—the interest of the American printer, who found it profitable to take our books, print them badly on bad paper, sell them at a ridiculous price and pay us nothing. This we have at long length put an end to, by showing America that it is equally to its own and to our interest to recognise the principle that an author has rights in the book he produces. But now having done this, and having given pledges to America that in exchange for the copyright she gives us, we will give copyright to her throughout British dominions, one of our own colonies makes demand that it shall be allowed to break down the whole principle which during fifty hard years we have so laboriously built up.

Canada is prompted to this course by what it sees in the United States. It sees that American printers print the books that are sold in America, and it asks that Canadian printers shall be allowed to print the books to be sold in Canada. A Canadian paper tells us that “nothing could be more unfair than for the English to reproach Canada for wanting to do what they have consented to the United States doing.” We answer that nothing could be more foolish than such a contention. The “manufacturing clause” of American copyright is a limitation of the principle of copyright which we had nothing to do with. It was a mere sop granted by the promoters of American copyright to the powerful class that had acted as an impediment to copyright for fifty years. It was a bad sop. The clause operates badly all round. We have hoped to see it abolished. But now Canada comes and asks as a point of principle for that which America wrested from us as a point of expediency. As a point of principle it is utterly bad. It is based on the old blundering notion—a notion generated in printing-offices and having no existence elsewhere—that a book is a thing made by the printer and the bookbinder. A book is a thing made by an author. The printing and the bookbinding are the mere mechanism of a book—the mere machinery by which copies are multiplied and distributed. To claim the right to print all books sold on Canadian soil is to claim an absurdity. Claim, if you like, the first-fruits of Canadian genius. Say that no born

Canadian shall have copyright in Canada unless he publishes first in his mother country. But to say that the Englishman and Frenchman must allow you to print his books, or you will not allow him to sell them in your country, is to have a false and limited idea of what a book is. In America nobody dares to defend the manufacturing clause on principle. To establish a manufacturing clause in Canada would be to establish it on principle, and as a principle it is an absurdity.

And now what is it that Canada promises to do for us if England sanctions the abolition of British copyright in Canada? First, it offers to grant us copyright in the Dominion for a limited period of twenty-eight years if we reprint and republish a book in Canada within one month from its original publication. The limit of time is grudging and the month's grace is folly. Canada will point to America and say: "There you have to publish simultaneously or you lose copyright already—we offer you a month and yet you fling insults at us." Our answer is that the same laws can apply equally favourably in different countries only where the conditions are the same. Between Canada and the United States there is a great difference of condition. In America there is a complete organisation of publishers. American publishers are entirely abreast of the English book-market. Simultaneous publication, in the case of authors of position, is easy. The necessity for simultaneous publication has its disadvantages. It hits the new author very hard. The uncertainty about the reception of a new book by a new author is so great that one may say the simultaneous publication clause puts out of copyright the first works of nearly all authors. But if these are the disadvantages in the United States, what are they in Canada? There they have no organisation of publishers; they may almost be said to have no publishers at all. A mere handful of printers and booksellers (generally carrying on other trades) are all that we should have to deal with. It is impossible that they can have any real knowledge of the English book-market. Their proposals show that they are ignorant of the principles of English book publishing. A good book might go over there, be badgered about for a month, and lose its copyright after all. A month is not enough to make arrangements under such conditions; we want six months, twelve months, in fact, no limit of months at all.

But Canada offers to be very good to us in its way. It proposes that if we do not arrange to copyright our book within a month, any Canadian printer shall be free to take our book without our permission and sell it at whatever price he likes, with the condition that the Canadian Government shall grant him a licence to do this, and he shall undertake to pay 10 per cent. of the retail price for the benefit of the author.

Our objection to this high-handed method of settling our affairs—this putting us into the position of bankrupts, with the Canadian Government as our irresponsible official receiver—apart from principle, is—first, that 10 per cent. is an absurd royalty ; and next, that Canada expressly declines to give us any guarantee that we shall ever receive it. The speedy outcome of such a licence will be that the Canadian printer will print the cheapest editions that he can put on the market. There will be a return in Canada to the pirate literature that disgraced the United States, and the honorarium of the English author will go down to the proverbial ten guineas of ten years ago—with the difference that in the case of Canada the ten guineas will sink to 10½*d.*

But the side issues in this matter are of vastly greater consequence than the direct issues. First and foremost there is the effect on America. When America gave us copyright we pledged ourselves that in return America should have copyright throughout the British Empire. Canadian papers describe the giving of that pledge as “coolly throwing the colonies into our copyright domain.” England had a right to throw her colonies into her copyright domain. It was an Imperial principle, and it did not interfere with Colonial home-government. Anyhow, having given the pledge, we must keep it. Then what will be our position ? This—that American authors will have their books protected in Canada while English authors will not. If Canada complains of that, if she asks that the pledge shall be withdrawn which gives the American author copyright in Canada, she asks in effect that the American Copyright Act shall be at once wiped out. And why ? To satisfy a handful of Canadian printers (chiefly dry-goods store men) who want to print the books sold in Canada.

There is a still more serious outlook. Down to the time of American copyright English books in Canada laboured against the unfair competition of the pirated book in the United States. The novel sold at six shillings in London was sold at two shillings in Montreal and Toronto. Why ? Because it was brought cheek-by-jowl with the ten cents book published in New York and Boston. This was a heavy and unjust handicapping of the Canadian book trade ; but what does Canada propose to do now ? It merely proposes to put the boot on to the other leg.

Even if Canada makes all regulations to prevent the exportation of Canadian editions, the disadvantage is not removed. Canada and the United States are countries divided by a river. In some places the boundary is even less formidable than that. Between the two there is an immense floating population. Let us contemplate the effect of this geographical fact on the reader, the author, the American publisher and the American printer. Say that the same English book is published in Canada at sixpence, and in New York at a dollar and a half. What

will be the result? The American traveller will not buy his book in his own country. He will wait until he gets to Canada and buy at a saving of five and sixpence. The first loss to the English author on that transaction is the difference between, say, twenty per cent. on a dollar and a half, and ten per cent. on sixpence. But the loss will not end there. The American publisher, who has paid the author a lump sum of perhaps £500 on account of his twenty per cent. royalties will begin to complain; the royalties will sink from twenty per cent. to ten, and the lump sum to nothing. But the evil will not even yet be at an end. The American printer, who is already sore at the curtailment of his unholy industry, will ask with what justice we have taken it from him and given it to our own people. We shall have no reply. American copyright will utterly break down from pressure both without and within, and we shall be reduced afresh to the old miserable and squalid condition of theft and grab on every side.

Meantime Canada will have taken the position of literary pirate-in-chief to the whole world. And she will pay her own penalty. As long as she is a literary pirate, or at best the dispenser of a copyright which is no copyright at all, but only a sham and a mockery, she will never develop a literature of her own. She may grant whatever copyright she likes to Canadians, but no Canadian literature will be able to exist side by side with a pirated literature. That will be the Nemesis that will pursue her if she forces on this mischievous, this ill-advised, this most dangerous Bill. England is proud of her Colonies and Canada deserves well of her. But the last service she ought to render to her child is to indulge it in a whim which must be fraught with infinite injury both to itself and to the mother-country.

HALL CAINE.

I can only express my concurrence with the views of Mr. Hall Caine about Canadian Copyright. That Canada should legislate about her own authors is, in my opinion, perfectly right. That she should claim to republish the works of living English authors without their consent seems to me utterly unjust, and if the claim is conceded it is likely to affect most disastrously the security of literary property through the whole English-speaking world.

The month of grace which it is proposed to allow is obviously too short to be of the smallest value, and the proposed 10 per cent. royalty would probably prove completely deceptive. The Canadian Government of its own free will undertook, many years since, to collect at the Custom-houses a duty on American reprints for the benefit of English authors. It has discharged its obligation in such a fashion

that few of the most popular English authors have in a whole lifetime received more than a few shillings from this source.

It is surely not too much to ask the Queen's Ministers in England to protect the property of the Queen's subjects from legalised plunder in any part of her dominions.

This is the only favour that English literature asks or expects from their hands.

W. E. H. LECKY.

I am of opinion that it is most unfortunate for the interests of English authors that this question of copyright, in itself a trivial affair, should have been made a cause of quarrel and difficulty between the Imperial and the Canadian Governments. Authors are a small and weak body, and when, as in the present instance, they form the *corpus vile* of political experiment, it is but too likely that their interests will be lost sight of or sacrificed to the demands of expediency. If they take the trouble to study the question at all, Canadian politicians and those behind them must admit that this Act, should it receive the Royal Assent, will prove very injurious to authors, and especially to such of them as are poor, struggling and unable to afford to reprint both in America and Canada. Among other things the Act provides that if an author does not reprint and republish his work in Canada within a month of its original publication, the Government may issue a license to any applicant to print and publish such work subject to a payment of ten per cent. of the retail price to the author, for the collection of which ten per cent. the Government is not to be responsible. In practice this will mean that the said ten per cent. will never be collected, and that any work thus published (possibly in several separate editions) will, so far as Canada is concerned, prove totally unremunerative to its creator.

Further, it is obvious that such cheap reprints will be smuggled across the frontier, with the result that the writer's market in the United States will be depreciated, and an argument furnished for the repeal of the American Copyright Act.

Again, the example set by Canada may possibly be followed by other dependencies of the Empire, thus in the issue depriving British authors of their Colonial markets.

It seems a pity that, at a time when, after a long and severe conflict, authors have at last obtained more or less recognition of their right to the fruits of their labours from the whole civilised world, Canada should be the first to attempt to deprive them of such right, and it is to the sense of justice of the Canadian people that they appeal to protect them from this injury.

H. RIDER HAGGARD.

I have been asked to express an opinion on the dispute which has unfortunately arisen between the Imperial Government and the Canadian Legislature concerning the question of Copyright, and I do so with a full sense of the plausible nature of the arguments by which the demand of the Dominion is supported and the difficult position in which we, who are opposing it, are placed.

The present state of affairs, and the far-reaching injury which would be caused by the proposed change, are only too well understood by those who are personally interested in literary property, but the matter is one which, from its nature and intricacy, cannot arouse the feeling and excite the interest of a very large number of voters, and which, therefore, in the absence of "big drums" and mass meetings, is likely to pass unheeded.

We whose lives are spent in watching the various professions and industries which would be affected by concession to the demand of the Canadians, believe that that demand involves principles of the first importance, and that the concession would, sooner or later, be followed by disastrous consequences.

The question is one of those which is specifically excluded from the matters with which the Dominion Parliament is competent to deal; it is reserved for the decision of the Home Government as a matter of Imperial concern. At present the cloud is no bigger than a man's hand, but were the Imperial Government to give way to one colony—or, rather, to a small but clamorous section of one colony—in a question in which most of our colonies, as well as the Mother Country, are equally interested, they will create a very dangerous precedent, and one which we have reason to believe is being quietly but keenly watched in many quarters of the globe. If once the Colonies find that the Government has yielded on a principle of this kind, similar pressure will assuredly be brought to bear in other quarters.

Another principle which is involved is the right of an author to control the publication of his own work. We may Bowdlerise Shakespeare, but there are not many authors who would care to have their works "amended" or revised by unknown editors, or presented to the public in a discreditable form due to careless press-readers and cheap printing. And yet there is in the Canadian proposal no safeguard against such treatment, nor against the continued appearance of old or obsolete editions of a work which an author has by continued toil and revision kept abreast of the times.

The exclusion of pirated and unauthorised reprints of copyright works from our Australian Colonies and India has, even in existing circumstances, been a task requiring the utmost vigilance and care. All efforts have in some cases proved unavailing, and many popular English authors have suffered no little detriment in consequence. The

circulation of legalised Canadian reprints would render this work of exclusion well-nigh impossible.

The American Act has been very frequently mentioned in the course of the discussion, but if that Act were regarded in its true light, as a measure for the protection of printers in the United States, and not for conceding copyright to foreign authors, I think the position would become clearer. A Printers' Protection Act it undoubtedly was and is; copyright to foreign authors was granted only as a necessary means to that end, and in as limited and inconvenient a form as was compatible with the adoption of that means. Whether the present Act is a stepping-stone to a more liberal acknowledgment of the rights of British authors in the United States, as some maintain, or not, time will show. I confess to some scepticism on this point, but this is beside the mark at present.

On the passing of the American Act it was open to our Government to reply, "We thank you for such rights as you have conferred on our poor authors, and in future we will deal by your authors in precisely the same manner, we will give copyright to such books of theirs as are printed in England." In other words, our Government was free to grant to the English presses such a measure of protection as the United States had thrown over their printers, but this intention they would not for a moment entertain, and yet if the present Canadian demand be conceded, the Government will be granting to the Dominion presses, in a somewhat different form, a boon which has been unhesitatingly withheld from the home printer, while it will be raising up for English authors a danger as great as, if not greater than, that which the American Act tended to remove.

And what, I would venture to ask, has Canada done to justify the concession which she now seeks? In all past copyright legislation she has had her full share of consideration. I would appeal to any author or publisher of experience or known reputation to say what have been his experiences of the Canadian "trade": have the royalties collected by the Government under existing Acts been such as to encourage further experiments in the same direction, or have they not in many cases become a byword and a jest?

Looking back over the dealings of my own firm with Canada, I say with regret, but deliberately, that those among them which have led to a satisfactory result may be classed under the head of *exceptio quæ probat regulam*.

When first I set foot in Canada in 1876 I found on sale in the booksellers' shops an unauthorised edition of "Dr. Smiles's Works," of which neither Dr. Smiles nor we, his publishers, had ever heard. This was, of course, stopped by the usual legal means, but no beneficial results

in the form of legitimate sales have since been experienced, and one can hardly believe that this was a solitary instance of piracy.

I had the privilege of being one of the members of a deputation, which comprised many distinguished men, and waited upon the Secretary of State for the Colonies on November 26, 1894, with a view to asking his aid in the present juncture.

After various speakers had stated the case from different points of view, Lord Ripon replied, and in the course of his remarks made (unless my ears or my memory strangely deceive me) a statement to the following effect :

"I am greatly interested by the views and arguments which have been so ably laid before me, and which shall have my fullest consideration; but from a departmental point of view you are, of course, aware that my first duty is to have regard to the interests of the Colonies which I represent."

There may be some saving clause in the words "from a departmental point of view" which I cannot fully appreciate, but I know that this pronouncement produced in several of those who heard it a feeling little short of consternation, as showing how little hope of assistance was held out to us in the quarter to which we most naturally and confidently looked for it.

Once more I venture to state my conviction that though this matter is regarded, not only by the general public, but by large numbers of intellectual people, as one of no great importance, yet it is fraught with momentous consequences, and that it behoves everyone who is interested in or by our literature, whether as a producer or a consumer, to use such influence as he or she possesses to oppose the granting of the Canadian demands now under consideration; if they are granted, nothing can stop the extension of the concession to other Colonies, and any one who is at all conversant with the book market can foresee what a grievous injury would thereby be caused to owners of English copyright.

In conclusion I would give an instance, by no means an exceptional one, of the payment of royalties under the existing Canadian system. One day we received from the Colonial Office (or the Treasury, it matters not which) a cheque for 9*d.*, being royalties collected on the sales in Canada of the works of a very distinguished deceased author. The cheque was drawn to the order of the Executors, and when it was in due course presented through the Bank, we received notice that probate of the will must be registered. The author had been dead and his executors' account closed for many years past. This is but one of innumerable instances which could be adduced, all tending to prove that the system of collecting royalties hitherto has been most unsatisfactory, and that the proposed extension of it would be a grave injustice to all English authors.

JOHN MURRAY.

The proposal made by the Canadian Legislature is, as we understand it, that her Majesty's Government should give its assent to an Act, under which any new book that has not been reprinted in the Dominion within one month of its original publication is to become common property, subject only to the condition that every publisher who brings out an edition shall pay to the author a royalty of 10 per cent. of the retail price for all copies he shall print (or sell, it is not clear which). We have been asked by the editor of this REVIEW, to express an opinion as to this proposal, and we unhesitatingly say that the Royal Assent should be refused on the ground that the Canadians are asking to be allowed to do a great wrong to English authors without securing any corresponding advantage to the Canadian consumers, in whose interest they profess to speak.

The most obvious objections to the Bill are—

1. That the new law would practically abolish private property in copyright in a way unknown in any civilised country, and would deprive an author of all control over his work as regards the style in which it shall appear, the price at which it shall be sold, the accuracy of the text, and the withdrawal of old or imperfect editions. It would be competent, for instance, for a Canadian publisher to bring out a book with the text inaccurately printed, abridged, or purposely mutilated, with illustrations of which the author strongly disapproved, or with additions or annotations which were entirely repugnant to him. It is true that this can also happen under the existing law when a copyright has expired, but no copyright can expire until seven years after an author's death, and an author can therefore retain complete control over his work during his own lifetime.

2. That the royalty proposed would in many cases be quite inadequate and would be difficult to collect. It is all very well for the Canadian Government to promise that proper and satisfactory arrangements should be made for the collection of these authors' royalties, but we have had some experience of the way in which such things are managed in the Dominion, and we know for a fact that the collection of fees under the Foreign Reprints Act was purely farcical, and that authors of established reputation, whose books were largely imported from the United States, often received as the result of years of collection what Mr. Montague Tigg alluded to as "the ridiculous sum of half-a-crown."

3. That although under the proposed Bill it is provided that private ownership in copyright can be established by the production of a Canadian edition of a book within a certain very limited time, there is reason to think that in practice only the works of a few writers of established reputation would be protected. A new and unknown author would, in nine cases out of ten, be unable to find a publisher in Canada willing to run the risk of printing his book, for the

Canadian market is, after all, a very small and uncertain one; if he did find a publisher he would be obliged to accept his terms, however inadequate they might be, for the limit of a month would allow no time for bargaining. Unless, therefore, he were wealthy enough to have the book printed at his own expense, the author would have to accept the terms offered him or would lose all private control over his property.

It is unfortunate that in discussing these questions it is generally taken for granted that *literature* consists wholly of works of fiction and that every book which is published is a popular novel. There are, of course, many books of serious interest, more particularly educational and scientific works, which have only a very limited circulation when they first appear, and afterwards become valuable commercial properties. For instance, such a book as Green's "History of the English People" would, under such a law as that proposed by the Canadians, have been almost certainly lost to the author. When the book was first published Mr. Green was, except to a small circle of historical students, an entirely unknown man. He had never written a book, and we should think it safe to say that not half-a-dozen people in Canada had ever heard of his name. As his book contained nearly one thousand closely printed pages it is most improbable that any Canadian publisher would have been willing to bear the cost of printing it for sale only in an unlitrary and thinly populated colony. It would be difficult to find a publisher for such a book by an unknown author in the United States, where there is an immense reading public and where publishers are enterprising. We have no hesitation in saying that in Canada it would be impossible. Green's book, of course, turned out to be an exceptionally popular one, but there are plenty of other instances on all fours with it.

4. It is almost certain that the adoption of the Canadian Copyright Act would destroy our present means of securing copyright in the United States, and deprive English authors of the great benefits they have derived from the American Act of 1891.

The arguments which were put forward by the late Sir John Thompson in favour of the Canadian proposal are (1) that English books are high-priced and unsuitable for the needs of the Canadian readers; and (2) that the Canadian market is swamped with cheap American reprints.

These somewhat inconsistent reasons for robbing English authors are easily disposed of. As regards the second, we may say that whatever may have been the case in 1889 and 1890 the situation has been entirely changed by the United States Copyright Act which came into force in 1891. At present nearly all English books of importance—at all events those novels and other popular books

which chiefly interest the Canadian booksellers—are copyrighted in the United States, and consequently are not likely to be reprinted in the exceedingly cheap forms which were common in America before the passing of the new Act. The prices at which copyright editions of English books are now published in the United States are certainly high enough to relieve the American publisher from the charge of swamping the Canadian market with cheap reprints.

As regards the complaint that the prices at which English books are usually published are too high to meet the demands of Canadian readers, we may say that, in 1886, Sir George Grey made some movement to enable New Zealand to take advantage of the Foreign Reprints Act; so that reprints of English books (at that time chiefly piratical) might be introduced from the United States into New Zealand. His action was based on the complaint that the price of English books (chiefly works of fiction) was as a rule so high that the readers in the Australian colonies, where there is no system of circulating libraries, were debarred from obtaining them. Nothing actually came of Sir G. Grey's movement, but our firm felt that his complaint as to English prices was to some extent justified, and, in order that there might be no excuse for continuing the agitation, we began the publication of "Macmillan's Colonial Library," a series of copyright books issued in a cheap form, and intended for circulation only in India and the British Colonies. We have since then published over two hundred volumes in this library, and our example has been followed by a number of other English publishers, the result being that at the present time nearly all works of fiction of any real interest which are published in England appear simultaneously in India and the British Colonies (including Canada) in a very cheap edition, at an average price of about half-a-crown each. This being so, it cannot be pretended that the Canadian book-buyer is prevented by the consideration of price from obtaining the principal works of lighter literature written and published in England, or that he would be likely under the proposed Canadian law to obtain them at any less cost.

It seems to us, therefore, that the proposed legislation cannot be recommended as being in the interest of Canadian book-buyers. They are already supplied at extremely moderate prices with English works of fiction and *belles lettres*. Scientific and educational works would not be affected by the proposed Act except in the rare instances in which they attain extraordinary popularity, when, in the majority of cases, they would become common property to the serious loss of the author.

The Canadian public, therefore, may be considered as being indifferent in the matter, and we shall be very much surprised if the whole of this agitation is not found to be due to a very few

Canadian printers who are under the impression that if the Act is allowed it will have the effect of forcing a certain amount of business into their hands. We do not believe that there is any general feeling in favour of the proposed legislation among Canadian book-buyers or Canadian booksellers, and we cannot see the analogy between the existing state of the law and the Stamp Acts of the last century, to which it has been compared. It seems to us that if the Imperial Government is to yield to pressure of this kind, which has neither common sense nor the feeling of the majority of Canadians behind it, it would be best to abandon all pretence of keeping up a connection between Great Britain and the self-governing colonies. English authors would be better off if Canada were absorbed into the United States than if it remained part of the British Empire on such terms as these.

MACMILLAN & Co.

THE FICTION OF SEXUALITY.

SOME few weeks ago an able writer, who signed himself "A Philistine," published in the *Westminster Gazette* a very vigorous, and what many of us think a very crushing, attack upon that fiction of sexual sensualism which has lately made itself such a nuisance to ordinarily decent and wholesome readers. In the course of his brief but cogent articles he seems to me to make one error which, though in itself trivial, is worth noting, because, if it really be an error, the prospects of English fiction are not quite so dismal as they would be were he altogether right. "A Philistine" regards the kind of work with which he specially deals as the product of a diseased physical or psychical condition, which he calls "sex mania"; and history provides abundant evidence that all forms of mania associated with emotional as well as intellectual disturbance have a tendency to become epidemic. An epidemic of such perverted emotion as is displayed in certain notorious recent books upon which "A Philistine" comments, would be a more appalling public calamity than the worst outbreak of influenza; and one is eager to grasp at any plausible considerations which may justify us in regarding it as improbable. Happily such considerations are not far to seek. There is no doubt some evidence that in a few very bad cases "A Philistine's" diagnosis is correct, for the past two or three years have witnessed the publication of several much-talked of books, which could not possibly have been written by a person whose intellectual, moral, or emotional sanity was unhinged. I believe, however, there is still more abundant evidence in favour of the view that the greater number of the books referred to are not the outcome of any spontaneous impulse whatsoever, either healthy or diseased, but of a deliberate intention to win notoriety and its cash accompaniment by an appeal to the sensual

instincts of the baser or vulgarer portion of the reading public. If this be so, things are hopeful. A disease may spread until a nation is more than decimated: a mere fashion is certain speedily to pass, and to leave behind it nothing important save the vitiation of a few abnormally susceptible natures. Whether the object of a vogue be crinolines, or a dropping of a letter "r," or hand-shaking at shoulder height, or nasty novels, the best way to get rid of it is to make it ridiculous. To the followers of fashion it is useless to prove that this or that is immoral or senseless or ugly; but if you can only succeed in getting them to regard it as "bad form" or "out of date" your success is complete.

Still there are happily those who do not require this kind of childish humouring—people who are really influenced by considerations of universal validity, and who are more anxious to be right than to be fashionable. Even among them, however, there are doubtless to be found some whose appraisal of the fiction of morbid sexuality may be perverted, or confused, or in some way defective, because they have surveyed the object exclusively from one point of view, and have omitted to correct their impression by shifting to some other point, from which it is seen at another angle and in a different aspect. There are, of course, many points of view from which any novel may be regarded, but for the present purpose three only need to be considered. The novel of redundant sexuality may be surveyed—(1) From the position of the moralist; (2) from the position of the artist; and (3) from the position of the reader, who attaches special importance to what is recognised in all civilised communities as "good taste," a something which does not exclusively occupy either the territory of morals, or the territory of art, but which stands upon their common frontier, and has a foot upon both.

Of course by this time we are quite accustomed to being told that the man who speaks from the first position has no *locus standi*, no right to express any opinion at all. Art, we are informed, has no more to do with morality than it has with the differential calculus, and this *ipse dixit* has been repeated so often and so emphatically that a good many young and weak-minded people have come to think that it must necessarily be true. The same thing would happen if a set of journalists were to declare week after week in influential newspapers that the state of the weather had no influence whatever upon the public health. At first, the simple person, remembering his personal, domestic, and social experience of frost and fog, would be altogether incredulous, but with every repetition of the statement his incredulity would weaken, and at last he would probably say to himself, in a bewildered sort of fashion, "Well, the influence of the weather upon health seems so obvious that I have always taken it for granted; but I confess I have never studied the

subject, and these men who speak with the authority of experts cannot possibly be mistaken." The fact is, the general public has a quite superstitious respect, not merely for authority, but for the assumption of it—a respect so unreasoning as to blind it to the fact that in matters of common experience the verdict of the expert and the verdict of the man in the street are of precisely equal value. "No one," says the proverb, "knows where the shoe pinches but the wearer;" and the man who, while painfully limping along, is told by a shoe-making expert that his particular shoe is so constructed as to render pinching impossible has the simple, obvious, but perfectly unanswerable reply, "It *does* pinch nevertheless." The moral influence of fiction is as much a matter of common experience as is the comfort or discomfort of wearing a well-made or ill-made shoe; and if a man tells us that he has never received from any novel an impulse towards good or evil, we have two courses—and only two—open to us. If we do not refuse to believe him (and in the case of a person of good repute such refusal would be foolish as well as ill-bred) we can only consider him as a person whose constitution is so altogether exceptional and abnormal that to found upon it a large generalisation would be nothing less than fatuity. It is, for example, a matter of common knowledge that thousands of lads have been sent to sea by reading *Robinson Crusoe* and Captain Marryat's novels, and though going to sea is not necessarily either a moral or an immoral action, circumstances generally make it one or the other—in fact, to conceive of a determining action with no moral quality is impossible. But to discuss such a question at any length or with any seriousness is folly. "Well," asked Dr. Primrose of his son George, "and what did the learned world say to your paradoxes?" "Sir," replied the young man, "the learned world said nothing to my paradoxes; nothing at all, sir;" and we may be quite sure that neither the learned nor the unlearned world will have anything to say to these contemporary paradoxists. The moral element in fiction may be of the highest importance, or it may be of no importance at all; but common sense tells every one of us that it is *there*.

I am not, however, desirous to lay undue emphasis upon the moral quality of fiction, because I do not regard it as of supreme importance. This statement of opinion will probably startle and even shock some of those who up to this point have read with approval and sympathy; but before I have done I hope to reconcile them to it. A novel, or a story of any kind, is a work of art, and therefore, though it may incidentally influence or teach, it exists primarily to please, its rank being rightly awarded in virtue of the kind and quality of its pleasure, as these things are appraised by the majority of normally constituted human beings. Pleasure is the end of all art, and in the art of fiction the means to that end is representation

—the representation of human life as it mirrors itself on the mind of the artist. Now, the pleasure given by any representation of a familiar object (and life is, of course, familiar to all of us) consists largely in our recognition of resemblance in the representation to the thing represented. During recent years a very useful word has been added to the vocabulary of fiction. If a story as a whole, or any single situation in the story, compels our imaginative credence, makes us believe that the thing could not have happened otherwise than as represented, we use the word which some time ago was applied only to an argument or a piece of evidence, and we call it "convincing." It will be felt at once that one essential element of convincingness is the preservation of proportion. If a painter were to paint a man's face as reflected in a convex or a concave mirror, his canvas would represent a nose elongated, or a mouth widened, or a forehead depressed, and the picture would be unconvincing, either as the portrait of one given man or as the representation of any possible man. The new fiction of sexuality presents to us a series of pictures painted from reflections in convex mirrors, the colossal nose which dominates the face being represented by one colossal appetite which dominates life. Sometimes it is made as inoffensive as deformity can ever be made; sometimes it is unspeakably revolting; occasionally, as in that ridiculously over-praised book, "The Heavenly Twins," it is allied with moralising as aggressive as that of a Sunday-school story-book; but everywhere it is a flagrant violation of the obvious proportion of life. Be the prominent people in this new fiction young or old, married or unmarried, voluptuaries or ascetics, the sexual passion provides the main-spring of their action, and within its range lies their whole gamut of emotion. Now I do not ask whether this is morality or decency, or good taste, I simply ask, with the objectionable person into whose mouth Mr. Kipling has put the question, Is it art? Is this persistent presentation of the most morbid symptoms of erotomania a seeing of life steadily and wholly? Is it even a clear, truthful seeing of that part of life which it unnaturally isolates? And this last is a point of some importance, though I have not seen it noticed in the recent controversy. If we see the portrait of a face in which nothing is clearly discernible but the nose, we may say, "Well, the portrait is, of course, imperfect, but if what we can see is well drawn, it is satisfactory so far as it goes." Now this is a mistake. It is *not* satisfactory so far as it goes. Any painter or sculptor would tell us that every single feature takes much of its character from the other features with which it is associated, and that a nose dissociated from the forehead above it, the eyes on each side of it, and the lips and mouth below it, would give a totally false impression of the feature which appears on the actual face. The illustration is a very homely one, but it possesses the two main

virtues of an illustration ; it is readily comprehensible and it is clearly illustrative. To present men and women as merely or mainly conduits of sexual emotion, is as ludicrously inartistic as it is to paint a face as a flat, featureless plain, from which the nose rises as a lonely eminence. To what extent this is the method of the new fiction it would be impossible to indicate, save by wearisome and probably nauseating quotations or synopses, but readers of the two books of the writer known as "George Egerton"—a typical representative of the school—will not accuse me of over-statement.

But the lack of artistic truth in this kind of fiction is not the only charge to be brought against it : it exhibits a still more remarkable lack of those pudencies and reticences which whether they are or are not instincts of primitive man, tend in some form to become instinctive in the earliest developments of civilisation. Some may think it a gain, others may think it a loss, that we can no longer be naked and not ashamed ; but that this shamefacedness is a fact of human nature is indisputable. Even the novelists of erotomania do not dispute it, but they ignore and defy it ; they array themselves in opposition, not to a mere theory which might prove vulnerable to repeated assault, but to a set of the normal human brain, which, if it is ever to be changed, can only be changed in the course of many generations. It is noticeable that even the reader who enjoys the new fiction does not take his enjoyment quietly, as a matter of course, in the same way that he would take his enjoyment of a well-cooked, well-served dinner, of a lovely prospect suddenly bursting upon his view, or of a dip in the sea on a hot August day. He either makes it a secret, only to be confided to intimates, which was the most usual course some fifteen years ago, or he blazons it abroad as an act of rebellion against the tyranny of conventionality and Philistinism, of which he may reasonably be proud. Of course most of these vociferous rebels are very young people who, in ten years' time, if fashion sets that way, may be figuring as Puritans of the severest cast ; but a few of them are seniors from whom better things are to be expected, and it is the seniors who do the harm. Some of them are, doubtless, so far committed to the impudences—I use the word in its strict etymological sense—of the erotomaniacs, that it is of no use to make an appeal to them ; but to those who have not burnt their boats I would commend a few sentences written many years ago, long before the present controversy had got into the intellectual air, by Dr. James Martineau. Of course, he may be regarded as partially disqualified by the suspicion of being hampered with a "Nonconformist conscience"—whatever that much talked of thing may be—but, as a set-off, there is the undoubted fact that he stands in the first rank among living speculative thinkers and ethical philosophers ; and his authority is, to say the least, equal

to that of a little band of writers upon whom even extreme youth has not conferred infallibility. In the first of two remarkable utterances upon "The Sphere of Silence," Dr. Martineau writes:

"There are things too low to be spoken of; which indeed become low by being spoken of. The appetites are of this kind. They were meant to be the beginnings of action rather than the end of speech; and under the dropping of words they are as wholesome food analysed into constituent poisons. God lights that fire, and does not want our breath to blow it, or the fuel of our thought to feed it. The inferior impulses in man are glorified by being placed at the natural disposal of higher sentiments; they are submitted to the transforming power of generous aspiration and great ideas. Wielded by these, they are far above the level of sense; and are not only controlled by conscience, but dignified by the light of beauty, and ennobled by the alliance of affection. Their just action is secured far less by repressive discipline against them than by nourishing the strength of the humanities that use them; by keeping them wholly inattentive to themselves; by breaking every mirror in which their own face may be beheld. . . . Purity of mind is forfeited, less by exceeding rules of moderation than by needing them; by intuition to the inferior pleasures as such. There might be less of moral evil in the rude banquet of heroic times, marked perhaps by excess, but warmed by social enthusiasm, and idealised by lofty minstrelsy, than in many a meal of the prudent dietician, setting a police over his sensations, and weighing out the scruples of enjoyment for his palate. Not rules of quantity, but habits of forgetfulness, constitute our emancipation from the animal nature."

This is a long quotation, but it seems to me so weighty and so timely that I could not resist the temptation to transcribe it. There are perhaps one or two clauses which by an unintelligently rigid application might be used to a restrictive purpose which Dr. Martineau and all cultivated men would at once disown; but the broad meaning of the passage seems to me to bring conviction with it. And the point is, that though the writer is here a moralist, his general canons of judgment apply with equal force in the domain of taste, which may be defined as morality aestheticised for the sake of adding to the virtues of life their corresponding social graces. It is not morality, but civilisation, which excludes certain themes from general colloquy: it is, again, not morality, but civilisation, which places certain offices in comparatively obscure and unobserved corners of our dwellings—which sends us into seclusion even to wash our hands or to clean our teeth. As it is impossible to use the most fitting comparison, I can only say that the novelists of erotomania resemble the host who holds a reception, and cleans his teeth in the drawing-room before his assembled guests. In a case of this kind, to drag in the Ten Commandments is a waste of force—we do not say that it is wrong, but simply that it is sickening.

Now to this line of reflection, which might be indefinitely prolonged, there is one possible answer which is worth considering, and which indeed must be considered by every candid inquirer. It was put to me very intelligently and fairly only the other day by an ardent but

sane advocate of the larger latitude in art. "I frankly admit," he said, "that I agree with much—with nearly everything—that was said by the 'Philistine' in the *Westminster Gazette*, because I think that most of the books he criticised are bad books, by which of course I mean artistically bad—crude, ill-written, or unconvincing. My quarrel with him is, that he did not discriminate; he implicitly assumed that the cause of freedom in literature was to be estimated by the shapeless, tentative, and often ignorant attempts of a few literary beginners. I am therefore in this position, that while I largely agree with the articles, I very much regret their appearance and vogue, because their cleverness and the large amount of truth which they contain are likely to influence the unthinking and easily led public, and to make them clamour for the re-imposition of the degrading and cramping limitations of twenty or even ten years ago, which sensibly impoverished even the work of so great an artist as Thackeray. Sex and the emotions of sex do not constitute the whole of life, but they are so important an element in it that no representation of life from which they are excluded, or in which they are treated with less than absolute freedom and sincerity can be regarded as complete and liberal art."

It is pretty safe now-a-days to believe—or to profess to believe—that those who have a personal distaste for erotomaniac literature are banded together in a hateful and tyrannous conspiracy against the sacred cause of Freedom. I hope and believe that I am as ardent a lover of freedom as any one; I would certainly leave the writers of erotomaniac fiction free to write and publish as many of their books as they like, if they will only leave me free to say that I detest them. I have no sympathy whatsoever with the people who wish to "put down" everything which they consider objectionable, unless, indeed, the objectionable thing is thrust upon them; and no one is compelled to read these books. But, though I love what is generally meant by the word "freedom," I seldom care to use the word itself in any discussion where definiteness is demanded, for it is one of those vague terms which confuse the treatment of many questions the real issues of which are quite simple. I would have literature as free as life; but then in no society which has ever existed has freedom of life ever meant the unrestricted liberty of every man to do whatever he likes in every moment and at every place. Social life implies restrictions, but most sensible men think it wise to have as few of them as are consistent with the public welfare. The word freedom is therefore used most intelligently when it is used most definitely—in relation to some special restriction which has become inconvenient, or useless, or dangerous, and so freedom of trade means the removal of a tariff fetter, the freedom of the Press means freedom from official censorship. But what is the particular restriction that is in the minds

of the people who plead so fiercely for freedom of literature? I confess, quite honestly, and with none of that affectation of ignorance by which a controversial point is sometimes made, that I really do not know. Its nature has often been vaguely hinted at, but never defined, and perhaps the cry owes some of its impressiveness to this lack of definition. Perhaps the nearest approach to a definition has been made by Mr. Henry James, from whom I am regretfully compelled to quote at second-hand. That able and (as an essayist) delightful writer has, I believe, said:

"Half of life is a sealed book to young unmarried women, and how can a novel be worth anything that deals with only half of life? . . . It may well be said that our English system is a good thing for virgins and boys and a bad thing for the novel itself, where the novel is regarded as something more than a simple *jeu d'esprit*, and considered as a composition that treats of life *at large* and helps us to know."

As I read I rub my eyes in wonderment. First, there is that imposing phrase "half of life." The reference is evidently to the sexual passion; but is that passion the half of life or the tenth part of life to the majority of mature men and women? Life has to contain manual and mental labour, buying and selling, travel, sport, personal ambition, public interests, private friendships, and these and other things must be terribly crowded, if they are to be packed into one moiety of life, that sexuality may disport itself in the other. We could hardly have a better example of that lack of proportion noted above as a characteristic of the new sex fiction!

But let that pass. What about the facts, which are really more important? If we accepted Mr. James's statement, we should believe that the boldest recent English fiction is represented by such works as those of Edna Lyall and the Rev. Silas Hocking, in which the element of sexuality—though not ignored—is confined mainly to the familiar story of courtship and marriage. Let us travel back over sixty years and see if this is so. It is needless to multiply examples, but I will name three books which during that period have attained a wide vogue—Charlotte Brontë's "*Jane Eyre*," George Eliot's "*Adam Bede*," and Charles Reade's "*Griffith Gaunt*." Surely these are not books from which Mr. James's other half of life is excluded, or even treated in an unreal miminy-piminy way. The essential facts of sexual passion are handled with all needful truth and boldness, and the only differences between them and the present fiction of erotomania are: (1) that the former are works of permanent value as literature, which the latter are not; (2) that the former put sexuality in its true place as an important, though not all-dominant, factor in life; and (3) that in dealing with it they treat of the broad central facts of passion which are of interest to everybody, and ignore the details of sexual psychology, which, if healthy, are familiar to every

man and woman (though no more interesting as art material than the processes of digestion), and, if morbid, are attractive only to unwholesome undergraduates, or to neurotic young women of the idle classes. The only extension of our present freedom which I am able to conceive of is a general toleration of crude, vulgar indecency—the kind of indecency that characterised the songs to which Colonel Newcome listened with disgust on a certain memorable occasion—and for this I cannot hear that any person is explicitly pleading.

What is really complained of is not a palpable restriction which any one can remove, but a condition of public opinion. A fairly well-known novelist, in a letter replying to "A Philistine's" article, let the cat out of the bag. A novel of his own had been rejected by some half-dozen publishers on the ground of its real or supposed impropriety, and he was very angry; but to be angry, on behalf of one's own commercial interest, with the general constitution of things, to scream with the young man in Canning's "Anti-Jacobin," "Cursed be the whole concern!" is somewhat ludicrously undignified. A publisher is not likely to buy what he cannot sell, and it is rather absurd for a man to go shouting about some utterly imaginary violation of freedom because he has tried unsuccessfully to put unsaleable goods upon the market. The success of such a book as Mr. Hardy's "Tess," which certainly does not ignore the missing "half" of life, shows that there is all needful freedom for any writer who will treat sex questions sanely, truthfully, proportionately, and convincingly. As I have mentioned the book, I must add that I think it is seriously marred by the depressing, devitalising pessimism of the third volume, but that is another question of no immediate concern. The point is, that it is nonsense to talk about restrictions at a time when "Keynotes" is widely read, when the concluding chapters of Mr. Frankfort Moore's "One Fair Daughter" are taken quite calmly, and when "Tess" receives a hearty, and what many of us Philistines think is in the main a thoroughly well-deserved welcome. The elements which have been so far lacking in the conduct of this special controversy are lucidity and moderation. I have endeavoured to include them, and if I have failed, I apologise for spoiling a good case, as it must be more or less spoiled by such failure.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

THE LOVE OF THE SAINTS.

“**P**ANIS angelicus fit panis hominum, O res mirabilis, manducat Dominum pauper, servus et humilis.” These words of the Matins of the Most Holy Sacrament I heard for the first time, many years ago, to the beautiful and inappropriate music of Cherubini. They struck me at that time as foolish, barbarous, and almost gross. But since then I have learned to think of them, and in a measure to feel of them, as of something greater and more solemn than all the music that Cherubini ever wrote.

All the hymns of the same date are, indeed, things to think upon. They affect one—the “Stabat Mater,” for instance, and the “Ave Verum”—very much in the same way as the figures which stare down, dingy green and blue, from the gold of the Cosmati mosaics: childish, dreary, all stiff and agape, but so solemn and pathetic, and full of the greatest future. For out of those Cosmati mosaics, those barbarous frescoes of the old basilicas, will come Giotto and all the Renaissance; and out of those Church songs will come Dante; they are all signs, poor primitive rhymes and primitive figures, that the world is teeming again, and will bear, for centuries to come, new spiritual wonders. Hence the importance, the venerableness of all those mediæval hymns. But of none so much, to my mind, as of those words I have quoted from the Matins of the Most Holy Sacrament:

“O res mirabilis, manducat Dominum,
Pauper, servus et humilis.”

For their crude and pathetic literality, their image of the Godhead actually giving Himself, as they emphatically say, to be *chewed* by the poor and humble man and the slave, show them to have been most especially born, abortions though they be, in the mightiest throes of

mystical feeling, after the incubation of whole nations; born of the great mediæval marriage, sublime, grotesque, morbid, yet health-bringing, between abstract idealising religious thought and the earthly affections of lovers and parents—a strange marriage, like that of St. Francis and Poverty, of which the modern soul also had to be born anew. Indeed, if we realise in the least what this hymn must have meant, shouted in the processions of Flagellants, chaunted in the pacts of peace after internecine town wars—above all, perhaps, muttered in the cell of the friar, in the den of the weaver; if we sum up, however inadequately, the state of things whence it arose, and whence it helped to deliver us, we may think that the greatest music is scarcely reverent enough to accompany these poor blundering rhymes.

The Feast of the Most Holy Sacrament, to whose liturgy this hymn, "*O Res Mirabilis*," belongs, was instituted to commemorate the miracle of Bolsena, which, coming late as it did, in the country of St. Francis and within two years of the birth of Dante, seems in its significant coincidences, in its startling symbolism, the fit material summing up of what is conveniently designated as the Franciscan revival, the introduction into religious matters of passionate human emotion. For in the year 1263, at Bolsena in Umbria, the consecrated wafer dripped blood upon the hands of an unbelieving priest.

This trickery of a single individual, or more probably hallucination—this lie and self-delusion of interested or foolish bystanders—just happened to symbolise a very great reality. For during the earlier Middle Ages, before the coming of Francis of Assisi, the souls of men, or, more properly, their hearts, had been sorely troubled and jeopardised.

The mixture of races and civilisations, southern and northern and eastern, antique and barbarian, which had been slowly taking place ever since the fall of the Roman Empire, had seemed, in its consummation of the twelfth century, less fertile on the whole than poisonous. The old tribal system, the old civic system, triumphant centralising imperialism, had all been broken up long since; and now feudalism was going to pieces in its turn, leaving a chaos of filibustering princelets, among whom loomed the equivocal figures of Provençal counts, of Angevin and Swabian kings, brutal as men of the North, lax as men of the South, moreover, suspiciously oriental; brilliant and cynical persons, eventually to be typified in Frederick II., who was judiciously suspected of being Antichrist in person. In the midst of this anarchy, over-rapid industrial development had, moreover, begotten the tendencies to promiscuity, to mystical communism eternally expressive of deep popular misery. The Holy Land had become a freebooter's Eldorado; the defenders of Christ's sepulchre were turned half Saracen, infected with unclean mixtures of creeds. Theology was divided between neo-Aristotelean logic, abstract and arid,

and Alexandrian esoteric mysticism, quietistic, nay, nihilistic ; and the Church had ceased to answer to any spiritual wants of the people. Meanwhile, on all sides, everywhere, heresies were teeming, austere and equivocal, pure and unclean according to individuals, but all of them anarchical, and therefore destructive at a moment when, above all, order and discipline were wanted. The belief in the world's end, in the speedy coming of Antichrist and the Messiah, was rife among all sects ; and wise men, the disciples of Joachim of Flora, were busy calculating the very year and month. Lombardy, and most probably the south of France, Flanders and the Rhine towns, were full of strange Manichean theosophies, pessimistic dualism of God and Devil, in which God always got the worst of it, when God did not happen to be the Devil Himself. The ravening lions, the clawing, tearing griffins, the nightmare brood carved on the capitals, porches and pulpits of pre-Franciscan churches, are surely not, as orthodox antiquarians assure us, mere fanciful symbols of the Church's vigilance and virtues : they express too well the far-spread occult Manichean spirit, the belief in a triumphant power of evil.

Michelet, I think, has remarked that there was a moment in the early Middle Ages when, in the mixture of all contrary things, in the excess of spiritual anarchy, there seemed a possibility of dead level, of stagnation, of the peoples of Europe becoming perhaps bastard Saracens, as in Merovingian times they had become bastard Romans, a chance of Byzantinism in the West. Be this as it may, it seems certain that, towards the end of the twelfth century, men's souls were shaken, crumbling, and what was worse, excessively arid. There was as little certainty of salvation as in the heart of that priest saying Mass at Bolsena ; but the miracle came to mankind at large some seventy years before it came to him. It had begun, no doubt, unnoticed in scores of obscure heresies, in hundreds of unnoticed individuals ; it became manifest to all the world in the persons of Dominick, of Elizabeth of Hungary, of King Lewis—above all, of Francis of Assisi. As in the hands of the doubting priest, so in the hands of all suffering mankind, the mystic wafer broke, proving itself true food for the soul : the life-blood of hope and love welled forth and fertilised the world. For the second time, and in far more humble and efficacious way, Christ had been given to man.

To absorb the Eternal Love, to feed on the Life of the World, to make oneself consubstantial therewith, these passionate joys of poor mediæval humanity are such as we should contemplate with sympathy only and respect, even when the miracle is conceived and felt in the grossest, least spiritual manner. That act of material assimilation, that feeding off the very Godhead in most literal manner, as described in the hymn to the Most Holy Sacrament, was symbolic of the return from exile of the long persecuted instincts of mankind. It meant

that, spiritually or grossly, each according to his nature, men had cast fear behind them, and—O *res mirabilis*!—once more been proud to love.

Of this new wonder—questionable enough at times, but, on the whole, marvellously beneficent—the German knightly poets, so early in the field, are naturally among the earliest (for the Provençals belonged to a sceptical, sensual country) to give us a written record. Nearly all of the Minnesingers composed what we must call religious erotics, in no way different, save for names of Christ and the Virgin, from their most impassioned secular ones. The Song of Solomon, therefore, is one of the few pieces of written literature of which we find constant traces in the works of these very literally illiterate poets. Yet the quality of their love, if one may say so, is very different from anything Hebrew, or, for the matter of that, Greek or Roman; their ardour is not a transient phenomenon which disturbs them, like that of the Shulamite, or the lover described by Sappho or Plato, but a chief business of their life, as in the case of Dante, of Petrarch, of Francesca and Paolo, or Tristram and Yseult. Indeed, it is difficult to guess whether this self-satisfied, self-glorifying quality, which distinguishes mediæval passion from the passion (always regarded as an interlude, harmless or hurtful, in civic concerns) of unromantic antiquity—whether, I say, this peculiarity of mediæval love is due to its having served for religious as well as for secular use, or whether the possibility of its being brought into connection with the highest mysteries and aspirations, was not itself a result of the dignity in which mere earthly ardours had come to be held. Be this as it may, these German devotional rhapsodies display their essentially un-Hebrew, un-antique characters only the more by the traces of the *Canticus Canticorum* in them, as in all devout love lyrics. Any one curious in such matters may turn to a very striking poem by Dante's contemporary, Frauenlob, in Von der Hagen's great collection. Also to a very strange composition, from the hey-day of minne-song, by Heinrich von Meissen. This is not the furious love ode, but the ceremonious epithalamium of devotional poetry. It is the bearing in triumph, among flare of torches and incense smoke, over flower-strewn streets and beneath triumphal arches, of the Bride of the Soul, her enthroning on a stately couch, like some new-wed Moorish woman, for men to come and covet and admire. Above all, and giving one a shock of surprise by association with the man's other work, is a very long and elaborate poem addressed to Christ or God by no less a minnesinger than Master Gottfried of Strasburg. In it the Beloved is compared to all the things desired by eye or ear or taste or smell: cool water and fruit slaking feverish thirst, lilies with vertiginous scent, wine firing the blood, music wakening tears, precious stones of Augsburger merchants, essences and spices of an Eastern cargo:

"Ach herzen Trut, genaden vol,
 Ach wol u je mer mere wol,
 Ein suez in Arzenie
 Ach herzen bruch, ach herzen not,
 Ach Rose rot,
 Ach Rose wandels vrie!
 Ach jugend in jugent, ach jugender Muot,
 Ach bluejender herzen Minne!"

And so on for pages; the sort of words which poor Brangwain may have overheard on the calm sea, when the terrible knowledge rushed cold to her heart that Tristram and Yseult had drained the fatal potion. All this is foolish and unwholesome enough, just twice as much for its spiritual allegorising, as the worldly love poetry of these often foolish and unwholesome German chivalrous poets.

But, for our consolation, in that same huge collection of Von der Hagen's Minnesingers stand the following six lines, addressed to the Saviour, if tradition is correct, by a knightly monk, Bruoder Wernher von der Tegernsee:

"Du bist min, ih bin din;
 Des solt du gewis sin.
 Du bist beslossen
 In minem herzen;
 Verloren ist das schlüsselin:
 Du muost immer drinne sin."

"Thou art locked up in my heart, the little key is lost; thou must remain inside." This is a way of loving not logically suitable, perhaps, to a divine essence; but it is the lovingness which fertilises the soul, and makes flowers bud and birds sing in the heart of man. Out of it, through simple creatures like Bruoder Wernher, through the simplicity of scores of obscurer singers and craftsmen than he, of hundreds of nameless good men and women, comes one good half of the art of Dante and Giotto, nay, of Raphael and Shakespeare: the tenderness of the modern world, unknown to stoic antiquity.

The humanising movement, due no doubt to greater liberty and prosperity, to the growing importance of honest burgher life, and which the Church authorised in the person of Francis of Assisi, doubtless after persecuting it in the persons of dozens of obscure heresiarchs—this great revival of religious faith was essentially the triumph of profane feeling in the garb of religious: the sanctification, however much disguised, of all forms of human love. One is fully aware of the moral dangers attendant upon every such equivocation; and the great saints (like their last modern representatives, the fervent, shrewd, and kindly leaders of certain Protestant revivals) were probably, for all their personal extravagances, most fully prepared for every sort of unhealthy folly among their disciples. The whole of a certain kind of devotional literature, manuals of piety, Church hymns, lives and correspondence of saintly persons, is unanimous in testifying to the hysterical self-consciousness, intellectual enervation, emotional going-to-bits, and moral impotence produced by such

vicarious and barren expenditure of feeling. Yet it seems to me certain that this enthroning of human love in matters spiritual was an enormous, indispensable improvement, which, whatever detriment it may have brought in individual and, so to say, professionally religious cases, nay, perhaps to all religion as a whole, became perfectly wholesome and incalculably beneficent in the enormous mass of right-minded laity.

For human emotion, although so often run to waste, had been at least elicited, and, once elicited, could find, in nine cases out of ten, its true and beneficent channel; whereas, in the earlier mediæval days, the effort to crush out all human feeling (as with that holy man quoted by Abelard), to break all human solidarity, had not merely left the world in the hands of unscrupulous and brutal persons, but had imprisoned all finer souls in solitary and selfish thoughts of their individual salvation. It is impossible to overrate the moral value of such institutions as the Third Orders of St. Francis and St. Dominick; they gave heaven to the laity, to the married burgher, the artisan, the peasant; they fertilised the religious ideal with the simplest and sweetest instincts of mankind. But, Third Orders apart, the mission of the regular Franciscans and Dominicans is wholly different from that of the earlier orders of monasticism proper; the earlier monks, however useful and venerable as tillers of the soil and students of all sciences, were, nevertheless, only agglomerated hermits, retired from the world for the safety each of his own soul; whereas the preaching, wandering friars are men who mix with the world for the sake of the souls of others. Thus, throughout the evolution of religious communities, down to the Jesuits and Oratorians, to the great nursing brother and sisterhoods of the seventeenth century, we can watch the substitution of care for lay souls in the place of more saintly ones; a gradual secularisation in unsuspected harmony with the heretical and philosophical movements which tend more and more to make religion an essential function of life, instead of an activity with which life is for ever at variance.

In accordance with this evolution is the great enthroning of love in the thirteenth century: it means the replacing of the terror of a divinity who was little better than a metaphysical Moloch (sometimes, and oftener than we think, a metaphysical Ormuzd and Ahriman of Manichean character) by the idolatry of an all-gracious Virgin, of an all-compassionate and all-sympathising Christ. Indeed, we may consider this love period as the hot stage of the spiritual fever of which monastic self-suppression was the cold one; now, in such spiritual fevers the hot stage, for all its delirium, is an effort at self-righting.

From the devout Minnesingers let us return to one of the early Italian poets, a Franciscan himself, and singularly typical of the Franciscan movement.

Jacopo dei Benedetti, better known as the Blessed Jacopone of Todi, a fellow-countryman of St. Francis, must have been born in the middle of the thirteenth century, and is said to have died in 1316, when Dante, presumably, was writing his Purgatory and Paradise; to him is ascribed the authorship of the hymn "Stabat Mater," remembered, and to be remembered (owing to the embalming power of music) far beyond his vernacular poems. Tradition has it that he turned to the religious life in consequence of the sudden death of his beloved, and the discovery that she had worn a hair shirt next her delicate body. Be this as it may, many allusions in his poems suggest that he had lived the wild life of the barbarous Umbrian cities: being a highwayman perhaps, forfeiting his life, and also, having to fly the country before the fury of some family vendetta. On the other hand, it is plain at every line that he was a frantic ascetic, taking a savage pleasure in vilifying all mundane things, and passionately disdainful of study, of philosophical and theological subtleties. No poet, therefore, of the troubadour sort, or of the idealising learned refinement of Guinicelli or Cavalcanti. Nor was his life one of apostolic sweetness. Having taken part in the furious Franciscan schism, and pursued with invectives Boniface VIII., he was cast by that Pope into the dungeon of Palestrina. "My dwelling," he writes, "is subterranean, and a cesspool opens on to it; hence a smell not of musk. No one can speak to me; the man who waits on me may, but he is obliged to make confession of my sayings. I wear jesses like a falcon, and ring whenever I move: he who comes near my room may hear a new kind of dance. When I have laid myself down, I am tripped up by the irons, and wound round in a big chain (*ne gli ferri inzampagliato, inguainato in catenone*). I have a little basket hung up so that the mice may not injure it; it can hold five loaves. I eat little by little. I suffer great cold." Moreover, Pope Boniface refuses him absolution, and Jacopone's invectives are alternated with heart-rending petitions that this mercy at least be shown him; as to his other woes he will endure them till his death. In this frightful place, Jacopone had visions, which the Church, giving him therefore the title of Blessed, ratifies as genuine. One might expect nightmares, such as troubled the early saints in the wilderness, or John Bunyan in gaol; but that was not the spirit of the mediæval revival: terror had been cast out by love. More than a quarter of Jacopone's huge volume consists in what is merely love poetry: he is languishing, consumed by love; when the beloved departs, he sighs, and weeps, and shrieks, and *dies alive*. Will the beloved have no mercy? "Jesu, donami la morte, o di te fammi assaggiare." Then the joys of love, depicted with equal liveliness, amplifications as usual of the erotic hyperboles of the Shulamite and her lover; the phenomenon, to whose uncouth strangeness devotional poetry accustoms us even nowadays, which we remarked

in Gottfried von Strasburg and Frauenlob, and on which it is needless further to insist. But there is, here in Jacopone, something which we missed in Gottfried and Frauenlob, of which there is no trace in the Song of Solomon, but which, suggested in the lovely six lines of Bruoder Wernher, makes the emotionalism of the Italian Middle Ages wholesome and fruitful. A child-like boy and girlish light-heartedness that makes love a matter not merely of sighing and dying, but of singing and dancing; and, proceeding thence, a fervour of loving delightedness which is no longer of the man towards the woman, but of the man and the woman towards the baby. The pious monk, in his ecstasies over Jesus, intones a song which might be that of those passionate *farandoles* of angels who dance and carol in Botticelli's most rapturous pictures:

"Amore, amor, dove m'hai tu menato?
Amore, amor, fuor di me m'hai trattato.
Ciascun amanti, amator del Signore,
Venga alla danza cantando d'amore."

Can we not see them, the souls of such fervent lovers, swaying and eddying, with joined hands and flapping wings, flowers dropping from their hair, above the thatched roof of the stable at Bethlehem?

The stable at Bethlehem! It is perpetually returning to Jacopone's thoughts. The cell, the dreadful underground prison at Palestrina, is broken through, irradiated by visions which seem paintings by Lippo or Ghirlandajo, nay, by Correggio and Titian themselves; "the tender baby body (*il tenerin corpo*) of the blood of Mary has been given in charge to a pure company; St. Joseph and the Virgin contemplate the little creature (*il piccolino*) with stupefaction. *O gran piccolino Jesu nostro diletto*, he who had seen thee between the ox and the little ass, breathing upon thy holy breast, would not have guessed Thou wert begotten of the Trinity!" But besides the ox and the ass, there are the angels. "In the worthy stable of the sweet baby, the angels are singing round the little one; they sing and cry out, the beloved angels, quite reverent, timid and shy (*tutti riverenti, timidi e subbiatti*, this beautiful expression is almost impossible save in Italian), round the little baby prince of the elect, who lies naked among the prickly hay. He lies naked and without covering; the angels shout in the heights. But they wonder greatly that to such lowliness the Divine Verb should have stooped. The Divine Verb, which is highest knowledge, this day seems as if He knew nothing (*il verbo divino che è sommo sapiente—in questo dì par che non sappia niente!*) Look at Him on the hay, crying and kicking (*che gambetta piangente*), as if He were not at all a divine man. . . ."

Meanwhile, other angels, as in Benozzo's frescoes, are busy "picking rarest flowers in the garden." In the garden! Why He himself is a fragrant garden, Jesus is a garden of many sweet odours; and what they are those can tell who are the lovers of this sweet little brother of ours."

Di questo nostro dolce fratellino: it is such expressions as these, Bambolino, Piccolino, Garzolino, *il magno Jesolino*, these caressing, ever varied diminutives, which make us understand the monk's passionate pleasure in the child; and which, by the emotion they testify to and re-awaken, draw more into relief, make visible and tangible the little kicking limbs on the straw, the dimpled baby's body.

And then there are the choruses of angels. "O new song," writes Jacopone, "which has killed the weeping of sick mankind! Its melody, methinks, begins upon the high *Fa*, descending gently on the *Fa* below, which the *Verb* sounds. The singers, jubilating, forming the choir, are the holy angels, singing songs in that hostelry, before the little babe, who is the Incarnate Word. On lamb's parchment, behold! the divine note is written, and God is the scribe, who has opened His hand, and has taught the song."

Have we not here, in this odd earliest allegory of music and theology, this earliest precursor of the organ playing of Abt Vogler, one of those choirs, clusters of singing childish heads, clusters, you might almost say, of sweet treble notes, tied like nosegays by the score held scrollwise across them, which are among the sweetest inventions of Italian art, from Luca della Robbia to Raphael, "cantatori, giubilatori, che tengon il coro"?

And this is the place for a remark which, in the present uncertainty of all æsthetic psychology, I put forward as a mere suggestion, but a suggestion less wide of the truth than certain theories now almost unquestioned: the theories which arbitrarily assume that art is the immediate and exact expression of contemporary spiritual aspirations and troubles. That such may be the case with literature, particularly the more ephemeral kinds thereof, is very likely, since literature, save in the great complex structures of epos, tragedy, choral lyric, is but the development of daily speech, and possibly as upstart, as purely passing, as daily speech itself; moreover, in its less artistic forms, requiring little science or apprenticeship.

But art is a thing of older ancestry; you cannot, however bursting with emotion, embody your feelings in forms like those of Phidias, of Michelangelo, of Bach, or Mozart, unless such forms have come ready to hand through the long, steady working of generations of men: Phidias and Bach in person, cut off from their precursors, would not, for all their genius, get as far as a schoolboy's caricature, or a savage's performance on a marrow-bone. And these slowly elaborated forms, representing the steady impact of so many powerful minds, representing, moreover, the organic necessity by which, a given movement once started, that movement is bound to proceed in a given direction, these forms cannot be altered, save infinitesimally, to represent the particular state of the human soul at a given moment. You might as well suppose that the human shape itself, evolved through these millions of years, could suddenly be accommodated to

perfect representation of the momentary condition of certain human beings; even the Tricoteuses of the guillotine had the heads and arms of ordinary women, not the beaks and claws of Harpies. Hence such expressiveness must be limited to microscopic alterations; and, indeed, one marvels at the modest demands of the art critics, who are satisfied with the pucker of a frontal muscle of a Praxitelean head as testimony to the terrible deep disorder in the post-Periclean Greek spirit, and who can still find in the later paintings of Titian, when all that makes Titian visible and admirable is deducted, a something, just a little *je ne sais quoi*, which proves these later Titians to have originated in the Catholic reaction. If the theory of art as the outcome of momentary conditions be limited to such particularities, I am quite willing to accept it; only, such particularities do not constitute the large, important and really valuable characteristics of art, and it matters very little by what they are produced.

How then do matters stand between art and civilisation? Here follows my hypothesis. There is in the history of every art (and for brevity's sake, I include in this term every distinct category, say, Renaissance sculpture as distinguished from antique, of the same art), a moment when, for one reason or other, that art begins to come to the fore, to bestir itself. The circumstances of the nation and time make this art materially advantageous, or spiritually attractive; the opening up of quarries, the discovery of metallic alloys, the necessity of roofing larger spaces, the demand for a sedentary amusement, for music to dance to in new social gatherings; any such humble reason, besides many others, can cause one art to issue more particularly out of the limbo of the undeveloped, or out of the lumber-room of the unused. It is during this historic moment—a moment which may last years or scores of years—that, as it seems to me, an art can really be deeply affected by its surrounding civilisation. For is it not called forth by that civilisation's requirements, material or spiritual; and is it not, by the very fact of being thus new, or at all events nascent, devoid of all conditioning factors, save those which the civilisation and its requirements impose from without? An art, like everything vital, takes shape not merely by pressure from without, but much more, by the necessities inherent in its own constitution, the almost mechanical necessities by which all variable things *can* vary only in certain fashions. All the natural selection, all the outer pressure in the world, cannot make a stone become larger by cutting, cannot make colour less complex by mixing, cannot make the ear perceive a dissonance more easily than a consonance, cannot make the human mind turn back from problems once opened up, or revert instantaneously to effects it is sick of; and a number of such immutable necessities constitute what we call the organism of an art, which can therefore respond only in one way and not another to the influences of surrounding civilisation. Given the sculpture of the

Æginetan period, it is impossible we should not arrive at the sculpture of the time of Alexander; the very constitution of clay and bronze, of marble, chisel and mallet, let alone that of the human mind, makes it inevitable; and you would have it inevitably if you could invert history, and put Chæroneia in the place of Salamis. But there is no reason why you should eventually get Lysippian and Praxitelean sculpture instead of Egyptian or Assyrian, say, in the time of Homer, whenever that may have been. For the causes which forced Greek sculpture along the line leading to Lysippus and Praxiteles were not yet at work; and had other forces, say, a preference for stone work instead of clay and bronze work, a habit of Persian or Gaulish garments, of Lydian effeminate life instead of Dorian athleticism, supervened; had satraps ordered rock-reliefs of battles instead of burghers ordering brazen images of boxers and runners, Lysippus and Praxiteles might have remained *in mente Dei*, if, indeed, even there. Similarly, once given your Pisan sculptors, your Giotto, nay, your imaginary Cimabue, you inevitably get your Donatello, Masaccio, Ghirlandajo, and eventually your Leonardo, Michelangelo and Titian; for the problems of form and of sentiment, the questions of perspective, anatomy, dramatic expression, lyric suggestion, architectural decoration, were established, in however rudimentary a manner, as soon as painting was ordered to leave off doing idle, emotionless Christs, rows of gala saints and symbols of metaphysic theology, and told to set about showing the episodes of Scripture, the things Christ and the Apostles did, and the places where they did them, and the feelings they felt about it all; told to make visible to the eye the gallant archangels, the lovable Madonnas, the dear little baby Saviours, the angels with their flowers and songs, all the human hope and pity and passion and tenderness which possessed the world in the days of St. Francis.

What pictures should we have seen if Christendom (which is impossible) had continued in the habits of thought and feeling of the earlier Middle Ages—Byzantine themes become frightfuller and frightfuller; all talent and sentiment abandoning painting, perhaps, to the advantage of some more abstract art like architecture or music? Be this as it may, it is useless wondering how the solemn terror, the sweetness, pathos, serenity, of men like Signorelli, Botticelli, Perugino, nay Michelangelo, Raphael and Titian, could have originated among Borgias, Sforzas, Poggios, or Aretines: it did not. And hence it is that, as literature always long precedes art, we find the equivalent of such painters in men who preceded them by many generations, men still in touch with the great mediæval revival, Dante, Boccaccio, the unknown compilers of the "Fioretti," and, as we have seen, the Blessed Jacopone da Todi.

As with the emotional, the lyric element in Renaissance art, so also with the narrative or dramatic; it belongs not to the original,

real, at all events primitive Christianity, of the time when the Man Jesus walked on earth in the body, but to that day when He arose once more, no less a Christ, be sure, in the soul of those men of the Middle Ages. The evangelists had never felt—why should they, good, fervent Jewish laymen?—the magic of the baby Christ, as it was felt by those mediæval ascetics, suddenly re-awakened to human feeling. There is neither tenderness nor reverence in the Gospels for the mother of the Lord; some rather rough words on her motherhood; and that mention in St. John, intended so evidently to bring the evangelist, or supposed evangelist, into closer communion with Christ, not to draw attention to Christ's mother. Yet, out of those slight, and perhaps almost contemptuous indications, the Middle Ages have made three or four perfect and wonderful types of glorified womanhood: the mother in adoration, the crowned, enthroned Virgin, the Virgin at the foot of the cross, or fainting at the deposition therefrom, Mater Gloriosa, and Mater Dolorosa; types more complete and more immortal than that of any Greek divinity; above all, perhaps, the mere young mother holding the child, for kindly, reverent folk to look at, for the little St. John to play with, or alone, looking at it, thinking of it in solitude and silence: the whole lovingness of all creatures rising in a clear flame to heaven. Nay, is not the suffering Christ a fresh creation of the Middle Ages, made really to bear the sorrows of a world more sorrowful than that of Judea; and that strange Christ of the Resurrection, as painted occasionally by Angelico, by Pier della Francesca, particularly, in a wonderful small panel, by Botticelli, the Christ not yet triumphant at Easter, but risen waist high in the sepulchre, sometimes languidly seated on its rim, stark, bloodless, with scarce seeing eyes, and the motionless agony of one recovering from a swoon, enduring the worst of all his martyrdom, the return to life in that chill, bleak landscape, where the sparse trees bend in the dawn wind; returning from death to a new, an endless series of sufferings, even, as that legend made him answer the way-faring Peter, returning to be crucified once more—*iterum crucifigi*.

All this is the lyric side, on which, in art as in poetry, there are as many variations as there are individual temperaments, and the variety in Renaissance art is therefore endless. Let us consider the narrative or dramatic side, on which, as I have elsewhere tried to show, all that could be done was done, only repetition ensuing, very early in the history of Italian art, by the Pisans, Giotto and Giotto's followers.

These have their counterpart, their precursors, in the writers and reciters of devotional romances.

Among the most remarkable of these is the "Life of the Magdalen," attributed, but I cannot say with what reason, to Frate Domenico Cavalca, of Vico Pisano, a learned Dominican of the early fourteenth century, well known by his charming translation of St.

Jerome's "Lives of the Saints." As the spiritual love lyrics of Jacopone stand to the *Canzonieri* of Dante and of Dante's circle of poets, so does this devout novel stand to Boccaccio's more serious tales, and even to his "Fiammetta"; only, I think, that the relation of the two novelists is the reverse of that of the poets; for, with an infinitely ruder style Cavalca (if it be he) has also an infinitely finer psychological sense than Boccaccio. Indeed, this little novel ought to be reprinted, like "Aucassin et Nicolette," as one of the absolutely satisfactory works, so few but so exquisite, of the Middle Ages.

It is the story of the relations of Jesus with the family of Lazarus, whose sister Mary is now identified with the Magdalen; and it is, save for the account of the Passion which forms the nucleus, a perfect tissue of inventions. Indeed, Frate Domenico explains very simply that he is narrating not how he knows of a certainty that things did happen, but how it pleases him to think that they might have happened. For the man puts his whole heart in the story, and alters, amplifies, explains away till his heart is satisfied. The Magdalen, for instance, was not at all the sort of woman that foolish people think. If she took to scandalous courses it was only from despair at being forsaken by her bridegroom, who left her on the wedding day to follow Christ to the desert, and who was no other than the Evangelist John. Moreover, let no vile imputations be put upon it; in those days, when everybody was so good and modest, it took very little indeed (in fact nothing which our wicked times would notice at all) to get a woman into disrepute.

Judged by our low fourteenth-century standard, this sinning Magdalen would have been only a little over-cheerful, a little free, barely what in the fourteenth century is called (the mere notion would have horrified the house of Lazarus) a *trifle fast*; indeed Frate Domenico insists very much on her having sung and whistled on the staircase, a thing no modest lady of Bethany would then have done, but which, my dear brethren, is after all . . .

This sinful Magdalen, repenting of her sins, such as they are, is living with her sister Mary and her brother Lazarus; the whole little family bound to Jesus by the miracle which had brought Lazarus back to life. Jesus and his mother are their guests during Passion week; and the awful tragedy of the world and of heaven passes, in Cavalca's narrative, across the narrow stage of that little burgher's house. As in the art of the fifteenth century, the chief emotional interest of the Passion is thrown, not on the Apostles, scarcely on Jesus, but upon the two female figures, facing each other as in some fresco of Perugino, the Magdalen and the Mother of Christ. Facing one another, but how different: Cavalca's Magdalen has the terrific gesture of despair of one of those colossal women of Signorelli's, flung down, as a town by earthquake, at the foot of the cross. She was pardoned "because she had loved much—*quia multo amavit*." Frate

Domenico Cavalca, monk of Vico Pisano, knew what *that* meant as well as his contemporary Dante, when Love showed him the vision of Beatrice's death. Never was there such heart-breaking as that of his heroine; she becomes, almost, the chief personage of the Passion; for she knows not merely all the martyrdom of the Beloved, feels all the agonies of His flesh and His spirit, but knows—how well!—that she has lost Him. Opposite this terrible convulsive Magdalen, sobbing, tearing her hair and rolling on the ground, is the other heartbroken woman, the mother; but how different! She remains maternal through her grief, with motherly thoughtfulness for others; for to the real mother (how different in this to the lover!) there will always remain in the world some one to think of. She bridles her sorrow; when John at last hesitatingly suggests that they must not stay all night on Calvary, she turns quietly homeward; and, once at home, tries to make the mourners eat, tries to eat with them, makes them take rest that dreadful night. For such a mother there shall not be mere bitterness in death; and here follows Cavalca's most beautiful and touching invention: the glorified Christ, returning from Limbo, takes the happy, delivered souls to visit his mother.

"And Messer Giesù having tarried awhile with them in that place, said: 'Now let us go and make my mother happy, who with most gentle tears is calling upon me.' And they went forthwith, and came to the room where our Lady was praying, and with gentle tears asking God to give her back her son, saying it was to-day the third day. And as she stayed thus, Messer Giesù drew near to her on one side, and said: 'Peace and cheerfulness be with thee, Holy Mother.' And straightway she recognised the voice of her blessed son, and opened her eyes and beheld him thus glorious, and threw herself down wholly on the ground and worshipped him. And the Lord Jesus knelt himself down like her; and then they rose to their feet and embraced one another most sweetly, and gave each other peace, and then went and sat together," while all the holy people from Limbo looked on in admiration, and knelt down one by one, first the Baptist, and Adam and Eve, and all the others, saluting the mother of Christ, while the angels sang the end of all sorrows.

There would be much to say on this subject. One might point out, for instance, not only that Dante has made the lady he loved in his youth into the heroine—a heroine smiling in fashion more woman-like than theological—of his vision of hell and heaven; but that, what would have been even less possible at any previous moment of the world's history, he has interwoven his theogony so closely with strands of most human emotion and passion (think of that most poignant of love dramas in the very thick of hell!) that, instead of a representation, a chart so to speak, of long-forgotten philosophical systems, his poem has become a picture, pattern within pattern, of the life of all things: flowers blowing, trees waving, men and

women moving and speaking in densest crowds among the flaming rocks of hell, the steps of purgatory, the planispheres of heaven's stars making the groundwork of that wondrous tapestry. But it is better to read Dante than to read about Dante, so I let him be.

On the other hand, and lest some one take Puritanic umbrage at my remarks on early Italian art, and deprecate the notion that religious painters could be so very human, I shall say a few parting words about the religious painter, the saint, *par excellence*, I mean the Blessed Angelico. Heaven forbid I should attempt to turn him into a Brother Lippo, of the Landor or Browning pattern! He was very far indeed, let alone from profanity, even from such flesh and blood feeling as Jacopone and scores of other blessed ones. He was, emotionally, rather bloodless; and whatsoever energy he had probably went in tussles with the technical problems of the day, of which he knew much more, for all his cloistered look, than I suspected when I wrote of him before. Angelico, to return to the question, was not a Fra Jacopone, nor a Fra Domenico Cavalca. But even Angelico had his passionately human side, though it was the humanness of a nice child. In a life of hard study, and perhaps, hard penance, that childish blessed one nourished childish desires: desires for green grass and flowers, for gay clothes, for prettily-dressed pink and lilac playfellows, for the kissing and hugging in which he had no share, for the games of the children outside the convent gate. How human, how ineffably full of a good child's longing, is not his vision of Paradise! The gaily-dressed angels are leading the little cowed monks—little baby black and white things, with pink faces like sugar lambs and Easter rabbits—into deep, deep grass quite full of flowers, the sort of grass every child on this wicked earth has been cruelly forbidden to wade in! They fall into those angels' arms, hugging them with the fervour of children in the act of *loving* a cat or a dog. They join hands with those angels, outside the radiant pink and blue toy-box towers of the celestial Jerusalem, and go singing "Round the Mulberry Bush" much more like the babies in Kate Greenaway's books than like the Fathers of the Church in Dante. The joys of paradise, for this dear man of God, are not confined to sitting *ad dexteram Domini*.

Di questo nostro dolce Fratellino, that line of Jacopone da Todi, hymning to the child Christ, sums up, in the main, the vivifying spirit of early Italian art; nay, is it not this mingled emotion of tenderness, of reverence, and deepest brotherhood, which made St. Francis claim sun and birds, even the naughty wolf, for brethren? This feeling becomes embodied above all in the very various army of charming angels; and more particularly, perhaps, because Venice had no other means of expression than painting, in the singing and playing angels of the old Venetians. These angels, whether they be the girlish, long-haired creatures, robed in orange and green, of

Carpaccio, or the naked babies, with dimpled little legs and arms, and filleted silky curls of Gian Bellini, seem to concentrate into music all the many things which that strong pious Venice, tongue-tied by dialect, had no other way of saying; and we feel to this day that it sounds in our hearts and attunes them to worship or love or gentle contemplation. The sound of those lutes and pipes, of those childish voices, heard and felt by the other holy persons in those pictures—Roman knight Sebastian, Cardinal Jerome, wandering palmer Roch, and all the various lovely princesses with flowers and palm boughs in their hands—moreover, brings them together, unites them in one solemn blissfulness round the enthroned Madonna. These are not people come together by accident to part again accidentally; they are eternal, part of a vision disclosed to the pious spectator, a crowning of the Mass with its wax lights and songs.

But the Venetian playing and singing angels are there for something more important still. Those excellent old painters understood quite well that in the midst of all this official, doge-like ceremony it was hard, very hard lines for the poor little Christ Child, having to stand or lie for ever, for ever among those grown-up saints, on the knees of that majestic throning Madonna; since the oligarchy, until very late, allowed no little playfellow to approach the Christ Child, bringing lambs and birds and such like, and leading Him off to pick flowers as in the pictures of those democratic Tuscans and Umbrians. None of that silly familiarity, said stately Venetian piety. But the painters were kinder. They incarnated their sympathy in the baby music-making angels, and bade them be friendly to the Christ Child. They are so, and nowhere does it strike one so much as in that fine picture, formerly called Bellini, but more probably Vivarini, at the Redentore; where the Virgin, in her lacquer-scarlet mantle, has ceased to be human altogether, and become a lovely female Buddha in contemplation, absolutely indifferent to the poor little sleeping Christ. And the little angels have been sorry. Coming to make their official music, they have brought each his share of heaven's dessert: a little offering of two peaches, three figs, and three cherries on one stalk (so precious therefore!), placed neatly, spread out to look much, not without consciousness of the greatness of the sacrifice. They have not, those two little angels, forgotten, I am sure, the gift they have brought, during that rather weary music-making before the inattentive Madonna. They have thought how Christ will awake to find all those precious things, and they steel their baby hearts to the sacrifice. The little bird who has come (invited for like reason) and perched on the curtain bar, understands it all, respects their feelings, and refrains from pecking.

Such is the love of the saints, and out of it comes the painted triumph of *il magno Jesulino*.

VERNON LEE.

SCOTTISH NATIONAL HUMOUR.

NO one can pass a lifetime among the people of our countryside without being made aware, in ways pleasant and the reverse, of the great amount of popular humour ever bubbling up from the heart of the common people. It is to them the salt of intercourse, the oil on the axles of their life. Not often does it reach the stage of being expressed in literary form. It is lost for the time being in the stir of farm-byres, in the cheerful talk of ingle-nooks. You can hear it being windily exchanged in the greetings of shepherds crying the one to the other across the valleys. It finds way in the observations of passing hinds as they meet on the way to mill, and kirk, and market.

For example, an artist is busy at his easel by the wayside. A rustic is looking over his shoulder in the free manner of the independent Scot. A brother rustic is in a field near by with his hands in his pockets. He is uncertain whether it is worth while to take the trouble to mount the dyke for the uncertain pleasure of looking at the picture. "What is he doing, Jock?" asks he in the field of his better situated mate. "Drawin' wi' pent!" returns Jock, ower his shoulder. "Is 't bonny?" again asks the son of toil in the field. "OCHT BUT BONNY!" comes back the prompt and decided answer of the critic. Of considerations for the artist's feelings there is not a trace. Yet both of these rustics will appreciatively relate the incident on coming in from the field and washing themselves, with this rider: "An' he didna look ower weel pleased, I can tell ye! Did he, Jock?"

This great body of popular humour first found its way into the channels of our historic literature mainly in the form of ballads and songs—often very free in taste and broad in expression, because they

were struck from the rustic heart, and accordingly smelt of the farm-yard where common things are called by their common names.

But in time these rose to higher strata in the poems of Lindsay, in some of Knox's prose—very grim and strong it is—and in Dunbar and Henrysoun, mixed in every case with strongly personal elements. Burns alone caught, and held the full force of it, for he was of the soil and grew up near to it. So that to all time he must remain the finest expression of almost all forms of Scottish feeling. As to prose, chap-books and pamphlets innumerable carried on the stream, which for the most part was conveyed underground, till, in the fulness of the time, Walter Scott came to give Scottish humour world-wide fame in the noble series of imaginative writings by which he set his native land beside the England of William Shakespeare.

Scott was the first great literary gardener of our old national stock of humour, and right widely he gathered, as those know who have striven to follow in his trail. Hardly a chap-book but he has been through—hardly a generation of our national history that he has not touched and adorned. Yet because Scotland is a wide place, and Scottish humour also in every sense broad, no future humorist need feel straitened within their ample bounds.

Of all the cherished delusions of the inhabitant of the southern part of Great Britain with regard to his northern brother, the most astonishing is the belief that the Scot is destitute of humour. Other delusions may be dissipated by a tourist ticket and the ascent of Ben Nevis—such as that, north of the Tweed, we dress solely in the kilt—which we do not, at least, during the day; that we support life solely upon haggis and the product of the national distilleries; that the professors of Edinburgh University, being “panged fu’ o’ lear,” communicate the same to their students in the purest Gaelic—a thing which, though not altogether unprecedented, is, I am told, considered somewhat informal by the Senatus.

These may be taken as examples of the grosser delusions which leap to the eye, and are received upon the ear as often as the subject of Scotland arises in a company of the untravelled, and as we should say, “glaiokit Englisher.”

But such vulgar errors are now chiefly confined to the solemnly fatuous sheets which proclaim themselves to be comic papers; and which, as I observe from the evidence of the railway bookstalls, command a much more ready sale in England than the works of all the humorists from Charles Lamb to Mr. Jerome K. Jerome. A man is known by the company he keeps. He is still better known, at least when he travels, by the papers he buys. For it is but rarely that we can select our travelling companions; while, on the contrary, when, at that gay and pleasing mart of literature of which I confess myself a devotee, the railway bookstall, a man says boldly, “*Illustrated*

Scrapings, Orts, Bits, Chips, and the *Pink 'Un!*" he writes himself down as a genuine lover of literature, of a kind, indeed, but I know well that Mr. Lang and Mr. Barrie will not profit by him.

It is, however, not always wise to judge by appearances. A friend of mine upon one occasion very nearly lost the important goodwill of the father of the lady to whom his affections were at the time somewhat engaged, by foolishly colloquing with a certain prospective brother-in-law, a youth wholly without reverence, and buying a large quantity of the aforesaid *Orts-and-Scrapings* illustrated literature. This the ill-set pair strapped conspicuously upon the outside of the paternal dressing-cases and rugs—which, not being discovered till the journey was far spent, occasioned great indignation in the owner, who had instructed the buying of *Punch*, the *Guardian*, the *Spectator*, and other serious literature of that kind. Explanations and apologies were not accepted; and, as I say, this man of my acquaintance nearly lost a fairly good wife over this occurrence.

It is a dictum of the most justly celebrated of emeritus professors of the classics (alas! gone from the upper world since this paper was in print) that "every person who despises the Greek language and literature proves himself to be either a conceited puppy or an ignorant fool." Our own attitude towards the Greek language at that time was not, however, that of contempt. We have always had the deepest respect and admiration for the Greek language, as well as for the equator; and we are sure that upon more intimate acquaintance that admiration and respect would increase, we may say, on both sides. So that, though the professor frequently told us that he had known several learned pigs to make much better Greek verses than ourselves, we are yet free of his greater excommunication.

But I should like to pass on his commination, after expressing my envious admiration of the strength and compactness of his language. This (it is understood) is what married ladies are wont to do, who have been sorely tried during the day by the stupidity of servants and the contrariness of circumstances—they wait till their husbands come home, and *pass it on*. For this makes the thing fair all round and prevents hard feelings.

So I should much like to say, here and now, that "every person who despises Scottish national humour proves himself to be either a conceited puppy or an ignorant fool." I should like to add—"or both!"

There is a classical passage in the works of Mr. Stevenson, which, with the metrical psalms, the poems of Burns, and the Catechisms, Shorter and Larger, ought to be required of every Scottish man or woman before they be allowed to get married. It is sad to see young people setting up house so ill-fitted for the battle of life. The passage from Mr. Stevenson is as follows. I protest that I never can read

it, even for the hundredth time, without a certain sympathetic moisture of the eye.

None but an Edinburgh lad could have written it—none but one to whom nature and the works of God meant chiefly the Pentlands and the Lothians :

“There is no special loveliness in that grey country, with its rainy, sea-beat archipelago ; its fields of dark mountains ; its unsightly places, black with coal ; its treeless, sour, unfriendly-looking corn-lands ; its quaint, grey, castled city, where the bells clash of a Sunday, and the wind squalls, and the salt showers fly and beat. I do not know if I desire to live there ; but let me hear, in some far land, a kindred voice sing out, ‘Oh, why left I my hame ?’ and it seems at once as if no beauty under the kind heavens, and no society of the good and wise, can repay me for my absence from my country. And though I would rather die elsewhere, yet in my heart of hearts I long to be buried among good Scots clods. I will say it fairly, it grows on me with every year ; there are no stars so lovely as Edinburgh street-lamps. The happiest lot on earth is to be born a Scotsman. You must pay for it in many ways, as for all other advantages on earth. You have to learn the Paraphrases and the Shorter Catechism ; you generally take to drink ; your youth, so far as I can make out, is a time of louder war against society, of more outcry, and tears, and turmoil, than if you were born, for instance, in England. But, somehow, life is warmer and closer, the hearth burns more redly ; the lights of home shine softer on the rainy street, the very names, endeared in verse and music, cling nearer round our hearts. An Englishman may meet an Englishman to-morrow, upon Chimborazo, and neither of them care ; but when the Scotch wine-grower told me of Mons Meg, it was like magic.

“From the dim shieling on the misty island,
Mountains divide us and a world of seas ;
Yet still our hearts are true, our hearts are Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.”

Our humour lies so near our feeling for our country that I would almost say, if we do not feel this quotation—ay, and feel it in our bones—we may take it for granted that both the humour and the pathos of Scotland are to be hid from us during the term of our natural lives.

However, as Mr. Whistler said, when a friend pointed out to him a certain suggestion of the landscape Whistlerian in an actual sunset—“Ah, yes, nature is creeping up !” so we may say, with reference to the appreciation of Scottish humour south of the Tweed, England is “creeping up.” The numbers of editions of Scott, edited and inedited, illustrated and annotated, plain and coloured, prove it. Other things also prove it. It is always a good brick to throw at a literary pessimist, to tell him the number of editions of Scott that have appeared during the last half-dozen years. I do not know how many there are—I have no idea—but I always say fifty-three and four more coming, for that sounds exact, and as if one had all the statistics up one’s sleeve. If you say these little things with a confident air, you are never contra-

dicted. No one knows any different. It is a habit worth acquiring. I am not proud of the accomplishment, and I don't mind saying that I learned the trick from listening to the evidence of skilled witnesses in the Courts of Law.

My subject is "Scottish National Humour in Fiction."

Therefore let us look for a moment at the national humour of fact. The Scots were, for instance, a people intensely loyal to their kings and queens. Yet, so long as they were with us, we dissembled our affection. Alas, we never told our love! In fact, we always rebelled against them, so that they might have a good time hanging us in the Grassmarket and ornamenting the Netherbow with our heads. But as soon as we had driven these kings and queens into exile, we became tremendously loyal, and kept up constant trokings with the exiled at Carisbrook, in Holland, or with "the king over the water." Our very Cameronians became Jacobites and split on the subject, as the Scottish kirks always did—being apparently of the variety of animalculæ which multiply by fissure. So we went on, till we got them back, and again seated on the throne with a firm seat and a tight rein. Then we rebelled once more, just to keep them aware of themselves. Thus was our national humour expressed in history.

Or we had our family feuds. It mattered not whether we were kilted Macs of the North or steel-capped, leathern-jacked Kennedies of the South, we loved our name and clan, and stood for them against king and country. But, nevertheless, we arose early in the morning and had family worship, like Mr. John Mure of Auchendrine. Then we rode forth, with spear and pistolet, to convince some erring brother of the clan that he must not do so. I received a delightful entry from an old family register of facts the other day. It was mixed up with religious reflections, and had this trifling memorandum interpolated to break the placid flow of the spiritual meditation. "This day and date oor Jock stickit to deid Wat Maxwell o' Traquair! Glory be to the Father and to the Son!"

This also is a part of our national humour of fact.

Master Adam Blackadder was an apprentice boy in Stirling in the troublous times of the Covenant. The military were coming, and the whole Whiggish town took flight.

"'I would have been for running, too,' says young Adam, the merchant's loon, 'I would have been for the running, too, but my master discharged me to leave the shop. "For," said he, "they will not have the confidence to take the like of you, a silly young lad." However, a few days thereafter I was gripped by two messengers early in the morning, who, for haste, would not suffer me to tie up my stockings, or put about my cravat, but hurried me away to Provost Russel's lodgings—a violent persecutor and ignorant wretch! The first word he spak to me (putting on his breeches) was, "Is not this braw wark, sirr, that we maun be troubled wi' the like o' you?" I answered (brave loon, Adam!), "Ye hae gotten a braw prize, my lord, that

has claucht a poor prentice!" He answered, "We canna' help it, sirr, we must obey the king's lawes!" "King's lawes, my lord," I says, "there is no such lawes under the sun!" For I had heard that, by the bond, heritors were bound for their tenants and masters for their servants—and *not servants for themselves* (and so Andrew had him). "No such laws, sirr," says our sweet Provost, "ye lee'ed like a knave and traitour, as ye are. So, sirr, ye come not here to dispute the matter; away with him, away with him to the prison."

So accordingly they haled away the humoursome apprentice of Stirling to Bridewell, where, as he says, and as we should expect, he was never merrier in his life, albeit within iron gates and waiting on the mercy of the "sweet Provost" whom he surprised "putting on his breeks."

But how exquisitely humorous is the whole scene—the lad, not to be "feared," and well content to get the better of the Provost in the battle of words, derives an admirable satisfaction from the difficulties of his enemy, who has perforce to argue while "putting on his breeks," a time when teguments, not arguments, are most fitting. Meanwhile the Provost is grimly conscious that he is getting the worst of it, and that what the prentice loon said to him will be a sad jest when the bailies congregate round the civic punch-bowl; yet, for all that, he is not unappreciative of the lad's national right to say his say, and, not without some reluctance, silences him with the incontrovertible argument of the "iron gates." This also is Scottish and national, and could hardly be native elsewhere.

As we go on to consider these and other similar circumstances chronicled in our national history, certain ill-defined but obvious sorts and kinds of national humour emerge. They look at us out of all manner of unexpected places—out of the records of the Great Seal, out of the minutes of the Privy Council, out of State trials, out of the findings of juries. "We find that the prisoner killit not the particular man aforesaid, yet that *nevertheless* he is deserving of hanging." On general grounds, it is to be presumed, and to encourage the others! So hanged the acquitted man duly was. Then there is the famous indictment upon which (if all tales be true) one Mossman was hanged, on May 20, 1785. "1st. He was fand onabil to give an account of himsel'. 2nd. He wan'ered in his discoorse. 3rd. He said that he cam' from Carrick!" He was immediately executed.

Disentangling some of these threads of humour which shoot scarlet through the hodden grey of our national records, we can distinguish four kinds of historical humour—first, the humour which I propose, without any particular law or licence, to call by analogy "Polter Humour." The best attested of all apparitions is a certain Galloway ghost—the spirit which troubled the house of Collin, in the parish of Rerrick, for months, and was only finally exorcised after many wrestlings with

all the ministers of the country-side in Presbytery assembled. It was a merry and noisy spirit of the type called (I am informed) the Polter Ghost, a perfect master of the whistling, pinching, vexing, stone-throwing, spiritualistic athletic. So following this analogy we may call a considerable part of our national humour of fact "Polter Humour." It is the same kind of thing which, mixed with the animal spirits and primitive methods of the undergraduate, leads him occasionally to thump upon the floor of philosophy class-rooms in a manner most unphilosophic. I am, it may be, thinking of the things that were in the good old times, when it was a mistake, trivial in the extreme, to forget one's college note-book, but capital to leave behind one's stick. The Polter Humour of Scotland is largely the humour of the unlicked cub, playing with such dangerous weapons as swords and battle-axes, instead of boot-laces and blacking.

"There is no discourse between a full man and a fasting. Sit ye doon, Sir Patrick Grey," said the Black Douglas to the king's messenger, sent to demand the release of Maclellan of Bombie. Sir Patrick, who might have known better, sits him down. The Black Douglas moves his hand and his eyebrow once; and even while the messenger is solacing himself with "deco-tairt" and a cup of sack, poor Maclellan is had out to the green and beheaded. Sir Patrick finishes, and wipes his five-pronged forks in the national manner underneath his doublet. He is ready to talk business, and so is the Black Douglas—now. "There is your man. Tell his Majesty he is most welcome to him," said the Douglas; "it is a pity that he wants the head!"

That is the Polter Humour *in excelsis*—the undergraduate playing with the headsman's axe instead of the harmless necessary cudgel which costs a shilling.

It is a primitive kind of humour of savage origin; and how many varieties of it there are among savage tribes, and amongst that largest of all savage tribes, the noble outlaw Ishmaels of the world, Boys—Mr. Andrew Lang only knows.

Of this Polter Humour, perhaps the finest instances are to be found in the chap-books of the latter half of last century and the first ten years of this. So soon as Scott had made the Scottish dialect into a national language, the edge seemed completely to go off these productions. With one consent they became flat, stale, and unprofitable. Indeed, they can hardly be called "profitable" reading at the best. For it is like walking down a South Italian lane to read them, so thickly do causes of offence lie around. But for all that, in them we have the rough give-and-take of life at the country weddings, the holy fairs, the kirns and christenings of an older time. I never realised how great and clean Robert Burns was, till I saw from what a state of utter depravity he rescued such homely topics as these.

Yet in these days we are uneasily conscious that even Robert Burns has need to have his feet wiped before he comes into our parlours. As a corrective to this over-refinement, I should prescribe a counter-irritant in the shape of a short but drastic course in the dialect chap-books of the final thirty years of last century.

In the novels of Smollett is to be found the more (or less) literary expression of this form of humour. True, one cannot read very much of him at a time, for the effect of a score of pages acts physically on the stomach like sea-sickness. But yet we cannot deny that there is this Polter Humour element in Scottish fiction, though the fact has been largely and conveniently forgotten in these days. There are, however, some pearls among an inordinate number of swine-sties. Yet we can see the origin, or at least the manifestation, of this peculiar humour in the old civic enactment which caused it to be proclaimed that any citizen walking down the Canongate upon the side causeways after a certain hour of e'en, did so at "the peril of his head." There is to this day a type of sturdy, full-blooded Scot, who cannot imagine anything much funnier than the emptying of a pail of suds out of a window—upon someone else's head. Sometimes this gentleman gets into the House of Commons, and laughs when another member sits down upon his new and glossy hat, which cost him a guinea that morning.

Among the tales of James Hogg there are many examples of Polter Humour. Hogg is, in some of his many rambling stories, the greatest example in literature of the Scottish Picaresque. He delights to carry his hero—who is generally nobody in particular, only a hero—from adventure to adventure without halt or plot, depending upon the swing of the incident to carry him through. And, indeed, so it mostly does. "The Bridal of Polmood," for instance, is of this class. It is not a great original work, like the "Confessions of a Justified Sinner," or a delightful medley of tales like the "Shepherd's Calendar." But it is a sufficiently readable story, though as like the actual life of the times as Tennyson's courtly knights are to the actual Round Table men of Arthur the King. In the "Adventures of Basil Lee" and in "Widow Watts' Courtship," we find the Polter Humour. But, on the whole, the finest instance of Hogg's rattling give-and-take is his briskly humorous and admirable story of "The Souters of Selkirk."

From recent Scottish literature this rough and thoroughly national species of humour has been almost banished; but there is no reason why, having cleaned its feet a little, the Polter Humour might not be revived. There is plenty of it, healthy and hearty, surviving in the nooks and corners of the hills.

The second species of humour which I shall try to discriminate is what, for lack of a better name, I shall call the Humour of Irony. It is akin to the Polter Humour in that it has chiefly reference to actions,

but is of a quieter variety. Of this sort, and to me an exquisite example, is the advice Donald Cargil offered to Claverhouse as he was riding from the field of Drumclog, after his defeat, as hard as his horse could gallop, to "Bide for the afternoon diet of worship!"—a jest which did credit to the grim old "faithful contender," considering that he had been so lately a prisoner in the hands of John Graham himself. I am sure that Claverhouse appreciated the ironical edge of the observation, even if he did not forget the jester:

"Two soldiers reported a squabble between two of their officers to Colonel Graham.

" 'How knew ye of the matter?' said Claverhouse.

" 'We saw it,' they replied.

" 'But how saw ye it?' he continued, pressing them.

" 'We were on guard, and, hearing the din and turmoil, we set down our pieces and ran to see.'

"Whereupon Colonel Graham did arise, and gave them many sore paiks, because that they had left their duty to gad about and gaze on that which concerned them not."

In like manner, and in the same excellent antique style, it is told of Duke Rothes that, finding that his Lady was going just a step too far in the freedom with which she entertained proscribed ministers under his very nose, he sent her Ladyship a message, that it behoved her to keep her "black-coated messans" closer to her heel, or else that he would be obliged to kennel them for her.

Perhaps the finest instance of this humour is the well-known story, probably entirely apocryphal, but none the less worthy on that account, of the Fifeshire laird, who, with his man John, was riding to market. (It is, I think, in "Dean Ramsay," and, being far from books, I quote from memory.) The laird and John are passing a hole in the moor, when the laird turns his thumb over his shoulder and says: "John, I saw a tod gang in there!"

"Did ye, indeed, laird?" cries John, all his hunting blood instantly on fire. "Ride ye your lane to the toon; I'll howk the craitur oot!"

So back goes John for pick and spade, having first stopped the earth. The laird rides his way, and all day he is forgathering with his cronies, and "preeing the drappie" at the market town—ploys in which his henchman would ably and willingly have seconded him. It is the hour of evening, and the laird rides home. He comes to a mighty excavation on the hillside. The trench is both long and deep. Very tired and somewhat short-grained, John is seated upon a mound of earth, vast as the foundation of a fortress. "There's nae fox here, laird!" says John, wiping the honest sweat of endeavour from his brow. The laird it not put out. He is, indeed, exceedingly pleased with himself. "Deed, John," he says, "I wad hae been muckle surprised gin there had been a tod there. It's ten year since I saw the beast gang in that hole!"

Here the nationality of the ironical humour consists in the non-committal attitude of the laird. It is none of his business if John thinks of spending his day in digging a fox-hole. It is, no doubt, a curious method of taking exercise when one might be at a market ordinary. But there is no use trying to account for tastes, and the laird leaves John to the freedom of his own will. History does not relate what were John's remarks when the laird fared homeward. And that is, perhaps, as well.

This, the method ironical, with an additional spice of kindness, is Sir Walter's favourite mode of humour. It is, for instance, the basis of Caleb Balderston, especially in the famous scene in the house of Gibbie Girder, the man of tubs and barrels :

"Up got mother and grandmother, and scoured away, jostling each other as they went, into some remote corner of the tenement, where the young hero of the evening was deposited. When Caleb saw the coast fairly clear, he took an invigorating pinch of snuff, to sharpen and confirm his resolution. 'Could be my cast,' thought he, 'if either Bide-the-Bent or Girder taste that broche of wild fowl this evening.' And then, addressing the eldest turnspit, a boy of eleven years old, and putting a penny into his hand, he said, 'Here is twal pennies, my man; carry that ower to Mistress Smatrash, and bid her fill my mill wi' sneeshin' and I'll turn the broche for ye i' the meantime—an' she'll gie ye a gingerbread snap for yer pains.'

"No sooner had the elder boy departed on his mission, than Caleb, looking the remaining turnspit gravely and steadily in the face, removed from the fire the spit containing the wild fowl of which he had undertaken the charge, clapped his hat on his head, and fairly marched off with it."

It will not surprise you to hear that in Scott's own time this mode of humour was thought to be both rude and undignified, and many were the criticisms of bad taste and the accusations of literary borrowing that were made, both against this great scene, and against similar other chapters of his most famous books. Their very success promoted the rage of the envious. We find, for instance, the magazines of the time full of ill-natured notices, which, in view of the multiplied editions of the great Wizard, read somewhat strangely at this day. Let me take one at random :

"Scott is just going on in the same blindfold way, and seems, in this as in other things, only to fulfil the destiny assigned to him by Providence—the task of employing the hundred black men of Mr. James Ballantyne's printing office, Coul's Close, Canongate, for I suspect that this is the only real purpose of the author of 'Waverley's' existence."

I read this when the critics prove unkind, and these words are only the beginning of as satisfactory a "slating" as ever fell to the lot of mortal writer.

Of course Scott was too great and many-sided a man to neglect any kind of humour, but on the whole perhaps that national humour of allowing circumstances to take their course, and the persons

engaged to realise the rough under-side of things, is his favourite kind. But in such a masterpiece as "Wandering Willie" he rises to the heights that are not humour alone, but literature of the greatest—mingling the most daring imagination and the finest narrative with something that is as far above humour as humour is above wit. Indeed, it is practically agreed that, in the writing of the short story, art and genius can no further go. And this, in spite of the belief attributed to Mr. W. D. Howells that the short story has recently been discovered in America, and is peculiar to that country.

But nothing tells us more surely of the essential greatness of the master than the way in which, by a few touches, he can so ennoble a humorous figure that he passes at a bound from the humorous to the pathetic, and touches the springs of our tears the more readily that up to that point he has chiefly moved our laughter.

Thus, at the close of Scott's great humorous conception of Caleb Balderston, we have a few words which like a beacon serve to illuminate all his past humours—his foraging, his bowl-breaking, his unprecedented readiness to lie for the sake of the glories of his master's house. It is the last scene in "The Bride of Lammermoor":

"'But I have a master,' cried Caleb, still holding him fast, 'while the heir of Ravenswood breathes. I am but a servant; but I was born your father's—your grandfather's servant—I was born for the family—I have lived for them—I would die for them! Stay but at home and all will be well!'

"'Well, fool, well!' said Ravenswood, 'vain old man; nothing hereafter in life will be well with me, and happiest is the hour that shall soonest close it!'

"So saying, he extricated himself from the old man's hold, threw himself on his horse, and rode out at the gate; but, instantly turning back, he threw towards Caleb, who hastened to meet him, a heavy purse of gold.

"'Caleb,' he said, with a ghastly smile, 'I make you my executor,' and, again turning his bridle, he resumed his course down the hill.

"The gold fell unheeded on the pavement, for the old man ran to observe the course which had been taken by his master. Caleb hastened to the eastern battlement, which commanded the prospect of the whole sands, very near as far as the village of Wolf's Hope. He could easily see his master riding in that direction, as fast as his horse could carry him. The prophecy at once rushed on Balderston's mind, that the Lord of Ravenswood would perish on the Kelpie's Flow, which lay halfway between the tower and the links, or sand-knolls, to the northward of Wolf's Hope. He saw him, accordingly, reach the fatal spot, but he never saw him pass farther.

"... Only one vestige of his fate appeared. A large sable feather had been detached from his hat, and the rippling waves of the rising tide wafted it to Caleb's feet.

"The old man took it, dried it, and placed it in his bosom."

Scott is eminently unquotable, yet I should be prepared to stake his genius on a few passages like this, in which, by one or two magic touches, his usual kindly and careless irony suffers a sea-change into something rich and rare—the irony of the gods and of insatiable and

inappeasable fate. Then, indeed, one actually sees the straw and stubble, the wood and stone of his ordinary building material being transmuted before our eyes into fairy gold at the touch of him who, whatever his carelessness and slovenliness, is yet the great Wizard of all time and the master of all who strive to tell the Golden Lie.

I have now come to a humour which is less represented in the nation's past, or, at least, less in the trials and tragical records which constitute the main part of the inheritance of our tumultuous and unpeaceful little land. This, again, for lack of a better name, I call the "Humour of About-the-Doors."

It is hard to say when this began; probably with the first of the race—for the Scot has ever been noted for making the best of his man-servant and his maid-servant, his ox and his ass, and especially of the stranger within his gates. Concerning the Scot's repute for haughtiness, John Major says (I am quoting from Mr. Hume Brown's admirable "Early Scotland," 1521):

"Sabellicus, who was no mean historian, charges the Scots with being of a jealous temper, and it must be admitted that there is some colour for this charge to be gathered elsewhere. . . . A man that is puffed up strives for some pre-eminence among his fellows, and when he sees that other men are equal to him, or but little inferior, he is filled with rage and breaks out into jealousy. I do not deny (says most honest Major) that some of the Scots may be boastful and puffed up, but whether they suffer more than their neighbours from suchlike faults, I have not quite made up my mind. Sabellicus also asserts that the Scots delight in lying; but to me it is not clear that lies like these flourish with more vigour among the Scots than among other people."

It is pleasant to see Major, nearly four hundred years ago, as the Americans would say, "spreading himself" in praise of his own particular part of broad Scotland, after having made out that, in spite of all faults and all temptations, the Scots are yet the noblest people in the world. He is a worthy predecessor of all such as celebrate their Thrums, their Swanston by the Pentland edge, their Yarrow and Tweedside, their Lang Toun, their Barncraig and Gushetneuk and Drumtochty, their St. Serf's and Carricktown.

Major has been celebrating the fish of the rivers of Scotland:

"Besides these there are the Clyde, the Tweed, and many other rivers, all abounding in salmon, turbot, and trout. [How Mr. Andrew Lang would admire to catch a turbot in the pool beneath the Kelso cemetery, where lies Stoddart, that mighty angler.] And near the sea is plenty of oysters, as well as crabs, and polypods of marvellous size. One crab or polypod is larger than thirty crabs such as are found in the Seine. The shells of the jointed polypods that you see in Paris clinging to the ropes of the pile-driving engines are a sufficient proof of this. In Lent and in summer, at the winter and summer solstice, people go in the early morning from mine own Gleg-hornie and the neighbouring parts to the shore, drag out the polypods and crabs with hooks, and return at noon with well-filled sacks."

The poor French nation! One native polypod from "mine own Gleghornie" equal to thirty misbegotten polypods of the Seine! And how much nobler 'tis to the polypodic mind to be dragged out with hooks, and stuffed in a bag at the summer and winter solstice, than to cling to the ropes of wretched pile-driving engines in the insignificant city of Paris. "Paris for pile-driving, Gleghornie for pleasure," is the motto for all true polypods!

And so was it ever, and so, please the pigs, shall it be so long as this sturdy knuckle-end of Britain sticks into the Arctic wash of the northern sea.

To the Scot his own gate-end, his own ingle-nook is always the best, the most interesting, the only thing indeed worth singing about and talking about.

So, deep in the Scottish nature, began the Humour of *About-the-Doors*. It is little wonder that the romancers have generally begun with descriptions of their own kail-yairds—which are the best kail-yairds—the only true kail-yairds, growing the best curly greens, the most entrancing leeks and syboes, lying fairest to the noontide heat, and blinked upon, as John Major says, by the kindest sun, the sun of "mine own Gleghornie."

It appears to me that John Galt, with all his most absolute limitations, is yet the most excellent, as he was the first, of all these students of "my ain hoose," and "my ain folk." The names, the characters, the descriptions of the places, delight me like a bonny Scots song sung by a bonny Scots lass—and that is the best kind of singing there is. I care not so greatly for plot. I can make my own as I go. I am not greatly interested in what happens to the characters; but the Humour of *About-the-Doors* interests me past telling; and I read Galt arching my back by the fireside, like a pussy-bawdrons when she is stroked the right way. I should like to see an edition of Galt reprinted—it would not need to be edited, for learned comment would spoil it. I am persuaded that an edition of all the Scottish books of Galt would sell to-day better than they ever did in his own time.* Yet I should be sorry too, for he is a fine, tangled, unexplored garden wild for the wandering Autolycus, and for that I should miss him.

How admirable, for instance, to pull down the first volume of Galt that comes to hand, is the following description of the office-houses of an old Scottish mansion:

"Of somewhat lower and ruder structure was a desultory mass of shapeless buildings—the stable, sty, barn, and byre, with all the appurtenances properly thereunto belonging, such as peat-stack, dung-heap, and coal-heap, with a bivouacry of invalided utensils, such as bottomless boyns, headless

* In contrast with the usual fate of such suggestions, this hint, thrown out to an Edinburgh audience, bids fair to ripen into an excellently printed edition of all the worthy works of John Galt.

barrels, and brushes maimed of their handles—to say nothing of the body of the cat which the undealt-with packman's cur worried on Saturday se'enight. The garden was suitable to the offices and mansion. It was surrounded, but not enclosed, by an undressed hedge, which in more than fifty places offered tempting admission to the cows. The luxuriant grass-walks were never mowed but just before hay-time, and every stock of kale and cabbage stood in its garmentry of curled blades, like a new-made Glasgow bailie's wife on the first Sunday after Michaelmas, dressed for the kirk in the many-plies of her flounces."

Now there are people who do not care for this sort of thing, just as there are folk who prefer the latest concocted perfume to the old-fashioned southern-wood that our grandmothers used doucely to take to the kirk with them folded in their napkins. For me, I could not spare the stave of a single barrel, nor the ragged remains of a single boyn. I take them with a mouth like an alms-dish; and, like the most celebrated of charity boys, I ask for more.

I need not point the moral or enter into the history of the Humour About-the-Doors in recent fiction. Mr. Stevenson, in "Portraits and Memories," Mr. Barrie in all his books, have chronicled how the world grew for them when they were growing, and how the young thoughts moved briskly in them. Mr. Stevenson, being more subjective, was interested mainly in these things as an extension and explanation of his personality. He saw the child he was, the lad he grew to be, move among these surroundings, and they took substance and colour from the very keenness and zest of his reminiscence. Mr. Barrie, stiller and less ready to be understood, waits round the corner, and grips everything as it passes him. But Mr. Stevenson ever went out to seek strange lands. Already, as a child on the shores of an unknown Samoa, he had built him a lordly pleasure-house to the music of the five waterfalls. For he was the eternal Argonaut, the undying treasure-seeker. Each morning he woke and went out with the hope that to-day he would find a new world. To him the sun never grew old, and the hunter hunted the hill to the day's ending ere he came to "lay him down with a will." Rare, very rare, but almost heart-breaking when they do occur, are Mr. Stevenson's tenderesses about his native land:

"Be it granted me to behold you again in dying,
Hills of home! And to hear again the call—
Hear about the graves of the Martyrs the pee-wits crying—
And hear no more at all!"

Mr. Barrie's feet, without ever straying so far, yet carry him on the track of many a romance, woven of tears and laughter when the world was young. The skies may be unkindly, the seasons dour, the steps steep, and the bread bitter—in Angus and in Thrums. Hard the lot and heavy the sorrow there! Up the steps the bowed woman goes to write a letter, in which the only cry of affection, "My dear

son, Queery," is never uttered by her lips. The bent-backed weaver wheels his web up the brae with creaking wheelbarrow, and lo, in a moment Thrums melts away—we see before us the Eden door, at which stands the angel with the sword of flame, and Adam bending to his mattock, earning the first bairn's bread with the sweat of his brow. There Jess sits by her window, and there Leeby lies in her grave; while never any more comes a "registrardy" letter from London, when the blithe postman's knock had not time to fall before flying feet were at the door to welcome Jamie's letter. For Jess is Eve, the ancient mother, bearing her heavier burden. For Eve's secret is that woman's sorrow only begins with the bringing forth. Also there is Cain going out upon the waste—a bloodless if not guiltless Cain, who has only broken those three hearts that loved him—and his own. I never want to read any more when I have read of Jamie fleeing hot-foot over the common, yet like a hunted thing, ever and anon looking back. I want to go up and look at some bairns that lie asleep, each in his cot. And then I learn what it is to pray.

There are other humours that are of our people—and of them alone. These I cannot deal with, for time would fail me to tell of the humour of the Out-of-Doors, the humour of byre and stable—the humour of "When the Kye Comes Hame," of the lowsing-time, of Hallowe'en and Holy Fair. I know not whether there is as much of it now as there once was. They say that there is not. I only know that there was enough and to spare in my time, and that we in those days certainly did not kiss-and-tell. We said little about these jocund humours to our grave and reverent seniors; and now that we are growing suchlike ourselves, I think analogy will help us to believe that there are yet humours in the lives of our juniors as innocent and gladsome, as full of primeval mirth as those of the departed days which we now endeavour, generally so unsuccessfully, to recall.

I do not think that any one will succeed in setting down these things—the humours of his country, his lost years, his lost loves—without finding the tears as often in his eyes as the smile is on his lips. He will not succeed because he sets himself to do it. He must be purposeful, but conceal his purpose and write with his heart. No great romance was ever written with what is known as a purpose. The purpose must emerge, not be thrust before the reader's nose, else he will know that he has strayed into a druggist's shop. And all the beauty of the burnished glass, and all the brilliancy of the drawer labels will not persuade him that medicine is a good steady diet. He will say, and with some reason, "I asked you for bread—or at least for cakes and ale—and lo! ye have given me Gregory's Mixture!"

So he will walk out, and not deal any more at your shop, save

when he wants medicine—for some other body. A lady sent me a book and she wrote upon it that she hoped it would do me good. Now, I did not want it for myself particularly, but I have a friend, a wicked lawyer, and I instantly recognised that this good book was the very thing for him. So I sent it to him; and he never even thanked me.

“Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.”

Scott did not write with any purpose, save with the primitive instinct to tell an entrancing story. And in spite of Gervinus and cartloads of commentators, chiefly Teutonic, I do not believe Shakespeare did, either. On this point, however, I am open to conviction; but, like a late great ecclesiast, let me add, “I wad like to see the man that could convince me!”

For the “novel of purpose” developed round some set thesis is not of the essence of story-telling, but of preaching and pamphleteering. These two things are, no doubt, of the world's greatest necessities, but I would not have them trench upon the place of creative imagination. Scott, our greatest, was as conspicuously free from moralising as Homer, yet what infinities of actual good have arisen from the reading of his books. No, the goodness and the moral must be in the man himself—in the writer—and there is no fear but that they will come out in his story, without spoiling one whit the artistic beauty of his conception. After all, art teaches and elevates by making men and women gladder; and though there are failures and mistakes, the sound of wedding bells is, on the whole, as wholesome and heartsome a sound in fiction as it is in reality. It will be better if, instead of posing as the religious regenerator of the future, the novelist confines himself to telling a plain tale in the best way he can, simply striving by the thrilling of his own heart to cast a spell upon the hearts of others.

The romancer had best be a little more modest than he has been of late. If he tells his story with his heart and soul, all that is good in him and in his message will emerge in the course of the narrative without being obtruded. You will not permanently improve the readers of fiction by the methods of Mrs. Squeers. When we read fiction we do not want to take doses of brimstone and treacle, whether we will or no, “to purify our systems,” as Mr. Squeers said. I think it is better to stand by fiction as a branch of the world's art, rather than as a department of its pathology. And to look for its effect upon men's lives as an anodyne for sore hearts, a heartening of sorrows, a pathway of escape from the dulness or contrariness of things into another and a fresher world. After all, for religion we still have our Bible, and in my opinion we are not likely to better that as doctrine and reproof for the conduct of our lives. We have our daily newspaper which tells us, among other things, how to

vote or how to act. I decline to believe that the great problems of religion can be adequately discussed and settled in the conversations of the novel of purpose. I want to take my Bible plain and my newspaper plain; I do not want to mix them and label them "The Fiction of the Future." In fact, being a quiet and old-fashioned person, the fiction of the past is good enough for me. If I can make half as good as the present I shall be content.

Finally, I desire to say a few words upon the so-called Scottish dialect, not by any means as one who speaks *ex cathedra*, but only in order to express my own feelings and beliefs.

We are not of those who look upon Scottish dialect as merely a corrupt kind of English. It would be, indeed, much truer to say that modern English is a corrupt and much-adulterated variety of Scots.

For the old Scottish language has had a history both long and distinguished. In it the first of Scottish romancers, John Barbour, wrote his saga-tales of Wallace and Bruce. In it Dunbar sang songs, Robert Henryson, dominie and makkar, fabled; while Ramsay, Burns, Scott, Hogg, and Galt carried on its roll of noble names.

Of recent years, with the increasing localisation of fiction, there has arisen a danger that this old literary language may be broken up into dialects, each one of which shall possess its interpreters, accurate and intelligent, no doubt, but out of the true, legitimate line of apostolic succession.

Now, what I understand to be the duty of the Scottish romancer is, that he shall not attempt to represent phonetically the peculiarities of pronunciation of his chosen district, but that he shall content himself with giving the local colour, incident, character, in the noble, historical, well-authenticated Scots language, which was found sufficient for the needs of Knox, of Scott, and of Burns, to name no other names. Leave to the grim grammarian his "fous" and "fats" and "fars." Let the local vocabulary-maker, excellent and indispensable man, construct cunning accents and pronunciation-marks. Leave even Great Jamieson alone, save for amusement in your hours of ease. As Mr. Stevenson once said, "Jamieson is not Scots, but mere Angusawa'!" A pregnant saying, and one containing much sense.

There is another danger. It is difficult to write the Scottish dialect. It is easy to be vulgar in dialect. Shall our great literary language be brought down by the vulgarisms of the local funny man to the condition of a mere idiom? Certainly, if the people want it so. But there is no need to call the rubbish Scottish dialect.

For myself, I love to discern a flavour of antique gentlemanship about a man's Scots, something that takes me back to knee-breeches and buckled shoes, to hoddie grey and Kilmarnock bonnets. They might be a little coarse in those days, but they were never vulgar.

There never was a nobler or more expressive language than the

tongue of the dear old ladies who were our grandmothers and great-grandmothers in these southern and western counties of Scotland. Let us try to keep it equally free from Anglicisms which come by rail, Irishisms which arrive by the short sea-route, from the innuendo of the music-hall comic song, and the refinements of the boarding-school—in fact, from all additions, subtractions, multiplications, and divisions, by whomsoever introduced or advocated. There is an idea abroad that in order to write Scottish dialect, it is enough to leave out all final g's and to write *dae* for *do*—which last, I beg leave to say, is the hall-mark of the bungler!

Now the honest Doric is a sonsy quean, clean, snod, and well put on. Her acquaintance is not to be picked up on the streets, or at any close-mouth. The day has been when Peg was a lady, and so she shall be again, and her standard of manners and speech shall be at least as high as that of her sister of the South.

The result will not show in the reports of the Board of Trade; neither will it make Glasgow flourish yet more abundantly, or the ships crowd thicker about the Tail of the Bank. But it will give broad Scotland a right to speak once more of a Scottish language, and not merely of a Dundee, a Gallowa', or a "Doon-the-watter" accent. And it will give her again a literature frankly national, written in her ancient language, according to the finest and most uncorrupted models.

S. R. CROCKETT.

AUSTRALIA REVISITED.

AFTER a continuous residence of seven years in London, I utilised the late Parliamentary recess to revisit the section of Greater Britain in which nearly the whole of my previous life had been passed. In addition to the personal desire to meet old friends, revive old memories, and bring my colonial knowledge up to date, I was specially anxious to see and investigate for myself the serious and even startling changes that, according to report, had come over the face of the Antipodean colonies since my departure. Australian visitors had brought to London lurid and sensational accounts of the ruin and desolation that had been brought upon Melbourne by the land-boom mania and its after-consequences, while the effects of the financial crisis and banking collapse of 1893 all over Australia were depicted in hardly less vivid and disquieting colours. How far these reports represented the reality of things, and how far they were the outcome of panic-stricken excitement, was what I principally wished to ascertain. I elected to travel by the new Canadian route, along that great Imperial highway which has recently been opened up by the liberality of the Government of the Dominion in association with the energy and enterprise of one of the leading Australian shipowners, Mr. James Huddart. As a result of this happy and potential combination, it will soon be possible to run a swift mail and passenger service between the Mother Country and her Australasian possessions without touching an inch of foreign soil, or losing for an instant its distinctively and essentially Imperial stamp or character. Two links of the service are complete, and in full working order—the Canadian Pacific Railway and the line of steamers that Mr. Huddart has established between Vancouver and Sydney, and the remaining third, or Atlantic link, is in rapid process of manu-

facture. The Government of the Dominion of Canada has guaranteed Mr. Huddart a subsidy of £150,000 per annum for ten years to enable him to establish a fast line of steamers on the Atlantic as well as the Pacific, and if the Imperial Government can see its way to contribute a subsidy of £75,000, as recommended by Lord Jersey in his report on the proceedings of the Ottawa Conference, the "all-through British service" will be a fully accomplished fact in the early future. On every ground of principle, patriotism, and policy, the Home Government is called upon to co-operate with the Canadian and Australian Governments in establishing this invaluable link of inter-Imperial communication on a permanent and mutually satisfactory basis. Apart altogether from sentimental considerations—and it would be a great mistake to underrate the importance of these in a matter vitally affecting the unity and cohesion of the Empire—the obvious value and the peculiar advantages of this route from the standpoint of strategy and Imperial defence, entitle it at the very least to the modest subsidy from the Imperial Exchequer that has been suggested by the Earl of Jersey, after hearing the debate on the subject at the conference of colonial statesmen in the Canadian metropolis.

The Dominion has unquestionably suffered severely in the past from the lack of speedy, direct, and up-to-date steam communication with the old world. None of the existing lines attempt to compete with the superb "ocean greyhounds" that course across the Atlantic from Liverpool to New York in the space of five or six days. The R.M.S. *Parisian*, on which I was a passenger, is understood to be the fastest and best-equipped steamer in the Canadian service, and yet it took her ten days in fine and favourable weather to cover the distance between the Mersey and Montreal. No doubt it is true, and it was emphasised in a recent correspondence in the *Times*, that steamers must "slow down" in the fog-infested waters around the Straits of Belleisle, and proceed cautiously up the St. Lawrence, but that admission affords no explanation of, or justification for, the grievous loss of time in traversing the open and unimpeded waters of the Atlantic.

From Montreal to Vancouver is a six days' journey by rail from east to west through the vast and impressive expanse of the Canadian Dominion, within almost constant view of all the evidences of progress and advancing settlement, countless farming areas and numerous embryonic cities of the future. Winnipeg, the half-way house in this transcontinental trip, is a large, attractive, and populous city, that was absolutely non-existent when Lord Wolseley camped on the spot, then known as Fort Garry, a far-away outpost of civilisation, in 1871, as commander of the force told off for the suppression of the Red River rebel half-breeds. Winnipeg is a characteristic example of the striking progress and prosperity that followed in the wake of the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, that beneficent and monumental enterprise which, by bringing the scattered

British North American provinces into closer communication and more intimate relationship, pioneered the way for federal union and contributed more than any other agency to the creation and consolidation of the Canadian Dominion. The final section of the railway is not only a miracle of engineering skill, but also the source of endless delights, for it climbs the Rocky Mountains in the face of seemingly overwhelming obstacles, and in doing so reveals a long and entrancing succession of natural wonders. The sublime and majestic scenery of the Rocky Mountains in Western Canada, embracing all the panoramic succession of sky-piercing peaks, lofty glaciers, foaming torrents, precipitous ravines, and deep-nestling valleys, ought of itself to go a long way towards popularising the new Imperial highway with tourists *en route* to the Antipodes.

At Vancouver, the western terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and already a city of considerable size and importance, I took passage for Sydney in the R.M.S. *Warrimoo*, one of the comfortable and well-appointed steamships that Mr. Huddart has placed on the Pacific in fulfilment of his contract with the Canadian and Australian Governments. The voyage across the Pacific is a pleasing one in every respect, and is agreeably diversified by stoppages at Honolulu, the picturesque metropolis of the Hawaiian group, and Suva, the seat of Government for the Crown colony of Fiji. Amongst my fellow-passengers were several representatives of Canadian firms and manufacturing houses, who had been despatched to Australia to found branches, study the local products and markets, and generally to co-operate in bringing Canada and Australia into closer commercial and fraternal relations. Indeed, in all the principal Canadian centres—Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Winnipeg, &c.—I found the prospects of the development of reciprocal trade with Australasia a prominent topic of eager and sympathetic discussion. JY

Sydney seemed to me but little changed after seven years' absence. There was certainly nothing in the general aspect of the parent city of the Antipodes to corroborate the lugubrious stories of universal colonial collapse that were current in London. The main thoroughfares were as crowded and as busy as ever; the world-famed harbour rejoiced in a forest of shipping; the wharves and wool-stores were roaring hives of industry; extensive building operations were in progress in the very heart of the city; and, in short, there were hardly any superficial indications of exceptional depression, beyond, perhaps, an appreciable increase in the number of idlers and homeless, who, from time immemorial, have been privileged to camp in the Sydney parks and public reserves. Whatever changes were apparent were decidedly changes for the better, notably the wide, well-planned, and well-built thoroughfare that bisects the business quarter of the city, and reveals the architectural beauties of the General Post Office with excellent effect. Previously this finest of Sydney public buildings—

although disfigured to some extent by a series of grotesque attempts at sculpture up to date—was so hemmed in by narrow streets and alleys that it was impossible to see it to advantage from any point of view. This important and eminently desirable civic improvement was effected during the mayoralty of Sir W. P. Manning, and, by the judicious application of the principle of betterment, the new street has been constructed at practically no cost to the city funds. It has been made to pay for itself. Under the energetic *régime* of Sir W. P. Manning, who, by the way, manages the Australian properties of Lord Rosebery and other titled investors in colonial real estate, a considerable portion of old Sydney has been demolished and rebuilt by municipal decree. Thousands of aged and dilapidated houses have been compulsorily effaced, and new, sanitary well-built dwellings erected in their stead. The process, though somewhat Czar-like, is delightfully simple and effective. The Mayor and the Corporation officers sally forth from time to time, and wherever they come across houses which they consider to be in hopeless disrepair, or unfit for further human habitation, the order for destruction and re-erection goes forth, and has to be obeyed without a whisper or suggestion of compensation. By this direct and summary course of action, Sir W. P. Manning has largely done for Sydney what Baron Haussmann achieved for the Paris of the Second Empire.

The last general election in New South Wales, of which Sydney is the metropolis, resulted in the overthrow of Sir George Dibbs and the Protectionists, and the return of the Free Traders to power under the premiership of the Hon. G. H. Reid, Q.C. Although Mr. Reid had ably led the Free Trade party during the latter portion of the previous Parliament, after the veteran Sir Henry Parkes had retired from the headship of the Opposition, it was generally anticipated that the Hartington-Gladstone precedent would repeat itself, and that the octogenarian statesman would resume office as Premier when his party came into power again. But this prevailing expectation was not realised, and Sir Henry, in consequence, feels not a little chagrined and disappointed. He contributed materially to the Free Trade reaction by his vigorous rallying speeches all over the country during the week preceding the appeal to the constituencies, and it is certainly regrettable that Mr. Reid and himself were unable to agree on a basis of Ministerial co-operation after the victory had been won by their joint efforts. Very early in the course of the interview with which I was favoured by Sir Henry Parkes, I realised that the veteran was distinctly dissatisfied with the unexpected turn that affairs had taken. His severe criticisms upon the Governor (Sir Robert Duff, late member for Banff)* and upon the Liberal Government for sending that gentle-

* Since the above was written, the sad news of the sudden death of this amiable gentleman has been received.

man to represent her Majesty in New South Wales, were probably coloured by the incidents attending the formation of Mr. Reid's Ministry. Venerable in mien, keen in glance, with a patriarchal wealth of glossy white hair, a still massive and unbent frame, and an utterance slow, clear, distinct, and impressive, Sir Henry Parkes, the head of half-a-dozen Ministries and an active participant for more than half-a-century in the public life of the parent Australian colony, is certainly the most interesting statesman and the most picturesque personality in Greater Britain. Without any of the benefits of a regular education, a Birmingham foundry-hand at eleven, and an ordinary farm labourer after emigrating to Australia in his early manhood, his colonial career is a remarkable example of what can be achieved by constant self-instruction, untiring industry, and unconquerable determination. Fifty years have well nigh passed since he first came prominently before the Sydney public in the capacity of secretary to the election committee that returned Robert Lowe (the late Viscount Sherbrooke) as representative of that city in the local Legislature. And when Robert Lowe recrossed the equator to dazzle the House of Commons with glittering paradoxes, to cast eloquent diatribes at the British democracy, to predict all forms of national ruin and disaster if the masses were enfranchised, and to become a very unpleasant thorn in the side of the Liberal party, it was his erstwhile political secretary who soon succeeded him as member for Sydney. Since then Sir Henry Parkes has ever been in the forefront of Australian politics, and has contributed a highly interesting and important chapter to the history of colonial progress. Lowe, who was so abusively anti-democratic in ^{his} ~~other~~ years in England, was a decided Radical during his Sydney period, and did not disdain to address enthusiastic crowds from the roofs of omnibuses. He was the idol and the exemplar of the Mr. P's of half-a-century ago, but the matured judgment of the Sir ^{colony} ~~colony~~ of to-day is naturally less reverential and more judicial and discriminating. Lowe, Sir Henry told me, was a man of exceptional oratorical power, immense erudition, and brilliant repartee, but he was deficient in two of the essential elements of greatness. No man could be truly great who was without heart and broad human sympathies. The secret of Mr. Gladstone's wonderful and abiding power and popularity resided in his all-embracing sympathies, his intense humanity, and his eagerly-responsive heart to the cries and claims of the weak, the down-trodden, and the oppressed of every clime. Sir Henry Parkes is a passionate admirer and a devoted disciple of Mr. Gladstone, whom he first met at dinner in the London house of Robert Lowe. There is a book called the "Wit and Wisdom of Lord Beaconsfield," but it is not generally known that Sir Henry Parkes is the author of a similar compilation under the title of "Wise Words of William Ewart Gladstone," in

which he manifests a remarkably intimate acquaintance with the voluminous writings and speeches of the retired leader of the Liberal party. He has also found time to produce three volumes of poems, which, although derided by local critics and political opponents, secured him the high honour of Lord Tennyson's friendship and esteem. A series of gracious letters from the late Poet Laureate, and a similar book of correspondence from Carlyle, with whom the foundry-lad who grew into a Prime Minister was also a great favourite, constitute two of Sir Henry's most treasured literary possessions. A volume of his impressions of England during a tour in 1862, a bulky collection of speeches, and an autobiographical retrospect of his long and eventful colonial career, are the principal prose works associated with the name of the octogenarian Australian statesman.

Mr. Reid, the new Premier, is an ex-civil servant of the colony whose destinies he has been called upon to guide. He is a man of solid and steady rather than brilliant or striking qualities. He has now his first opportunity of distinction as a constructive statesman, and it remains to be seen how he will turn it to profitable account. Sir G. R. Dibbs, the late Premier, leads a strong Protectionist minority, and a coalition between his forces and the discontented Free Trade following of Sir Henry Parkes was regarded as a not unlikely development when I was in Sydney. Sir George is a colonial giant, brusque in manner, energetic in action, fluent in speech, frank and outspoken on all occasions, and not unduly sensitive to considerations of cast-iron consistency. After figuring for years as the friend and champion of Australian Republicanism, his instantaneous transmutation into a full-blown titled Royalist during a recent visit to England filled the ultra-democratic Australian natives with dismay and astonishment. Indeed, but little has been heard of the Australian Republic ^{since} he backslided. If Dibbs, they said, cannot be relied upon to ^{resist} the blandishments of royalty, who can?

Cardinal Moran has added a new noteworthy and imposing institution to Sydney in the shape of an immense seminary for the training of Catholic priests for all the Australian colonies. Hitherto the ranks of the colonial Catholic clergy have been almost entirely recruited from the Irish colleges, but in the opinion of the Cardinal Archbishop of Sydney the time has arrived for the colonies to bestir themselves in the direction of developing and educating a local and native priesthood. With that intent his Eminence has erected on a commanding and spacious site near the entrance to Sydney Harbour a large, handsome, and well-equipped college which is a conspicuous landmark for many a mile. At the time of my visit there were fifty-five students in residence, representing all the Antipodean colonies with the sole exception of Western Australia. While resident in the

northern hemisphere, Cardinal Moran was an enthusiastic antiquarian, devoting himself in a special manner to the early history of the British and Irish Churches, a subject on which he is recognised as one of the highest of living authorities. During the past few years his Eminence has pursued a similar line of industrious investigation with respect to the early history of the Catholic Church in the colonies, and the results of his researches amongst the archives of Rome, London, Paris, and Dublin, as well as the various colonial capitals, are about to be given to the world in a couple of illustrated volumes, to be published simultaneously in Sydney, New York, and London.

Up to quite a recent period there was a constant and vigorous rivalry between Sydney and Melbourne, each claiming to be the "queen-city of the southern hemisphere." But, for the present, at least, that contest for supremacy is at an end. The ascendancy of Sydney in respect to population, commercial pre-eminence, and shipping activity is clear and unmistakable to the most casual eye. Melbourne's retrogression, stagnation, collapse—call it what you will—is no less striking and manifest. As I walked through the streets of the Victorian metropolis, after an absence of seven years, and beheld the startling and dismal change that had come over the scene—the desolate aspect of once prosperous thoroughfares, the host of untenanted offices and shops, the wilderness of derelict houses in the suburbs, the utter absence of all the former abounding life and energy, and the general suggestion of deep depression and departed greatness—I found myself mentally ejaculating, "The London stories were true, after all." But I do not for a moment believe that the progress of Melbourne has been permanently arrested, although the accents of despair are now very frequently, too frequently altogether, on the lips of her citizens. Melbourne has, undoubtedly, received a severe shock, and has been thrown back in the race for several years, but there is no earthly reason why the capital of a colony like Victoria, possessing such a variety of undeveloped mineral and vegetable resources, should not be able to retrieve the errors of the past and recover no small portion of her former prosperity. Melbourne is now paying the penalty for indulging in a season of insane and unbridled dissipation on her own account, in addition to sharing the general load of misfortune that has been brought on the colony at large by years of disastrous legislation and ruinous extravagance on the part of successive Governments. The more immediate and responsible cause of the present afflicted condition of Melbourne is to be traced to the reckless and unprecedented land-boom, which commenced there in 1888, and led to a saturnalia of wild speculation that literally demoralised the whole community, and brought untold evils in its train. Suburban lands were artfully forced up by interested individuals to nominal prices that were a hundred and even a thousand times in

excess of their real value ; syndicates were formed in all directions for the acquisition, the sub-division and the re-selling, at an enormous profit, of desirable estates ; people bought lands and properties in the morning and sold them again early in the afternoon at an advance of thousands of pounds ; eligible corner blocks were secured in the business quarter of the city, and on them were rapidly erected huge many-storied edifices, that in their desolate emptiness stand to-day as ghastly monuments of human folly and short-sighted credulity ; scores of mushroom banks and financial corporations were swiftly generated in the noisome soil of universal speculation ; a number of new, and now mostly unoccupied, suburbs of vast extent sprang into being under the fostering influence and patronage of rashly-adventurous building societies, determined to make hay while the land-boom sun was shining ; even the old-established, conservative banks, after resisting the temptation for a while, found the intoxicating atmosphere of excitement too much for them, and plunged headlong into the whirlpool ; a veritable mania took possession of all grades and classes in the community, and everybody was making a colossal fortune—on paper.

Of course, there could be but one inevitable ending to all this senseless, clamorous, and well-nigh universal gambling in fictitious land-values. Such an immense superstructure of reckless speculation, built up from a foundation of fraud, deceit, villainy, sharp practice, and unscrupulous devices of every conceivable description, was bound to topple over sooner or later, and overwhelm all who were not lucky or far-seeing enough to "stand from under" in time. When the gigantic bubble did burst, the consequences that ensued were deplorable in the extreme, involving the degradation and ruin of public men of the highest standing, who were amongst the most active promoters of the boom, the trial and conviction of an array of bogus bankers, the revelation of an appalling crop of embezzlers and criminal speculators with their employers' money, the failure of a number of the leading building societies, in which the accumulated savings of thousands of thrifty workers had been invested, and—most grievous blow of all—the collapse of nearly all the long-established legitimate banks, by which business was practically paralysed, the cash of the community locked up, every form of laudable enterprise brought to a standstill, and an era of panic-stricken distrust and general loss of confidence inaugurated. Land and real estate that had so recently been run up to fabulous prices now became absolutely unsaleable ; an exodus of the working population commenced in consequence of the lack of employment, and steadily drained the suburbs of their vitality ; the daily lists of "New Insolvents" assumed proportions far beyond all local precedent ; unfortunate shareholders in the collapsed banks and financial corporations

were in many instances reduced at one stroke from affluence to penury by the necessity of responding to relentless calls; and, in short, the dark pall of deepest depression settled over the "Marvellous Melbourne" of former days, and has not yet appreciably lifted.

On the top of the local misfortunes that have just been enumerated, and which Melbourne may not uncharitably be said to have largely brought upon her own head, were piled the additional disastrous consequences that resulted from the serious condition into which the general finances of the colony had been allowed to drift. Melbourne, as containing within its limits more than a third of the inhabitants of Victoria, would necessarily suffer most from the mistakes, the deficiencies, and the incompetent management of the central Government. Excessive borrowing and the reckless dissipation of the capital thus acquired are responsible to no small extent for the serious financial situation in which Victoria now stands. Million after million has been raised in London until the public indebtedness of the colony has reached the formidable figure of fifty millions, the periodical interest on which represents a heavy drain upon the diminishing local revenues. If this immense amount of borrowed money had been carefully and reproductively expended, the colony might have had little or no reason to regret having borrowed to so large and injudicious an extent, but unfortunately it has been too often sunk in the construction of erratic and unremunerative railways undertaken for political and party ends, the erection of numerous, ornate and wholly unnecessary public buildings in every city and town, also to oblige and conciliate the local member, the building of elaborate and costly defence works that are ludicrously out of proportion to the people and property they are supposed to protect, and the multiplication of Government schools all over the colony in pursuance of the idiotic craze for ultra-secular teaching that has so disastrously dominated the State system of primary instruction in Victoria during the past twenty years. Millions would have been saved and one-half of those expensive schools would never have been required if the State, instead of insisting so arbitrarily upon, and clinging so tenaciously to, the policy of godless education, had accepted the fair, just and reasonable compromise of recognising the voluntary schools to the extent of paying a capitation rate for the secular instruction imparted in them. Many of the State schools are now being closed, or amalgamated with others, in obedience to the stern decrees of hard times and enforced economy, but that so much public money should have been literally thrown away on a vain attempt to de-Christianise the rising generation, is perhaps the most discreditable and reprehensible feature of the financial difficulty in which Victoria now finds herself.

The enormous extent to which the public service has been crowded

with employees by successive Ministries constitutes another very appreciable and important factor of the situation. A careful calculation shows that, on the average, one person out of every twenty in Victoria is in receipt of Government money, and so thoroughly and systematically organised is the large body of public servants that they are practically the masters of the public while nominally servants, and undisguisedly control the fate of Ministers and Ministries. At the last general election the Government of Sir James Patterson was defeated and overthrown avowedly by the votes and political influence of the public servants, because Sir James had made stern and rigorous retrenchment in the Civil Service a cardinal feature of his policy.

Mr. Turner, who succeeded Sir James in the premiership, naturally refrained from grasping the nettle of retrenchment as long as he possibly could, but he has been forced by the desperate condition of the finances into taking up the policy of his predecessors in this respect and striving his utmost to reduce the vast and extravagant army of Victorian civil servants to reasonable and economical proportions. Whether he will thus succeed in lightening the decks of the Victorian ship of State, and navigating her into smooth financial waters, the course of events during the current year will enable us to judge. I had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Turner deliver his first financial statement in the Parliament Houses at Melbourne, an elaborate architectural pile which cost a million of money in construction, and is not the least shocking example of the reckless, unbridled extravagance that has so largely contributed to bringing the colony into its present pecuniary straits and embarrassments. Mr. Turner is an amiable, courteous, fluent, intelligent, and well-meaning member of the lower branch of the legal profession ; but he has had no practical experience of financial administration, and, while wishing him every success in the Herculean task which he has undertaken, I cannot dispel a doubt that he is hardly strong and commanding enough to cope successfully and satisfactorily with the very difficult and exacting situation that has arisen in Victoria. The plain fact is that the colony was never so deficient in sound, clear-sighted, and well-informed statesmanship as at present. Previous Victorian Parliaments possessed men of the highest capacity and qualifications : Sir William Stawell, Sir John O'Shanassy, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, Sir George Verdon, Sir James McCulloch, Sir Archibald Michie, Sir Andrew Clarke, the Hon. George Higinbotham, the Hon. Peter Lalor, and their contemporaries, but they are now either dead or retired from public life, and the new generation of Parliamentarians, with one or two exceptions, have so far not evinced the possession of the statesmanlike character, insight, and ability that distinguished their predecessors. A strong, capable, and practical financier is the crying need of the hour in Victoria, and

in view of the dangerous delay in developing one on the spot, the colony is to be sincerely congratulated on the appointment of Lord Brassey as its new Governor. True, the Governor of an autonomous colony is debarred from official interference in its party politics or its financial concerns, but under the very exceptional circumstances of the case, the advice and suggestions of such a shrewd, sensible, level-headed, experienced, and successful man of business as Lord Brassey, will assuredly be of the utmost value and assistance to Ministers in rescuing the colony from a humiliating and perilous position. Once the present unpleasant situation is successfully surmounted, the finances placed on a solid and business-like basis, expenditure brought well within the limits of income, and the bloated civil service compressed to its proper and natural bulk, there is no reason why, under careful guidance and the rigorous avoidance of the errors of the past, Victoria should not enter on a revived career of steady progress and well-ordered prosperity.

At a time when the rival merits and the respective demerits of Local Option and the Gothenburg system of the municipal management of public-houses are being eagerly and energetically canvassed in England, the experience of the colony of Victoria in the matter of temperance reform is both interesting and instructive. The temperance party in Victoria, numerous, active and well organised, succeeded in carrying a Local Option law through both Houses of Parliament, but they are now bitterly disappointed with its practical working and the smallness of its results, and the Act to all intents and purposes has become a dead letter. It was put into operation in some half-dozen centres of population; the ratepayers voted for the reduction of the public-houses in their respective districts to a certain figure; effect was given to this popular vote by the police authorities, who selected the houses that, in their opinion, it was most desirable to close; and then a judicial tribunal heard all the parties concerned and determined the amount of compensation to be awarded to the owner and the licensee of each of the abolished hotels. It was on this ugly rock of compensation that the Victorian Local Option law has been wrecked. Even the most flourishing of Treasuries—and, needless to add, the Victorian Treasury has been the reverse of flourishing during recent years—could not long stand the strain of a Local Option law *plus* State compensation to expropriated owners and licensees. In Victoria it was not only a case of purchasing temperance reform too dearly, but also of getting little or no return for the money. I particularly studied the operation of the Victorian Local Option law in Geelong, a maritime town about forty miles from Melbourne, which has always been a stronghold of the temperance party, and which returned the leader of the Local Optionists, the Hon. James Munro, to Parliament. In this town, one of the oldest

settlements in the colony, a score of hotels were summarily closed by the vote of the ratepayers, compensation being awarded to owners and licensees to the aggregate extent of £20,000, but I was assured by a consensus of authoritative information that there was no appreciable diminution of drinking and drunkenness in consequence. The custom was either transferred to the nearest hotels that continued open, or else the legally-closed houses were smartly and quietly converted into "clubs," under which convenient designation they were strongly suspected of surreptitiously carrying on the old trade with the same old patrons, although it was exceedingly difficult to prove the fact and secure a conviction. I am a total abstainer myself and a thorough believer in temperance reform, but I am bound to say that my observation of the working of Local Option in the colonies does not inspire me with increased enthusiasm for that mode of treating the greatest, the most lamentable and far-reaching of social ills. Local Option has been tried and found wanting in Greater Britain; why not give the Gothenburg system of the municipal management of the liquor traffic a fair trial within a limited area, and thus practically test its adaptability to British tastes, habits, and conditions of life?

I paid two visits to Fiji, now the only Crown colony in the Australasian group, and as is usually the case with young colonies still tied to the apron-strings of Mrs. Downing Street, I found much discontent and dissatisfaction amongst the enterprising white men who have settled in that tropical group. They are not yet sufficiently numerous to be entitled to the full measure of self-government that obtains in the neighbouring colonies, but they are numerous, important, and influential enough to claim some mitigation of the present severe type of autocratic rule, and to demand the introduction of the representative element into the Governor's Council. This body is now composed of five of the chief Government officials, and an equal number of unofficial members nominated by the Governor, who presides over the deliberations. There is no apparent reason why the unofficial members should not be freely chosen by the colonists of the group, who are as honourable, enlightened and intelligent a class of men as their brethren on the contiguous Australian continent, from which, indeed, most of them, in the spirit of adventurous enterprise, have emigrated. Although the natives constitute the great majority of the population, no injustice would be done to them by the granting of this first rudimentary concession in self-government to the white settlers. On the contrary, their rights and interests would then be far better conserved and protected than they are under the present dictatorial *régime*. During my stay in Fiji I made careful inquiries into the working of the system of native taxation invented by the present Governor, Sir John Bates Thurston.

This system, under which the natives are prohibited from paying their taxes in money, and are compelled to raise a stipulated quantity of vegetable produce for the Government every year, was the subject of discussion both in the Imperial Parliament and the London Press last year. I raised the question in the House of Commons, and from trustworthy information placed at my command, expressed the opinion that this peculiar scheme of taxation was practically slavery under the protection of the British flag. Mr. Sydney Buxton, the Under-Secretary for the Colonies, said in reply that the information in the possession of the Colonial Office did not corroborate such a description, and that the system was understood to be working on the whole fairly well. But not one of the leading unofficial white settlers with whom I conversed had a good word to say for the system; on the contrary, they assured me that the terms in which I had characterised it from my place in the House were in no way exaggerated, that the system in its actual working was productive of a number of evils and abuses, that it not infrequently happened that the produce raised by the natives in compliance with the demands of a despotic Government was not collected in proper time, that in consequence of this culpable delay it became useless and unsaleable, and that the unfortunate natives were thereupon compelled to raise a fresh supply of the like quantity—a flagrant injustice, by which they were kept working for the Government during the greater part of the year, and left little or no time for providing for their own necessities. But the most conclusive and damning evidence in this connection is supplied by the official who, by virtue of his peculiar position and his specialised knowledge, is the best qualified to pronounce an authoritative and decisive opinion on the point at issue. Recently the Governor addressed a circular letter to the leading officials and the most experienced white settlers of the Fijian group, inviting their opinions as to the reasons why the native population was so seriously diminishing in numbers. Many interesting and informing replies were elicited, and they have been collected into a voluminous but valuable Blue-book, which has been locally printed, but has not yet been formally published, pending the requisite official permission of the Secretary of State for the Colonies. I, however, was privileged to peruse a copy in the possession of a prominent citizen of Suva, the Fijian metropolis. Amongst the officials who responded to the circular was Mr. G. A. Beaucherc, the clerk of native taxes and native accounts, and that gentleman lends the weight of his position and authority to these very striking, suggestive, and significant observations:

“Owing to the continual exactions of the chiefs for their own personal aggrandisement, *added to the preparation of tax produce*, the men are kept in such *continuous servitude* that they have not time to provide sufficient food supplies for their families, or proper dwellings. The women also have to

render service, not only when they are free from other cares, but when they are child-bearing and afterwards, when the nurture and care of their infants demand, but cannot obtain, their full attention. The result of this is that not only are children born debilitated and eventually die young, but others who are born healthy become, through after-neglect, weak and die off."

At a later stage, Mr. Beauclerc further illuminates this dark and discreditable situation by the noteworthy remark that "the native taxation scheme is used by the chiefs as a lever to help them in other levies."

Thus, on the evidence of the official who is most directly and immediately concerned with the practical working of the system, it is impossible to resist the conclusion that the representative of her Majesty in Fiji is openly and unblushingly allied with the predominant chiefs in keeping the natives in what is little, if at all, distinguishable from a state of absolute slavery, or "continuous servitude," to borrow the apologetic euphemism of Mr. Beauclerc. It is a curious characteristic of the average Englishman, and one that not unjustly exposes the people of Great Britain at times to the charges of cant and hypocrisy from candid Continental critics, that so long as the name of an ugly and abhorrent thing is not mentioned amongst them, its non-existence is complacently assumed, although the facts to the contrary are crying trumpet-tongued in their ears. Ask the ordinary Briton, Does slavery still exist under the protection of the British flag? and he will indignantly reply in the negative. Nevertheless, slavery of a far worse and more reprehensible type than that which formerly prevailed in the Southern States of America is at this moment in full blast in at least two British colonies. But the national conscience is soothed and lulled by the comfortable reflection that the *word* slavery has dropped out of our colloquial vocabularies in relation to Imperial affairs. But the hateful thing itself is to be found within the limits of the British Empire all the while. It has merely changed its cloak or verbal designation. In Queensland it is easily recognisable under the style and title of "recruiting Kanakas for the sugar plantations"; in Fiji it displays its forbidding and degrading lineaments under the transparent guise of a "native taxation scheme," by which natives are not allowed to pay their taxes in money or coin, but are compelled to raise produce from their lands for an indefinite period, and must fill the capacious maw of a Government Treasury before they are at liberty to provide for the necessities of themselves and their families.

The intelligent white settlers of Fiji are looking forward to the federation of the Australian colonies to free them from the autocratic and objectionable system under which they are at present governed. They have been represented by delegates at the preliminary conferences, and, as they cannot very well be admitted to federal union

until their political constitution approximates more closely to that of their self-governing neighbours, they have every reason to hope and expect a change for the better in their condition, with the dawning of the Australian Dominion. I was greatly gratified to observe many signs and indications that federation was rapidly becoming a live question in Australia. Popular apathy, hitherto the most formidable obstacle to the progress of the movement, seemed to me to have been appreciably dispelled. I addressed several large and enthusiastic meetings in Victoria in support of federation, and everywhere I found evidences of a more healthy and robust public opinion on the question. Leaders of the movement have been encouraged to renewed exertions in all the colonies, and there are excellent prospects of practical results in the early future. The intimate and regular commercial relations that the Australians have recently established with their Canadian brethren, and the consequent better opportunities of studying the practical working of federation in British America, have contributed largely to the improved prospects of federal union at the Antipodes. Australians now realise more clearly and more generally that federation means economic and efficient administration, a powerful infusion of mutual strength, a solidifying cohesion and compactness, a more thorough and systematic development, and a vastly increased influence in the estimation of the world. Thus there are happily good and solid grounds for the prediction that the century will not close without seeing two Sister Dominions on opposite shores of the Pacific.

J. F. HOGAN.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

NO member of that brilliant constellation which made England illustrious at the opening of the nineteenth century is more worthy of contemplation than Coleridge. The names of Scott, Byron, and Shelley call up a more romantic and attractive background, while that of Wordsworth marks a more dignified and continuous career. The biography of Coleridge could not become a classic like that of the first named of these poets, it could not even take, in popular and literary interest, the much lower place we must accord to that of the second, and his fame could no more form the foundation of such a cult as that which attaches to the third, than it could court the rigid scrutiny which brings out the spotlessness of the last. Nevertheless, looking back on the group as a whole, we see him, in some respects, the most remarkable of any. Indeed some of that brilliancy in which they excel him is indirectly due to his rays. We cannot read certain passages in the "Excursion" without catching echoes of Kant, and Wordsworth must have received these through Coleridge; we cannot read the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" without thinking of "Christabel," and "Christabel" was written and seen by Scott before the "Lay" was published. These are striking instances of a stimulating influence unquestionably exercised by Coleridge on his contemporaries independently of his literary bequest to posterity. He was a poet, and he was also a thinker. We need look no further than to a group including Keats and Scott to see that a poet is not necessarily a thinker. As we have from them immortal verse in which the poetic rays transcend the thought-rays, so in Coleridge we reach the other end of the spectrum; the thought element transcends the poetic expression, and claims independent attention. If he had never written a line of poetry, his prose, and even more the record

of his influence in all important memoirs of his time, would establish his claim to a high position among those whose thoughts have passed into the sap which circulates in a national life. There are not many men in the whole history of literature of whom we can say as much.

We may hope shortly for aid from fresh material in our apprehension of a mind so worthy of study. But, as Mr. Morley remarked on the eve of Sir George Trevelyan's biography of Macaulay, the period just preceding any biography which strongly stimulates public interest is one specially fitted for taking stock of our previous knowledge of its subject. Before we add new data to our impressions of a great man it is well to gather up all which are already familiar. We invite our readers, therefore, to prepare for a perusal of the eagerly expected edition of "Coleridge's Letters" from the hand of his grandson by a review of the wealth already at their disposal. It would be impossible, we believe, to collect a larger amount of opinion and reminiscence bearing on almost any life, than that which lies ready to hand for this purpose,* and what is new will be studied with more profit and more interest if we prepare its background by a backward glance on what is old. Our special object now is to bring his literary achievement into connection with his personal history and character, and to gather up the teaching involved both in what he did and what he failed to do. In the life of genius we may read, writ large, many of the lessons that lie hidden in other lives. To detach this element from the biography and the work of Coleridge is the aim of the following essay.

He lived a little more than sixty years, and we may, on a broad view, divide that period between the two divisions of his literary activity. He edited the *Watchman* and wrote some newspaper articles sufficiently important, it is said, to rouse the hostility of Napoleon, before his thirtieth year; while a few beautiful lines date later. But on the whole his poetry belongs to his youth, and his prose, as those readers of to-day know it who know it at all, to what we must call his old age. This correspondence between the character and the date of his productions seems more natural at first than at last. His prose writings are all introductions to some fuller exposition of his philosophy; and while *they* look to the future, most of his finest verse owes its peculiar beauty, in our opinion, to the pathos of a half-suggested past. The poetry which would have entitled him, had he died at the age of Keats, to Wordsworth's description

* It is not my intention to give references, but I may mention that by far the most interesting Life of Coleridge known to me—that by Professor Brandl of Strasburg—can unfortunately not be judged by its English translation. It is written in German, which again and again leads the reader to fancy himself reading French, and should be studied by every Englishman who cares for the history of his country and century and is not confined to his own language.

of Chatterton, "the marvellous boy"—a description, it has been truly said, far more applicable to Keats—has always something autumnal in its tone. Hardly any other poet, equally well known, ever made so little use of his genius. We can recall only the fame of Gray as one equally secure above the rising waters of oblivion and yet attaching to as minute a production. Two tiny octavos would contain all that is in the full sense original to him, and that posterity will care to remember; and the verse which makes up this minute legacy is not only scanty, its several parts are also incomplete. The "Ancient Mariner" is the only important poem by him which is neither a mere self-utterance, nor a fragment. It may seem a poor thing to estimate the production of a poet by mere bulk, as if we were dealing with bales of cotton, but there is such a thing as exquisite poetry of which there is hardly enough to entitle the writer to the name of poet. We should scarcely apply the word to the author either of the most perfect elegy in the language—the "Burial of Sir John Moore"; or of one of its most perfect sonnets—that of Blanco White's on "Night and Death." To have expressed noble thought in poetic form does not make a poet, unless there be enough of the production to show, as it were, that the power lay within the man and not without, that it was not the result of some tragic situation throwing its shadow on a mind specially prepared for sympathy with all that it involves, or of some profound thought winning a sudden splendour from its sacramental reflection on the world of Nature, but a real creation, a summons from the world of the unseen by that magic, of which, we cannot but think Shakespeare intended Prospero's wand to symbolise his own mastery. A certain variety of form is needed to establish this, and as no one short poem can prove its author to be a poet, so the scant proportion of Coleridge's contribution to the poetic wealth of the world must tell in our estimate of his poetic rank. But his place is with the immortals, and his eminence is in some respects the more remarkable from the very causes which shroud it, as a peak looks higher among clouds. The mystic twilight of "Christabel" might have lost its charm in a conclusion. On the whole, of course, his poetry would have gained much if less fragmentary, but there is something which it would thus have lost.

We would compare his verse to one of those gleamy, picturesque days in late autumn, when the brief interval between morning and sunset seems touched by reminiscence or anticipation of the twilight. The light is never brilliant, and never steady; it is always a "gleam upon gloom," but from this very reason it has a peculiar, soft, delicate, misty radiance under which the commonest objects take a new charm. At its noontide it has something of an evening beauty, and the evening is upon us before we realise that the afternoon has begun. His last important poem was finished while he had

still the lifetime of a generation to pass in this world; and even the outward imagery of this dirge on his "shaping spirit of imagination" harmonises with the spirit of an approaching twilight of the soul. It is with the fulness of poetic utterance that he takes his farewell of poetry. We see in that farewell, in all its perfection, his delicate observation of Nature, especially of those more ethereal aspects of Nature which belong to atmospheric influences: the green evening sky at which his unintelligent critics sneered, the thin evanescent clouds that "give away their motion to the stars," such faint, pure, transient shades and tints as Turner, who may be considered his pictorial brother, was just then preparing to reveal in a world previously contemplated under the influence of vague conventional description, and needing a poet's touch to be truly seen. It is not only in objects belonging to what we are accustomed to associate with Nature, in the conventional sense of the word, that we may follow this revealing, sympathetic gaze. Coleridge enlarges that meaning, he shows us new beauties not only in the heavens but in regions where we have been accustomed to look for nothing poetic. The lines entitled (not very happily, we think) "*Frost at Midnight*," bring this attentiveness to all subdued, evanescent forms of light to bear on an object as prosaic as his bedroom fire. When he tells us that

"the thin blue flame
Lies on my low burnt fire, and quivers not,"

how expressively, as it were with a Zoroastrian touch, he associates the life in the flame with his own sense of repose, and the soft breathings of his sleeping babe. Shut into his own chamber with the curtains drawn, his imagination still finds appropriate material; here also we trace his vivid, dreamy sympathy with whatever is shadowy, whatever leaves the imagination space and scope, and is most suited as a symbolism of sad memory. The stillness of midnight is painted with a peculiar force in the following lines, fixing attention on a trivial object of which the faint movement could only in that absolute quiet be admitted to a fantastic impersonation, natural in the eerie solitude of that hour:

"Only that film which fluttered on the grate
Still flutters there, the sole unquiet thing.
Methinks its motion in the hush of Nature
Gives it dim sympathies with me who live,
Making it a companionable form,
Whose puny flaps and freaks the idling spirit
By its own moods interprets—everywhere
Echo or mirror-seeking of itself."

Perhaps we must set him beside Wordsworth before we can fully appreciate his legacy, just as the faint flush of a rose-petal may need

association with its neighbours to make its delicate colour tell. His poetry is full of what we may call Wordsworthian touches; indeed his name might just as well have afforded an epithet for the poetic and accurate delineation of natural objects in verse, if only he had written more: it was his office as much as Wordsworth's to impress on us all that is hidden in the every-day scenes around us. It is as when, in the dawn of the Newtonian astronomy, a writer published a work entitled "A Discourse concerning a New Planet"—the earth, to wit. It was a new planet in the literal sense of the word; it took its place among the stars, but did not cease to remain our familiar home. In this sense it may be said that Wordsworth and Coleridge combined in the discovery of a new planet—they gave this every-day world the glory of a star. If common things may be looked *into*, and not merely looked *at*, it is mainly to these two poets we owe this priceless gift. But the difference of the "great twin brethren" is as instructive as their resemblance. Coleridge is always intimate with his reader. We might almost say that Wordsworth is never intimate with his reader. He teaches, informs, narrates, but does not confide. The single exception which occurs to us—the verses entitled "A Complaint"—if, as it is said, they were inspired by Coleridge, may be said to prove the rule. The tone of pathetic appeal—of unrepentant love sensible of chill—is certainly much more like Coleridge than the writer, and if indeed he was the friend, there immortalised, we may trace the close spiritual kindred of the two poets in a sort of mesmeric influence potent even in absence and estrangement. Wordsworth speaks of himself continually, his poetic legacy contains his autobiography, and his verse is occasionally egotistic; but the lines to which we have referred are the only instance we can recall in which we should describe it as confidential. Coleridge is in this respect more allied to Byron; the fact that there is nothing of the "pageant" in his "bleeding heart," makes it seem unnatural to compare them; but we feel equally with both that the interest lies in the unveiling of an individuality. Except in the "Ancient Mariner"—a notable exception, no doubt, but one which in many respects stands apart from the rest of his poetry—all the finer interests of Coleridge's verse lies in the revelation of himself. The ode which we have noticed as glowing with the sunset of his muse bears in its very form the impress of an intimate confidence. It is addressed to no vague public, but (as at first written) to an "Edmund," whose ideal personality formed a transparent veil for that of Wordsworth. The change of that pseudonym for the anonymous "Lady" (whom we are taught to identify with Wordsworth's sister-in-law) is on several accounts to be regretted; it introduces a slight touch of sentimentality which, just because it is not altogether out of harmony with the self-revelation of a morbid nature, should have been resolutely held at

bay; and it commemorates a bitter recollection of the saddest estrangement of Coleridge's sad life. Let the reader always substitute, not the original *Edmund*, but the real *Wordsworth* for the nameless "Lady" (and the unknown Otway), and let us especially recall the conclusion, as peculiarly expressive, in one way or another, of both poets and of their friendship. We give the lines as they at first appeared in the *Morning Post*, with this single and desirable alteration. The subject is the sound of the wind in the Æolian harp:

"It tells another tale, with sounds less deep and loud,
As *Wordsworth's* self had framed the tender lay.
'Tis of a little child
Upon a lonesome wild
Not far from home, but she hath lost her way,
And now means low in utter grief and fear,
And now screams loud, and hopes to make her mother hear.

'Tis midnight; and small thoughts have I of sleep,
Full seldom may my friend such vigils keep!
Visit him, gentle Sleep, with wings of healing,
And may this storm be but a mountain birth.
May all the stars hang bright above his dwelling,
Silent as though they watched the silent earth.
With light heart may he rise,
Gay fancy, cheerful eyes,
And sing his lofty song, and teach me to rejoice!
Oh, *Wordsworth!* friend of my devotest choice,
Oh, raised from anxious dread and busy care
By the immenseness of the good and fair
Which thou seest everywhere—
Joy lifts thy spirit, joy attunes thy voice;—
To thee do all things live from pole to pole,
Their life the eddying of thy living soul.
O simple spirit, guided from above!
O lofty poet, full of life and love!
Brother and friend of my devotest choice,
Thus mayest thou ever, evermore rejoice!"

The reader who studies that address from Coleridge to Wordsworth, and remembers that it is the last verse in his last poem, and that he lived thirty-two years after writing it, holds a clue to all that is most vital in the life of both poets, and the literary movement that centres in them. That in its present form it commemorates estrangement rather than union does but enhance its significance as a revelation of the life of Coleridge.

If he had died in the year in which he wrote these lines we should have almost the same little collection of fragmentary remains that we possess now, and they would be surrounded by that peculiar halo which belongs to brilliant promise cut off by the inexorable. Why should an early blight raise nothing of the emotion with which we contemplate an early death? No tragedy quite equals in intensity that loss of power which leaves half life's day in twilight; its exhibition in the fate of one whose utterances were all musical and all personal may teach us sympathy with the sorrows of many a dumb nameless life, than which genius can teach no higher lesson.

It is not an unmixed advantage in this short life to have undertaken more than one kind of intellectual endeavour, even if the endeavour be successful. An extended frontier is an increased vulnerable surface, and the very wealth of natures like Coleridge's is a source of their danger. He was almost as much a politician as a poet, and the world of politics was encumbered throughout his lifetime with the wreck of a great hope. His youth opened under the glow of such anticipations for mankind as we cannot recall at any other period of the world's history since the dawn of Christianity. "Bliss was it in that day to be alive. But to be young was very Heaven." How soon was that gleam swallowed up in storm! Then as always there were natures to which the storm was more full of stimulus than the gleam. Byron embodies the spirit of the Revolution in contention with a world of authority; his verse is impressed throughout both by the instincts of revolt, and also by the traditions of aristocracy; it thus attains that balance of antithetic impulse which forms the very life of Art. There were also natures which the storm impelled towards a realm of calm, the world of struggle and disorder forming as it were a stormy sea which enisled their spirits in a domain of order—such was that poet whose name must recur on every page that speaks of Coleridge. Wordsworth's political sympathies were robust, but they were not dominant. His sense of order found its home in the world of Nature, and where he dips his wings into the turbid flood of politics, it is but for a moment; he returns at once to his native element, and (as in the stanzas on the expected death of Fox, for instance) the thought which starts under the impression of a national crisis soars at once into a region belonging to a broad humanity, and admitting no considerations which do not concern man as man. Coleridge's was a more political mind; it is said that his articles in the *Morning Post* had some influence in terminating the Peace of Amiens, and a legend (so it seems to us) of a French chase in the Mediterranean, specially motivated by Napoleon's desire to capture Coleridge on his return from Malta, has weighty adhesion.* There is such a thing as poetry inspired by political feeling—whatever deserves the name of poetry in the verse of Coleridge's brother-in-law, Southey, appears to us of this character. A man of Coleridge's genius and a different character might conceivably have been the Tyrtæus of the anti-Napoleonic war. But then his character must have been totally different. The very fact that the only poem of Coleridge's which is at once political and generally familiar—"Fire, Famine and Slaughter"—suggests a set of sympathies rather with France than with England in that war, shows, when we couple it with what is said above, how many-sided and complex were his political impulses, and how remote from the unimpeded swing of feeling which finds expression in telling satire or partisan ballad.

* Mr. Trail believes the story.

On the whole, he was Conservative, as was his time, but he was incompletely sympathetic with the Conservatism of his time. That reaction against the sympathies roused by the French Revolution which lasted through the first half of our century (and of which our late Laureate kept some faint echoes), was not so much a political influence as an influence tending to cast strong political feeling into the background of thought, and its general current was the more hostile to Coleridge's poetic genius, because his divergence from it was not striking or obvious. There is no discord so intolerable as that which is by only a semitone divided from unison, and all who have ever striven to impress their views on another mind have realised that an apparent agreement may mark a far more hopeless barrier than a vigorous protest, or even an indignant contradiction.

The loss of an environment of political sympathy was not, it is well known, the only reason of the early blight on Coleridge's poetic genius. Perhaps the English mind is somewhat inclined to overrate the importance of an unhappy marriage. A man may lack sympathy by his domestic hearth and not experience the utter desolation which we sometimes imagine as the portion of all who have not here found their true union. The world of friendship is so rich in its possibilities of moral stimulus and encompassing warmth, that it affords some compensation even for this central disappointment; nor need this be quite so bitter as is sometimes imagined, provided it be pure from remorse, and softened by kindness, as there is every reason to think was the case with the Coleridges. But affection was more necessary to Coleridge than to most people, and the loss of a happy home infused something baleful into his friendships. When he wrote of himself, "to be beloved is all I need," he said what is not quite true of any human being; but, probably, it was as nearly true of him as of any one. When he added, "and whom I love I love indeed," he was a little under the influence of the mistake which he ascribed to Wordsworth, when he wrote in 1818, evidently referring to him, "It is a mistake to which affectionate natures are too liable—the mistaking those who are desirous and well pleased to be loved by you, for those who love you." There he seems to us to have revealed his own temptations in an unjust reference to another. He sometimes stood in the same relation to the affections which he called into existence, as he did to his own children. He awakened hopes which he could not satisfy, and created relations which he could not continue. His attractive power seems to have been almost universal, its influence even may be measured by the desire of his landlord and neighbour at Keswick (a retired carrier), who had no special bond with him, to give him his house free of rent; while no one ever exercised more magnetic influence on a group of disciples than he did; but it must be added that the magnet was sometimes reversed. Every one was ready to

receive him as an inmate, even after experience of his defects, and he spent the last eighteen years of his life as a guest in a household * where tendance on his many needs seems to have been felt merely a privilege. He found, in his relation to a united pair, that sense of a stable environment, which gives the fragment we know as a *self*, the complement which makes it a *unity*. It is the experience of all happy marriage, but not so exclusively confined to marriage as we are apt to suppose.

It is a misfortune that the bonds by which complex human beings are united are so much more various than the names by which we define them. It prevents our realising that love may fail in other respects than that of quantity. In the strange misfits of this stage of our being it does sometimes appear as if unkindness itself were not more separating than an unsuitable kind of affection. Cohesion and gravitation, we know, are but different species of attraction, but their laws are different, and it sometimes happens to human beings to find themselves in circumstances which we may dimly shadow forth by imagining a planet to be endowed with consciousness and forced to conform to the laws which regulate the attraction of a molecule. The needs of each human being for his special distance from those to whom he is united in one system seem almost as unchangeable as physical law, and when external circumstances defy them, moral disaster seems inevitable. We say "seems," for no one can say what perfect rightness would produce even against natural tendency, or how near human beings might approach to perfect rightness, if this were their sole object. We are only urging that for imperfect human beings in this world to be, as it were, out of focus, is to be apparently cut off from the possibility of mutual understanding. That Coleridge passed the last eighteen years of his life as a member of a family circle, in what we should have imagined the most unpropitious circumstances possible, and left only tender and reverent memories, is no confutation of our belief that his affections demanded, as it were, a certain space of separation from their object, for the difference between conjugal closeness and any other is almost as great when friends live in the same house as when they live a thousand miles apart. He was adapted to the life of gravitation, and in early youth he plunged rashly into the life of cohesion. With a nature like his—thirsty for love, lacking in moral fortitude—we hardly need any other explanation of his disasters.

He seems to have loved his wife tenderly at first, but the ebb came

* Of course the connection could not have originated on this footing, but the mere knowledge of the circumstances on both sides is enough to corroborate the tradition in the Gillman family that it became substantially one of hospitality. I would take this opportunity of naming with gratitude a granddaughter of the Gillmans, now wife of the Rev. Henry Watson, to whose liberal communication of Coleridge's marginalia, and records of the deep reverence with which his memory was treasured by her grandparents, the present sketch owes its origin.

soon. In the first year of their marriage they went to live in a tiny cottage, the attraction to which consisted in its close proximity to the house of his excellent friend, Thomas Poole, at Nether Stowey, under whose roof, he said, he felt more at home than under his own. Had the arrangement been planned by an enemy, it could not have been more hostile to his domestic happiness. Close contact is a strain on all but the warmest love; with ill-health on both sides (and two babies in two years must have secured to Mrs. Coleridge that experience of physical ill which was the lifelong portion of her husband), the mere fact of being shut up in a few small rooms with no possibility of absolute solitude, would probably be a strain on any love. And then, to make matters worse, the hearty welcome ready for Coleridge in that comfortable dwelling, which he could reach by merely crossing the garden attached to it, could not possibly include his wife. Mr. Poole was the kindest of men, and doubtless did all in his power to make her at home in his house, but he cannot have been always glad to see her, and his relations seem to have sometimes made it plain that they would have preferred her room to her company. In the trials here suggested love seems to have been badly hurt; it revived apparently in the year which Coleridge spent in Germany, or at least his thoughts of her in absence were—as in kind hearts the thoughts of those who have once been dear are always—tender and affectionate; but outward reunion seems only to have revealed the hopelessness of inward disunion. What has been well called the swan song of his muse, the “Ode to Dejection,” was also the elegy of his love; it is interesting to observe the disguise thrown in the poem over the feeling of miserable estrangement, expressed at the same time in that perilous luxury of complaint, after which all oblivion is impossible. Alienation from those who should be and have been dear is always complicated with jealousy. Mrs. Coleridge never seems to have had either cause for or temptation to jealousy in its darker aspect; but when he had ceased to love her, she would have been more than human if she could watch his love for his friends with complacency, and he may have been wanting in sympathy for her comparative friendlessness; at any rate, the want of a welcome from her for them was as trying to him at Keswick as the want of a welcome from them for her had been trying at Stowey. Alas! it is easy and needless to account for the estrangement of an ill-matched pair. Perhaps in such a case all external circumstances seem in retrospect almost alleviations, affording the wounded heart some semblance of excuse in its self-reproach. The bitterest reflection of all is that which Coleridge expresses later in some lines which, by their very unlikeness to his more customary rhythm and music, seem to express, in a peculiar degree, some waft from his own experience:

"Idly we supplicate the powers above :
 There is no resurrection for a love
 That unperturbed, unshadowed, wanes away
 In the chilled heart by inward self-decay.
 Poor mimic of the past ! the love is o'er
 That must *resolve* to do what did itself of yore."

A little while ago there was a correspondence in the newspapers as to what in the opinion of their readers was the most pathetic couplet in the language. If we ever undertook to answer that question, the last two lines of this quotation would be what we should be greatly tempted to bring forward as our choice.

The loss of a happy home may sometimes enrich the world of friendship, but such compensation is rare. Few influences are more hurtful to a secondary attachment than the endeavour to make it do the work of a primary one, and it needs wonderful self-control to refrain from that endeavour wherever the temptation to it exists. Self-control is not often united with genius, and in the case of Coleridge there was less of it than in the case of any other man equally distinguished. One rises from the account of his quarrels with a paradoxical combination of admiration for the tolerance of his friends and sympathy for his own sensitiveness : few men have met with so much forbearance, and yet few inspire so much pity. In the lack of that warmth at home which would have made all outside misunderstandings mere lamentable incidents, they constituted his atmosphere. That his suspicions of Lamb or Wordsworth were unreasonable did not preclude—possibly it increased—their paralysing influence. What is utterly unreasonable is irrefutable. It remains unapproachable by anything but the urgency of an emotion which faithful affection may lack, and thus the very injustice of resentment in some cases secures its permanence. The poetic temperament is not invariably dependent on the warmth of the heart. In the case of Coleridge's contemporary and admirer, Byron, it would appear that disappointment did but drive creative energy more imperiously to an ideal world. But with Coleridge the escape was thereby rendered impossible. His muse could breathe only in the atmosphere of kindness, and took flight at the approach of discord. When he wrote "my genial spirits fail" he was using the word *genial* in its classical sense ; he was expressing that most grievous bereavement, perhaps, which befalls a human being, when that spring of literary production which is the source of almost the keenest delight that man can know, dries up under some baleful influence and leaves life empty.

It is an instructive, but often a very melancholy exercise, to trace in warnings and aspirations the inverted picture of experience. Some sentences, bearing on the duty of mutual kindness, which we might collect from the poems of Coleridge, are a little prosaic, and rather like references in a sermon or moral essay (and these are not to our

mind the least pathetic of them); but the best known, which is also the best known quotation from his writings, and almost from the English language, is not richer in moral emphasis than in poetic beauty. No anthology omits the extract from "Christabel," which—knowing how rarely what is familiar is remembered accurately—we are bold enough to reproduce. The reader who studies it will, we believe, hold the clue to a large part of the problem of the poet's life:

"Alas, they had been friends in youth,
But whispering tongues can poison truth,
And constancy dwells in realms above,
And life is thorny, and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.
Each spoke words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother.
They parted—ne'er to meet again,
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining.
They stood aloof, the scars remaining;
Like cliffs that had been rent asunder.
A dreary sea now flows between,
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once had been."

To present the readers of a Review with lines so familiar is a proof of some courage, but the passage is even more interesting as a contribution to the biography of Coleridge than as a fragment of immortal verse. The only part which seems to us to lack perennial truth has a special value as a revelation of individual history. The beauty of the passage lies, on the whole, in its broad human application, its reference to the life of every day. Where it deviates into an expression of something exceptional we are sensible of a want of harmony with the rest—an intrusion of a dramatic expression into a reflection on life. When the poet tells us "that to be wroth with one we love doth work like madness in the brain," he puts into words which every child can understand an emotion which all human beings, as they look back upon life, remember having felt or witnessed. When he tells us that "whispering tongues can poison truth," he leads us to a region where we dare to say nine out of ten of his readers will remember nothing at all. The sentence paints an experience as unforgettable as rare; it is one of which fiction has so largely availed itself, that perhaps its actual rarity is somewhat disguised; but any one who will interrogate his own memory will allow that it belongs to exceptional natures in exceptional circumstances. While the rest reveals to us an insight into human nature, this one line, given in the same key as the rest, and not with any modulation into something dramatic, expresses not insight, but that tendency to morbid suspicion which is most blinding. But it cannot be denied that

Coleridge's was a suspicious character. Here and there his reader, without any evidence except the general experience of life, ventures to discard as a sick dream such a statement as that a warm dedication to a brother was felt inadequate. Sometimes his suspiciousness provokes a melancholy smile. He told a friend, for instance, that the kindred of his excellent friend Poole had manifested a great dislike towards himself and every one belonging to him, including his "poor little boy." Hartley seems to have been the idol of every one that had anything to do with him, and at all events he was not five years old when he was taken away from the neighbourhood of the Pooles. It is credible enough that they did not feel particularly cordial towards a family every member of which must, unless gifted with supernatural discretion, have been sometimes in their way, and no doubt the "fairy child" who inspired Wordsworth's loveliest lines may have been troublesome. But there is something ludicrous in resenting annoyance with the troublesomeness of a little child; and the soreness betrayed here will discover the work of whispering tongues in every transient cooling of affection.

No doubt such fancies sometimes realise themselves. The bitterest alienation of Coleridge's life—next to that from his wife—that which for some years divided him from Wordsworth, and prevented their intimacy ever again being what it had been, was occasioned by an unwise and exaggerated repetition of a caution given by Wordsworth to Basil Montague. And what would have been the next bitterest but that, much to the honour of both parties, it was transient—his quarrel with Charles Lamb—does seem also to have had some origin of this kind. The whisperer was a now forgotten poet, a certain Charles Lloyd, who had been associated with Coleridge both in a common publication and a common household. It was inevitable that there should have been some disagreement, and when it came it must have been specially painful, for the loss of an inmate of easy fortune was inconvenient as well as distressing, it removed Coleridge's chief source of income. What was worse was that Lloyd passed on something to Lamb which produced a bitter correspondence between him and Coleridge. We could fancy that this incident is reflected not only in the lines to which we have taken exception, but in the whole poem in which they occur. Coleridge had opened his home to a stranger as had Christabel, he had allowed the halo of his genius to encircle second-rate productions, and thus irrevocably proclaimed his friendship for one from whom he came to withdraw it; he had experienced the malign influence of the object of his hospitable beneficence, and had found it chill a far dearer affection. All this seems to us repeated in the poem with just that unlikeness with which imagination reproduces the outline of experience. Perhaps we may give Lloyd too much importance in associating him with an im-

mortal poem, but we should give him much * if we attended to contemporary mention instead of his own works; and the suggestions which a genius adopts and transmutes are generally shadowy. If an incident or a character reappears in labelled portraiture the art will generally be found second-rate, as was indeed the case with this very friendship. A literal transcript of Coleridge's experience in the ranks, when poverty had led him to enlist in a cavalry regiment, is to be found in a novel by Lloyd which owes any reader of our day to this portrait of his illustrious friend. There must have been strong affection between them at first, there was kindly feeling at last, and the poet may have hoped that his unhappy home would have been less desolate after the inclusion of an inmate with common tastes and aspirations. When to the disappointments of these hopes was added the discovery of a power in the alienated friend to alienate others, we can well conceive that Coleridge's sore heart found a certain relief in stimulating his powerful imagination, and that some trace of what was futile and trivial may be found in an immortal work of art.

Perhaps it was not only faults for which he was directly accountable which came between him and his friends. The most painful quarrel in which he ever engaged seems to have been exacerbated by the failure of overtures from him, which were felt as tainted with sentimentality, such at least, in our view, is the letter on the death of the little Thomas Wordsworth, to which it appears that the bereaved father failed to respond with any warmth. Wordsworth never ceased to love and to excuse him; but we should imagine that this particular tendency was more distasteful to him than to most people. A certain haze rests on their estrangement. The poem which is supposed to refer to it—"The Complaint"—if the theory be correct, is made intentionally misleading. Again, we venture to give the well-known lines, that the reader may judge:

"There is a change—and I am poor;
Your love hath been, nor long ago,
A fountain at my fond heart's door,
Whose only business was to flow;—
And flow it did, not taking heed,
Of its own bounty or my need.

"What happy moments did I count!
Blessed was I then all bliss above.
Now, for that consecrated fount
Of murmuring, sparkling, living love—
What have I? Shall I dare to tell?
A comfortless and hidden well.

* Lamb said of him, for instance:

"I'll think less meanly of myself
That Lloyd will sometimes think on me."

And Coleridge, long after their quarrel, affixed some of his marginalia to verses which the reader of our day peruses with effort, but to which the faint pencilling now supplying its main interest ascribes "much merit."

"A well of love—it may be deep,
I trust it is—and never dry.
What matters ? if the waters sleep
In silence and obscurity.
Such change and at the very door
Of my fond heart hath made me poor."

The name of Coleridge must occur to every reader who peruses these lines and remembers that they were written by Wordsworth; it is indeed impossible to fix upon another in Wordsworth's happy life associated with the chill and disappointment they convey, but it is not difficult to imagine that any one should suffer from estrangement of which the world knows nothing, and the sentiment of the verses seems to us very unlike that with which Wordsworth must have remembered his quarrel with Coleridge. However, it is about as probable that an address in verse to an alienated friend should be somewhat misleading as to the actual facts, as that it should commemorate a disappointed affection inspired by one whom nobody knows and felt by one whom everybody knows, for neither contingency is improbable. We may at any rate take it for granted that when Wordsworth wrote some lines in that touching effusion, he could not but remember the brother bard who had been once his daily companion, though mountains intervened.

What had caused their quarrel was some expression which he could not altogether repudiate, however much he deplored its exaggerated repetition, to the effect that he (Wordsworth) had no hope for Coleridge. It is worth recalling that expression of despondency from Coleridge's poetic brother, to enhance the lesson of encouragement taught by his life. He became the teacher and guide he was felt by our fathers, after one who knew him best and loved him best had confessed to feeling no hope for him. We cannot cite another fact from the biography of great men equally pregnant with exhortation to hopeful thoughts on the destinies of all. The years he spent on Highgate Hill, in the home of the physician who rescued him from his slavery to opium, and set him free to live, succeeded to a neglect of duty that no circumstance can do more than palliate. There is no need to dwell upon this interval, for its general character is known to all who know anything about Coleridge. But neither should it be forgotten, or judged leniently. When genius abjures the responsibilities of manhood it becomes a criminal, not only towards those whose claims are obviously and unquestionably neglected, but to that wider circle for whom its influence slackens the bonds of duty and prepares apologies for wrongdoing. Happily, in the case of Coleridge the remedy and the poison grow side by side. An appreciation of his work as a thinker is not included in the present endeavour, even to the same degree that it has undertaken such an appreciation of his work as a poet, but any attempt to illustrate his

work from his life must needs echo the protest of his teaching against some part of his example.

For his prose, not less than his verse—though no doubt less impressively because it is so much less impressive—receives light from and flashes it back upon his biography. It is so little familiar to the readers of our day that many would be surprised at discovering that in bulk it largely exceeds his verse. It is difficult to read, for two reasons. No other English prose, surely, contains so many valuable thoughts presented in so unfortunate a form. We have constantly to attend to some one else's opinion before we learn his own; and to disentangle his view of the perennial from something temporary. And, moreover, it breathes that atmosphere of the obsolete so peculiarly blunting to attention. We have heard it said by a man of science that nothing was more unreadable to his fraternity than the scientific writings which lay just beyond the limits of the special study of each. It is on the same principle, we suppose, that the thought that lies just beyond our own scope of reminiscence—using the word in a broad sense, and taking in more than the memory of a generation—is less interesting than what is either older or newer. The works of a thinker, in their relation to public appreciation, go through three stages. At first, whatever is new in them strikes the public ear, and receives an eager welcome. After a time there is a reaction. All that startled an elder generation stirs a certain impatience in those on whom that teaching has been impressed as a kind of orthodoxy; they are apt to turn away with the feeling "we know all that well enough," even if they do not go on to the further decision "and we see the mistakes in it." The final stage, when what is new or old has lost other than a historic significance, and men ask only what is true, comes much more tardily, and has not yet arrived in the case of Coleridge.

With a warning sense of the misleadingness of all labels attached to a thinker, we would venture to describe him as the father of the Broad Church. His death almost coincided with the start of the High Church movement. Carlyle seems to take him as the prophet of that movement, and there is a loose sense in which all who recognise a common foe may be grouped together; but it seems to us that his power lay exactly in his divergence from the High Church party. He looked beyond the rising wave of public thought; he saw clearly, not only what men were beginning to see dimly, but what they were not for some time to see at all. It is the very fact of his having seen clearly truths of special interest to a day that is but just past which makes him in this point of view comparatively uninteresting to ours. If he had stood a very little ahead of his own, the stage of reaction would by this time have been almost past. As it is, we stand in its full shadow. Forty years ago, that

school of liberal theology which accepts both the tradition of antiquity and also the alliance of modern speculation, had the effervescence resulting from any combination of previously hostile elements of thought. To-day it has the flatness which must needs succeed to such effervescence. Whatever is true in it is as true now as it was then. But whatever was new in it then has now that association of triteness which clings even to important truth if it has been emphasised for more than a generation. At no stage of thought, it will be found, is truth so difficult to appreciate. Coleridge supplies the animating principle to what we may call the new orthodoxy of our time, and orthodoxy is always uninspiring. We shall understand him, in this point of view, best through the interest he awakened in those who stood near enough to him to catch some waft from his magnetic personality, and to drink in his thoughts before their own echoes had made them seem commonplace.

We have large material, in the memoirs of his contemporaries, for an appreciation of that fascination which has been hardly paralleled since Socrates drank his cup of hemlock; and it does but bear out the comparison that the chorus of his admirers is interrupted by the laughter of an Aristophanes. It is the last, we fear, which comes most distinctly to the ear of our generation. Almost all attempts to follow some record of the spoken words which have most stirred the hearts of their hearers are like listening to those words through a closed door—we follow the main purport of the discourse, we catch a sentence here and there, but just when our attention is most roused the words become indistinct, and the sequence is broken. Yet if, in the wordless records of memory, the reader find nothing that renders easy of belief a spell which no intellectual endeavour can reproduce, he has lacked much of what is most precious in life. How many a conversation, conveying nothing to one who hears it at second-hand, recurs to the hearer's recollection with a vividness which brings back the modulations of tone to the ear, the furniture of the room or the details of the landscape to the eye, and in which the words are lost only because they so flooded the soul with large ideas or indistinct emotions that the mere vehicle was submerged. The thoughts have passed into our memory like music or fragrance, and the endeavour to restore them to language is like that of the fisherman in the Arabian tale to reimprison the genius in the vessel from which he had escaped and soared to the clouds. Such memories are a clue to what is deepest in the meaning of human intercourse, although the endeavour to transfer them to another mind is vain.

It is a striking and significant fact that we may quote two accounts of Coleridge's conversation, each from a man of genius, and written from personal experience, which flatly contradict each other. The conversation of Coleridge

"was," says Wordsworth (Knight's "Life," i. 129), "like a majestic river, the sound or sight of whose course you caught at intervals, which was sometimes concealed by forests, sometimes lost in sand, then came flashing out broad and distinct, and even when it took a turn which your eye could not follow, yet you always felt and knew that there was a connection in its parts, and that it was the same river."

Carlyle, without apparently being aware that he is contradicting Wordsworth, says that it was

"talk not flowing anywhither like a river, but spreading everywhither in inextricable currents and regurgitations like a lake or sea, terribly deficient in definite goal or aim, nay, often in logical intelligibility; what you were to believe or do, on any earthly or heavenly thing, obstinately refusing to appear from it. So that, most times, you felt logically lost, swamped near to drowning in this tide of ingenious vocables, spreading out boundless as if to submerge the world."

The caricature from which this is an extract, and by which, probably, Coleridge is best known to the readers of our day, will amuse all readers, and perhaps most instruct those who turn to it for instruction rather as to the artist than the subject of the sketch. "The account Carlyle has given of Coleridge's conversation would do very well for his own," was the comment made on it when his "Life of Sterling" first appeared by one whom Carlyle loved well. Perhaps the remark explains the want of sympathy in the delineation which called it forth. It is a brilliant picture of whatever was feeble or odd in Coleridge's premature old age, and it has touches here and there full of illuminating characterisation; but it misleads more than it enlightens the student of a pregnant thinker and eloquent teacher. We may turn to a portrait, as much more sympathetic, as the painting is feebler, from the hand of Sterling himself, preserved in that first biography of him which provoked Carlyle's. It is instructive to note the inversion produced by the lapse of time in the relative vitality of satire and eulogy. To a contemporary ear the former is generally more interesting. After a certain date it is the satire which falls flat and the reverence which is felt to be full of life. To our mind the chapter in which the young disciple endeavours to retain the echoes of teaching which seemed to him precious is more interesting than that in which his brilliant biographer seems to prick the bladder of that enthusiasm. We gain more even from a meagre and unfruitful inventory which gives the heads of a discourse awakening enthusiastic devotion, than from the laugh which substitutes the impression of a tedious preacher and a besotted audience. No doubt there is such a thing as enthusiasm given to an unworthy object. But it is not nearly so common as ridicule directed against an object more worthy of enthusiasm than of ridicule.

The eulogy of Wordsworth, the satire of Carlyle, the attempted record of John Sterling, bear witness to the impression left on all

hearers by that inspired utterance which in the third and fourth decades of our century was a magnet to the many pilgrims to Dr. Gilman's house on Highgate Hill. For a tribute to the same influence in which all strictly personal influence is filtered away, the reader should turn to the article written by John Mill fifty-four years ago for the *Westminster Review*, which holds in some respects an exceptional position in the world of criticism. We at least cannot recall another account given by one great man of another (unless Carlyle's essay on Voltaire be worthy of the description) where principles which the writer spent his life in opposing are the object of candid and sympathetic appreciation, and a character weak where his own was strong is touched on with reverence and modesty. This rare harmony of sympathy and antagonism is a tribute both to the critic and to the thinker criticised, but in our opinion mainly to the latter. The critic, indeed, must have brought to his task a rare capacity for intellectual justice; but when we remember some aspects of his later career we shall be inclined to doubt whether the philosophical Radical could have judged the philosophic Conservative so truly unless he had found in him something that lay at the root of his own creed as well as of that which was the object of his antagonism. The influence which supplied their link was deeper than a divergence going down to the very roots of all that language can undertake adequately to represent to the mind, and must when rightly received supply a link to all human thought and aspiration.

The poetry of Coleridge owes its peculiar beauty to the fact of its embodying, in a deeper sense than we could use the words of almost any other poet, the revelation of a character. His philosophy owes to the same cause all that we can recognise as its perennial truth. One much indebted to him—Frederick Maurice—says of him that he was a penitent as well as a philosopher. The words, though we should express their meaning rather differently, give the clue to what is most valuable in his thought. Whatever he has to say to the seeker after truth depends on its relation to that experience of struggle with evil which teaches the meaning of reality as in this world nothing else does. In his youth he had given himself to the study of German philosophy unknown at that time to English students, and at all times inaccessible to any but students; in his age he discovered that the highest triumph of philosophy is to bring its illuminating influence to beliefs that lie hid in the heart of the ignorant and the poor. His aim was to transform the dogmas that most men had learnt to the truths that all might believe. He saw that distinctions which seem idle pedantry from without, from within are recognised as directions corresponding to the deepest needs of the human soul. This we may say of the distinction between the Understanding and the Reason, recurrent throughout all his prose writings: erroneous for the man of

science of our day, meaningless for the mere man of letters, it becomes to one who discovers that there is within a man some faculty which *takes hold of that which is*, a matter of life and death. His distinction between the will and all that sequence of cause and effect which we gather up under the name of Nature, is at once the core of his philosophy and the clue to his inmost history. He must have pondered over it more earnestly than almost any other man that ever lived, for it is hardly possible to conceive of one in whom the faculty of Will was subject to so strange a paralysis. We read his biography with a sense of bewilderment at the discovery that duties clearly discerned by one keenly alive to the meaning of duty should be as absolutely neglected as by a man without heart and conscience. Probably our bewilderment does not equal his own. He was driven to ask more earnestly, we should think, than any of his generation, the questions which centre in the very idea of human choice. What happens when a man does wrong? What happens when he turns from darkness to light? Something of which the world of nature presents no type or likeness; which is *original* in a sense in which there is nothing original in the whole world of physical being. Something which—it is but the same statement in other words—must to the understanding be for ever invisible, which the reason alone can discern. This we conceive was the truth which Coleridge learnt through bitter experience. He had felt the bondage of nature, the absolute character of that law of necessity to which a man may surrender himself if he live under the sequence of the physical. He also came to realise the deliverance which proceeds from that which is above and beyond Nature, to learn that things which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, are in the teaching of life revealed by God. And what he thus learnt, though taught in a faltering voice and with the mingled hurry and diffuseness with which we always fulfil the morning's task in the late afternoon, was yet enough to make him to our fathers a teacher and seer such as the world has not often known in its whole history.

If we have touched aright on the clue to Coleridge's deepest thought, we have suggested also an explanation of its temporary eclipse. If the very core of his philosophy centres in the antithesis of Nature, as a sequence of Cause and Effect, and Spirit, as the origin of Will, it is inevitable that its meaning should be dimmed for a school which enlarges the scope of Nature to include all that can be gathered up in the range of human knowledge, and denies the very existence of a power behind phenomena, revealed immediately to the Reason of Humanity. That school has possessed, for a large part of the half-century we are just concluding, an irresistible influence in the world of thought: its meridian is long past, but we are still living in its twilight. But in the world of thought, as in the night of a northern summer, the

twilight of one day mingles with the dawn of another. Yesterday's answer to its problems is not the answer of to-day, even when the problems seem identical. The atmosphere of a time is not a mere metaphor: in the great year of human development the seasons have their mystic influence which we cannot replace by industrious attention, or even analyse for the computation of strict logic. And as long as we interrogate the thoughts of the past with the demand that they should answer the perplexities of the present, we shall find in them that semitone interval which, as we have said, is the harshest of all discords. Nevertheless we would leave, as our last word on Coleridge, our conviction that in his prose writings is something which speaks to the heart of every one who seeks the invisible: that this element will become clearer as his voice disentangles itself from its own echoes, and gains the freshness of what is remote. He cannot address, in another generation, the same class of hearers which he addressed in his own, but all the more his voice will sound in harmony with that of the invisible choir who have striven to lift the gaze of man above the limits of earth, and enlarge their hopes to an infinite future.

JULIA WEDGWOOD.

THE RAILWAY TO INDIA.

NO more appropriate time could be chosen for raising this long-deferred question than the year which has witnessed the twenty-fifth anniversary of the union of the Mediterranean with the Red Sea and also of the establishment of submarine telegraphy to the East. The Suez Canal was a step which effected a commercial as well as a political revolution in the relations between the West and the East, but it was only a step after all, and its necessary complement is the forging of the iron chain of communication by land which a continuous line of rails from the Mediterranean to India would furnish. Over India proper the network of lines has been spread with characteristic energy during the same period, and at the present day there are 18,500 miles open to traffic. But westward these lines break off short at Peshawar, Chaman, and Kurrachee, and here India seems to stand, stretching forth her hand to the parent country, and appealing to her to grasp it, and help her offspring to bridge the chasm of separation. For a safe and quick means of communication between England and India is essential to the well-being of both. Even if the latter were a self-governing colony the interests of commerce would insist on the adoption of the shortest route between the two, but while India is still in leading-strings her political condition accentuates and enhances her commercial dependence. There is absolutely no other example in the world of so vast a country being governed and garrisoned by civilians and military men mainly recruited from an administrative base 6000 miles away. Quite an army of officials, soldiers, merchants, and miscellaneous travellers, to say nothing of their wives, children, and servants, is continuously tramping backwards and forwards between England and the East. Though the outward flow is stronger in the autumn and the

homeward flow in the early spring the stream never really dries, and with the majority of the travellers it is an object to get over the journey as quickly as possible. It is hardly necessary to dwell on the advantage of shortening this transit; in case of a sudden mutiny or hostilities the gain of a week might be of vital importance; in fact, to doubt the utility of such an economy of time is practically to question the advantage of railways. We may take it for granted that, other things being equal, if India can be reached from London in seven days, instead of fourteen, it would be an important national gain. But when we come to consider how the journey is to be accelerated *quot homines, tot sententiæ*. We have had the Euphrates Valley scheme, the Alexandretta scheme, a railway to run through Northern Africa, and more visionary lines which are to appear somehow in the Afghan highlands debouching thence into the plains of the Punjab. A careful consideration of these and other projects, during a long service in the Geographical Department of the India Office, leads me to think somehow they betray a want of knowledge of human nature. Every one of these schemes contemplates sections running for many hundreds, if not thousands, of miles through foreign countries, who have no particular love, to put it mildly, for *la perfide Albion*, and who under no consideration would care to put themselves out for the sake of a railway whose avowed objective point is Kurrachee, Calcutta, or Singapore. What possible good could Turkey, Persia, or Russia hope to derive from a through railway passing through Asia Minor, Syria, Northern Persia, Sarakhs, or Seistan? The shareholders might benefit and the line might no doubt conduce to the convenience and prosperity of the regions it traversed, but we may depend on it that those nations would consider such a price as a very poor equivalent for having consented and contributed to the enhanced stability of the British Empire in India. Persia and Turkey, as we know by experience, are by no means as yet convinced of the beneficial and regenerative effect of railways *per se*; a liberal distribution of *backshish* might overcome this radical distrust so far as to obtain from them a general consent, but who can tell what untold sums would be required before the line could be opened for traffic? And consider our position when the line was a *fait accompli*. We should indeed have forged a powerful brand for our own discomfiture. The through line to India would be at our disposal so long as our relations with all three countries were harmonious, but the least unpleasantness with either of the two subsidiary nations would act as the strongest possible incentive to Russia to make common cause with the aggrieved Power, and sooner or later obtain possession of, or, at all events, access to, the coveted line to India. We should be helpless in the matter, for any such line would be hundreds of miles from the sea, and one of its main *raison d'être*,

the power of rapid communication with our empire beyond the seas, to say nothing of mobilisation, would be liable to be interrupted and disorganised just at the very moment when we needed it most. And what would be our loss would be the gain of others whose path to India would have been smoothed and facilitated as it had never been before.

No: we may rest assured that the railway to India will have to run through our realm or sphere of influence, or not at all. And the march of events seems happily shaping themselves to this end. Let us look back to the proceedings of the Euphrates Valley Committee and recall the facts and arguments which met with general approval then and which are still applicable at the present time.

It was held to be one of the main if not obvious disadvantages of the Euphrates Valley scheme that it did not contemplate, or, at all events, lay so much stress on, a railway to as *towards* India, and was content with bringing the terminus or head of the line down to the Persian Gulf. Mr. W. P. Andrew seemed to think very lightly of the inconvenience of breaking bulk and transshipment so long as he gained his great objective point somewhere near the port of Grain in the Persian Gulf.

On the other hand, Mr. Palgrave, the well-known Arabian traveller and brother of the present distinguished Clerk of the House of Commons—*par nobile fratrum*—was in favour of continuing the line along the edge of the Persian Gulf and the Persian and Makran coasts to Kurrachee. He saw no insuperable physical obstacle then, and, *a fortiori*, there can be none now, especially since the political conditions are far more favourable now than then. Baluchistan was at that time an independent State under the jurisdiction of the Khan of Khelat, and our westernmost positions were well to the east of the Sulimani Range. At the present day we have either annexed or brought within the sphere of our influence Hunza-Nagar, Gilgit, Chitral, Chilas, and much of the Black Mountain and Khyber valleys; the Waziri country is on the point of surrendering to our arms; the extensive Zhob Valley is actually administered by a British resident at Apozai, and beyond there has been a still more wholesale sweep of the net, which has resulted in the acquisition of an entire province, that of British Baluchistan, and in the extension of our suzerainty to the borders of Persia. In fact, there has been a mighty advance all along the line, and for practical purposes India is hundreds of miles nearer to Europe than it was in 1865.

It is clear, therefore, that Mr. Palgrave's idea of a railway from the head of the Persian Gulf to Kurrachee is far more feasible now than it was thirty years ago. Baluchistan is ours; Southern Persia is more under our influence than under that of any other Power, and the same may be said of Arabia. The permission of the Khan of

Khelat for laying a railway alongside of the land telegraph line to Kurrachee would be a mere formality, even if requisite, now that our British Indian troops have ranged at will over Baluchistan and have garrisoned some of the chief towns. Moreover, officers of the Indian Intelligence and Survey Departments have examined the country and explored its routes, resources, and topography up to and beyond the Persian frontier. The result has been most interesting. Colonel Holdich, one of the most experienced and able representatives of the latter department, has tramped over hundreds of miles of Makran, and has traced the former highways and routes down from the time of Alexander the Great. His words, descriptive of the country in the time of the Arabs, are worth quoting :

"Makran was then a country of great and flourishing cities, of highroads connecting them with well-known and well-marked stages, armies passing and re-passing, and a trade which represented to those that held it the dominant commercial power of the world. The history of Makran is the history of India from time immemorial. Not all the passes of all the frontiers of India put together have seen such traffic into the broad plains of Hindustan as for certainly three, and possibly for eight, centuries passed through the gateways of Makran. As one by one we can now lay our finger on the site of those historic cities, we can only be astonished that for four centuries more Makran has remained a blank on the map of the world."

It will be the fault of Great Britain if, now that events have providentially made her mistress of Makran, she does not achieve the double object of utilising this obvious and best route for the western prolongation of the Indian railway system and bring back, at all events, some of the former prosperity of the country. Whether it might be found expedient to stick to the coast-line depends on the exact nature of the engineering required to negotiate the Malan range; possibly a detailed examination of the ground might point to Colonel Holdich's trade route as the most feasible. The precise route through Baluchistan is, however, a matter of minor importance, because the country is ours, and practically incapable of invasion by others; it is only when we emerge into Persian territory that the necessity of adhering to Mr. Palgrave's coast-line presses. Here we tread foreign ground, and, in case of diplomatic troubles, our *ultima ratio* will be our fleet, which ought to be within touch of the railway, so as to be able to defend it if attacked. Along the coast of the Persian Gulf there is an almost continuous strip of low land between the hills and the shore, varying from half a mile to thirty miles in breadth. This seems to be adapted by nature for the line, the alternative ascent on to the Persian plateau being both politically and physically undesirable. Both Bunder Abbas and Bushire would naturally be important stations, and, like Merv, on the Russian Trans-Caspian railway, thereby regain their pristine commerce and renown. The turning of the head of the Persian Gulf would involve the bridging of the Karun and Shat-el-

Arab, and the transit of the low-lying country about their lower course. This is really the only serious engineering difficulty that would confront us, but with the aid of swing-bridges the navigation of these important waterways would be uninterrupted. Moreover, the objective point on the latter river would be Bassorah, where the stream contracts to a width of half a mile.

Here we enter Turkish territory, and the consent of the Porte would be necessary for the transit of the narrow strip of country here administered by the Turks. The crossing of the Arabian plateau has, so far as I am aware, never been suggested before in any railway project to the East; but I am convinced that it is, from any point of view, the most advantageous. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico*, and engineers may very likely have been deterred by the terrors of the unknown and the absence of large towns on the line of route. The latter consideration, however, applies with less force to a "point to point" project; in most cases the selection of a populous and remunerative line of route is of vital importance, in order that the railway may pay its way, as it goes, out of the local traffic. But our special aim, it must be remembered, is to join two distant countries, Europe and India, and provide for an altogether exceptional through traffic, the highly remunerative character of which, to say nothing of its political importance, will enable one to treat local traffic as of minor moment.

West of Bassorah our objective point is the oasis of El Juf in Northern Arabia. El Juf occupies a central position in a long and narrow natural depression running east and west from the edge of the plateau of North-Western Arabia towards the mouth of the Euphrates. How far eastward of El Juf this valley extends no one knows, as this portion has not yet been wholly explored; but the "dip," as well as the drainage, of the Arabian tableland is mainly towards the Euphrates, and the impression produced on my mind, from studying such journals of travel as bear on the subject, as well as from the verbal opinion of several travellers, is that El Juf marks the old bed of a river which once actually joined the Euphrates. The map of the late M. Charles Huber, the celebrated French traveller, shows a dépression about 150 miles in length in this direction, marked "*dépression du terrain avec de très-bons pâturages*," a feature which simplifies the question of the best route. Again, to the east, where the pilgrim route between El Hail and Bagdad crosses north and south, there is abundance of evidence that the country presents no exceptional physical difficulties to the construction of a railway running east and west.

From El Juf westward the line would naturally follow the caravan route to the north-west, a branch would diverge off to the left, and descend the Wady Ithem to the Gulf of Akabah, so as to provide for the pilgrims bound for Jeddah and Mecca, as well as other Red Sea traffic;

but the main line would traverse the isthmus to Port Said, whence the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company's boats would convey the homeward bound passengers for Brindisi, Calais, or Ostend, and London.

It must be remembered that though the transit of Arabia sounds formidable, the proposed line will lie north of the dreaded Nefud, or desert of red shifting sand, where water is so difficult to procure. The belt of desert on either side of the El Juf depression is rather stony than sandy, and if the Bedouins with their rude appliances are able to dig wells there, it stands to reason that European engineers with boring machinery must do infinitely better. Besides, it is an acknowledged fact in hydraulics that water is practicably procurable everywhere, though one may have to bore deeper in some spots than in others. Mr. Doughty, the celebrated Arabian explorer, wrote to me not long ago :

"A railway to India, making us less dependent on the Suez Canal, is truly a patriotic enterprise, which, by way of Northern Arabia, I have often thought upon, and which I believe, if money could be found for a political investment, to be quite feasible. . . . The entry mastered, the rest is a high plateau without serious difficulty, and everywhere there is water enough within reasonable distance."

This is the opinion of one of the few persons who are actually acquainted with the physical conditions of Central Arabia, and ought to command attention.

The jurisdiction over this part of Arabia is exercised by Mahomed Ibn Rashid, whose sway is, practically speaking, despotic. It is not necessary here to trace the rise of this remarkable man, but all those who have studied Arabian politics during the last few years cannot fail to have been struck with the strong and efficient rule he has established. Although he acknowledges the Sultan as the head of the faith, the temporal and effective power is vested in his hands, and it is he whose permission will be necessary for the Arabian section. An allowance would probably have to be made to him, and minor allowances to the principal tribes in the vicinity of the railway. This plan is pursued in the case of the telegraph line to Palestine, as well as for the protection of the trade route through the Khyber Pass, on the Indian north-west frontier, and answers very well.

The total length of the line from Port Said to Kurrachee is estimated at 2400 miles, and it is intended to construct it on the Indian broad gauge, so as to admit of through trains, by which means the entire distance between London and Kurrachee would be covered in seven days. From an engineering point of view, I am assured that the line could be constructed in three years. The cost of this railway, considering the comparatively easy nature of the ground, the absence of high mountain ranges, the paucity of

large rivers, excepting the Shat-el-Arab and Karun, and the facility of constructing it from the sea for a large portion of its length, ought not to exceed £5000 per mile—£12,000,000 for the entire length, or with rolling stock, say, £15,000,000. We may fairly assume that such a railway would earn at least as much as the mean traffic returns of the Indian railways, which work out to Rs25 per mean mile per week. At this rate, the earnings of the Indo-Egyptian railway would amount to £3,120,000 per annum, in addition to which would accrue the telegraph and other receipts, which at a very modest reckoning would foot up £1 per mile per week, or £124,800, making a total of gross receipts of £3,244,800 per annum. Deducting 40 per cent. for working expenses, which for a through railway of this description should be ample, we should have

Gross receipts	£3,244,800
Working expenses	1,297,920
	<hr/>
Balance	£2,046,880

The balance would of course be available to meet the interest on the capital advanced, and the most feasible way of arranging this is probably through the medium of a company divided into a million shares of £1 each, incorporated under the Companies Acts as a company limited by guarantee, the total liability of each shareholder being limited to £1 whatever number of shares he holds. Following on this it is proposed to issue 240,000 bonds or rentes to bearer of £4 per annum each, payable by coupons half-yearly, such coupons being receivable at all stations of the company during the half-year of their currency as cash in payment of passenger fares or goods traffic. Each original subscriber to a bond or rente of £4 per annum under an issue will be entitled to receive four shares in the company as a bonus, and each share in the company will be entitled to receive up to £3 yearly after the bond issue has received its interest. After payment of £3 per share annually any surplus profits of the company will be devoted to purchasing bonds for cancelment.

Deducting therefore £4 per bond for interest—*i.e.*, £960,000 from the net receipts, £2,046,880, we get a surplus of £986,880 per annum to be divided among shareholders as a beginning. But as it is expected that the line can be laid in its entirety and opened for traffic for half the authorised issue of bonds, the balance could be held in reserve for further betterments as traffic increases.

It is clear that a project of this importance cannot well be carried out without the goodwill of our Government, who again must naturally be largely influenced by the matured opinion of the British nation. No doubt the English reception of the Suez Canal scheme is not encouraging for any kindred project, but I believe that our eyes have been opened since then, and that, as the Premier remarked

the other day, the day of the little-England party is past. No one who has followed the development of India during the last quarter of a century can have failed to notice the expansion of ideas that is there taking place. It is not a decade since Upper Burma was annexed, and already surveys are being made, and schemes are being formulated for uniting the railway systems of Bengal and Burma, while the prolongation of such lines down the Malay Peninsula to Singapore is being talked off. Were the Indo-Egyptian railway from Kurrachee to Port Said once begun, I believe the continuation of the Indian system down to Singapore would not lag far behind, and in that case we should have an uninterrupted line from the Mediterranean to Singapore, a railway which would probably command the most extensive through-passenger traffic in the world. Not only would it convey travellers to Arabia, Mesopotamia, Persia, and India, but all bound for the Eastern Archipelago, Siam, Cambodia, Hong Kong, China, Japan, Australia, and New Zealand ought to travel by it, while the goods traffic would be simply gigantic. The number of first-class passengers alone I estimate at 20,000 per annum, who would be only too glad to pay rather less between Port Said and Bombay than they do at present, and save on their whole journey from one to two weeks in time according to their destination. This item alone would mean £400,000 per annum. The journey down the Persian Gulf and along the Makran coast would be no doubt as trying as railway travelling in Sind, Rajputana, or Trans-Caspia, but to construct cars in such a way as to minimise the inconvenience of heat is a mere question of mechanism. I believe there is plenty of room for improvement in this direction, so far as the Indian railway-cars are concerned. The subsidy for the mails, which would naturally travel by the railway, would amount, on the existing basis, to a quarter of a million sterling per annum.

I have had the privilege of ascertaining the views of some of the foremost men of the day on this scheme, and their general approval and in some cases enthusiasm have been most encouraging. The late General Sir Lewis Pelly, the well-known Indian political officer and M.P., wrote to me in May 1890:

"I feel pretty certain that a railway will sooner or later connect the Mediterranean with Kurrachee, and the route in which you are interested undoubtedly has many political advantages as compared with routes nearer to the Russian frontier."

I have also a batch of important letters from numerous living authorities, containing valuable and helpful suggestions. But at the same time there has been a general desire among those I have ventured to consult to know what our Government think of the scheme; and while the public are in ignorance thereof and departments apathetic, Cabinet Ministers may be forgiven for turning to matters

which, though not more pressing than this question, are in a stage riper for disposal. Every one conversant with our public business will understand what I mean when I say this is *not* a departmental matter, and ought not to be dealt with departmentally. The Foreign, India, and War Offices are all concerned, as well as the Admiralty, Colonial, and Post Offices. But the moment you approach a hard-worked Under-Secretary, the temptation for him is irresistible to reply courteously that the subject-matter appears to pertain rather to some other department over the way. One Prime Minister wrote to me expressing much interest, but saying he could not go into the project unless the India Office would support it (I was serving in the India Office at the time), while the India Office appeared to think it was more for the Foreign Office, and the then Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office, again, thought that it was a Treasury matter.

The fact is, that it is essentially a question for the Cabinet, and not only that, but for the present Cabinet, owing to the present exceptional combination of favourable circumstances. Russia, we know, is desirous of a free passage for her ships of war through the Dardanelles, and France and Turkey are believed to be not opposed thereto. England's consent alone remains, and I submit her price ought to be Russia's support of our demand for the necessary concessions for this railway at the Courts of Constantinople and Teheran. Unless Russia's assent and goodwill are given to the present project, it would not be safe for us to allow her ships of war free passage out of the Black Sea; but if that goodwill be forthcoming, our communications with India will be so immensely strengthened that we can afford to concede a good deal in the Mediterranean, though scarcely *everything*, as Mr. Laird Clowes contends in the *Nineteenth Century*. The sudden rise of a new naval and military Power, too, in the far East, is an event which may not unlikely redress the hitherto rather unequal balance of nationalities in Asia, and convince the Russians that the *rapprochement* with Great Britain, which has been happily inaugurated by the present Czar, and would be cemented by such an agreement as I have indicated, would be the best guarantee for the peaceful fulfilment of their national aspirations.

CHARLES E. D. BLACK.

NOTE.—I may be forgiven perhaps for quoting the following peculiarly appropriate remarks of Sir Henry Wrixon, one of the Victorian delegates, at the Royal Colonial Institute on the 12th of last December:

"One plain duty then for the Empire is to assist in developing new and faster lines of communication throughout its limits, the centre taking its share and the dependencies each in proportion their share. . . . The question for the Imperial Government, for Canada and for the other colonies is, whether it would not be a wise policy to promote this union of peoples with one another and with England by availing themselves fully of these modern inventions which abridged space for some purposes and abolished it for others. Also, is it not something to have a highway for our empire round the world over its own territory, with cable communication under its own control. Is this nothing in peace and war? Is it not worth some money?"

EARLY ANABAPTISM :

WHAT IT MEANT AND WHAT WE OWE TO IT.

IN the crisis caused by the decay of mediæval institutions Anabaptism arose, asserting that Christendom must be renewed in the spirit of its Founder and according to His commands. It was not the outcome of a mere spirit of sectarianism, nor was it at all local or national, but as world-wide in its aims and sympathies as Christianity itself. Anabaptism was as much a social and political movement as a moral and religious one. It started with the doctrine that the divine was in all men, not produced there by the sacramental efficacy of baptism, or through an act of faith, but by the will of God, who, in creating man, breathed into him a breath of the divine life. The conviction that Christ, the Light of the World, was in every man, led the Anabaptist into a position of antagonism to the world, such as might rather have been expected from the doctrine of Luther and Zwingli than from a doctrine instinct with the idea of universal love. To the notion prevalent among the Reformers that there were two separate kinds of men who from all eternity had been divided and to all eternity would be divided, Anabaptism was radically opposed. And yet it soon developed an opposition to the world infinitely more irreconcilable than was the case with the Lutheran and Zwinglian reformers. For although the doctrine of the latter presupposed this eternal division between men to exist, Luther and Zwingli and the principal Reformers so acted that practically their doctrine had less and less power over the people, and the influence of the great evangelical truths they taught began to wane. Notwithstanding their belief in a theology which, so far as it was sincerely accepted, forced the conviction that the greater part of men and women were, and must continue ever to be, on the side of evil, the leaders of the Reformation made the closest and most complete

alliance with them in business, in friendship, and in marriage, and not only united their Churches with such societies, but freely placed them under their control. They could not, in fact, draw any dividing line without taking upon themselves the office of judge and excluding those whom they had already, as a Church, declared to be children of God and members of the kingdom of heaven. For all baptized into their particular communion formed the Church, all without the world. Within that limit which, according to their theologians, was the kingdom of Christ, the breadth of the fellowship, theoretically, was the widest possible. For they did not simply hold out open arms to the outcasts of society, but they permitted the existence in their churches of persons exercising the trade of hired cut-throats, usurers, monopolists, riggers of the markets, executioners, torturers, brigand-knights, and crowds of other privileged robbers. The Lutheran, Zwinglian, and Roman Catholic Churches were so broad that they contained not only churches and cathedrals, hospitals and almshouses, but brothels and prisons, scaffolds and barracks. They not only made use of altars and pulpits and communion tables, but also of swords and racks, gallows and wheels, flaming faggots and red-hot pincers. Shambles for Christians and for cattle were both to be found within the Catholic, Lutheran, or Zwinglian kingdom of heaven, as in fact in every part of Christendom where Church and State were two names for one and the same community.

A certain number of simple-minded men revolted at this. It was very silly, as far as their own interests were concerned, for it could land them nowhere but in antagonism to the world they were in. Like Savonarola, and every other man and woman who will not make a compromise with the world, they drifted almost certainly to material ruin. Was any other course open to them? If there had been, they, as many others in all ages, would gladly have known of it and followed it. But there was none. A conviction, born of the conscience and testified to by the prophets of every religion at every period, assured them that such opposition was the only course left to the man who would be true to the divine light within. The Anabaptist was a man or woman who could see no way out of this difficulty. He was forced to go on though he knew that to do so was to go straight out of the world. How often did he long to turn into port from the deep sea out upon which he had drifted; but this was not possible without making the compromise which meant death to his soul. Destruction of body or soul, this was very often the dreadful alternative offered to the Anabaptist.

Luther and Zwingli both glanced at the idea of the Church as held by the Anabaptists, and the former at least would like to have established a true apostolic Church. But from a statesman's point of view to do so was to court the failure of Savonarola and Hus. Were

the Reformers right or wrong? Their Churches were successfully established, and their way of thinking of the Church is to-day triumphant through Christendom. But will any one pretend to say that their Churches, or any others following their example, are, or ever were, at all like kingdoms of heaven, or that they present any hope of ever becoming so? Such, for example, is the misery to-day in the country which Luther most especially influenced—Saxony—that nowhere in any other part of Europe are there so many suicides. But this is only one form of the misery which prevails from the confusion of the Church and the World. No words are too strong to describe the miserable condition of Christendom to-day. In every land, Protestant or Catholic, men gnaw their tongues for pain.

Ideally, a World and a Church, both claiming divine origin, though recognising different standards of morality, might have lived in as peaceful an opposition as the heavens and the earth, and have been as useful one to another, but unfortunately the Christian Church and the Roman Empire intermingling, the two societies became in all respects one and the same—a Church-world and a World-church. The weakness and corruption resulting was at last so bad that no one cared to give this great World-church effective support against the cry for reform which everywhere arose. Unfortunately, neither Luther nor Zwingli saw where the evil lay, but were bent on bolstering up their own theological ideas by another form of this intermingling of the Church and the World. In this way the Reformation became to a great extent abortive, and ended by simply setting up one form of the intermingling of the Church and the World for another.

The rise of Anabaptism under such circumstances was especially dangerous both to the old and new forms of the World-church—to the old as weakened by great secessions and under universal reproach, to the newer ones, often hastily and violently set up, and in some cases mere creations of local diplomacy. The Anabaptists raised the banner of Justice and Truth, the banner struck down so many times, and yet still the symbol of a cause impossible to conquer. To the people the Anabaptists represented their right to manage their own religious affairs, and to preserve their consciences from being enslaved by their masters. The first article in every draft of the demands of the peasants in 1525 was that every parish should elect its own pastor, and that he should be one who preached the Gospel.

As the rich man who stole the poor man's ewe-lamb that he might offer it instead of his own for the delectation of his guest, so the Roman Church handed over the conscience of the people of Europe to be used for the enjoyment and profit of the world-power with which she had allied herself. Against that enslavement the Anabaptists were the only party among the Reformers who protested. The children of *the* kingdom in their eyes were free from the service of the

kings of the earth. If they paid any kind of tribute it must be from motives of love and a desire to be at peace with all men. But while such a motive might cause an Englishman in France willingly to pay the ordinary taxes, it would not be enough to make him swear an oath of allegiance, or to feel justified in accepting any official position under the French Government. It was thus the Anabaptist looked at his position. He was a subject of the kingdom of Christ, redeemed from the power that reigned in earth and in hell: how could he take an oath or hold any office implying allegiance to the kings of the earth? "*In summa, Es ist nichts gemein Christo und Belial,*" said the martyr, Michael Sattler.

The thirteenth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans was often thrown in the face of the early Anabaptists. But, comparing this passage with Christ's own attitude towards the powers there spoken of and His references to the devil as prince of this world, they regarded the apostolic admonition as only an enforcement of Christ's own action in paying tribute, which He did, not as recognising a right, but to prevent any occasion of offence. Besides, since Wiclif had taught, such people as Anabaptists had held that only the ruler who was himself obedient to God had any right to claim obedience from God's servants. Moreover, the intermingling of the Church and the world, unknown in apostolic times, rendered it very difficult to carry out Paul's injunction without disobeying Christ's commands. For submission to the persecutors of this world there was the clear command of Christ and His own example. But when the persecution came from those who professed and called themselves Christians, the principle of submission was less certain. The King the Anabaptists served showed little respect to the church-world in Judæa or Galilee. Silent before the authority which maintains itself by the sword, He did not spare His words to those who claimed to be the representatives of moral and religious authority. He spoke to the Scribes and Pharisees as a prophet and denounced them to their faces and to the people. Nor did He stop at words, but cleared His Father's house of the sacrilegious traders and money-dealers by force. A people largely deriving its ideas and spirit from the brotherhood which produced the "*Imitatio Christi*" might naturally conceive this the way to treat rulers who, calling themselves Christian, were Pagan in spirit and action, and institutions which, though Christian in name, more and more discovered the spirit of pagan Rome. Luther himself regarded the then existing Christendom as the Apocalyptic "*Babylon*"; the Anabaptists only differing with him in that they included in that term the Lutheran and Zwinglian Churches. This position finally led the Anabaptists to the great struggle at Münster. The leaders who stood firmly by the injunction, "*Resist not evil,*" had either been put to death or harried out of life, and new ones arose who took a different view. More and more must Ana-

baptists have felt that the world they had to deal with was not a pure heathendom governed by Pilates and Gallios, but a World-church in which the powers that ruled were Scribes and Pharisees led by Sadducean princes of the type of Annas and Caiaphas. The forcible cleansing of the Temple was the attitude demanded rather than the meek submission of lambs. Hoffmann, who bridges the gulf between men of the spirit of Sattler and Denck, and men of the spirit of Matthysz and Jan van Leiden, never took the position of the earliest Anabaptists as to the use of the sword, but at the same time, unlike those who took their place, he always sought to avoid offending the authorities. Nevertheless, it was he who, by his prophetic exposition and his ardent belief in his own prophetic office, put the match to the tinder and set all the North-west of Germany and the Northern Netherlands in a blaze. Though his heart beat in sympathy with "the Common Man," Hoffmann was so absorbed in things spiritual and mystical that social and material questions did not occupy him. It was very different, however, with his disciples, the Melchiorites, as they were called, who, taking up the rôle of Munzer, soon became the soul of a great struggle for the triumph of social democracy in North-western Europe.

The tendency of the Anabaptists to unite their fortunes with those of "the Common Man" was the natural result of a faith that believed Christ, the Light of the World, dwelt in every man. Man to them was a sacred being, the tabernacle of God on earth. To oppress man was to oppress God; to defraud man was to defraud God; to violate the human body plain sacrilege; to take human life little short of deicide. That all this was clearly in the mind of every Anabaptist of the sixteenth century would be far too much to assert; but it lay there in embryo, and their earlier and best teachers were indeed the precursors and prophets of an intensely Christian humanitarianism. "I am bound to love the Turke with the very bethome of my hart" is one of the errors attributed to English Anabaptists in 1536. And it can hardly be doubted that it was the working of this belief in the indwelling divine light that rendered so abhorrent to Anabaptists the imposition on the conscience of human laws and ordinances, or the attempt to enchain it in superstition or by oaths. It is true that in Münster the order to all the unbaptized to depart looks like a serious interference with liberty of conscience, but it must be remembered that a siege was beginning, and that it was quite impossible for the besieged to allow any of the friends of the besiegers to remain in the city. Thus the test became baptism. And once the Rubicon passed, the principle of liberty of conscience sank into the background. It is a striking fact that in the book of "The Restitution or Restoration of all Things," setting forth the main principles of the Münster Anabaptists, and published by them during the siege 1535-36, there is

no reference, if we are to accept as complete the long analysis Bouterwek gives of it, to the cardinal principle of the earlier Anabaptist theology—the indwelling divine life and light. We have a claim to special guidance and special inspiration on the part of their prophets and teachers, but this is very different from the existence of the saving light in every man, which is the pivot upon which Denck's whole teaching turns. It is impossible to resist the conclusion that the Münster theology was not a natural development of the earlier Anabaptist theology, but a new departure originating with Hoffmann and Matthysz, and Jan van Leiden, who won over Rothmann and the Wassenberg preachers, men who had passed a long life in preaching doctrine which would have been considered fairly orthodox by Lutherans and Zwinglians. The chief thing they did at this great crisis in Anabaptist history was to accept adult baptism and the views of Hoffmann, Matthysz, and Jan van Leiden, none of whom were in full sympathy with the spirit of the earlier Anabaptism.

For the true spirit of Anabaptism was one of tender regard for the conscience as the dwelling-place of God. Not only was it the Holy Place where the Shechinah manifested itself, but it was the altar on which lay bound the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world. "Christ," said Denck, "Christ, the Lamb of God, has from the beginning been a Mediator between God and man, and remains so to the end." Conscience was to the Anabaptists who followed Denck the voice of the Lamb of God pleading with God and man from the sacrificial altar. The continual immolation of God in the human conscience is, as I understand it, the thought Denck attached to the words, "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world"—God struggling, God crucified, God dying in the human conscience—this is the awe-inspiring conception which, it seems to me, lay at the root of the earlier Anabaptist theology. In any case, the thought of the indwelling God armed the poor Anabaptists with a superhuman courage. The persecutors might put them in the hottest furnace of affliction cruelty could invent—a Divine Companion was in the fires with them. "In all their affliction He was afflicted," and in no part of their being was the crime so deeply felt as in their outraged consciences. Some of the best of the Anabaptists, Felix Manz, for example, died resentful. The resistance to the Light of Life, the determination to crush the Christ-life out of the world, evidently so affected them that they could not utter the parting word of forgiveness. And thus largely, as it seems to me, through their sufferings and testimony, the human conscience, as the dwelling-place of God on earth, has been invested with a sacredness unknown either in the Church of Rome or in the Lutheran, Zwinglian, Calvinistic, or Puritan Churches. Without in the least derogating from the honour due to the noble army of martyrs who, in all lands and ages, and of all creeds and religions, have practically

died for this holy cause, we may claim a leading and definite place for the Anabaptists, since it was they who, first of all Christian people, claimed liberty of conscience as a divine right which no power on earth may deny. And when we think that from liberty of conscience naturally flowed liberty of thought and liberty of worship, free speech and a free press, we may form some faint idea of the debt of gratitude mankind owes the Anabaptists.

It may be objected that whatever good Anabaptism did by its suffering for liberty of conscience, it quite outbalanced by its proceedings at Münster, and especially by its setting aside the marriage law of Christendom and reverting to such a barbarism as polygamy. I will not here undertake to go into the subject of the Münster kingdom; but I cannot avoid a reference to the Münster polygamy, since any just consideration of the circumstances would at once mitigate the severe judgment traditionally accepted.

That a large portion of the christened women of this country and every other in Christendom should be devoted to a life of degrading animalism is surely a problem that must trouble every Christian mind. Four hundred years ago it was as great a scandal as it is to-day, perhaps even worse; the corruption in German society at the time of the Reformation seems to have equalled that of any age. The amount of facts which have been collected is so great as apparently to prove that the overgrowth of the social evil in the German cities was then more than usually rank. The Anabaptists had undertaken the task of establishing a reformed society, and they had, by an apparent providence, obtained possession of a great city in which to try the experiment. How were they going to deal with this universal evil? Circumstances, instead of arresting its development, rendered it likely that it would break out in Münster with more violence than at Cologne or Augsburg. The people were shut up as in a cage, and there were two or three times as many women as there were men. The Anabaptist leaders in Münster had thought much, as the rest of the Reformers had done, on the question of marriage, and looking to the Bible as the educator of their consciences, they concluded that what was there considered a right and legitimate condition of life was right for them. Many of the Old Testament saints were polygamists, and there was nothing to show that monogamy was required of the first Christians. They therefore concluded that the best remedy for the difficulty was to publish a law permitting polygamy in Münster. To what extent the Anabaptists were in error their enemies did not allow the world to discover. The new experiment only continued a few months; had it been tried for a generation, the results might have for ever prevented its recurrence.

Rightly or wrongly, the Anabaptists sought to restore order, not to create disorder. And so far from wishing to depress woman and lower

her status, the Anabaptists were the first, or among the first, in modern times to recognise that they often had the prophetic gift. Women frequently preached, and at Münster the Queen assisted, on one occasion at least, in the administration of the Lord's Supper. It is a striking fact that the two most distinguished early Anabaptists in England were women.

Anabaptism, notwithstanding the great calamity at Münster, had hold of the heart of "the Common Man." It was his religion, expressing his hopes and aspirations, and giving him a field for the education of all his powers. Every baptized man and woman might become an apostle, and hundreds travelled over Europe in all directions, ardent missionaries of Anabaptism. Arrested, thrown into prison, executed, nothing stopped their ardour; others soon arose to supply their place. This religion is not yet dead. Along the routes whereon its first missionaries scattered the seed it still lies waiting for a new spring.

II.

Anabaptism may be further elucidated by a glance at the points in which it came into opposition with Lutheranism and Zwinglianism. The Reformers not only gave the Bible the place Catholics gave the Roman Church, making it the pillar and ground of the Truth, but those who followed Luther seem to have regarded the Bible as the Anabaptists regarded the conscience—that is, as the oracle of God through which the Divine Word spoke to men. The Anabaptists who followed Denck fully admitted that the Holy Scriptures were the standard of Truth, and they did not deny that the Word of God constantly spoke through them, but they refused to confound the Bible with the Word of God, asserting that that Word had existed from all eternity, and had spoken to and guided men long before there was a Bible, and guided them still apart from the Bible. Thus they distinguished between the living, actual eternal Word of God and the historical account of what that Word had said in former times. The record of this teaching of men as individuals and societies rendered the Bible the great school-book of humanity. But, like every other school-book, the Bible required the personal aid of the teacher, and the only teacher capable of expounding the Scripture was its author, the Holy Spirit. And the only students who will have that teaching are those who are obedient to the voice of the Word of God in their hearts, which voice will assuredly urge them to obey its commands as set forth in the Scriptures, the result of which will be clear light as to their meaning. "If any man will do His will he shall know of the doctrine," was a favourite text with Hans Denck, the teacher whose way of thinking most influenced Anabaptism prior to the Melchiorite deviation.

This obedience to the Word of God in the conscience or in the

Scriptures constituted with this, the purest and the most characteristic form of Anabaptism, the essence of faith, and consequently it would not allow that a faith which did not express itself in obedience to the Word of God was any faith at all. The Lutherans accused it, therefore, of teaching justification by works. And this, perhaps, was so if it was pursued logically from point to point. For it taught that any human being could exercise obedience, as it was only a matter of willing. And since it taught that the will was free, the willing to obey was clearly a human activity—that is, a human work.

So far as free will tended to individual independence and spontaneous action, it found a corrective in the idea of the Community. What the idea of the Community was to the Anabaptist may be gathered from the following testimonies of early Anabaptists. One of the early members of the community at Augsburg, over which Denck exercised so great an influence, was Hans Langenmantel, a man of patrician family, who suffered martyrdom in 1529. In a writing which Dr. Beck attributes to him (Loserth considers it belongs to a somewhat later period), it is said: "The highest command of God is love. 'Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and thy neighbour as thyself.' In the Community no one ought to say, 'Mine, mine, it is also the brothers.' Who can rightly give his brother spiritual and eternal good if he refuses him earthly good? A Community where one is rich and another poor belongs not to Christ." Ulrich Stadler, a contemporary of Huter and a member of the community at Auspitz, said: "All those who truly believe and have wholly given themselves up to Christ have all God's gifts and possessions in common. . . . In the House of the Lord there is no mine, thine, or his." Pieter Riedermann said: "As all the saints have community in holy things, so in temporal things the members of Christ's body should reserve nothing for themselves. God has given men nothing for their own. Whoever gathers for himself acts against the divine laws." According to Leonhard Dix: "The true communion of saints consists in putting away from among the people of God things so full of sin as finances and deceits, buying and selling, selfishness and avarice, and taking of interest—in fact, all those things which have driven the Holy Spirit from the Church. . . . How is it," he asked, "that in your Church there are so many tramps who, in the streets and before your doors, cry aloud for alms?" Hans Schmidt, who died for the doctrine of the Common Life, declared it "the greatest of treasures, the first thing on earth, to be robbed of which was the greatest of misfortunes." The Community, however, was not simply an idea with the Anabaptists, but a reality. Of its organisation in Moravia full details are given by Loserth in his "Communism of the Moravian Anabaptists." Each member paid all he received in wages into a common fund, which was

spent for the general good of the cause, and not solely on the community which earned it. They had a common kitchen and common meals, a common nursery and a common school, common fields and houses; each family, however, had distinct apartments. Ideally, the Community regarded itself as absolutely free of all human authority; its sole Lord and Master was Christ.* This freedom was to be exercised in all charity and with a view to living in peace with all men, and could never be exercised in its fulness until the kingdom was given to the saints. But the existence of such an idea was a menace to the world. Loserth, in his "Anabaptism in the Tyrol," points out how clear-sighted the princes were on the real nature of Anabaptism. While the local magistracy and the rural jurors were unable to understand the justice of putting Christian men and women to death by hundreds, and that in many cases by very cruel methods, for no apparent reason except their obstinate persistence in believing and acting as the first Christians did; while even the central Government at Innsbruck did not at first seem to see the necessity of crushing proceedings apparently so innocent, King Ferdinand, who governed the Tyrol for his brother the Emperor Charles V., saw at once that these people represented an opposing power with whom no terms must be made. In a letter to the Government at Innsbruck in 1527, he said: "Out of such new baptism nothing else is to be feared but all sorts and kinds of revolts and mutinies of the Common Man against the upper and hereditary class," and "an inevitable necessity commands that such dangerous fire be extinguished; for if it should spread and get the upper hand no Council would be able to destroy it."

The intensity with which Ferdinand pursued his policy of extermination, killing outright more than 700 persons, causing the ruin and flight of hundreds more, depopulating whole villages, for a long time only strengthened the Tyrolean Baptists in their faith. They became ardent for martyrdom and went joyfully to death. It was only by making the persecution general through his vast dominions, and engaging the neighbouring authorities to do the same, that he finally mastered "the accursed sect."

III.

How completely the Anabaptist idea of the Church was opposed to that of the world, such a work as Janssen's "History of the German People" makes manifest. From the numberless details that he gives of the condition of affairs at the opening of the sixteenth century it is clear many of the best things in mediævalism were dying, and some

* "The obedience of a Cristen man to temporall power is as Crist was obedynt to temporall puissance, and paid tribute money not because that he ought it but because that he wolde not offende."—Quoted from "The Wicked Mammon" in Errors and Heresies denounced by the English bishops, &c., 1530. Wilkins' "Concilia Magnæ Britannię et Hibernię," vol. iii.

of the worst things taking a new lease of life. The old tyrannies and injustices which had been softening found a new root and new support in the introduction of Roman law in place of the old German customs. The landowners, perceiving that they were losing their position in the presence of a rapidly developing commercialism, grasped at every opportunity of recovering lost dues and services, so that the peasants felt themselves on the road back to serfage. And not only the peasants but the urban populations in many parts of Germany were discontented and restless, and ready for any movement that promised a fairer distribution of wealth. For by the alteration of the lines of commerce, consequent on the maritime discoveries of the previous century, whole districts were falling into decay, and thousands of honest people coming to poverty. On the other hand, the opportunities for rapid fortune-making were direct incitements to the greedy and the selfish. Rings were formed, individuals having influence obtained special privileges, and monopolies were granted to trading companies. In place of the old monastic societies, with their ever-increasing hold on the land, came thoroughly un-Christian monopolist firms, which not only got possession of the capital of the country, but by getting hold of the silver mines affected the value of the currency. There was nothing, certainly, very peculiar in this; the silly many have thus always been used by the artful few. The peculiarity at this particular time lay in the fact that the Christendom which was in this state had seen "a vision of the Almighty," and "though falling, had had its eyes opened." The Bible had come to be known by the mass of the people in a way it never had been previously. The effect of this revelation is hardly realisable to-day. The difference between the actual Christendom and the original design as unfolded in the New Testament was too striking to escape any but minds trained in casuistry. Just as to-day angry depositors mob the bank they hear is insolvent, so the German people thundered at the gates of the Roman Church wanting to know what it had done with the religion entrusted to its keeping. "See," they said one to another, "how the priests have deceived and misled us. They ought to have their heads broken." It was this feeling that gave Luther his position. He had come like the strong angel in the Apocalypse, a little book in his hand—a little book which restored the lost treasure—the True Religion.

Luther carried all before him up to 1525, when the German people, encouraged by what they read in the little book he had given them, determined to allow themselves no longer to be robbed in all directions, no longer to be fleeced as they had been for ages, determined, in fact, to resist the robbers who had left them bleeding and naked. The thieves fled in dismay, but returning again with a great crowd of hired cut-throats, they overcame the poor man, bound him down afresh, so that his last state was worse than his first. And this time, alas!

the very man who had played the part of the good Samaritan made common cause with the thieves and cut-throats, hounding them on.* Verily the German people were in evil case.

It was into such a world that Anabaptism came, with its ideas of God immanent in man, and of a holy community composed of men and women who had determined to walk in the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. Going to the poor man, stripped, bleeding, and half-dead, it assured him that he still possessed the greatest of all treasures, a treasure no earthly power could take from him. For every human being was a temple of God; there in the human conscience was the Eternal Word. "Listen," they said, "to the voice of God in your conscience, and you will find there a true pastor, a true pardoner, a true priest, a true sanctifier, a true inspirer and revealer of the will of God. Obey your conscience, that is the first thing; in doing this you cannot be robbed of your religion, for it can only go with your life, and that taken, you will rest in the ever-living One—the Eternal Father." Men asked who sent these teachers, and Luther replied the devil. But the poor man, believing their words, drew near to his brothers and sisters and began to form communities, so that the divine sparks in long-separated individual hearts might unite and burst out in one great flame. Prayer arose that they might be one, even as God was one, and it was answered in the feeling that they belonged entirely to Christ their Head, and to their brothers and sisters as fellow-members of His body. Up sprang, in German lands, a new life in community, a life prefigured by thousands of religious souls, who, sick of the world, had in all ages, since the Church began to corrupt, sought to live in God and Christian fellowship. But none had dared to think it possible such peace could be shared with husband or wife, parents or children. The Anabaptists attempted to combine holiness and domesticity, to weld the family entirely into the Church. The more the joy spread—the more the people clung together in self-sacrificing love—the greater the persecution. The wolves, seeing the sheep gathering in flocks and herding together, came howling around the fold, and, springing into the centre, carried off the shepherd and killed the watch-dogs. Thus the communities were broken up and the sheep rapidly slaughtered, at times driven by flocks into the shambles, at times singly torn to pieces.

At last came more prophets, and these said: The time is gone by

* Luther's conduct at the close of the Peasant War, and the cruel way in which he hounded on the victorious party to crush out the spirit of social democracy, is well worth study as an explanation of the present dangerous condition of things in Germany. What he says in his two letters to Dr. Johann Rühl (Nos. DCCV. and DCCVII. in De Wette's "Collection of Luther's Letters," &c., vol. ii. pp. 666, 669-670, and in his writing of the same year, 1525—*Wider die mordischen und reubischen Rotten der Bauern*, to be found vol. xxiv. of Luther's "Sammtliche Werke," Erlangen, 1826-28, would be incredible if these letters did not exist. I have given some of the more striking passages in *Anabaptism from its Rise at Zwickau to the Fall of Munster*, 1895. This was no momentary passion, but a position taken up by Luther and in which he hardened himself.

for the sheep to let themselves be led to the slaughter; they must become as the watch-dogs, who are not afraid to seize the wolves by the throat and strangle them as they have strangled the sheep. The last hour, they said, is at hand; the knell of the world, sunk in wickedness and in sin, is being tolled, the ages are hurrying fast into the dark night of oblivion, and the torch of the last is flickering and will soon be out; then will break the dawn of the great millennial day. But first must come a time of war and bloodshed. Michael and his angels warring against the devil and his angels, the sons of God against the children of men. Already had Elias and Enoch, the men who had never seen death, returned to walk the earth, and the devouring flame from their mouths had gone forth to sweep the earth as with the besom of destruction.

And again the people, filled with joy, believed the hour had come; many sold their all and fled from the City of Destruction, seeking a city where they believed the heavenly Jerusalem was about to appear, adorned as a bride for her husband. On this sacred quest thousands of toiling men and women went, struggling through dark nights on unknown roads, beset with robbers and cut-throat mercenaries, across morasses, through narrow winding valleys, over high mountains, and in open boats up rapid rivers. Some were slain, some snared by the adversary, some had to fight Apollyon in the shape of police-officers or roving bands of soldiers sent out to prevent their progress; many fell exhausted by the way; but a few strong, brave, and steadfast pilgrims pressed on. Sometimes they were led by a valiant Great-heart, who brought them safely past the lions by the way. At last, in the grey light of the early dawn, the emigrants caught their first glimpse of the towers of Münster. Their hearts leapt for joy at the thought that their dangers were nearly over; but the besiegers' lines had to be passed, and it was only after days of wandering in constant peril that they found a way to elude the enemy and to enter the city of God—the new Jerusalem. There prayer and work, work and prayer, not for self but for the common weal, filled their days with a joyful activity. As a large family, they ate and drank together at common tables, or in loving companionship kept watch and ward over the bulwarks of Zion. The Davidic monarchy was established among them to prepare the way for the kingdom which should have no end.

But, alas! the hour came when the people found their new Jerusalem a cage, in which they were living on their last crusts, and nothing before them but starvation and massacre. Who can picture the spiritual desolation which now overshadowed their material want? What they suffered for lack of food was nothing to the horror of great darkness which oppressed their hearts. The fight with Apollyon by the way was utterly forgotten in that terrible moment when they met him triumphant in the Holy City asking derisively, "Where is now thy God?"

Once more the poor man could cry, "I am the man that hath seen affliction." Münster was another station in the dolorous way through which the divine in man travels on from age to age. During the siege and after the fall of Münster the most intense persecution set in. But, seen in the light of the purified conscience, this dark night of Anabaptism was its clearest day. For reality had taken the place of mists, shadows, visions, and endless vague sensuous imaginings. The Anabaptists seemed to be going into darkness, and not into light; but it was just the opposite, for this experience taught the greater part of them that the sword of vengeance would never hew the way to the reign of justice and equity, love and peace; that to this victory there was no way but through suffering, shame, and defeat. And again the Poor Man took up his cross and travelled on.

In the crisis that occurred for Christendom between 1524-1536 those who then ruled in Europe refused to listen to its conscience, speaking to them by the voices of the despised peasants and the detested Anabaptists. The results are manifest in history—one horrible dilemma coming out of another, each following its predecessor in logical sequence. The despair of the people after Luther's defection led to the rehabilitation of the Roman Catholic Church, and that again to the Thirty Years' War, when Germany fell into a state of almost unparalleled misery. Divided into a hundred parts, Germany became the battle-ground of all the soldiers in Europe and the scene of one great war after another. The struggles for unity have ended in our day in a certain outward success, but she has no more obtained real unity than any other nation in Europe. To supply this want Imperial Germany strives as did Imperial Rome to fan up a spirit of passionate loyalty to the Emperor. And thus it is being rapidly led, as its predecessor, to the fatal crime of trampling on the conscience. What the German Conservatives recently said on the refusal to cheer the Emperor is exactly what the Catholics of the sixteenth century might have said against the Reformers who refused to kneel at the elevation of the host. Such acts mean little as long as conventionality reigns unchallenged; but in times when fundamental questions govern the situation they become of vast importance. The refusal to pour out a libation to the statue of the Emperor, or the baptising an already christened person, brought death, because, in the eyes of the rulers, these acts meant what to them was most dangerous of all rebellions—the revolt of the conscience. And this it was that Anabaptism supremely meant; and this it was that determined the rulers of the sixteenth century to persecute it to the death. For Anabaptism was a revolt of the conscience against a Christendom that was not Christian, and a Reformation that substituted one tyranny for another.

RICHARD HEATH.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN FRANCE.

THE general elections of 1893 and the tragic death of President Carnot have wrought a very perceptible change in the course of French politics. During the entire period from the election of M. Grévy in 1879 to the elections of 1893, the prevailing system was that which is called the "policy of concentration." Republicans of all shades sought to act together, in order to fight against any possible return to power of the Clerical and Conservative party, or to resist an immediate danger such as the Boulangist movement. The Gambettist or Opportunist party always formed the kernel of these hybrid and ephemeral majorities, which comprised deputies of the most diverse opinions, ranging from the edge of the Centre party to the summit of the Extreme Left. The heterogeneous composition of the Ministries forbade any long tenure of power. As their programmes were nothing but compromises to which each section of the Republican party sacrificed its most characteristic aims, the moment soon arrived when dissatisfaction broke out, and members of the same Cabinet were at issue with each other; and as there was no settled majority, acting under recognised leaders, personal ambitions, jealousies, and lobby intrigues led to Ministerial changes, although it was perfectly well known that the new Ministry would be very like the old. Thus a series of Cabinets were constructed, one after the other, in which generally most of the members of the last Ministry were again assembled under a new chief, and which, whatever their composition and whatever circumstances had given them birth, always found themselves fulfilling the same task, contending against the dangers, real or imaginary, of clerical intrigue, reorganising the army on the principle of shorter and shorter universal service, pushing forward

public education, and especially compulsory and secular elementary education, carrying out a long programme of extensive public works—in particular, completing the railway system—and, lastly, pursuing a commercial policy of which the two essential points were Protectionist tariffs and the development of the colonial empire of France. At the same time these Ministries, in order to keep their places at all, were obliged, in the choice of their administrative officers, to distribute promotion with the utmost skill amongst the different portions of their unstable majority; and as the Ministers came mostly from the Moderate party, but could only continue in office by the favour of the Radicals, it followed that the share of patronage obtained by the Radicals for their clients was much larger than was justified by the Radical strength either in the country or in the Chambers. An Administration thus brought together on personal grounds and unable to reckon on the life of any Ministry, could not of course attend to anything but how to manage all the groups at once, and, above all, how to secure the favour of influential electors and deputies. That is why the Administration showed such strange weakness, not to speak of secret connivance, in the face of Boulangism, a weakness so great as to lead to grave fears of its success; and, what is still more important, displayed a culpable remissness in dealing with the most serious electoral frauds, such as those committed in the parliamentary and municipal elections at Toulouse.

The characters of the two Presidents of the Republic who held office from 1879 to 1894 were particularly favourable to the policy of concentration. M. Grévy, while he showed real wisdom and keen intelligence in following and guiding, so far as the Constitution allowed him to do so, the foreign policy of France, carried the practice of indifference and abstention in home affairs so far as to neglect even his representative duties as head of the State, thinking of nothing but how to increase his fortune by saving out of his allowances, and letting his son-in-law, M. Wilson, exert an improper influence over the distribution of places and favours. M. Carnot, who filled the office of President with so much dignity and correctness, confined himself, of his own will, to performing his external representative duties and to the task of making the supreme power respected for his virtues and loved for his charities. He had belonged to the Radical party; and as personally he had no confidence in any one except two somewhat mediocre Radicals, MM. Tirard and Sarrien, he could not imagine any other policy than that of concentration. It must be admitted further that circumstances rendered this policy almost inevitable from the moment when the parliamentary Right took up an attitude so openly hostile to the Republic that the most moderate Republicans were unable to join them, while the Extreme Left showed too little coherence or practical sense for the Opportunists

to arrange with them any common plan of action. It must also be recognised that under such conditions these successive Cabinets, always new and yet always similar, these floating majorities, made up in the whole a kind of nondescript Government, compelled to avoid any extreme measure, either of a reactionary or revolutionary kind, and humbly to follow every breath of popular opinion. Meanwhile the local administration, in spite of its defects, was kept going by its almost historic traditions of order and probity, as well as by that sense of professional duty which a public function naturally creates in its occupant.

Ever since the General Election of 1893 this situation has been utterly changed. It was clearly perceived that the period of concentration was over, and that the time had come for the Ministry to be formed of men of like views, associated for the purpose of carrying out a definite programme, and unhesitatingly supported by a majority which they directly represented. Many causes combined to give this new direction to parliamentary affairs, which began with the breaking-up of old party divisions.

The principal of these causes was the collapse of the Boulangist movement, which commenced in 1889 with the flight of the General to Belgium and his condemnation by the Senate, sitting as a High Court of Justice, and was completed by the failure of his partisans at the elections of the same year, and, finally, by the melancholy suicide of the tragi-comic hero. Boulangism had carried with it a large number of members of the Extreme parties, and even not a few Socialists. Nearly all the Monarchists and Bonapartists had been its secret or avowed accomplices, and had been compelled, in order to conceal their faint hopes of a Restoration, to pretend to rally to the idea of a new Republic, of which Boulanger was to be the head. On the morrow of the defeat, the discovery of the scandalous bargain which had been struck between the Comte de Paris and the General threw into utter confusion all these men who had conspired to make up a party without principle and without programme, dissembling so many contradictory hopes which they durst not avow. The blow fell with the greatest force upon the mass of honest Conservatives, who saw the cause of Monarchy fatally compromised, and were now disposed to prefer the parliamentary Republic, with certain guarantees, to such futile and undignified adventures.

The Republicans, on the other hand, began to perceive that the parliamentary system, as it had up to that time been carried on, was falling into discredit with the mass of the voters, in whose eyes it appeared not as a regular contest of parties and opinions, but as a club of self-interested individuals intent on nothing but place and power. They deemed it essential to have done with concessions and compromises which only served to band together men who differed

profoundly in principle, and to form, instead, parties representing schools of opinion and definite views.

The attitude taken up by Pope Leo XIII. towards the Republican Government also tended to facilitate the redistribution of the old parties. His Italian subtlety, his statesmanlike insight, and his severe impartiality, enabled him to perceive that the Church had everything to lose and nothing to gain by remaining committed to monarchical ideas without a future; that the Catholics had everything to gain by loyally accepting the Republic, and taking their proper place in it; and that Moderate Republicans would be quite disposed, in face of the attacks of Extremists, to accept the alliance of the "Ralliés," provided that they would be content with claiming justice and good-will, without seeking to overthrow the laws and institutions which were the foundations of the Republic. The view of Leo XIII. has been justified by the result. The party of reaction was instantly shattered; a large body of Republicans have abandoned the attitude of surly distrust of the Catholics which they had hitherto held, and have shown a disposition to accept in some degree the aid of this right wing which has suddenly come to enlarge their ranks.

Again, the Panama affair brought a new element to aid in the dislocation of parties. Although it has proved impossible to say exactly on whom rested the responsibility or the actual guilt, the result has been to destroy absolutely the credit, the force, and the cohesion of the old Opportunist group, which for years had in reality had the guidance of the Republic. Some members of the party, in Parliament and in the Press, have been directly compromised. Public opinion has thrown a general though vague discredit on almost every one who took any part in the business; and violent animosities have sprung up within the group itself, some having played the part of accusers and others that of accused. The Panama affair did not prevent most of the Opportunists from keeping their seats at the 1893 elections—the system of *scrutin d'arrondissement* making it difficult to effect sudden changes in the distribution of parliamentary strength—but it certainly helped on the partial success of the Socialists and of a certain number of "Ralliés."

This rise of a Socialist party in the Chamber was one of the characteristic features of the elections of 1893, and contributed more than anything else to the downfall of the policy of concentration. Former Chambers had contained some three or four representatives of revolutionary Socialism; but they were altogether isolated, and scarcely dared to raise their voice. Some few of the Radicals, indeed, called themselves Socialist, but their Socialism was of a vague and general kind, which formulated no precise demands, and did not embarrass either its professors or those who accepted them as temporary allies. Besides, it had been for some years the fashion

among politicians seeking popularity, or wanting to improve the condition of the labouring classes, to call themselves Socialists, without attaching any exact meaning to the word. But in 1893 there appeared in the Chamber a group of some fifty true Socialists, openly professing Collectivist doctrines and the definite object of changing the very bases on which social order has rested in France since the Revolution of 1789, and plainly proposing to make the regular action of parliamentary government impossible by means of a system of relentless opposition, permanent obstruction, and furious attacks, shrinking from no scandal and no calumny. This Socialist group contains educated and convinced theorists such as Jules Guesde, and orators of an eloquence both logical and enthusiastic such as Jean Jaurès. It has drawn into its sphere all the most advanced of the old Radical party, which finds in Socialism, more or less explicit, an electoral platform. The formation of this new Extreme Left party, with which neither compromise nor concentration was possible, which, indeed, rejected all thought of compromise, could not but drive the moderate Republicans to form a compact group, submitting to strict discipline under recognised leaders, and so dispose them to seek at need the alliance of the "Ralliés" in struggling with their enemies.

The Anarchist crimes also hastened the new grouping of political forces. Anarchism had long been considered as a sort of mental disease, affecting a few fanatical theorists, like M. Elisée Reclus, or Prince Kropotkin, but extending only to some very small sets of workmen or ruffians. But the series of outrages, which began with the exploits of Ravachol, followed by the explosions in the Restaurant Véry, the Chamber of Deputies, and the Café Terminus, and ended in the assassination of President Carnot in the midst of the Lyons fêtes, brought to light the extraordinary spread of the ravages made by this doctrine, which is all the more formidable that it will not bear discussion, that it has the character of an unreasoning faith, and that it satisfies at the same time the extreme impulses of Individualism and the most extravagant dreams of Socialism. Although the Socialists, imbued with the idea of the omnipotent State, sole proprietor and dispenser of wealth, are naturally hostile to Anarchist ideas, their diatribes against society and the existing order of government make them propagators, and almost accomplices of Anarchism. Their principal organ, *La Petite République*, with its incessant and furious attacks upon all the representatives of authority, might well be treated as an auxiliary to the proper Anarchist organs, such as *Le Père Peinard*. It would be true to say that to the battle against the Socialists and Anarchists is due the formation of that great party of "Governmental Republicans," which immediately after the elections of 1893 set to work to establish a stable majority, led by a homo-

geneous Ministry. The voting of the law against Anarchist intrigues and doctrines—a law stigmatised as criminal by the Socialists and a section of the Radicals—proved a true touchstone, distinguishing the Governmental Republicans from those who remained faithful to the old idea of concentration, or who aimed at revolution.

After the Lyons catastrophe, as I have said, the feeling strongly prevailed in Parliament that it was essential to form a Government with a fixed programme, and pledged energetically to repress all revolutionary tendencies. The election of M. Casimir-Périer as President of the Republic in the place of M. Carnot was a striking proof of this feeling. He was selected on account of his name, his great social position, and the governing ability which he had shown in his brief tenure of the Presidency of the Council. He was great grandson of one of the members of the Constituent Assembly of 1789, whose castle of Vizille was the cradle of the Revolution in Dauphiné; he was grandson of the well-known Minister of Louis Philippe, who, in the course of a short term of office, had succeeded in re-establishing the prestige of France in Europe by means of the expeditions to Italy and Belgium, in laying down sound principles of parliamentary and Liberal government, and in repressing revolutionary intrigues. He was the son of a Minister of M. Thiers, and had himself served with distinction in the war of 1870. If M. Carnot, grandson of a member of the Committee of Public Safety, and son of a Minister of the Republic of 1848, represented the austere side of the Republican tradition, M. Casimir-Périer stood for the Liberal parliamentary tradition of France for a century back, and seemed well fitted finally to reconcile the disillusionised Conservatives to the Republican flag. His wealth, his personal distinction, and that of his wife, his relations with the highest society of Paris, marked him out as specially able to give *éclat* to the highest office of the State, and to continue the example of generosity and charity set by M. Carnot. Lastly, the choice of a man who had been a recognised party leader seemed to indicate a desire to confer on the President of the Republic some personal right of initiative in the Government, to encourage him to go beyond the mere position of an impartial arbitrator between parties, such as M. Carnot had been, and to make use of all his Constitutional powers for the support of the Government majority in the Chamber in any settled and moderate course of policy which it had resolved to follow.

M. Casimir-Périer did not seem so well convinced as were his supporters that his removal from party strife to the Presidency was the wisest course. He felt himself fitter to be the fighting chief of a Cabinet than to go to the Elysée and play the part of a mere representative, and incur the charge of exceeding his functions if he in any way intervened directly in politics. But the current of

public opinion was so strong that he could not decline what was presented to him as a duty. He was the less disposed to evade the task that on the morrow of the death of M. Carnot it seemed to carry with it great peril, and that he was already the object of the most atrocious menaces. "In the face of danger," his brave mother said to him, "a Périér never hesitates."

How is it that seven months after he had accepted office, with all its difficulties in full view, M. Casimir-Périér had thrown it up, and risked the accusation of inconsistency and weakness?

In the first place, people had completely deceived themselves as to the happy effect likely to be produced by having at the Elysée a man of the name, the position, and the character of M. Casimir-Périér. If in the eyes of Europe the new President carried a prestige which neither M. Grévy nor M. Carnot had enjoyed, it was not the same in France. There M. Périér had no particular reputation beyond that section of the *bourgeois* class which is sincerely attached to the Republic: and even among them his personal record was not well enough known to bring him any very lively feelings of devotion. Owing to a certain stiffness in his attitude, something curt and imperious in his way of speaking, and his dread of everything which could be mistaken for ostentation or advertisement, the attachment which was really felt to him did not show itself with the force needful to create a current of public opinion in his favour. On the contrary, the Radicals and Socialists had no difficulty in starting among the populace a very strong current of distrust and even hostility. They affected to see in him nothing but a representative of that constitutional monarchy of which his grandfather had been the most illustrious embodiment. They tried to trace in him a typical Orleanist. His large fortune, his position as President of the Council of the Anzin mines were skilfully used against him; they made him out to be a representative of the capitalists who grow rich on the sufferings of the people, and the envious spirit which is the very soul of democracies gave ready credence to all the lies which were put in circulation as to the origin of the Périér fortune. Finally, the energy which he had displayed during his brief Ministerial career led them to fear that he might fail to confine himself to his constitutional position as an impartial arbitrator, and might exert an improper influence over the Ministry and Parliament. M. Périér did nothing to justify these suspicions; his attitude has been entirely irreproachable, and no serious man can question his devotion to the Republican cause. But whether it be owing to unfortunate circumstances or to some want of *savoir-faire* in his own character, M. Périér was never able to chase away the mist of coldness and distrust which surrounded him from the very day when he went to the Elysée, and he very soon came to feel that his election to the Presidency was injurious and

not helpful to the regular process of government and the progress of the Moderate Republican party.

There was illusion also as to the true strength of Moderate ideas and the possibility of constructing a really homogeneous majority in the Chamber. The assassination of M. Carnot forced all men to think first of the preservation of social order, and in this common feeling it was easy to agree on the election of M. Périér. But no sooner was the alarm allayed than the difficulty of maintaining concord among the members of the new majority became conspicuous. The ancient and profound jealousy with which the old Republicans had always regarded Clericalism reappeared, and was a serious embarrassment to the "Ralliés." M. Spuller, indeed, had with great eloquence announced the dawn of a *new spirit* in politics, the close of the historic conflict between the State and the Church, between Republicans and Catholics, and the formation of a great Liberal party, in which religious disputes were to be forgotten. But in these declarations some saw, or affected to see, a denial of the very principles by which the Republicans had triumphed and governed, and an abdication in face of the representatives of ancient parties, who were preferring a hypocritical request to enter the Republican ranks, only in order to destroy the Republic. A group arose within the majority, presided over by M. Isambert, which insisted that the Government ought firmly to decline the support of the "Ralliés," and proposed to return to the policy of concentration. Meanwhile the Socialists in the Chamber succeeded in carrying on a system of obstruction, worrying the Government by futile and noisy interpellations, causing frequent "scenes," preventing the passing of the Budget in proper time, and rousing in the country a sense of the impotence of Parliament itself, as well of the majority in Parliament. Outside the Chamber the Socialists organised, in public meeting and in the Press, a campaign of denunciation, invective, and calumny against the President of the Republic, and so far succeeded that it was only with great difficulty that the jury were persuaded to convict the worst of these libellers, M. Gérault-Richard. The most eloquent of the Socialist Deputies, M. Jaurès, defended M. Gérault-Richard at the Assizes, and took the opportunity of surpassing even his client in the violence of his invectives against the Périér family. A few weeks afterwards M. Gérault-Richard was elected a Deputy for Paris, and his candidature was used as a popular demonstration against M. Périér. Some time before, M. Périér had been replaced in his own constituency by an obscure person named Bachimont, who came forward under Socialist auspices as a personal enemy of the President. Thus, at the same time that M. Périér, who maintained the strictest neutrality, was being accused of trying to impose on the country his personal political views, he had not the benefit of the constitutional fiction which treats the President as

above all parties and all polemics. M. Brisson himself, the most respected among the Radical leaders, did not hesitate to break through this rule of parliamentary etiquette, and actually in a public meeting accused M. Casimir-Périer of making himself a tool of reaction.

But if M. Périer saw himself powerless in the country, and the Chamber given over to discord and feebleness, did he find in the Ministry the sympathy and hearty confidence to which he was entitled? Nothing of the kind. He had thought it his duty to continue in the office of Premier, M. Dupuy, his competitor for the Presidency. It was an act, not of mere generosity, but rather of good policy; for M. Dupuy still possessed a strong majority in the Chamber; he had shown both courage and decision on many occasions—in particular, in the Quartier Latin riots and the Bourse du Travail affair; and he had no obvious successor among the majority, except, perhaps, M. Burdeau, the Finance Minister. But M. Burdeau was so intimate a friend of M. Périer that to invite him to form a Cabinet would have looked like preferring personal liking to the interest of the country.

The task of reconstituting the Ministry was therefore committed to M. Dupuy, who found it easy enough. M. Burdeau succeeded M. Casimir-Périer as President of the Chamber; M. Poincaré went over from the office of Public Instruction to that of Finance, in place of M. Burdeau; and a young and able Deputy, M. Leygues, took the portfolio of Public Instruction. No doubt M. Périer did not anticipate a long life for the Dupuy Ministry, for, esteemed as M. Dupuy was for his uprightness and energy, he had little personal magnetism, and was neither large-minded nor skilful enough for a Prime Minister. M. Périer was counting on M. Burdeau to form, on the fall of M. Dupuy, a Government able to manage the majority with a firm hand, and deal with public affairs in a comprehensive and methodic spirit. But M. Burdeau suddenly died of an affection of the heart, caused by overwork and aggravated by a series of outrageous attacks on his personal honour, and with him fell the hopes M. Périer had rested on him. Saddened and discouraged by these disappointments, M. Périer also thought he perceived in the behaviour of the Ministry a feeling of distrust, if not of ill-will. While M. Dupuy took every care that he should see the reports of Prefects who spoke of the unpopularity of the President of the Republic, and the unfortunate effect of his name upon the electorate, the Finance Minister submitted to the Chamber a revised Budget, of which M. Périer had no knowledge; the Foreign Minister neglected to keep him informed of diplomatic business, even in the case of the unfortunate affair of Captain Dreyfus; and the Minister of War made arrangements to dismiss 36,000 men in active service to their homes without telling the President anything

about it. There was a letter also from the Regent of Spain, addressed to the President, which, by some neglect, was not sent on to him for several days—not until after the Spanish Ambassador had told him of it.

This attitude of the Ministers admits of some explanation. M. Carnot had got them into the way of dealing with whatever arose themselves, and referring nothing to him except at the council-table; he was clearly resolved not to interfere directly in politics, but to confine himself to the rôle of representative of the State and arbitrator in parliamentary struggles. M. Périer, on the other hand, had been Prime Minister not many months before, and had under his orders many of the Ministers who now had direct responsibility. As Premier, he had displayed a marked tendency to take everything into his own hands, manage everything, and assume all responsibility; and it was natural enough for Ministers to be somewhat jealous of his interference, and to find it not very easy to keep him *au courant* of what was going on, without tempting him to give them advice which, coming from him, would be very like a command. It would have required a good deal of tact and dexterity in M. Périer to modify what was clearly a false position. He preferred to hold his tongue and wait; but these relations with the Ministry could not but confirm his impression that he was not in his proper place, and that the Presidency did not suit him.

An incident, slight enough in appearance, but involving important principles, suddenly upset the Dupuy Ministry. The Government and the Chamber got into a dispute with the Orleans and Southern Railway Companies over the interpretation of the conventions of 1883. The Government contended that the State guarantee of interest did not extend beyond 1914: the companies maintained that it lasted till 1960. The question went before the Council of State, and after some months was decided in favour of the companies. Questioned in the Chamber as to whether he was going to accept the decision, M. Dupuy declared that the executive and legislative authorities were bound to obey the decisions of Courts of Justice whatever they might be. But the Chamber carried a resolution refusing to recognise the decision of the Council of State except provisionally, and reserving to the State and Parliament the right of deciding in 1914 whether the guarantee ought to be continued or not. M. Dupuy resigned. The situation was particularly difficult, because a great many members had voted against the Ministry without the least reference to the matter in hand. Some wanted to upset M. Dupuy from a desire to get back to a Government of concentration; and this tendency had for some time been so strongly marked in Parliament that M. Brisson succeeded M. Burdeau in the Presidency of the Chamber in spite of his open hostility to M.

Casimir-Périer. Others voted against M. Dupuy because they knew of the friction between him and M. Périer, whom they wished to relieve of an ill-disposed and troublesome Minister. And within the Cabinet itself, two Ministers, M. Barthou, Minister of Public Works, and M. Poincaré, Finance Minister, had let it be clearly seen that they would not stand or fall with their chief.

What could M. Casimir-Périer do? To reconstitute a Moderate Republican Ministry, when the majority of those who had turned out M. Dupuy were Radicals, would have been an act of personal authority. To offer the Government to the Radicals would have been to offend all who had joined them simply in order to help M. Périer, and besides, would have seemed to give approval to a vote which was an obvious encroachment of the Legislature upon the Judiciary. After two days' hesitation, on Tuesday, January 22, the public learned, with profound surprise, that M. Casimir-Périer had resigned.

A cry of joy arose from the camp of the Socialists, who took it as a triumph of their policy of violence and insult. Astonishment and lively indignation reigned in the camp of the Moderates, who deemed themselves abandoned in the thick of the battle by the President of their choice. No one dared say a word in defence of M. Périer. It was said that he had acted on the impulse of a moment of discouragement and anger; that he had lost his head owing to Anarchist threats conveyed day by day in anonymous letters to the Elysée, and menacing not only M. Périer himself, but his wife and children; that he had been disgusted by the incessant attacks of certain newspapers, by the elections of MM. Gérault-Richard and Bachimont, and by the appointment of M. Brisson; and that he had lacked courage either to submit to a Radical Ministry or to try to bring the Moderates back to union and a sense of duty. Certainly this surprising decision was calculated to provoke the severest criticism. The President had not even talked over his resignation with the leading members of the party which had brought him into power. It looked like the act of a rash man. But it is just because he was so sure to be blamed, because he risked the loss of his whole political future, that one must look for some other explanation of M. Casimir-Périer's decision. When we think of the bravery which he showed in the War of 1870, his straight political conduct since he entered Parliament, his statesmanlike qualities—the coolness, justice, and authority of which he had given proof in his Premiership, and the resolution with which he submitted to the Presidency which he did not desire, it is impossible not to admit that it must have been in a moment of nervous strain that he committed himself to an act which he knew would be universally condemned.

To what quarter could he have turned for a solution? He might have asked the Senate for its consent to a dissolution. Suppose he

had got it; such an intervention would have been represented in the country as putting pressure on the electorate. Ever since McMahon's dissolution of 1877, this step, so natural and common in constitutional countries, has had, in France, the air of a *coup d'état*. Besides, under the *scrutin d'arrondissement*, there was not much chance of getting a better Chamber, and some risk of a worse one. To ask for a revision of the Constitution, in order to define or enlarge the powers of the President, would have been to court a check and incur the charge of personal ambition. To call the Radicals to power, when they could only command a majority by the aid of the Socialists, would have been to increase the difficulties of Parliament. He could not have played a strong game unless he had had at his back a well-disciplined party in Parliament and in the country, full of confidence in him and determined to follow his lead. He felt himself, on the contrary, surrounded by unjust suspicion, ill understood and badly supported; he saw that in any event he would, probably, have to resign in the near future, and to resign in circumstances no doubt much more favourable to himself but much more dangerous to the country; for he would then leave the Radicals in power, and hand over his office to a Radical President. He took into consideration the fact that there was a real Moderate majority in the Chamber, which had been in evidence several times since 1893, but was disunited, incapable of united and sustained action, and divided by personal ambitions, and could only be recalled to the consciousness of itself and its duty by some rude shock. This shock he administered; and the event has so far justified his expectations. The new President belongs to the same political section as himself; the new Ministry represents the same tendencies as that of M. Dupuy, and the majority seem resolved to support it. Now one may safely say that the present Ministry could not have been formed under M. Casimir-Périer, and that, on the contrary, the Ministerial crisis would have ended in a Government of Concentration.

M. Félix Faure, who on the 24th of January last was chosen by the Congress to be President of the Republic, is a new man in the fullest sense of the word. The son of a small Parisian furniture maker, he was for some time apprentice to a tanner, and then made a humble start in life with a business house at Havre, in the leather trade. He has made his fortune by hard work and intelligence. In the Chamber he has been known as a painstaking and conscientious member, whose practical powers were better fitted to useful committee work than to the noisy strife of the tribune. He kept himself aloof from party quarrels, was one of the most active and competent members of the Budget Committee, and ultimately gave proof of real administrative ability in the Ministry of Marine. Already since he became President he has won popular esteem by his generosity, and

by his diligence in visiting hospitals, and appearing at exhibitions and fêtes, and in planning tours in the provinces, where he is sure to find a cordial reception. Tall, well-made, with a good presence and affable address, he has all the necessary qualities for the chief magistracy ; as much dignity as M. Carnot, and more grace. Will he also be something more than a mere honorary officer, a real Head of the State, exerting a discreet but effectual influence over the Government, as M. Périer tried but failed to be ? It is too soon to say ; but I think that M. Faure has enough of skill and practical spirit to maintain his rightful authority. He can do it better than others : he has no great name, no embarrassing past, no enemies, and is not open to the suspicion of ambition. So far, in spite of the curses in which the Socialists indulged when he beat M. Brisson at the Congress, he has escaped attack either in the Press or the Chambers. He is not brought into political squabbles ; and the only measure attributed to his personal influence is one which has in some measure disarmed the violence of the Extreme Left—namely, the amnesty for political crimes and offences connected with strikes.

With perfect correctness M. Faure at once sent for M. Léon Bourgeois, the most distinguished member of the Radical Left, to form a Cabinet. The Radicals claimed to have brought about the fall of M. Dupuy and gained a triumph for the principle of concentration ; it was therefore necessary to offer the Premiership to the deputy who had made a remarkable speech some weeks before on the advantages of that principle. But M. Bourgeois's efforts to form a Ministry only seemed to demonstrate the inability of the Radical party to get together a majority of which it should be the principal element. For some months past the Radicals have found themselves insensibly drawn into a Socialist alliance, more or less disguised ; and the Socialists are far too uncompromising to be able to leave off opposing and support any kind of Government. So M. Bourgeois, in the hope of constructing a Cabinet, had to approach members of the very Ministry he had turned out, and other deputies of the same colour. A construction so illogical could not succeed. M. Bourgeois discovered through these negotiations that the centre of gravity of the majority had not shifted, and that it was the Moderates who must be asked to form a Ministry. In fact, the sudden decision of M. Casimir-Périer had brought the majority to a clear sense of the situation and of the necessity of that cohesion which they had allowed to lapse. M. Ribot was charged with the formation of a Ministry, and although a few weeks before he had received a ridiculously small vote for the Presidency of the Chamber against the Radical candidate, M. Brisson, he had no trouble in finding colleagues and a solid majority. He was prudent enough to put forward no immediate programme except the carrying through with all despatch of the Budget for 1895, which was

three months in arrear; and in order to that he took up himself the portfolio of Finance. At the same time he foreshadowed a series of financial and administrative reforms, setting on foot the preliminary studies for schemes of decentralisation, and for the suppression of *octrois*. As soon as the Budget is passed, he has promised to take up M. Poincaré's proposal on the death duties, which will for the first time introduce into our system the principle of graduated taxation; and he has undertaken a long-promised reform of the liquor tax—the only measure which can relieve our financial embarrassments and meet without difficulty our military and colonial expenditure.

Three members of M. Dupuy's Cabinet joined that of M. Ribot; M. Leygues, who has gone from the Education Office to that of the Interior; M. Poincaré, who has quitted Finance for Education; and M. Hanotaux, who has retained the portfolio of Foreign Affairs. In spite of his youth, M. Hanotaux has acquired an unusual reputation. On taking office he found himself at once confronted by not a few matters of importance. The treachery of Captain Dreyfus involved a grave international question, for the principal document in evidence against him had been stolen from a foreign Government; the succession of a new Czar, if treated without tact, might well have injured the cordial though tacit understanding between France and Russia: there was, besides, the Chino-Japanese war, so important to European interests in the Far East; and, not least, the affairs of Africa. It is in this last field especially that M. Hanotaux has shown an ability, caution, skill, and energy which were essential if the position of France was to be maintained in face of the rivalries of the Powers. Thanks to an understanding with Germany, whose African interests are identical with our own, he has settled the outstanding questions between Germany and France in that continent; he has succeeded in breaking the Anglo-Belgian agreement as to the Congo, and substituting for it a Franco-Belgian agreement; and he had a great share in persuading the Chamber to take decisive action in Madagascar, which will stop the ill-will of the Hovas to our Protectorate. The loyalty with which the English Government has on this point recognised our rights, assures the success of an expedition of great importance for the future of French colonial policy.

Our colonial policy would indeed be assured if the French Government could only obtain what England has long possessed—capable and honest colonial administrators, and the aid of private capital in the development of colonial resources. Unfortunately, French capital is very timid; and those who take part in colonial ventures seek the opportunity rather of rapid speculation than of lasting and productive effort. We have no regular and facile method of enlisting colonial governors; there are a great many men in the service who are

seeking their fortune abroad because they have achieved no satisfactory position at home ; and as for the French public, neither they nor even the Government sufficiently consider that a colony cannot be managed like a French Department, and that commerce in the far East or in Africa cannot be carried on under the same conditions and rules as European trade. One is always disposed to see abuses, extortion, and fraud in commercial transactions, where the risks are so great as to compel the trader to look for profits which in Europe would seem monstrous. Our colonial governors are too often the victims of thoughtless attacks, which the Press is too ready to listen to, and of the political rivalries of Paris. Only recently, M. Lanessan, the Governor of Indo-China, was suddenly recalled by M. Dupuy on account of some accusations of the truth of which no one knows anything, and in spite of the services which he has indisputably rendered. It did not seem to cross M. Dupuy's mind that so rough an act would injure our prestige among the peoples of the far East. Our colonial interests are too readily subordinated to parliamentary intrigues and party interests at home. Thus M. Ribot, in order to have a Radical in his Cabinet, has handed over the Colonial Office to Dr. Chautemps, who knows very little of such matters. This kind of inconsiderateness in the Government, joined to the timidity of the capitalists, and the difficulty of getting able and honest men into the service, will for a long time to come render fruitless all the enormous sacrifices which France has made for her colonial possessions.

M. André Lebon, Minister of Commerce in the new Cabinet, was formerly a professor in the School of Political Science. He is a very capable and energetic young man, and brings to his work the strength of a complete political training, and a wide and clear understanding. For the Department of Justice, M. Trarieux has been chosen, a Senator of great distinction, a member of the Peace and Arbitration League, and a man of the highest probity. His selection affords a guarantee that the Government will unhesitatingly bring before the tribunals such electoral, financial, and journalistic malpractices as have of late too often been exposed. We learned with astonishment that there had been constant frauds in the elections at Toulouse. The Radical party, which had the control of the municipal offices, had systematically falsified the registers, and the Prefects had not dared to resist. The complaints of business men and directors of clubs have brought to light a system of blackmail on which a portion of the Parisian Press has been living. The sentencing of a few journalists has only revealed a small part of the mischief, and the arguments put forward in defence of the accused make it clear that journalism has a moral code of its own on the subject of financial advertising, a term which is used to cover blackmailing practices very close to rascality. The political world is in very close relations with the Press, and is infected

by the same evils as were conspicuous in the Panama affair. The greatest danger to the Republic lies in the fact that the parliamentary system is gradually losing credit amongst the mass of the people, the workmen, and agricultural labourers. They are by degrees coming to the conviction that Parliamentarism is incompetent to effect reform, and is a mere conflict of ambitions and interests between Ministers and would-be Ministers; while the Chambers and the Press are corrupted by venality and the love of pleasure. Only a strong moral reaction can avail to show that the evil is not so widespread as is believed, and that practical reforms will satisfy the legitimate demands of public opinion.

The Ministries of War and Marine have been committed to two competent men, General Zurlinden and Admiral Besnard. They have a serious task before them. For the late Minister of War, General Mercier, threw the regimental arrangements into confusion by proposing to send home part of the contingent of recruits; and the necessity under which the Government found itself of applying to an English firm to transport some war material to Madagascar showed that, in spite of our enormous naval expenditure and the heavy subsidies granted to our great shipping companies, France is far from possessing all the machinery for war which she requires. There is a routine and happy-go-lucky spirit in the military and naval departments which calls for some rude shock.

In spite of internal difficulties the situation has very markedly improved since the elections of 1893. There is distinct progress in the direction of a governing majority and a like-minded Ministry, whose object it should be to carry out principles and not to satisfy private interests and ambitions. There is also a tendency to give to the President a real place in the management of public affairs. And there is also an eager desire to bring about a more healthy tone of morality, both in elections and in the Press. I do not think the strength of the Socialists in the Chamber or the spread of Socialistic ideas in the country presents as yet any real danger. On the contrary, I am convinced that the exaggeration and violence of most of the Socialist deputies, their ignorance, their childish proposals, the profound schisms which divide their party, the habits which its members have of suspecting and attacking one another, and finishing nearly all their meetings with fisticuffs, will for a long time to come exclude the Socialist party from direct influence in politics. On the other hand, the strength and claims of that party are having the excellent effect of compelling the Moderates not only to combine to resist impracticable theories, but to apply their minds to practical measures for relieving the sufferings of the labouring classes, and infusing into society and law a higher spirit of humanity and justice. In spite of anything the Socialists may say, and amid all the difficulties of our parliamentary

system, the Republic has already done a great deal in this direction, not only by its educational and military measures, but by its direct legislation on labour questions and on public charity.

The foreign affairs of France are certainly in better condition than they have been for a long time past. She is in a position to maintain without loss of dignity those cordial relations with Germany which all Europeans owe to each other in time of peace. No one is any longer found to deny the necessity of mutual interchange with Germany of intellectual and scientific thought. A Parisian may applaud Wagner's operas and even Sudermann's plays without being taxed with unpatriotic conduct; and, more than this, France will take part officially in the Kiel festivities, while her artists will be represented at the Exhibition at Berlin, and Germany will join in the Paris Universal Exhibition of 1900. William II. certainly did much to promote this new turn in the relations of France and Germany by the cordial courtesy which he showed on the deaths of President Carnot and Marshals MacMahon and Canrobert. He has helped to deprive the Triple Alliance of its aggressive and offensive aspect towards France. But it must be recognised that the improved state of things is in no small degree due to the persevering prudence of the French Government, and even to a gradual change in public opinion. Spite of the harmless violence of a few newspapers which use patriotism as a means of advertisement, the great mass of the French people have at length come to see that it was childish to sacrifice all the benefits which France might derive from intellectual communion and political intercourse with Germany to territorial claims which she cannot presently realise, and which she may notwithstanding cherish as indestructible in her heart. She will have a much better chance of obtaining them some day if she takes an active part in European politics; and at all events she will gain more by taking up a frank and pacific attitude than by maintaining a sullen air which would be a confession of weakness and expose her to the general taunt of being a kill-joy. In close accord with Russia, anxious to smooth away her misunderstandings with England, and allied with Germany on African questions, France would affect a humiliation which is out of date if she did not believe herself able to play her part on all great European occasions without risking any loss of her dignity.

GABRIEL MONOD.

THE EUROPEAN PARTNERS IN ASIA.

WE are face to face with a new situation in Asia. Hitherto the European Powers have considered the Asiatic continent as an estate of which they were residuary legatees. The men in possession were sick, some of them sick unto death, all of them sick beyond hope of recovery. The residuary legatees indeed had entered into enjoyment of their inheritance in India, Siberia, Burmah, and Cochin China. It seemed only a question of time when the rest of the continent should follow suit, to pass under the dominion, veiled or unveiled, of some European Power.

Japan has changed all that. It is evident that we can no longer deal with Asia without reckoning with Asiatics. The Japanese, Easterns of the furthest East, Asiatics of the Asiatics, having girt themselves with the panoply of European science, have shown themselves capable of holding their own with the strongest and ablest of the Western Powers. Alike on land and sea they have proved they can wield the hammer of Thor. At this moment they command the Eastern seas. Their victorious navy, reinforced by the captured ironclads of China, with its newly acquired Gibaltars of Port Arthur and Wai-hai-wai, could, if it pleased, sweep the flags of Europe from the Yellow Sea to the Straits of Malacca. The combined squadrons of Britain, France, and Russia, even if reinforced by the straggling German and Spanish ironclads, could not contend on equal terms, either as to ships, men, or guns, with the sailors of the Mikado. And, as we are constantly being reminded, the Power that commands the seas commands everything. Europe for the first time is compelled to realise that in the Furthest East her power exists by sufferance rather than by might. That is a new position for Europe to face, and one which entails many consequences, only one or two of which can be touched upon here.

The travellers in the familiar nursery legend, who landed on the back of a slumbering kraken, believing it to be a solid island, were not a little dismayed when the heat of their fire awoke the monster and caused it to disappear beneath their feet.

Asia may be such a kraken beneath the feet of the European intruders. Men so diverse in mood and in character as General Gordon, Lord Wolseley, and General Ignatieff have repeatedly warned us not to reckon too confidently upon the immobility of the Yellow World. Their nightmare was China. But the lesson is all the more striking because the awakening has come from Japan. Henceforth Asiatics count. They are no longer as sheep to be divided into flocks according to the convenience of shepherds chiefly anxious about the boundary of their folds. They are capable, some of them at least, of making short work both of their folds and their shepherds. And so Europe must beware.

When we say Europe, let us discriminate. Who are the partners in the Western firm which has already annexed half of Asia, and which regarded the other half as its natural inheritance? Europe in Asia, for practical purposes, consists of two Powers, England and Russia. The Empires of Britain and of Muscovy have the overlordship, the one of the South the other of the North, while a narrow ribbon of mountainous network alone remains between the outposts of the Cossack and the passes guarded by the Sepoy. Besides these two senior partners in the great European firm doing business in Asia there is a junior partner, a very junior partner, in the person of the French Republic, which fusses and frets in the extreme corner of Indo-China in certain possessions which it calls colonies, and which give it a nominal right to be regarded as one of the members of the Syndicate of Partition. The other Powers, Germany, America, Spain, do not count as partners. The firm consists of three members, and three only—England, Russia, and France.

It is with them, and practically with them alone, that the New Asia, or rather the Old Asia with the New Armaments, will have to reckon. At present, no doubt, Japan will rest upon her laurels. But she has not triumphed over China merely to go back to her old position. She has revolutionised the situation, and she knows it. Already there is none of the talk which once was heard on every side about compelling Japan to submit her terms of peace to the final adjudication of Europe. When the war began it was understood that Russia and England intended to revise the treaty of peace, much as Lord Beaconsfield and Prince Bismarck revised the Treaty of San Stefano at Berlin. Japan in Korea, like Russia in Bulgaria, had to be taught that the last word has to be spoken by other Powers than those who waged the battle and who had won the fight. But the Japanese won their fight so thoroughly, that although there is plenty

of growling there is little disposition to meddle seriously with their treaty of peace. Korea will henceforth be a Japanese dependency under the disguise of independence. The peninsula which with the arsenal fortress of Port Arthur dominates the sea gate of the Chinese capital, becomes the outpost of Japan. In Formosa, Japan lays the foundation of an empire over sea to which there are likely before long to be copious additions. The Japanese fleet, swollen by the captured navy of China, the Japanese Treasury, glutted with the millions of the Chinese ransom, and the Japanese national vanity, intoxicated by the strong wine of military and naval victory, are factors with which the European syndicate doing business in Asia will do well to take speedy and careful account.

First, it may be well to dismiss in a sentence the case of France. The Republic has a wolf by the ears in Tonkin. In Cochin China and in Annam it has possessions which minister to the national vanity without adding to the strength or the resources of the Republic. Yet France may be said in some way to hold the pass. It is on France that the Yellow Revival may first spend its strength. Neither Russia nor England is in possession of territories distinctively Chinese, if we except Hong Kong, which is a mere rocky hog's back. Japan will not meddle with Hong Kong. But Japan at Formosa will not be the pleasantest of neighbours for France. And Japan having begun to eat up the islands off the Chinese littoral may swallow others down to and including the Philippines. Every fresh island that passes under the Japanese flag diminishes the area of pressure within which France can exert influence on China. In the last Franco-Chinese War the French found Formosa a convenient place of arms. That is no longer available. The Japanese conquest also narrows the area within which French adventure could hope for fresh conquests. After they had annexed Madagascar, the French dreamed of Formosa; that, however, is to the advantage of France. For in the Far East France can only gain a loss. Every French extension is a disaster to the Republic. All that need to be seen to in regard to France is that her *amour propre* be not unnecessarily wounded, that due homage should be paid to the titular position which has cost her so dear and yields her nothing, and that when financial or political exigencies compel her retirement from her costly conquests, the work for which she is constitutionally incompetent shall fall into English hands. Of course, nothing can be said about such contingencies in the Chancelleries of Europe. But no one who looks at the French Budgets, and notes the colonial deficit, can help thinking of them and preparing for the inevitable. For effective help against the Asiatic, the European Syndicate of Partition can count for but little help from the junior partner at Paris. We come therefore to the vital question, which must be answered before any solution of the Eastern question

or questions can be so much as attempted. What are to be the future relations of Britain and Russia? The fate of Pekin and not of Pekin only, but of Teheran, Bagdad, and Lhassa, depends upon the relations between St. Petersburg and London.

If Russia and England keep step, the Asiatic question can be solved pacifically, or if not solved, at least kept in a state of pacific solution. But if Russia and England are at cross purposes, there can be no peace; there can only be a feverish truce in Asia.

This has long been a truism of international policy. But it is doubly important to bear it in mind to-day, when the whole congeries of Asiatic problems has to be studied afresh in the face of a revolutionised situation. Fortunately there is at present the best of intentions on the part of both empires. They have just succeeded, after prolonged negotiations, in settling the question of the Pamirs. With this has vanished the last of the open questions that have been in discussion between Russia and England. We are therefore both free to take into consideration the altered situation without any lurking feeling at the back of our minds that our neighbour might be trying to exploit the question of Korea for the purpose of prejudicing our case in Afghanistan. There is, fortunately also, no disposition on either side to raise new questions. Having settled the old ones, we want peace and rest. But unsettled questions have no regard for the peace of nations, and although Russia and England only ask to be allowed to sit still and develop their own resources, Asia at each end is compelling us to ask what is to be done to discharge common responsibilities or to protect common interests. In these circumstances the most important thing is not to propound a programme so much as to adopt an attitude.

What is the true attitude in which England and Russia should stand in relation to these questions which Asia is presenting and will continue to present to the European world? It may be defined in one word—partnership. We are partners rather than rivals; allies rather than foes. The interests which we have in common far outweigh the interests where we are in rivalry. We are both European, Christian, progressive, expanding Western Powers. We are white men few in number exercising authority in the midst of hundreds of millions of yellow men, some of whom have been conquered by the weapons of civilisation, while others are beginning to borrow those weapons for their own defence against the intruding foreigner. Blood is thicker than water. White men in Asia will have to stand shoulder to shoulder if they are to maintain or to extend the predominance which they have for the last fifty years exercised throughout Asia.

If this be granted, then it follows that every Asiatic question that is not domestic and local in its nature—this foray into Chitral, for instance, is exclusively of the Indian parochial order—must

be considered in common by the partners acting in concert. So far as the redistribution of political power in Asia is concerned, whether the question be raised by the conclusion of a commercial treaty, or the shifting of a frontier, the annexation of an island, or the opening up of an inland waterway, it should always be considered, not as a question for England or for Russia, but as one for England and Russia. In other words, all international Asiatic questions arising along the zone that divides the respective regions of influence of England and Russia should be handled as if for practical purposes England and Russia had become a dual empire, with a common foreign office and a common foreign policy. If this be regarded as chimerical, it may be replied that there are fewer difficulties in the way of its realisation than in securing the adoption of a common foreign policy by the two halves of the Empire-Kingdom of Austria-Hungary.

To begin with, there are no diplomatic difficulties in the way. The regulation of the affairs of Asia is not a task that is much complicated by the cobwebs of chanceries or the red tape of diplomats. To decide, for instance, as to what should be done in regard to the Chinese-Japanese treaty of peace is a much simpler matter than it was to intervene in the case of the Treaty of San Stefano. There would, to take a concrete example, be far less difficulty, from a diplomatic point of view, in establishing an Anglo-Russian control over Korea, than there was in creating the Anglo-French control in Egypt. In Egypt, as an integral part of the Ottoman Empire, all the Great Powers had theoretically an equal right to interfere. In China the principle of the European concert is much less solidly established. If England and Russia choose to constitute themselves a working partnership for Asiatic business, their leadership would be recognised as natural and proper by all the other European Powers.

The chief advantage of a loyal partnership is that in most cases it would prevent action that would be forced upon us if each, distrustful of his neighbour, sought to protect his own interests by independent action. If it were perfectly well understood that nothing would be done by England without first consulting Russia, and *vice versa*, half, and more than half, the danger of unnecessary interference would disappear.

The confidence begotten by the agreement to act together would in nine cases out of ten prevent any need for acting at all. And that is the great desideratum. What Russia and England alike wish to secure is time for quiet growth and natural evolution, and nothing would be more likely to secure this than a frank and loyal understanding that neither would move hand or foot in debateable land without first consulting the other. In such an Anglo-Russian concert lies the best

hope for the peace of Asia and the maintenance of the ascendancy of Europe in the East.

Impossible? Why is it impossible? In the olden days, before we understood the real secret of the strength of Russia, there were many who imagined that Russia was perpetually straining at the leash in order to rush Constantinople. Of late some wiseacres have varied this by asserting that Russian statesmen are pining for a favourable opportunity to demand the abolition of the interdict which bars the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles to the passage of ships of war. As a matter of fact, it is now well known that nothing can be further from the truth than this. Russia prefers the Turk at Constantinople to any other conceivable tenant. No one could be at once so weak and so pliable a keeper of her back door as the Sublime Porte. The Turk has had a past. He has no future. Failing a Russian Governor, the Sultan is infinitely the most convenient and trustworthy custodian of the keys of the Straits that the Russian Government could desire. As for the raising of the interdict in the free transit of the Straits by ships of war, there is nothing which Russia desires less. She could not ask for her ships to pass out without permitting at the same time other ships to pass in. Russia does not hanker after despatching an armada into the Mediterranean. But she is resolutely determined never to permit the waters of the Euxine to be ploughed by the keels of other ironclads save her own. The Turkish ironclads which have a nominal right to enter the Black Sea are practically useless. They have been left to rust since the war, their boilers could not stand the pressure of a head of steam, and for fighting purposes they may be left out of account. The Euxine is, therefore, almost as much a Russian lake as the Caspian. It would be sheer lunacy, therefore, for Russia to propose to break down a restriction which in time of war would be equivalent to the liberation of an army of 100,000 men. So far, therefore, as Constantinople and the Adriatic are concerned, Russia is almost too resolutely attached to the maintenance of the *status quo*.

That being so, and the invasion of India being manifestly as much beyond the range of practical politics as a march to the moon, why should Russia and England not strike up an effective co-partnership and settle each Asiatic question that arises?

Take, for instance, this present burning question of Armenia. So far England and Russia have worked hand and glove. They have as yet only deliberated. But the time of action draws nigh. What will they do? There is only one thing possible or practical to be done. England as the Power under the self-imposed obligations of the Anglo-Turkish Convention is bound to take the initiative in proposing the extinction of the executive authority of the Turks in the provinces where it has been so grossly abused. That is to say, England, having

allowed the Turk seventeen years in which to reform Armenia, must insist upon the adoption of the first indispensable preliminary of all reforms in Turkey, viz., the elimination of the Turkish executive, the Turkish garrison, and the whole horde of Turkish officials. The Sultan, of course, can and must retain his nominal sovereignty. There must be no interference with the exceedingly brittle diplomatic crockery known as the territorial integrity of the Ottoman Empire. But the direct executive authority of the Pashas must cease for ever in the region they have blasted by their crimes. England must propose this. But Russia alone can execute it. At present Russia not unnaturally shows but small disposition to pluck the chestnuts out of the fire for the sake of Armenians, or for the sake of the European concert. But if Russia were furnished with an European mandate, granted on the initiative of England, and supported by a British squadron at Besika Bay, authorising her to occupy and administer Turkish Armenia as Austria occupies and administers Bosnia and the Herzegovina, her coyness might be overcome. Such, at least, seems possible enough if the Anglo-Russian partnership were in working order. If it is not, the poor Armenians may whistle for their deliverance.

In the whole of the Eastern question, on the Western side, there is no reason why England should not accept the formula put forward recently by Madame Novikoff, the informal ambassadress of Russia in this country, and solve the problem by eliminating the authority of the Turk from his provinces while preserving it at Constantinople. What is to be done is to Lebanonise or Eastern Roumelianise all the provinces, European or Asiatic, where there is a mixed population. The abortive programme of the European Commission, which drew up a scheme for the government of Macedonia in 1879-80, affords an ample basis for a practical Anglo-Russian policy in the Levant which would be at once conservative and progressive.

At the other end of Asia, where a new Eastern question has suddenly been unfolded, an Anglo-Russian partnership would preclude all necessity for fussy intervention between the Chinese and their Japanese conquerors. The Russians, it is well understood, desire a port in Korea or on the Manchurian coast which will give them access to the open sea, winter and summer. Vladivostock, their only port on the Pacific, is frozen up four or five months every year. She is not building a transcontinental railway across Siberia merely to let it end in an Asiatic Archangel. Russia will drive her way to the open sea in the East, as she did in the West, by hard fighting, if need be. For it is to her a necessity of life. Port Lazareff, or some other port, will be her Asiatic Petersburg. At present she is not ready. If she knew that when the time came we should support her claim to a port on the Korean littoral, she might well allow the treaty of

Simoneseki to pass without protest. Unless she has some such understanding she may make a great deal of trouble, and involve us in a very unprofitable and irritating controversy with victorious Japan.

The more the new situation is contemplated from a practical point of view, the more clearly it will appear to be to our interest to postpone all these vexed political questions in order to be free to make the most of the opening of China.

We need have little fear that Japan is at once going to oust us from our position of commercial ascendancy in China. That huge empire is too vast to be dominated by Japan. What has happened is that a door has been opened through which we may pass to profit withal. But let us make no mistake. If we waste our chances in diplomatic bickerings, if we needlessly antagonise Japan, or thrust on one side the friendly overtures of Russia, we shall find that our position in the Far East has altered for the worst. Already the Japanese have seriously cut into the coal trade of New South Wales, taking quick advantage of the labour movement of Australia, and the opening up of the coalfields of Formosa will give them a still further pull over the dearly paid labour of our colonies. With all our adroitness and practical genius we shall be hard put to it to hold our own against the Yellow Races, at least in their own country. All the more need, therefore, for a frank and friendly understanding with Russia on certain clear and easily-defined lines which would enable the European partners to devote all their energies, undisturbed by jealous rivalries, to the maintenance and development of the position, commercial and political, of Europe in Asia.

RUSSIA, MONGOLIA, AND CHINA.

IF the political disintegration of China, which seems to be imminent in all parts of the country beyond the limits of the "Flowery Kingdom," should actually come to pass, it will certainly lead to Russian intervention, even if the Russian Government should wish to practise the policy of "hands off." By the mere force of events, Russia will succeed partially to the inheritance of her Asiatic neighbour; for China will no longer be able to hold her northern territories, which are inhabited by populations of different origin, language, and manners. The vast zone of Mongolia, which until now has separated the Russians from the Chinese, gravitates more and more towards the sphere of Slavonic influence. By a strange turn of the historic balance, the Muscovites are to have their revenge for the Tartar domination of six centuries ago, and to subjugate, or, better still, to assimilate the nationalities which once were their conquerors. However amicable may be the official relations of the two conterminous empires, however explicit the terms in which each Power has bound itself for ever to respect the territories of the other, the forces of political attraction will draw on the government of the Tsar to put itself in the place of the government of the "Son of Heaven" in all the external provinces of China, even if the movement be not strong enough to determine Russia to attack at once some vital part of the Chinese Empire.

The successive encroachments of the Slav Empire upon the domain of the "Hundred Families" are well known. The boundary of Russia marches with that of China for about 5000 miles, and of this line much more than half is traced through districts once subject to the "August Sovereign." Towards the end of the seventeenth century, in 1689, the Chinese Government, by the Treaty of Nertchinsk, obtained the recall of the Cossack adventurers, sable-hunters,

who had established themselves at various points on the banks of the Amur, and even found itself strong enough to attack and recover fortified factories such as that of Albazin. At that time, indeed, Russia had no colonies properly so-called, in Eastern Siberia, beyond the Altai. But after the historic rights of China over the whole basin of the Amur were formally recognised, many opportunities occurred of violating them, and the Empire of the Tsars not infrequently yielded to the temptation. Commercial and political interests, the need of fresh soil for the growing number of colonists, the constant importation of convicts, furnished sufficient reasons for their concessions of territory, even leaving out of account the irresistible love of conquest and the fascination of power.

It is thus that in 1857 Muraviev-Amurskiy, the "Amurian," decreed the foundation of Nikolaïevsk, near the mouth of the river, and of the two factories of Mariinsk and Alexandrovsk, which in his view were likely to become places of great importance owing to their position, one on each side of the isthmus which divides the main stream of the Amur from the strait of Saghalien. The decree was followed by actual occupation, and in 1858 this irregular possession was legalised by the treaty of Aigoun, which formally ceded to Russia the mastery which she had thus seized in a time of profound peace. A new invasion followed in 1860. While the French and English were marching to Peking and looting the Summer Palace, the Russians, considering that it would be disadvantageous to remain as they were, claimed payment for their friendship with China, obtained the cession of a large strip of coast-land enclosed by the Amur and the Usuri, and thus got possession of the formidable position on the shores of the Pacific, on which they have constructed the citadel of Vladivostock, or "Rule the East." Five years later they occupied another district, which seems to be a sort of natural appendage to their possessions in Turkestan, for it drains into Lake Balkash, and lies on the western slope of the Tian-Shan. This is the territory called Kuldja. Almost all its Chinese inhabitants were massacred by the Dungans, or Mahometan "Converts." Russia took this country in the first instance in mortgage, her authority being only provisional. But when the Chinese returned, the Russian Government claimed, by way of interest on the mortgage, a district at the extreme north-west of the country, to serve as a refuge for those of the inhabitants, Dungans and Tarantchi, who dreaded her domination less than that of the restored sovereign. The Panславists were indignant that the territory thus annexed was so small, and that the greater part of the land was given back to its former masters.

Urga, or Bogdo-Kuren, the capital of Chinese Mongolia, was, like Kuldja, one of the halting-places of the Russian armies in their work of piecemeal annexation. There also the Slav Government quietly

assumed the place of the Mantchu Emperor for the purpose of keeping his Mongolian subjects in order during the trying time of the French-English-Chinese war. Thanks to these friendly services, which gave him in the end the actual sovereignty of the country, the White Tsar became the master of masters, and many of the tribes, recognising in their subjugation an inevitable destiny, were forward to accept the change of government. The Elöt Kalmucks, descendants of those very Kalmucks who once fled over the steppes of Astrakhan from the forced labour and taxes, encountered again, 3000 miles further on, the children of their old oppressors, and this time they durst not even complain. When a great Russian personage deigns to travel over the Mongolian steppe south of Lake Baikal, the Buriats fall on their bellies in the dust raised by his chariot. It is not therefore surprising that the Russo-Chinese frontier is in many places moved on the Chinese side without any preliminary agreement. To the south of the Tarbagatai the Chinese have withdrawn sixty miles further back in the last twenty years.* The outposts are pushed on, on the steppe, from one pool to another, from this knoll to the next. It is a slow pressure, like the percolation of water through the sand on the banks of a river.

Travel comes before annexation. Russians have not been the only people to explore Mongolia, Kashgaria and the countries between; but, as was natural, the chief share of this work has fallen to them, and they have reaped the benefit of the researches of foreign explorers, from Adolf Schlagintweit, Shaw, Johnson, Huc, Ney Elias, and Rockhill, to Richthofen, Bonvalot, d'Orléans, and Svene Hedin. The most exact maps, the most complete statistics, come to us from the Russian travellers, who have had soldiers and surveyors in their company, such as Kouropatkine, Frietsche, and Prjewalsky. Already we know the levels of the Gobi desert and the *Land of Grass* over almost their whole surface; and the archaeologists, by dint of ferreting about in the valleys of the Altaï, have succeeded in tracing much of the history of their ancient populations. It was a Russian, Jadrintsef, who discovered the ancient inscriptions of Kara Korum, once the capital of the Mongol Empire.

Russian explorers have nowhere met with any hindrance from the natives. These descendants of conquerors have so completely lost the spirit of independence that many of their tribes, up to a very recent date, were paying double tribute, the Russian tax as well as the Chinese exaction. Before the Delimitation Treaty of 1869 many a Kalmuck or Buriat of the unsettled zone boasted two sovereigns at once. A people systematically moulded and inured to servitude for centuries cannot but lose all desire for free political activity. Most of the Mongols are slaves, and belong to the princes, or Buddhist

* Wassili Veretchagin, "Autobiographical Sketches."

monasteries. The chiefs, who are elaborately classified in order of precedence, have all become pensioners of the Government, and are kept loyal to the Chinese Emperor by means of titles, salaries and presents, and summoned at regular intervals to the capital to learn how to be courteous. But a much more effective method of corruption has been found; Mongolia has been transformed into one vast monastery. Custom requires—and the fashion has been not only encouraged but almost insisted on—that at least one son in every family should take the yellow robe, and be maintained by the “black men” who feed their flocks on the steppe. In some districts more than half the male population live in the monasteries, and many women devote themselves to religious contemplation. From a nation of parasites like this Russia has no resistance to fear in her march to the Great Wall. The Lamas are quite ready to invoke blessings on the head of their future masters, and it is by an unconscious prophecy that the Bouriats and other Mongols have already given a place in their Pantheon to the great St. Nicholas, brother of the Bear and the Blue Wolf. No Mongolian dreams of reviving the old fighting passion; only a few poets, lashing themselves into a sort of frenzy, like the Shamanic priests, recall the glory of their ancestors and sing of the days when they overran the world, more fierce than lightning and conflagration.

One main source of the strength of Russia, considered not as a government but as a living nation, lies in her marvellous power of assimilating the populations of other races comprised in her vast empire. There has been a great deal of intercrossing between the Slavs and the different tribes of the Ural-Altaïc stock. The results are indeed very fortunate: the fusion has not brought deterioration of the race. And even in those parts of Asia where the mixture of ethnic elements has not attained any great importance, the natives, Mahometans and others, have at least accepted the Slav yoke with less repugnance than they must have shown if the Russians had been to them a nation altogether foreign. Amongst their conquerors they recognise many who are of kindred race; and after bravely defending their independence, they willingly enlist in the Russian armies. The English in India, who remain so distinct from the peoples of all races, inhabiting those immense territories south of the Himalayas, are astonished to see the cordial relations, free from haughtiness on the one side or humiliation on the other, which have grown up in Turkestan between the Russians and the sons of these nomads who defended with so much fury the route from the Caspian to Afghanistan.

About the middle of this century, Europe rang with the noise of a controversy, professedly scientific, but at bottom political, between the Polish patriots and their Muscovite adversaries. “The Russians are Asiatics,” cried Dushinski and his friends. “No,” was the angry

reply, "we are pure Europeans." The truth is, that the Eastern Russians are both European and Asiatic, and have not the least reason to fret themselves about it: quite the contrary. In a land situated as theirs is the race must be a mixed one, and the crossing of blood will go on continually. There are some countries so hemmed in by mountain, plateau, or desert that their inhabitants are able to maintain a strict gravity of race, or at all events move very slowly towards the unification of the diverse elements which go to make up the nation. But the great northern plain of Europe and Asia is like an immense arena in which peoples and races may carry on an endless process of fusion. In Russia proper, leaving out the Caucasus, a mass of different nations are being forged into one growing body: Slavs of all kinds, Great Russians and Poles, Cossacks, Ruthenians, and Slovacks; then Esthonians, Finns, Letts and Germans; and, lastly, foreign races—Karelians and Permians, Lapps and Samoyedes, Mordvines, Tchuvaches and Tcheremisses, Ostyaks, Voguls, Bashkirs and Mechtchiriaks, Kalmucks, Kirghiz and Nogai. It would be hard to find a Russian who had not, among his more immediate ancestors, some of divers languages and races; and in looking at Russian physiognomies you may see, one after another, a long series of types, from the Hellenic to the Mongolian. A friend of mine, formerly engineer in one of the Ural gold mines, used to say to me, alluding to the hundred races represented in his person: "It is I who am the Churda-Murda—the *omnium gatherum*: all Europe and all Asia live in me!" Now, Siberia, even more than European Russia, is a Churda-Murda—a hotch-potch of tribes of every stock, gradually melting into a people apparently homogeneous and possessing a common consciousness. Out of its 5,000,000 inhabitants—6,500,000 if we count those of the Ural slope—hardly 700,000 can be counted who are not Slavs. But the great majority of the so-called Slavs are themselves only Slav-ised. Numerous hordes of Tartars, almost all the Voguls of the Ural, a good half of the Ostyaks, Soyotes, Soyones, Tunguses, and Mongols are treated as Russians simply because they have adopted Russian dress and manners. The Buriats in the neighbourhood of Irkutsk are turning out *moujiks*. The mixture of races is constantly going on, and tends strongly to Russification.

Nevertheless, the hereditary qualities of the fusing peoples are not lost; and the Siberians, no less than the Russians, have the enormous advantage over us Westerns that they readily understand the Oriental peoples and take in their ideas. On them lies the task, imposed by Nature herself, of admitting these tribes who have become their neighbours, and whom it would be vain for us, with our very different way of looking at things, to try and develop. With the exception of a few missionaries, who live on terms of intimacy with the Chinese, the men of Western Europe, merchants and diplomats, who visit

the "Flowery Land," cannot pretend to any real knowledge of the people : to reach that end it is not enough to enter upon a contest of wits with the mandarins, or to poison the natives with opium. But the Russians are own brothers of their Far East neighbours ; akin in blood, in instincts, and in ideas. They have the same passion for space, the same power of adapting themselves to their environment ; if needful they can become Mongols, Tunguses, or Chinamen. Having, so to speak, two souls, our own and that of the Oriental, they are the natural mediators between the two worlds ; and we may rely on them, with perfect assurance, to effect the union into one body of the two halves, as yet strangers to each other, of the human race.

All travellers admire the intelligence of the primitive tribes of the Far East ; they agree especially in praising that of the Tunguses, who, according to the researches of Heinrich Winkler * and other linguists and anthropologists, are related to the Japanese both in derivation and character. The Tunguses, again, are cousins of the Mantchus. Thus, from Russia to Japan there is a chain of populous tribes which, in different degrees, but all to a considerable extent, are allied to one or other of the two civilised nations which occupy the extremities of the vast northern plain of the Old World. Whether these tribes have still vigour enough for separate development, preserving their natural individuality, or whether, as seems more probable, they must merge, little by little, in the mass of Slav, or Slav-ised, elements which surround them, none the less they have their part to play in history, a part determined by their intellectual and moral force. The foreign races in Russia proper have already been impressed into the world of European civilisation, and the same course will be followed, at a more and more rapid pace, by the rest of the non-Aryan world.

The Russification of Northern Asia proceeds from west to east—a direction opposite to that which most historians used to ascribe to the march of mankind at large, which was said to follow in its orbit the course of the sun. The truth is, that the human race has arrived at a condition advanced enough for civilisation to spread in all directions at once, and often most rapidly towards the East, just because that quarter has been the longest neglected. The eastward movement will now be hastened in a remarkable degree by the construction of the Siberian railway, which is to replace the "trakt" on the ancient route of the *telegas* and sledges. This iron road has already reached Tomsk, the most populous city of Western Siberia. It will soon be pushed on to Krasnoïarsk, on the Yenesei, and while this line continues to be carried eastwards, connecting the centre of Siberia with the whole European system, another line, starting from the furthest point on

* "Japaner und Altaier."

the Pacific—the port of Vladivostock—is being built more slowly towards the Lena. By the end of the century there will probably remain but one gap, and that of no great importance; and the railway will by that time have already done much to assist the exodus of Russian peasants into the fertile steppes of Southern Siberia and the valleys of the Altaï range and its dependent chains of mountains. Even now 100,000 peasants migrate every year to the cultivated lands in the neighbourhood of Tomsk;* thus, by the immigration of cultivators sole, the population of Siberia grows by about 2 per cent. per annum.

Although the humidity of the soil in Southern Siberia has undergone a considerable diminution—as proved by the drying-up of the lakes, especially on the Baraba steppe—the extent of country capable of growing wheat and other products of use to men is certainly as large as France or Germany; and if the marvels arising from freedom could be produced under despotic rule, we should already see millions of Russian colonists thronging into the great Oriental Switzerland of the Altaï. The Siberian railway, important enough as a connection between East and West, will also have the immense advantage of developing lateral currents of traffic and branch lines for immigrants. The crossing of the Irtysh and the Obi has enormously increased the navigation of those rivers, and like results will certainly be seen on the upper branches of the Yenesei, the Lena, and the Amur, as well as on Lake Baikal. Beyond these prospects, branch lines of the greatest importance have been projected, and no doubt the plans for their construction are ready in the State archives. How, for example, would it be possible to neglect the study of that great gate of nations which opens to the south of the higher Irtysh, betwixt the orographic systems of the Tian Shan and the Altaï? The frequent incursions of the Mongols through this natural pass between the Chinese and the Slav worlds have made this gap in the mountains a point of the first importance for the whole continent. Here is a historic highway, as influential in determining the great events of the world as the defile of the Khyber on the north-west of Hindostan, over which it has, indeed, the advantage of presenting no difficulty to the engineers. This will be the route from St. Petersburg to Peking, the road which will open direct relations between the merchants of Nijni Novogorod and Hankow.

Geography does not change at the will of diplomatists; the forms of the earth will not obey the orders of sovereigns. Whether there be rivalries and jealousies or not between Russia and the rest of the Powers of Europe, the latter are, in regard to China, distant strangers; while Russia—an Asiatic as well as a European Empire

* Peter Kropotkin: "Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society of London," 1895.

—is the immediate neighbour of the Chinese, and natural heir to all the Mongolian and Mantchu territories, whether desert or populated, which may be detached from China either spontaneously or by gentle violence. It is sad indeed to think of the melancholy political and administrative *régime* to which the unprogressive inhabitants of Mongolia are destined to submit. Yet they have already been deprived of all power of initiative, all high ideal, and have nothing to lose by the change; rather will they gain by coming into touch with Europeans, and thus being drawn into a whirl of events, a more rapid movement of ideas.

But, let us ask, will the Europeans themselves suffer by contact with the populations of Eastern Asia, and the consequent infiltration of new ideas and new manners? Certainly no fusion can take place without modifying the behaviour and force of each of the uniting elements; and the Russians, in Europeanising their new comrades, will in some degree be themselves Asiaticised; there will be an exchange and a sharing of good qualities, and in some measure a combination of defects. Russian pessimists will dread this; they will also fear lest their nation, in its struggle for freedom, should find the existing Government strengthened by the support of all these Asiatic populations, so long habituated to servitude and abject obedience. However, what can be done? The union of men must inevitably be accomplished; but what vast events have yet to take place before it shall become a brotherhood of equals!

ELISÉE RECLUS.

"THE WOMAN WHO DID."

MR. GRANT ALLEN has from time to time assured the world that his literary capacity must not be judged by the shilling shockers and other novels and stories of which he is the author: these were mere pot-boilers, but he was capable, so he told us, of producing a really great work of art, which he had withheld in deference to Mrs. Grundy and the British matron. English readers and critics were raving about Tolstoi and Tourgenief, all the while ignorant that they had among them a writer quite as great, if they would but cut the bonds in which Philistinism had bound him. When, therefore, "The Woman Who Did" was prefaced by the announcement that it was written by Mr. Grant Allen wholly and solely to satisfy his own taste and his own conscience, and with no eye to the approval of Mrs. Grundy, it was reasonable to assume that this was the *magnum opus* which he had so long promised us. There is a story that Wordsworth once said to Lamb that he could write as good a play as any of Shakespeare's if he had the mind; to which Lamb rejoined, with imperturbable conviction, "Yes, it's the mind you want." A similar deficiency stands for ever in the way of Mr. Grant Allen becoming an English Tolstoi. After reading "The Woman Who Did," this is a faith for which most people would go to the scaffold. If Mrs. Grundy had lain for a century dead, if the British matron never had been born, if the whole of Philistia had been depopulated by the plague, Mr. Grant Allen would never produce a story of real abiding literary value as a work of art. We have no mute inglorious Tolstoi languishing in Surrey. He is about as much the English Tolstoi as Mr. Maeterlinck is the Belgian Shakespeare. What he has produced up to the date of "The Woman Who Did" is a fair sample of what he is capable of producing.

Some of my friends who have read the story tell me they look upon it as an elaborately worked-up satire : its supposed thesis being an attack on the institutions of marriage and the family, it is really intended to support them, by showing the utter ruin and inevitable demoralisation involved in the attempt to destroy them. There is something to be said in support of this view, but it is not convincing ; and one cannot read the book carefully from cover to cover without feeling that, whatever its melodramatic absurdities and crudities, its author is in earnest ; he really wishes to attack marriage ; he really desires to weaken the "cramping idea of the family tie" ; he really believes that chastity is "impossible, wicked, cruel," and so on ; he really loathes his own country, cursed as he says it is with the "leprous taint of respectability," and regards patriotism as one of the "lowest of vices," as vicious even as fidelity to marriage vows. England is to him "the shabbiest, sordidest, worst organised of nations." He is intensely disgusted with the women's colleges at Oxford and Cambridge and with high schools, because the girls they have educated turn a deaf ear to all this nonsense, and are pure-minded, common-sense Englishwomen. For common-sense is another of Mr. Grant Allen's pet abominations.

There are some 240 pages of this rubbish, but they are of no consequence : marriage and the family will be not a penny the worse ; neither will England. Britannia does not rule the waves subject to the approval of Mr. Grant Allen. As long as he pays his income-tax he does all that his long-suffering country requires of him. The high schools and women's colleges will lightly draw their breath and be thankful that Mr. Allen's heroine found their atmosphere "too cramping" for her melodramatic existence. This Herminia is a truly remarkable lady. She is a Dean's daughter, who feels it necessary to her mental independence to be entirely self-supporting ; she therefore teaches in a high school ; and she is, by the way, to be congratulated on the good salary she draws, for she wanders about the Surrey woods richly dight in a dress embroidered with gold and jewels. She lived, when she was at her work, in a cottage in one of the slums of Chelsea. Here she kept no servant ; but not being afflicted with any of the ills that flesh is heir to, not having, for instance, washing bills like a mere woman, she dressed in pure white from head to foot. She is not eager to be happy, as a wholesome human being ought to be, but "sets out in life with the earnest determination to be a martyr," keeping prussic acid as a last resource if the process of martyrdom becomes uncomfortable. She talks a great deal about her mission and "the example I wish to set the world." At the age of twenty-two she says to her lover, "I have to think of the world ; I have to think of *the cause which almost wholly hangs on me.*" She regards marriage as "a vile slavery," and "an

ignoble masculine device," and therefore decides to mate, but not to marry. She explains her views on this subject to her lover with considerable detail, but is kind enough to explain that if he will not have her on her own terms, it will make no material difference, that she will make do with some other man. She converses in set speeches several pages in length, and she repeats with tiresome iteration on every alternate page or so, that she is the one woman in the whole world who is really free. *Punch* was right when it parodied her eternal "the truth had made them free," into "the terewth had made them free and easy." Free and easy she was to a remarkable degree; but free, in the sense of possessing a free mind, a free conscience or any other human attribute, she was not. She talks pages about her "higher longings" and the "yearnings" peculiar to her about the degradation of other women and her own vast superiority, but she has no real individuality or independence. When she does not like Perugia, she does not even dare tell her lover so, but weeps about it in secret. If there were anything real or human about her, one would say she had put herself too much in the man's power for her to dare to say that her soul was her own, or to differ from him even on a point of taste. His death leaves her "rudderless," her life and mission a failure. It is not explained why this should be so. It is obvious that her lover's death would leave her peculiarly desolate, as she had broken the family tie which her free and easy life had found too cramping; but why, if she had any definite purpose worth living for, should it leave her rudderless and make her life a failure? We are perpetually told that she sat on a height of superiority above the rest of humanity: "the spotless woman's" moral grandeur is insisted upon *ad nauseam*. Why then should the death of her lover wreck her prospects of reforming the world? She could have made it known far and wide that she had not married and that her child was illegitimate; but instead of pursuing what, from her own peculiar point of view, would have been this obvious course, this eminently truthful woman builds her life on a lie. She passes herself off as a wife when she is no wife; she jealously and anxiously conceals the truth respecting her birth from her child. In declining to marry the man who is to be the father of her children, she was triumphant at the prospect before her. "She would give her children, should any come, the unique and glorious birthright of being the only human beings ever born into this world as the deliberate result of a free union, contracted on philosophical and ethical principles." (Our Herminia was nothing if not a prig.) Then the "free union" takes place, a baby is coming, its father dies of typhoid, and lo! instead of bringing up her daughter to exult in "the unique and glorious birthright" of being born out of wedlock, Herminia carefully conceals it from her, passes herself off as "Mrs." Barton, and when

the child begins to wonder what it is that places her in a class apart, as it were, from her playmates and companions, and to ask questions of her mother about her father's family, Herminia "flushes scarlet" and feels a "deadly thrill."

Another of Herminia's absurdities is the enthusiasm she expresses for Shelley on account of his rebellion against marriage. Now for his years Shelley was as married a man as "our sordid England" has produced. He married Harriet Westbrook in Scotland when he was nineteen, and married her again, according to the rites of the English Church, when he was twenty-two, and he married Mary Godwin when he was twenty-four, and was drowned when he was under thirty. He may be said, therefore, to have married early and married often. What Herminia admired cannot have been his reluctance to marry, but his desertion of Harriet when she was about to give birth to his second child. To desert a wife at such a moment and run off with a younger and more fascinating woman is a piece of true heroism which moves Herminia to pages of perfervid eloquence: "I can never admire Shelley enough, who, in an age of slavery, refused to abjure or deny his freedom, but acted unto death to the full height of his principles," etc. etc.

Thoroughly to appreciate Herminia, two short extracts may be given, one from the beginning and the other from the end of the book. The earlier scene narrates her first interview with the man who shortly afterwards becomes her lover. In this conversation with a perfect stranger, she "blushes faintly" as she mentions that her father had been a Senior Wrangler, and with ineffable priggishness adds: "In *his* generation, people didn't apply the logical faculties to the grounds of belief; but, *within his own limits*, my father is still an acute reasoner." I have heard of a Cambridge undergraduate who cut his mother and sister because they were not sufficiently cultured: nothing short of corporal punishment could adequately deal with such asinine conceit and ignorance as his and Herminia's. The second quotation will describe the heroine's suicide. The daughter, to whom she has given "the glorious birthright" of illegitimacy, does not appreciate the gift. She is an odious young woman, very much like her mother in conceit and heartless disregard of filial duty, but unlike anything that treads the ground. Her appearance is as remarkable as everything else about her, for she has an "olive-grey skin" and "peach-bloom cheeks." Naturally, therefore, she attracts a great deal of attention, and the first time she meets with the regulation Greek god in a Norfolk jacket, the said Greek god seeks her for his wife. The course of true love is marred by the discovery of her illegitimacy, and the child deserts her mother, just as Herminia, some twenty years earlier, had deserted her own father. The difficulty of getting rid of a woman at the end of a tragedy has been noted by as

good an authority as Charles Lamb. "Men," he said, "may fight and die. A woman must either take poison, *which is a nasty trick*, or go mad, which is not fit to be shown, or retire, which is poor, only retiring is the most reputable." Of these various ways of disposing of his heroine, Mr. Grant Allen has chosen the nasty trick of taking poison. A domestic economist of Herminia's type may be relied on never to be out of prussic acid. When her daughter announced her intention of taking her departure and living the life of ordinary everyday respectability, the time for prussic acid had come. Herminia wrote her daughter two farewell letters, one of a blood-curdling character for her private reading, and another for general circulation. Then she arrayed herself in "a fresh white dress as pure as her own soul. . . . In her bosom she fastened two innocent white roses . . . arranging them with studious care very daintily before a mirror. She was always a woman. . . . Then she cried for a few minutes very softly to herself, for no one can die without some little regret, some consciousness of the unique solemnity of the occasion." Then she drank the prussic acid which she always had at hand for use in cases of emergency. "Then she lay upon her bed and waited for the only friend she had left in the world, with hands folded on her breast like some saint of the Middle Ages" . . . and "Herminia Barton's stainless soul . . . ceased to exist for ever." Most readers will agree that some of the usual adjuncts to this scene are wanting. We miss the slow music and the limelight in the face of the central figure. But notwithstanding these deficiencies the whole scene is redolent of the footlights and of transpontine melodrama. My experience of prussic acid is very limited; but I once knew a cat who took it, and if its effects are equally rapid on human beings, Herminia would have done well to lie down on her bed, arrange the folds of her drapery, and compose herself into a saintlike attitude, before she drank the poison. The cat's "only friend left in the world" did not keep her waiting a single second. She had no time even to strike an attitude. But whatever the effect of prussic acid on human beings may be, every one will admit that it would act quite differently on Herminia. There is indeed nothing human about her. Mr. Grant Allen goes near to admitting this himself, for he says, "Our sordid England has not brought forth many such . . . souls as Herminia Barton." It has not indeed. If "our sordid England" produces many of them in the future a new wing will have to be added to Bedlam.

"The Woman Who Did" being as a story feeble and silly to the last degree, it may be asked, why take any notice of it? It only seems worth while to do so because its author purports to be writing in support of the enfranchisement of women. The foolish shadow dubbed Herminia is supposed to be not merely a supporter, but a leader of this movement. She speaks of "the cause which almost

wholly hangs on me." The child to whom she gives birth is referred to as the "baby born for the freeing of woman," "the baby predestined to regenerate humanity," "destined from her cradle to the apostolate of women," "the child who was to reform the world," "born to free half the human race from æons of slavery," "the first free-born woman ever begotten in England," and so on. The author, therefore, has made a deliberate attempt to attach the fatal and perfidious barque of free love, which has no capacity in itself even to keep afloat, to a substantial craft which has proved itself seaworthy, and has shown great power of making way, even when wind and tide were against it. But it is satisfactory to remember that Mr. Grant Allen has never given help by tongue or pen to any practical effort to improve the legal or social status of women. He is not a friend but an enemy, and it is as an enemy that he endeavours to link together the claim of women to citizenship and social and industrial independence, with attacks upon marriage and the family. The whole of the social revolution sketched in "The Woman Who Did" would amount in its practical result to libertinage, not to liberty; it would mean the immeasurable degradation of women; it would reduce to anarchy the most momentous of human relationships—the relation between husband and wife and parents and children. Mr. Grant Allen has the audacity to say that the ideal of marriage now cherished by civilised men and women, associated as it is with permanence and mutual love and mutual fidelity, is nothing but a surviving relic of the ape and the tiger. His position is so preposterous as scarcely to need refutation. When we see apes and tigers freeing themselves from the weight of chance desires, capable of lifelong fidelity and mutual devotion, then it will be time to compare human marriage and the human recognition of the family tie with the primitive instincts of the brute creation. It is not as if the arrangements which Mr. Grant Allen announces as a new patent method of regenerating humanity had not been tried and found wanting, and especially wanting so far as they afford the elements of a social life satisfactory to women. It is a truism that every social arrangement which is injurious to one sex is injurious to the other, and therefore it is perhaps impossible to prove that women would be more injured than men by the destruction of the family and the substitution of concubinage for marriage; but, as the domestic part of life forms such a very large proportion of the existence of most women, their interests are more directly and unmistakably assailed by the socialistic doctrines in the matter of sex preached by Mr. Grant Allen. This is the rock of offence on which socialism has very frequently split. Many socialists cannot divest themselves of the idea of property in marriage. Marriage, as they see it, consists in a man seizing or becoming possessed of a woman, and keeping her as his private

property to the exclusion of all other claimants. To drop this notion of property, and to rise to the idea of mutual fidelity, mutual responsibility, mutual duties, mutual rights, is something which is beyond men. It is an instance of the confusion arising from the use of the theory and the language of the market or of economics where such theory and language are totally inapplicable. The central idea of Mr. Grant Allen's book is that marriage means slavery; but he only reiterates this again and again, without attempting to prove it. Indeed, he would have a hard task before him if he attempted to show good cause why the most fundamental of all human relationships should be subject to no human law or regulation. He purports to write in the interests of women, but there will be very few women who do not see that his little book belongs very much more to the unregenerate man than to women at all. The ape and tiger in man rebel against the restraints which civilisation has imposed on his primitive instincts; but the ape and tiger become feebler as civilisation becomes more developed. Occasionally they utter an incoherent cry, and "The Woman Who Did" is one of them.

MILlicENT GARRETT FAWCETT.

OUR COLONIAL EMPIRE.

ALTHOUGH the map of the world is studded over with British possessions, all of which redound to the dignity of the Empire, and help to augment our commerce, there are three colonies, *par excellence*, that may be considered offshoots of the Mother Country, any one of which surpasses in importance all the colonial possessions of any other European Power. These are Australia, Canada and South Africa. The Statistical Abstract published last month gives us all the official returns down to the end of 1893, and if we compare the most important items, namely, population and revenue, with the figures for 1873, we see at a glance the progress of twenty years.

	Population.		Revenue, £	
	1873.	1893	1873.	1893.
Australia . . .	1,925,000	4,070,000	12,400,000	28,200,000
Canada	3,830,000	5,030,000	4,300,000	7,800,000
South Africa . .	870,000	2,210,000	2,300,000	6,100,000
Total	6,625,000	11,310,000	19,000,000	42,100,000

Population has nearly doubled, revenue more than doubled, and we may search the world round for any parallel to this in ancient or modern times. The population exceeds the figure reached by Great Britain at the beginning of the century, and the aggregate revenue of the above colonies is almost as much as was that of the United Kingdom at the accession of Queen Victoria. In a word, three great nations are rapidly growing up in as many distinct quarters of the globe, based on the laws, language and traditions of England. Let us take them in turn, beginning with Australia, which is the most important.

AUSTRALIA.

This group of seven colonies, including the islands of Tasmania and New Zealand, has had an increase of 112 per cent. in population and 127 per cent. in revenue since 1873; that is to say, the finances have grown 15 per cent. faster than population. The value of wool and gold produced in the interval has been close on 500,000,000 sterling, viz.:

	Wool.		Gold.	
	Tons.	Value, £	Product, £	
1874-78	678,000	74,050,000	37,200,000	
1879-83	777,000	88,700,000	21,600,000	
1884-88	955,000	91,250,000	21,100,000	
1889-93	1,350,000	112,300,000	28,300,000	
Twenty years . .	3,760,000	366,300,000	108,200,000	

The above shows the value of wool exported, to which may be added 2 per cent. for home consumption, making a total of 374,000,000 sterling, or three and a half times the value of gold produced. Australia is the largest producer of wool in the world, the average production in the years 1891-93 having been as follows:

	Tons unwashed.	Equivalent washed.
Australia	305,000	170,000
River Plate	170,000	57,000
United States	122,000	73,000
Cape Colony	33,000	25,000
Other countries	440,000	310,000
The World	1,070,000	635,000

It is very remarkable that the Australian clip has risen exactly 100 per cent. since the year 1881, while the increase of sheep has been barely 50 per cent.; this is owing to the greater average weight of fleece, which has risen from 4½ lb. to 6 lb. per sheep. So rapid has been the advance of sheep-farming that the Australian clip is now 30 per cent. of that of the world, whereas in 1881 it stood for only 20 per cent. Comparing the returns of Australian live-stock in 1893 with those of twenty years ago, we find that the increase of cows and horses has been relatively even greater than that of sheep, viz.:

	1873.	1893.	Increase.
Sheep	58,650,000	116,150,000	98 per cent.
Cattle	5,840,000	12,630,000	116 "
Horses	850,000	1,870,000	120 "

This enormous increase of pastoral wealth has led to a corresponding development of vast tracts of territory previously unproductive and valueless. In ten years ending December, 1893, the Colonial Govern-

ments disposed of 53,300,000 acres of public lands for the sum of £22,100,000, an average of 8s. per acre. Nor has tillage failed to make great progress in the last twenty years, the returns merely for grain production showing thus :

	Acres.		Crops—Tons.	
	1873.	1893.	1873.	1893.
Wheat . . .	1,520,000	4,170,000	450,000	1,050,000
Oats, &c. . .	560,000	1,230,000	565,000	1,240,000
Total . . .	2,080,000	5,400,000	1,015,000	2,290,000

According to an official statement published at Sydney in September, 1894, the value of crops and pastoral products in 1892 was :

	Crops. £	Pastoral produce. £	Total. £	Per inhabitant. £
New South Wales . . .	3,960,000	16,800,000	20,760,000	17·0
Victoria . . .	6,670,000	9,300,000	15,970,000	13·5
South Australia . . .	3,330,000	3,090,000	6,420,000	18·5
Queensland . . .	1,410,000	8,270,000	9,680,000	22·4
West Australia . . .	280,000	620,000	900,000	13·8
Tasmania . . .	1,030,000	1,060,000	2,090,000	13·5
New Zealand . . .	4,840,000	9,280,000	14,120,000	21·0
Total . . .	21,520,000	48,420,000	69,940,000	17·3

The above average of £17 6s. per inhabitant, for rural products, has no equal in the world. Denmark comes very near it, at £17 per head, and the next in order is the United States, with £13 per inhabitant.

Australian mining resources are, however, of greater interest to the outside world, since the supply of gold during the years 1891–93 was about one-fourth of the world's product, viz. :

	Oz. gold.	Value, £	Per annum, £
Australia . . .	4,910,000	17,700,000	5,900,000
United States . . .	5,020,000	18,100,000	6,030,000
South Africa . . .	3,490,000	12,600,000	4,200,000
Russia . . .	3,570,000	12,900,000	4,300,000
Other countries . . .	3,240,000	11,700,000	3,900,000
Total . . .	20,230,000	73,000,000	24,330,000

In the last twenty years Australia has produced 790 tons of gold, or nearly 40 tons per annum, but the net exports have been less, showing a value of £99,100,000, say 720 tons, the colonists having retained 70 tons for their own requirements. This is confirmed by banking statistics, which show that the bullion-reserve has more than doubled in the last eleven years; it amounted in March, 1894, to £23,260,000, against £10,500,000 in 1883. It is understood to con-

sist almost wholly of gold, and gives an average of nearly £6 per inhabitant, a ratio much higher than is found in any other part of the world, the country which possesses by far the greatest stock of gold being France, and even there the ratio is under £5 per inhabitant; in Great Britain, it is less than £3. With such an abundance of bullion, the note issue of the banks in Australia is very small, only £4,700,000, or a little over £1 per inhabitant; the maximum of issue on record is £5,600,000 in 1888. The banking crisis of 1893 was followed by a contraction of the currency, but the effects of that crisis are now quickly passing away. It was a check to Australia, not an overwhelming disaster. In an interval of seven weeks, from April 5 to May 17, 1893, twelve banks suspended payments, owing the public the following amounts:

Fixed deposits	£57,200,000
Current accounts	10,700,000
Public moneys, issue, &c.	21,900,000
Total	£89,800,000

Twelve other banks weathered the storm, and those that failed were allowed to re-construct by means of calling up fresh capital and binding themselves to repay depositors by instalments, with interest at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum. The recovery has been much more rapid than even the most sanguine could expect, the *paid-up* capital of the twenty-four banks showing as follows:

Before the crisis, March 1893	£15,624,000
After the crisis, March 1894	20,265,000

On the 31st December, 1894, according to an official report published in the *Times* of February 8, 1895, the repayment of deposits by six of the suspended banks of 1893 reached £16,500,000, or 35 per cent. of what they had owed their depositors; at this rate all the deposits will be repaid earlier than stipulated.

Railways and telegraphs have greatly aided in the development of Australia, no less than 11,200 miles of railways and 29,100 miles of telegraphs having been constructed between 1873 and 1893. Telegraph lines have now a length of 45,600 miles, and as regards railways, the figures show thus:

	Miles open.	Cost, £
1873	1,495	22,000,000
1893	12,755	129,800,000

The coincidence is worthy of remark that the sum of £108,000,000 sterling expended since 1873 in the construction of railways is precisely the amount of the value of gold produced in that interval. At present, the amount of capital invested in railways shows a higher

ratio per inhabitant than in the Mother Country, or the United States, viz. :

	Millions, £		Per Inhabitant, £
Australia	130	...	32
United Kingdom	971	...	25
United States	1,936	...	29

All the lines in Australia (except 800 miles) are State property, and the net result in 1893 was equal to 3 per cent. on cost of construction. There is a short line of 150 miles in North Australia for which returns are wanting, but the rest of the lines, representing a cost of £119,800,000, showed as follows :

	£		£ per mile.
Gross receipts	9,415,000	...	798
Working expenses . . .	5,860,000	...	497
Net profit	3,555,000	...	301

As the net profit was only 3 per cent. on the capital cost of £10,100 per mile, while the money borrowed in England for construction of the lines pays from 3½ to 4 per cent. interest, it may be said that the railways entail a loss to the colonies of £700,000 per annum. On the other hand, it is well to call to mind that the experience of Europe shows railways to effect a saving in freight equal to 12 per cent. of the value of merchandise, and if we suppose a saving of only 6 per cent. on the imports and exports of Australia (£120,000,000), this would be a benefit of £7,200,000 per annum, or ten times the nominal loss above mentioned.

Public debt has nearly quintupled in twenty years, viz. :

	Amount, £		£ per inhabitant.
1873	42,600,000	...	22
1893	207,700,000	...	51

It is commonly asserted by superficial observers that the above debt is excessive, the ratio per head being three times as much as in Great Britain. Suppose, however, that the State railways were sold for a sum, 10 per cent. under cost price, this would produce £110,000,000 sterling, and reduce the public debt to £98,000,000, equal to 5 years of revenue.* And as debt should be measured by revenue rather than by population, it may be truly asserted that the Australian debt is relatively light. The debts of European continental countries (excepting Germany) range from eight to ten years of revenue, and even our own in the United Kingdom, which has long ceased to be regarded with alarm, is equal to seven years of revenue.

Another consideration that often escapes notice is the extraordinary

* The revenue exclusive of railway earnings in 1893 amounted to £18,800,000.

increase of wealth in Australia, which has averaged £36,000,000 per annum during the last thirty years, while the increase of debt has averaged only £6,600,000. Mr. Hayter, official statist of Victoria, shows that the wealth of that colony rose from £144,000,000 in 1872 to £286,000,000 sterling in 1886, being an increase of £10,100,000 per annum. Mr. Coghlan, official statist for New South Wales, brings forward good reasons for estimating the aggregate wealth of Australia (exclusive of all public property) as follows :

	Millions, £	£ per inhabitant.
1863	181	144
1890	1,169	309

But as he excludes railways and all municipal or public property, to the value of £262,000,000, it appears that the total wealth is £1,431,000,000, that is to say, £1,223,000,000 over and above public debt. This gives £306 net wealth to each inhabitant, against £130 in 1863.

The growth of wealth in twenty years ending 1890 was approximately 1,121,000,000 sterling, viz. :

	Millions, £	
	1870.	1890.
Lands	89	546
Cattle	47	120
Railways	17	130
Houses	60	275
Furniture, &c.	30	137
Merchandise	29	60
Bullion	10	33
Sundries	28	130
Total	310	1,431

This was equal to an average yearly accumulation of £19 per inhabitant, against £5 in the United Kingdom and £8 in the United States. It is true that, since the banking crisis of 1893, there has been a great depression in the value of real estate, and houses and lands would not now realise as much as the above valuations in 1890 ; but the productive powers of the seven colonies are greater than ever, and it is sufficient to point to the fact that both revenue and population in 1893 showed an increase of 33 per cent. over 1883. This is relatively much greater than the increase of the United States in the same interval, and shows that Australia has a great future before her.

CANADA.

The Dominion of Canada has a great advantage over Australia in being federalised, for if there be anything in state-craft that the

experience of the nineteenth century teaches us it is that the German or United States form of government which Canada has so happily imitated, is the nearest possible approach to perfection. There is hardly room to doubt that before long Australia will form a confederacy on the lines of the Canadian constitution. It happens, nevertheless, owing to difference of climate, products, &c., that Canada has not advanced in the last twenty years so rapidly as Australia, the increase in that interval having been as follows :

	Canada.		Australia.
Population . . .	31 per cent.	...	112 per cent.
Revenue . . .	81 „	...	127 „
Commerce . . .	12 „	...	48 „

The increase in trade in twenty years has been much less than might be expected from a young country, but it is in some measure explained by the unwise tariff legislation of recent years. The figures show thus :

	1873.		1893.
Imports . . .	£26,700,000	...	£26,500,000
Exports . . .	18,700,000	...	24,400,000
Total . . .	£45,400,000	...	£50,900,000

Meantime, in comparing the volume of trade, whether in Canada or elsewhere, at different times, we must not forget that there has been a notable fall of price-level, so that without any increase in value there might be a very satisfactory development of commerce. The price-level as expressed by (weighted) Index-numbers has been as follows :

1873 . . .	1,000	1888 . . .	718
1880 . . .	840	1893 . . .	696

That is to say that £70 now stands for as much as £100 did in 1873, and if there had been no fall of prices the trade of Canada would have shown thus :

	1873.		1893.
Imports . . .	£26,700,000	...	£37,800,000
Exports . . .	18,700,000	...	34,800,000
Total . . .	£45,400,000	...	£72,600,000

This would have been an increase of 60 per cent. in the above interval. In examining the trade-returns before us, we find that the decline of imports is principally under the head of iron, which is not surprising, since the construction of railways was more active twenty years ago than at present. As regards exports, the trade of twenty years showed thus :

	Lumber. £	Grain. £	Animal products. £	Sundries. £	Total. £
1874-78 . . .	21,100,000	21,700,000	14,100,000	27,200,000	84,100,000
1879-83 . . .	19,100,000	28,700,000	19,900,000	27,700,000	95,400,000
1884-88 . . .	20,020,000	18,200,000	24,900,000	28,900,000	92,020,000
1889-93 . . .	21,100,000	17,900,000	28,400,000	38,800,000	106,200,000
Twenty years	81,320,000	86,500,000	87,300,000	122,600,000	377,720,000

The value of grain exported shows a heavy falling off in the last twenty years, but that of animal products has more than doubled, the Canadians having found that it pays better to export meat, cheese, butter and eggs than grain. The term "meat" may be held also to include live cattle and sheep, and if we compare the shipments of these articles in 1893 with the same in 1873 and 1883 we find the values were :

	1873. £	1883. £	1893. £
Cheese . . .	470,000	1,460,000	2,910,000
Butter . . .	590,000	360,000	270,000
Eggs . . .	105,000	470,000	180,000
Meat . . .	920,000	1,250,000	2,300,000
Total . . .	2,085,000	3,540,000	5,660,000

This shows that the pastoral industry has almost trebled in twenty years, or, to speak more accurately, has increased 172 per cent., being six times as much as the increase of population. The value of the flocks and herds has in the same interval risen from 33 millions to 68 millions sterling, an increase of 106 per cent., but the pastoral wealth is still far short of what it is in Australia, being only £13 per inhabitant in Canada, against £30 in the sister colony. Tillage is, however, much more advanced in Canada, as shown in the following table of the production of grain :

Year.	Tons of grain.		Bushels per inhabitant.	
	Canada.	Australia.	Canada.	Australia.
1873 . . .	2,100,000	1,015,000	22	21
1893 . . .	4,150,000	2,290,000	33	22

In the production of grain per inhabitant Canada is surpassed by only two other nations, the United States and Denmark, where the average is 40 bushels per head. Most of the pastoral and agricultural wealth is of course centred in the older provinces, Ontario standing for 60 per cent. of the whole Dominion, but the greatest relative progress in late years has been in the North-West, viz. :

	1871.	1893.
Population . . .	40,900	251,500
Tillage, acres . .	—	2,150,000
Cattle	6,000	405,000

The grain-crop of Manitoba alone in 1894 exceeded 31,000,000 bushels, or five tons per inhabitant. The capabilities of the great North-West are practically unlimited, and millions of Europeans will in course of time make their homes in its broad expanse, which embraces no less than 1600 millions of acres, thus classified by Mr. Hepple Hall :

	Square miles.		Acres.
Wheat area	370,000	...	237,000,000
Pasture and Forest . . .	1,230,000	...	787,000,000
Mountain and Desert . .	910,000	...	582,000,000
Total	2,510,000	...	1,606,000,000

The above wheat area (at the ordinary Manitoba yield of 15 bushels per acre) would suffice to feed 800 millions of people, or double the actual population of Europe. It is not given to any one to predict the future of the Canadian North-West, but it is well to bear in mind that a province which has already two million acres under grain was first occupied by some Russian Mennonites in 1872, followed by 1800 Icelanders who settled at Gimli in 1874.

Canada has made wonderful progress in the matter of railways during the last twenty years, having constructed 11,000 miles of line at an outlay of 180 millions sterling. The existing lines reach 15,100 miles and have cost 180 millions sterling; this gives a ratio of £36 per inhabitant, against £32 in Australia and £29 in the United States, which places Canada in this respect foremost among the nations of the world. Viewed merely as an investment of capital the result would not appear to justify such expenditure, since the net profit is less than 2 per cent. per annum on the cost. The returns for 1893 compare with those of Australia as follows :

	Amount, £		£ per mile.			
	Canada.	Australia.	Canada.	Australia.		
Gross receipts	10,750,000	9,415,000	717	798
Expenses	7,590,000	5,860,000	506	497
Net earnings	3,160,000	3,555,000	211	301

The average cost of construction per mile was £11,900 in Canada and £10,150 in Australia, from which it appears that the net profit in 1893 on every £100 invested in railways was £1 15s. 6d. in Canada and £2 19s. 6d. in Australia. The annual loss on Canadian railways, that is the difference between net profits and the interest on capital, appears to be £4,000,000. The saving in freight, meantime, at 10 per cent. on imports and exports, would be £5,000,000 per annum, which more than covers the loss. Nor is it possible to overlook the incalculable benefits of the Canadian Pacific line, in opening up the fertile regions of the West. Numberless farms of English and Scandinavian settlers now cover the territory where thirty years ago

Dr. Cheadle and Lord Milton found the Indian tribes of Assiniboine and Saskatchewan in their native wilds.

As regards public wealth it appears to have risen from 392 millions in 1861 to 980 millions in 1888, showing an average increase of 22 millions per annum, that is a little over £5 per inhabitant, compared with £19 in Australia. The latest estimates for the two colonies would give the average wealth as £205 in Canada and £358 in Australia per inhabitant. Canadian debt has trebled in twenty years, being now £61,600,000; but if the value of State railways were deducted, the balance would be only £35,000,000, equal to 5 years of revenue, as compared with 5 years in Australia and 7 years in the United Kingdom. Compared with population, the Canadian debt (after deducting the value of State railways) would be only £7 per inhabitant, against £24 in Australia.*

SOUTH AFRICA.

This is the newest of our three great colonies. Although it was taken from the Dutch in 1806, the first batch of British settlers, mostly Scotch families, did not arrive until 1820, after which event there was little sign of progress for nearly half a century, till the discovery of the Kimberley diamond fields in 1867. Since then the colony has advanced marvellously. Excluding altogether the new acquisitions of negro territory, and limiting our observations to Cape Colony and Natal, we find as follows:

	1873.	1893.	Increase.
Area, square miles	218,700 . . .	237,300 . . .	8 per cent.
Population	879,000 . . .	2,219,000 . . .	154 "
Revenue, £	2,300,000 . . .	6,100,000 . . .	165 "
Commerce, £	11,200,000 . . .	28,500,000 . . .	154 "

The area is practically the same as it was twenty years ago (Bechuanaland and other negro territories being excluded), and yet the increase of population, trade and revenue, has been over 150 per cent. It will be observed that population and trade have risen in identical ratio. There are at present ten inhabitants to the square mile, whereas there were but four in 1873, a fact which suffices to show what strides the colony has made in twenty years. Adding together the products of Cape Colony and Natal (as we propose to consider both as one colony), we find the exports were as follows:

	Value, £				
	Wool.	Diamonds.	Gold.	Sundries.	Total.
1874-78	14,100,000 . . .	9,100,000 . . .	600,000 . . .	8,700,000 . . .	32,500,000
1879-83	13,300,000 . . .	17,100,000 . . .	1,200,000 . . .	11,500,000 . . .	43,100,000
1884-88	11,500,000 . . .	17,000,000 . . .	2,200,000 . . .	12,000,000 . . .	42,700,000
1889-93	14,000,000 . . .	20,400,000 . . .	16,900,000 . . .	12,200,000 . . .	63,500,000
Twenty years	52,900,000 . . .	63,600,000 . . .	20,900,000 . . .	44,400,000 . . .	181,800,000

* Revenue exclusive of receipts from railways is £7,100,000.

In the earlier years of the colony wool constituted its great wealth, but in 1878 diamonds took the first place among exports, which they held until surpassed by gold in 1892. The quantity of wool exported has nearly doubled, having risen from 47,000,000 lb. in 1873 to 91,000,000 lb. in 1893, although the increase in the number of sheep has been by no means in like ratio: the quality of sheep and weight of fleece show a remarkable improvement, the average fleece being now $5\frac{1}{2}$ lb., against 4 lb. in 1873. Still more striking has been the progress of Angora goats, the first batch of which were imported from Smyrna in 1860; so wonderfully have they thriven in crossing with native goats that the Angora and mixed or mestizo goats now number 1,800,000. The export of Angora hair has risen as follows:

	Hair, lb.		Value, £
1873 . . .	770,000	...	46,000
1893 . . .	10,100,000	...	550,000

Another industry which has occupied the attention of farmers is the raising of ostriches, but the price of feathers has fallen very much, and this business is not so prosperous as it was some years ago. The export of ostrich feathers was:

	lb.		Value, £		Per lb.
1874-78 . . .	296,000	...	1,850,000	...	£6 6 0
1879-83 . . .	960,000	...	4,520,000	...	4 15 0
1884-88 . . .	1,320,000	...	2,830,000	...	2 4 0
1889-93 . . .	1,160,000	...	2,380,000	...	2 1 0
Twenty years .	3,736,000	...	11,580,000	...	—

According to latest returns the number of ostriches on farms was 150,000, and the yield of feathers averaged 24 oz. per bird; the annual product of feathers is worth £500,000, or nearly one-fifth of the value of the wool-clip. As regards tillage there is little to be said; the grain crops of 1893 summed up hardly 250,000 tons—say, four bushels per inhabitant—the colonists being obliged to import 60,000 tons to supply the deficit. At one time it was expected that wine-growing would become an important and profitable industry, the soil and climate near Cape Town being better suited than those of Algeria (which country now produces 80,000,000 gallons yearly), but such expectation has not been realised: during the last three years the export of wine has averaged only 80,000 gallons, valued at £18,000, although the Constantia vineyards produce a wine equal to Malaga. The area in the colony under vines is 40,000 acres, and the vintage averages 6,000,000 gallons, having doubled since 1865.

The mineral resources have been already alluded to. The production of diamonds and gold now exceeds £11,000,000 sterling per annum, the yield of the gold-fields in 1894 having reached 2,020,000 oz., valued at £7,300,000 sterling, which eclipses Australia

and the United States as gold producers at present, and places Cape Colony in this respect foremost among all nations. A considerable amount of copper is also raised, the aggregate value of what was exported in the last ten years having been £4,200,000.

Public debt is £34,000,000, but if the value of State railways were deducted it would be only £11,000,000, which is less than 4 years * of revenue, as compared with 5 years in Australia and 5 years in Canada. Public wealth was £135,000,000 sterling in 1888. The total value of products exceeds £30,000,000 per annum, of which exports stand for one-half.

Much of the progress of late years has been due to the extension of railways and telegraphs in all directions, viz. :

	1873.		1883.
Railways, miles . . .	64	...	2,840
Telegraphs . . .	850	...	6,660

All the railways (except one line of 190 miles) are State property, and they have proved among the most profitable in the world. They compare with Australian lines thus :

	Amount, £			£ per mile.	
	South Africa.	Australia.		South Africa.	Australia.
Receipts . .	3,003,000	9,415,000	...	1,134	798
Expenses . .	1,802,000	5,860,000	...	680	497
Net profit .	1,201,000	3,555,000	...	454	301

The cost of Cape railways was £24,500,000, an average of £8,600 per mile, and thus the net earnings are equal to $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on capital, as compared with 3 per cent. in Australia.

Looking back over the above figures we can hardly believe that so much has been accomplished by a handful of people, the whole white population of South Africa in 1873 not exceeding 260,000 souls.

In fine, whether we look to Australia, Canada, or South Africa, we have every reason to be proud of the energy and progress of our colonial brethren. In the hurly-burly of British politics, the incessant cares and occupations of every-day life, we are apt to lose sight of the marvellous advancement of those three great colonial settlements, which are in some respects without parallel in ancient or modern times.

MICHAEL G. MULHALL.

* Revenue exclusive of railway receipts is £3,100,000.

VIRGIL IN THE COUNTRY.

"Io toglierò il poeta dalle scuole degli eruditie dalle academie dei letterati, dalle aule dei potenti, e lo restituirò a te, o popolo di agricoltori e di lavoratori, o popolo vero d'Italia. Egli è sangue vostro e vostra anima: egli è un antico fratello, un paesano, un agricoltore, un lavoratore italico, che dalle rive del Mincio sali al Campidoglio e dal Campidoglio all'Olimpo."—G. CARDUCCI.
(*Per la inaugurazione d'un monumento a Virgilio.*)

TO Virgil the problems of existence appeared in a less complex form than to the great Roman poet who preceded him. Like Lucretius, he was drawn to the conception of Nature as a divine force, but he shaped it in his own intellectual mould. He could not think of such a force except as beneficent, and thus the tilling of the soil became to him a holy ministry, a kind of sacrament. The cultivator was the priest who gave the gift on the altar to the people. He co-operated in a divine scheme of which man, nay, and the very gods, were the inevitable instruments.

The idea that the cultivator of the soil is, in a way, acting a consecrated part, was not confined to Virgil; it is noticeable, for instance, in that beautiful essay of Cicero on old age, of which Montaigne said, "il donne l'appétit de vieillir." After declaring that nothing contributes so much to a happy old age as the management of a country estate with its well-ordered vineyards, olive-groves and plantations, Cicero answers the possible objection, "What is the good of all this when you are too old to hope to see your labours fulfilled and rewarded?" in the noble words: "If any one should ask the cultivator for whom he plants, let him not hesitate to make this reply: 'For the immortal gods who, as they willed me to inherit these possessions from my forefathers, so would have me hand them on to those that shall come after.'"

To rejoice in the good things of Nature, the beautiful earth, the glorious sun, the fruitful fields, was for Virgil almost an act of worship; had he been told that a preacher would arise who turned from the genial light as from a snare, he would have charged him with blas-

phemy. The view of the visible world filled him with pious exultation; but besides being a religious man, Virgil was an artist, and Nature delighted him because it is such excellent art. In looking at a meadow he felt what Balzac felt when he said, "Oh! voilà la vraie littérature! Il n'y a jamais de faute de style dans une prairie."

Virgil's own origin (not differing much from that of Shakespeare) had a lasting effect in determining his character. He never became a thorough townsman; even in his appearance there was said to be something countryfied. All his life he felt keenly the loss of his father's farm on the Mincio. The Civil Wars which ended with the fall of the Republic at Philippi, were the cause of the confiscations in which Virgil's property was involved. Cremona having backed Pompey, its territory was given to the soldiers who fought against him and in favour of Augustus. The Mantovano, being near at hand, had the same fate meted out to it. Scholars have not yet decided the exact locality of the poet's estate, though every villager of Pietole is ready to stake his life on Dante's accuracy in placing it in that commune. Tradition in such cases is not to be lightly set aside, but strong reasons have been advanced for thinking that the farm lay farther away from Mantua and nearer to where the Mincio leaves the Lake of Garda. This situation gives the scenery of the "Eclogues" with the gentle hills so often described in them. There is no doubt that Virgil was thinking less of Sicily than of his childhood's home when he wrote these early poems, in several of which he alludes to his own troubles under what must have been then a transparent disguise. It seems that, touched by his songs, Augustus intervened to save "all that land where the hills begin to decline and by an easy declivity to sink their ridges as far as the water and the old beeches whose tops are now broken," but that, either because it was difficult to make an exception in his favour or from some other cause, the Imperial benevolence was speedily revoked. He describes the neighbours bewailing the loss of him: "Who would now be their poet?" The farm hands know snatches of his verses, just as Verdi's peasants at Busseto sing his airs as they follow the plough.

If Virgil ever did hear any of his lines repeated by peasant folk, one may be sure that he was better pleased by it than by many a loftier sign of popularity. He evidently listened with pleasure to folk-songs; he would never have spoken with scorn, like the old poet Ennius, of "the songs of fauns and bards of ancient times." He makes the long-haired bard Topas sing of the sun and moon, rain and lightning, the seasons, man, and cattle, at the banquet of Dido. He notices the wife singing over her household tasks and the shepherd youths whose high voices send a thrill of passion through the summer nights. Any one who is familiar with the Italian folk-songs of to-day must fancy that he catches in the exquisite songs of

Damon and Alpheus something more than the popular spirit—almost the words, here and there, of folk-poets of long ago.

Virgil observed, and remembered, and even when he is most conventional there is an undercurrent of truth, of experience. In the first place, his enjoyment is so sincere that even an artificial setting could not make the substance of his picture false. He actually thought that a town mansion crammed with *bric-à-brac* bought or looted (which made a Roman house of that period almost as impossible to turn round in as an English house of this) was a less agreeable place to live in than a plain farm interior, surrounded by the luxury of the country-side.

Who was ever dull in the country that had eyes and ears—if there was nothing but the birds, who could be dull? Virgil knew them well; he watched the winged legions as they hastened to the woods at dusk; he took attentive note of the larks and the kingfishers, the chattering swallows skimming over the pools before rain, the wood-pigeon cooing itself hoarse, and the sweeter turtle-dove in its airy elm. He has been blamed for making the nightingale bemoan her lost young which the cruel ploughman had taken unfledged from the nest; because, it is objected, the nightingale does not sing after the eggs are hatched; but if the objector would take the train to Mantua in June he would hear nightingales singing so loud in the woods through which the railway passes as it nears the morass, that they drown the noise of the engine. Climate and environment have much influence on birds' singing. Italians say that the robin is not a singing-bird, and I have certainly never heard it sing in Italy. Nightingales stop singing sooner in northern than in southern climes, and the English critic, though right as to his own birds, was wrong as to Virgil's: a point worth mentioning, trifling as it seems, for the reason that it shows how difficult it is to decide offhand upon the reality or unreality of the whole class of *Bucolics* unless you know the country which inspired them. A more grounded reproach against this particular passage would be that it is not mourning which makes the nightingale pour out his passionate soul in song: it is hope, desire, pain, perhaps—not regret. But the error belongs to the legend-weaver, to the child-man to whom all the songs of birds sounded sad; who, in Slavonic lands, interpreted even the cuckoo's cry to mean a dirge.

Virgil has one bird-picture which now, at least, is more English than Italian: that of the rooks bustling among the branches of the tall trees and cawing joyfully because the rain is over, happy in their nests and little ones. The rookery remains in England with certain other free, wild things intermixed closely with cultivation that give a sense of the unexpected to the English wold for which in Italy one has to go to the pathless Maremma or the bare, mysterious deserts of the south. It is surprising, by-the-by, not how many, but how

few, suggestions of a wilder nature can be found in Virgil's rural poetry. The land under cultivation (according to some calculations a larger area than at present) must have exhibited the same signs of orderly arrangement, of minute utilisation of the smallest spaces, that a well cared for Italian estate exhibits to-day. Probably it was in the north of Italy, then as now, that farming was most scientifically practised; we know that the chief irrigatory canals date from Roman times. As Virgil's landscape is north Italian with the background which we *feel* even when we do not see it, of the "aërial Alps," so his peasant is essentially a north Italian *contadino*. Let us inquire what kind of life he led.

The luxuries which the Virgilian husbandman allows himself in the way of food are fruit, chestnuts and pressed curd, the modern *mascherpone*. A salad or a drink made with pounded garlic and thyme refreshes him after mowing the sweet hay through the precious hours when the morning star shines in the sunrise. At noon he sleeps under a tree while the herds low not far off. When the smoke rises from the village and the shadows lengthen on the hills, he returns to the house where the girls are carding wool and the wife is boiling down sweet wine which makes an excellent drink. She finds time to ply the shuttle, between her other occupations, singing as she weaves to make the toil less tedious. There is always indoor work for women to do where they spin the clothes of the family; only when the indestructible frieze made from the peasants' own fleeces is replaced by shoddy cotton, are women set to do men's work out of doors. That never-ending spinning was a bond of union, too, between all classes; "quando Berta filava," say the Italian peasants remembering the Queen who spun. I have seen a coat made from what was possibly the last piece of cloth spun by noble Italian hands; it came to Lombardy in the middle of this century, a gift from a Sardinian Countess.

When Virgil's husbandman takes his evening rest, his sweet children come round him, the girls modest and fair to see, the boys willing to work, not spendthrift, observant of religion, reverent towards age. He himself is a careful observer of feast-days, on them he abstains from all hard labour, only doing such light tasks as can offend no god: raising a fence, snaring birds, washing sheep, or driving the ass to the town with a load of apples, and bringing back some needful tools. Winter is his long rest-time; then he invites and accepts invitations to little-costing gaieties. Yet in winter there are numberless small things to be done: storing olives, acorns and bay-berries—those that have been picked, for some always fall on the ground, and under every old bay-tree there is a little forest of young ones: a true detail. (What, one would like to know, were bay-berries used for then? Now they are made to yield a strong

poison.) Hunting hares and netting roebuck are other winter employments, and if the peasant wants amusement he goes to watch the herdsmen in their wrestling matches. He has also the most charming of toys—a bit of garden, half kitchen-garden, half flower-bed. It is the *orto* of the modern peasant, with its sage and rosemary, its lettuces and leeks, its purple iris (*Spade di Sant' Antonio*) and virgin lilies.

A peasant who is old and past hard work may even devote himself wholly to a garden. Thus did the aged Corycian peasant turn a few poor abandoned acres that had been thought good for nothing into the sweetest place in the world. Around he set a fence of thorns, inside he sowed a few vegetables, and planted simple flowers. At night he could set something on his table, a salad, a few onions, two or three pears, and he felt possessed of the riches of kings. His roses, sweet as Pæstum's, were before any one else's; his fruit was the earliest to ripen. And how well his bees flourished; what a rich store of frothing honey they furnished! Happy old man!

The husbandman had Nature always with him; he lived with her beauty, and to live with the beauty of Nature was worth all the fine houses with doorposts set with tortoise-shell and cornices inlaid with gold—so Virgil thought. Yet the farmer's son knew too much of agriculture to imagine that all was bliss in Arcadia. In the first place, there was insecurity of tenure with a vengeance. You might lose your land by sheer confiscation, as Virgil himself had done; or you might be shipped off bodily to the torrid sands of the contemporary Massowah, or, just as bad, to Britain, "totally separated from the rest of the world." In that case, even if your homestead was not sequestered before you left, ten to one, if you ever chance to come back, you will find some brutal soldier in possession of the fields you tilled with so much love. A strange man meets you with the words, "These are mine; get you gone, old tenants!" The present of kids which Moeris sends the new master will neither soften his heart nor will it carry with it the bad luck which the sender would very gladly convey with it. Of human redress there is none, and Virgil does not propose recourse to the Black Art. He kept the charms, of which he had an extensive knowledge, for the service of lovers, who in the Roman provinces and in Tuscany weave the self-same incantations in A.D. 1895. Even the were-wolves spoken of by the poet have their descendants in the *Cani guasti* which frighten children who go out after dark in Umbria. Virgil was interested in charms because he had the soul of a folk-lorist, but though he believed firmly in dreams and omens, it may be doubted if he took witchcraft very seriously. He would have been the first to be surprised at finding himself converted into a wizard in the Middle Ages.

Even if left, by a wonder, in peaceful possession of his farm,

Virgil's farmer has still his full share of cares and ills. He suffers from dishonest farm-servants; from the hireling who neglects the flock because he is a hireling, and who robs the lambs of the milk which should be theirs. Then he is worried by cranes and wild geese, and noxious weeds, thistles, and wild oats, by mildew, wolves, mice, moles, weevils, and harvesting ants, which "fearful of an indigent old age" take a toll upon his store. Also he thinks that he loses somehow by toads, in which he is mistaken. Furthermore, drought affects his crops, and if not drought, then thunderstorms bringing the horrid hail which rattles and dances on the roof, and ill can the vine-leaves protect the grapes against it. A tremendous wind blows up, tearing the corn from the ground, and whirling it in the air; rain follows, a solid black bank of water which, when it bursts, washes away the crops and blots out in a few minutes the patient toil of the year. Virgil must have seen that sight often in Northern Italy, where the cold air from the Alps meets the hot exhalations from the Po, in one spot or another, with fearful consequences, on almost every summer day. No one can tell what it is who has not seen it; once, on the evening of such a storm, all our peasants at Rovato were eating small birds, sixty of which had been found killed. Another time, I went to Roccafranca, the day after a *temporale* which will be remembered for years; the factor and his wife described to me how they had watched the crashing downfall of hail, consisting of large pieces of jagged ice, for ten minutes; not more. Then it ceased, the thunder grew faint, and they went out to see acres on acres of hay ready for the scythe ironed as flat as though a steam-roller had passed over it, while the swelling wheat-ears, severed with a certain neatness from their stalks, were scattered in all directions. "We cried," they said. It was not their loss, it was ours; but they had witnessed the patient human labour bestowed upon these fields where there would be no harvest, and the tragedy of the thing struck them more keenly than it did me. "And the nightingales?" I asked; for a pair of nightingales nest every year close to the house, arriving on the same day in March. The nightingales, I was told, had sung all the night as if nothing had happened; the dense foliage of the magnolias must have shielded them.

In the south of Italy such storms rarely occur; Virgil's experience of them doubtless dated from his Mantuan farming days, as he seems to suggest by the personal note which he brings into the description.

There is much in the "Georgics" about the intelligent care needed in cultivating the vines, though the vine-dresser of those days had not to be constantly abroad with his sulphur-sprinkler and with the host of chemical messes on which his successor depends in striving with diseases then undreamt of. Nor do the olives appear to have been subject to the decay (though it is an old disease) which necessitates

lopping and excision, leaving the tree saved but maimed. The ground round the trunks was broken up by the plough, but the practice came in later of enriching it with rags, unfragrant bales of which, of Oriental origin, disturb the nerves of the sanitary reformer in his holiday on the Riviera. What Lucretius so plainly foretold has come to pass: the virgin soil yielded abundantly if only scratched, but every generation has a heavier toil in supplying that which has been taken away.

If the plants of the earth were healthier and more vigorous in Virgil's time than they are now, no modern cattle-blight was ever more destructive than the very horrible rinderpest or influenza recorded in the third "Georgic." Some commentators have thought that Virgil introduced this episode because Lucretius had made similar use of the plague of Athens. It can hardly be doubted, however, that it was based on the tradition or recollection of a real fact. The disease took the form of a mysterious malarious epidemic, coming with unseasonably warm weather, and affecting even the fishes, as influenza in the first year of its appearance affected the trout and *carpioni* of the Lake of Garda. There is one touch in the narrative of which every one has felt the pathos though not every one has recognised the truth—I mean the reference to the ox that mourns for its yoke-fellow and loses spirit and pines away. Our *bifolco* bears out Virgil's correctness. Nor is it strange, if we come to think of it; the effect of sorrow or even of dulness on animals as on savages, *when they feel it*, is far more fatal than it is on civilised man. The many stories of dogs and birds that died of grief may well be true, as most people can recall some instance to the point. I knew a parrot which hopped into the room where its master lay dead (he was an old French physician); after looking at him for some time, it hopped back again to its perch, refused food, and in three days was dead. Self-starvation is not always necessary; the Maories die when they determine that they have lived long enough, even if forced to eat. There is probably a psychological state of passive abandonment which kills very soon, but it is hardly ever reached by man when he ceases to be primitive, except when his vitality is lowered by illness and he "gives himself up for lost"—the results of which every doctor knows.

Apart from that great epidemic, it would appear that animals were as liable to suffer then as now; life had even, says the poet, entailed our misfortunes on the bees, of which he gives a deplorable account in their sick condition. The "Georgics" is one of the most faultless of poems; but perhaps a reader here and there has privately regretted that so much stress is laid upon the details of these animal plagues. But Virgil was resolved not to soften any of the lines of his picture, not to "retouch" the photograph; it was a matter of conscience with him to be sincere. In spite of drawbacks, he deliberately held that

the proprietor of a moderate-sized estate (he objected to a large acreage) was a person greatly to be envied. "Happy the husbandman if he only knew it!" Life is best judged by its compensations, and of compensations, both on the lower and the higher plane, the agriculturist has more than the followers of other callings. His work is its own reward. If Hesiod's cry was "Work, work, work," Virgil added, "Yes, and in that work you will find the best return that human existence can give." The "*Georgics*" is a hymn to labour. If rightly read, we see in it also a hymn to patriotism. The old connection between the love of the land and the love of *our* land which is so near the root of the matter, and which yet is so far from the thoughts of the town-bred or nomadic politicians who are inclined to claim a monopoly of the patriotism of the nineteenth century, was to Virgil an absolutely real fact. Man in his simplicity gets to love the familiar features of the landscape round him as he loves the familiar faces which he saw when he was a child. Then steps in the reflection, "Here my fathers died, and here my children will live when I am dead;" and to this, again, is added, if he have even the smallest piece of ground which he calls his own, the immeasurably strong instinct shared by all creatures, to defend their own nest, their own lair, against all comers. This is the beginning of patriotism, and though it may be called narrow or selfish, it was as good a thing for a man to think of his country thus as to think of her as a scantily dressed female figure on a monument. Virgil himself combined the pride of empire in its loftiest sense with the strong primitive love of his birth-land which he had inherited from his yeoman forefathers. The inspired *Vates* of the Roman race, he was yet an Italian first; he was indeed the first poet of an United Italy.

"Rich in crops and rich in heroes," so he described his country, and he was contented to sing of crops and of heroes. He was quite as serious about the first as about the last, quite as sure of the majesty of the argument. He called the husbandman the prop of the State. The story that he wrote the "*Georgics*" at the request of Mæcenas with the fixed purpose of attaching retired soldiers to the land awarded to them is not likely to be true; but the appearance of the work was much more than a mere literary event. Its success was immediate and immense. Augustus had it read to him four times running. Though Hesiod was venerated by all generations of Greeks, it is not possible to imagine him writing his "*Book of Days*" in the age of Pericles. That he was archaic was one reason why they admired him. It pleased them to picture their remote ancestors being instructed by the rude old poet in

"Ploughing and sowing and rural affairs,
Rural economy, rural astronomy,
Homely morality, labour and thrift."

But their affection for these excellent things became, little by little,

somewhat platonic. While the æsthetic aspects of a country life always appealed to the Greeks they were not wrought (if we except Xenophon) to much enthusiasm by its practical duties. On the other hand, Virgil found an audience not only ready to admire his work as a great poem, but also to take a lively interest in it as a farm manual. Nor has this engrained Italian interest in agricultural operations ever died out. There is, for instance, a month in the year when the most highly educated Italians in Lombardy think by day and dream by night of silkworms. Some years ago I called in June on the *doyen* of Italian literature, Cesare Cantù. The delightful old man greeted me with his charming cordiality, and began to show me the books which lined his pleasant apartment in the Via Morigi (Milan), but before long came the inevitable question, "E come vanno i bachi?" and literary conversation had to retreat from the field. More recently I was at Athens at the same season. I had been conversing with the Italian Minister about the Acropolis Museum, Eleusis, Marathon, when he exclaimed with a look of ecstatic pride, "Come and see my cocoons!" The "ruling passion" had induced him to *educate* (as the Italian phrase is) a quantity of silkworms in the centre of Athens, and there were the cocoons, the finest I ever saw, neatly arranged on tables in the lower quarters of the Italian Legation. It was among people who had this sort of unsentimental taste in country concerns that "Il cantor dei bucolici carmi" found an appreciation, not only fervid, but also intelligent and sympathetically critical.

EVELYN MARTINENGO CESARESCO.

RE-PEOPLING THE LAND.

HOW to get the people back to the land, how to keep them there, content with the humdrum cultivation of their little holdings, how to make the earth "bring forth" once more "her increase," and "every rood of ground to maintain its man"—there are few to-day who have not heard those questions put in a tone of something bordering on despair. The problem is a pressing one, and we are dealing with it tentatively and piecemeal. We create allotments—hesitatingly, as if even the mere *letting* of the land to those who best know how to work it were an extremely risky proceeding. We altogether refuse to recognise the one factor in the problem which as experience has shown best ensures its solution. The Sibylline books are not yet dear enough. All the world elsewhere is pressing upon us a lesson which we steadily decline even to listen to. "Why has France suffered less by 'agricultural depression' than other countries?" asked people at the great International Agricultural Congress held at Paris in 1889. "Because its land is so largely subdivided," answered the official report read out by M. Bénard. "There are our 5,672,000 comparatively small farms, about 5,000,000 of them cultivated by freeholders, 4,800,000 in holdings of less than 25 acres!" Why have Western and Southern Germany borne up so very much better under the same great calamity than other parts of the Empire? "Because they have scarcely any large properties (only about 2 per cent.)," again reply official reports.* "The small proprietors thrive where large succumb." Agricultural properties, official inquiry has shown, will sell at the rate of 52, 65, and 78 times their annual rateable value, according as they are large, medium, or small; and the small yield a fair return

* For some interesting facts under this head see my article on "Peasant Properties" in the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW of May 1891.

on their higher value, whereas the large pay but a trifling interest, if any. It is the same in Italy. "Neither our larger capital nor our superior intelligence," so a landowner in Venetia declared to me not long ago, "suffices to maintain us in our competition with small men. Their close application, their economy of work, their knowledge of every inch of their ground, their thrifty habits, and their turning every opportunity to account, beat us at every point." And, again, in Poland, the land of large estates, a representative of the landlord class confessed to me, much about the same time: "*All our landlords are becoming ruined; not one here and one there, but all in their turn; our only hope as a country lies in the sale of our properties to the peasantry.*"

We cannot bring ourselves to learn the same lesson. And yet there are evidences among us pointing to exactly the same end. I wish more people would go to study the interesting experiment of Major Poore's Freehold Settlement, in Winterslow. There can be no doubt of its success. The freehold settlers can grow only ordinary farm crops. Yet they thrive, and pay off their purchase-money in much less time than could have been anticipated, and advance in prosperity from year to year. Independence and the effect of interest aroused have quickened both their intelligence and their activity.

We are—under pressure—doing something in the way of creating small freeholds in Ireland. Our object in doing so is not to increase the number of cultivators, but to pacify those who are already on the land. In Germany the same principle is now being applied with a different purpose altogether. The object there is, not to make an existing peasantry more comfortable, but to create a new one, to replace large, sparsely peopled properties by comparatively populous and productive village communities. Under the influence of this measure, applied in the best cases *without cost*, the whole face of the country is gradually being changed. Since the days of Stein and Hardenberg there has been no reform of similar magnitude and equal benefit to the community carried out in the German land system.

The movement took its rise in a piece of very questionable politics. I should wish to pass very rapidly over that initial stage, defaced as it is by a very ugly stain of political unfairness. The Prussian Government found that, after a century of "firm and resolute government," it was still making no headway in the stamping out of Polonism. The more the Poles were trampled upon, the more their priests were persecuted, their language interdicted, their customs discountenanced, the more tenaciously did they cling to their nationality. Prussian politicians are beginning to find out, that in deliberately estranging and exasperating the Poles they were, in view of a coming struggle with Russia, committing a serious blunder. Some remarkable articles by Professor Delbrück, published in recent numbers of the

Preussische Jahrbücher, set this forth with telling force. But this is a discovery of 1894. In 1886 the Government at Berlin, still presided over by Prince Bismarck, resolved to try a new method of Germanisation. The purse was to effect what the *gendarme* could not. Polish landlords and squires—the leaders in the Nationalist agitation—were notoriously in need. Many of them were virtually bankrupt. Their tumble-down “mansions” and farmyards, their neglected fields smothered with weeds, told the tale of advancing ruin only too plainly. I have seen much backward husbandry, but none that could compare with this staring and wholesale agricultural destitution, generally speaking on land capable of bearing good crops. Improvidence and inaptitude for business had in only too many cases done their work with fatal thoroughness. In the face of spirited remonstrances from Liberals, Roman Catholics, and Poles, the Prussian Government in 1886 forced through the Diet a measure which placed £5,000,000 at its disposal for buying out Polish squires and putting German peasants in their stead. Its calculation was that £5,000,000 would buy 250,000 acres, which, at 50 acres per holding, would settle 5000 families, and thus introduce, at the rate of eight persons per family, about 40,000 Germans into Prussian Poland.

The work has been steadily carried on now for eight years. In some few cases it has been found necessary to buy out Germans, in order not to limit what proved an acceptable benefit to Poles alone. But in the main the measure has been applied as was intended.

Financially, it has proved one of the most wasteful undertakings ever taken in hand. In spite of administration the ability of which it is impossible to deny, it is bound to land the Exchequer in considerable loss. The present chief of the Colonisation Board estimates that out of the £5,000,000 to be spent as much as £1,500,000, or maybe £2,000,000, will never be recovered, at any rate, in cash. I am not so sure that all this money deserves to be set down as lost, because a considerable portion of it will represent capital sunk in roads, and schools, and churches, bridges, drainage, and other useful permanent investments. As it is, on the funds disbursed, the Colonisation Board earns the State a return of $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The Exchequer will not recover all its money, but the country will be the richer for the outlay. There will be more value in the land, more life, more business, more taxes.

In its political aspect one may question whether the measure has not proved even still more of a failure. The landlords were only too glad to allow themselves to be bought out—to settle down, in many cases, afresh, with replenished purses on less encumbered estates. German peasants have been planted in their place. But Polonism has not yielded an inch. Rather has it been stimulated into fresh vitality. The

open, avowed attack made put the Poles upon their mettle and roused them to unusual efforts. If the Germans could colonise, so could the Poles. Admittedly their peasantry as cultivators are every bit the equals of Germans. I have tempted German authorities systematically with "leading" questions, trying to wring from them the assertion that the Germans make the better settlers. Not in one case have I succeeded. "The Poles make every bit as good settlers as the Germans," was the invariable answer, "and, indeed, for our purpose, they are preferable, inasmuch as they have fewer wants, and are content with less at the outset." While the Government proceeded pretentiously with its big purse, the Poles, by co-operative means and otherwise, raised their own small funds and organised their colonising boards which have, in their humble way—I have the authority of leading men of the German "General Commission" for it as well as the evidence of my own eyes—done exceedingly good work. Since the Germans introduced German settlers from Baden and Rhineland, the Poles tried to balance this inflow by draughts of new Polish peasants from Upper Silesia. Unfortunately their funds were scanty to begin with—the Government itself is now coming to their aid—and their operations were accordingly necessarily restricted. Nevertheless, up to little more than a year ago, the small struggling Polish establishments had bought up fifty-two estates and converted them into somewhere about 1000 holdings, all doing fairly well.

In two aspects, then—one undoubtedly important—the Act has proved a failure. But in a third, which I will call economic, it has shown itself all the more successful. In respect of its new policy the Prussian Government did not, in 1886, operate altogether in the dark. The mischief of what are called "*Englische Zustände*," an "English" lumping together of landed property in few hands, had provoked remonstrances before. In 1879 the "Agricultural Council," with a view to putting a stop to the growing mischief, had recommended the reintroduction of tenure by perpetual rent-charge, which had been abolished only in 1850, in view of the feudal abuses to which it had given rise. "The peasant's desire," says the official Report, "is, above all things, to acquire possession of property of his own, to which he may devote his life and labour. The mere concession of temporary rights of cultivation does not promise to present itself as sufficiently attractive to our rural folk, more especially since by emigration they may hope to acquire very readily and easily the property which they covet." If the peasantry were to be stopped from emigrating, to be kept as wealth-producers in the country, they must be allowed to be their own masters. However, the particular expedient suggested did not appear to meet their requirements. And when, in 1890, the legal obstacle to its application was removed, the result proved absolutely *nil*. Landowners were willing enough to sell,

but it must be for money. Small folk were willing to buy; but not by incurring an obligation to pay rent in perpetuity.

Before that time of teaching had come, some little pioneer experiments had been ventured upon, more especially in the way of selling land to small holders in consideration of a terminable rent-charge. A capitalist in Kolberg, in Pomerania, hit upon the idea of doing honestly and at a moderate profit that which other capitalists had done extortionately, that is, of cutting up properties, for gain, into small holdings. He selected his men, made sure that they were trustworthy, and let them have their holdings for the most part on the terms indicated. In this way, up to the autumn of 1892, he cut up nineteen estates, covering 27,500 acres, and colonised them with small folk after whose interests he looked in a fatherly way. He was rewarded by never making a loss or being driven to foreclosure. He pocketed a good profit. The purchasers did well. The district became more prosperous, more productive, more contented. And when the decennial census was taken, it turned out that by this means the tide of emigration, which in fourteen years had carried away 1,680,000 Germans across the sea, had been turned back, and in contrast with a decrease observable in *every* other district of Pomerania, the district of Kolberg actually had an increase to show of five per cent.

No less satisfactory an experiment was some time after carried out in the province of Saxony. Herr Sombart decided upon converting his estate Steesow, a property of about 2000 acres, into small holdings. He would have his money back, but did not want to make a profit. The result was that the small holdings which he created were taken up eagerly, and that economists now dispute the fairness of the experiment as a test, inasmuch as the peasants have bought their land *too cheaply*. Half the estate was cut up into small holdings of about 160 acres apiece, the remainder into much smaller ones, and the smallest were bought up the most readily. All the purchasers are doing well.

Proceeding by the light of such experiments, the Prussian Government in 1886 decided to deal with the Polish estates to be sliced up in the same way, that is, by terminable rent-charge, buying out the owners with its money, and recouping itself in a series of years. It was thinking more of politics than finance. To attract German settlers—if possible, Protestants—it must offer warm nests, and to keep them there it must make them comfortable. The Colonisation Commission was accordingly authorised to lay out money lavishly; to drain, build, make roads, improve, put the little farms in a thorough state of repair and sell them at reasonable prices. Under this *régime* it takes about three or four years to put an ordinary estate into fit condition for parcelling out. As a rule, it has to be drained; very often

it has to be put in good heart by a course of manuring ; the holdings have to be laid out conveniently for the new occupiers. Sometimes buildings have to be put up, though the Board rather favour settlers doing this for themselves, because there are likely to be fewer complaints and there ought to be greater economy. In that case the settlers are provided with bricks, timber, &c., at wholesale prices. Applicants are expected to produce some proof of their fitness for the work to be undertaken. In addition, they are called upon to show that they have sufficient capital—competition has raised the figure to about one-third of the purchase price. But half that amount they are free to claim back in loans for the purchase of manure or cattle, in addition to money which the Board is authorised to lend for building purposes. And the cost of drainage, which was originally made repayable within twenty years, is now simply added to the general purchase price, and spread over a much longer period. All in all, therefore, the people are made thoroughly comfortable. They find roads and schools ready made, the latter endowed : churches built and endowed where necessary. Most of the holdings are of about forty acres. At the outset they were larger, but as people discover that it is not the land, but the money and labour which produce the profit, the area is being reduced, which means all the more since every year sees applicants coming to the scene with better filled purses. The Government's object is to settle *peasants*, not either gentlemen, nor yet occupiers too small to support themselves by their land. Small holdings are assigned only where a smithy, or a wheelwright's shop, or some other trade-establishment goes with them. Of course, the Government reserves to itself a power of re-entry in cases of non-payment, and a decisive voice in any disposal of the property until the full value is paid. In some few cases, it has sold for cash down. In some others, it has let the holding at an annual rent. But 95 per cent. of the whole is sold for terminable rent-charge. No serious difficulty is made about re-sale if good cause can be shown. It may happen that a man has taken a larger holding than he can work profitably. In that case, he is allowed to sell and is, if possible, accommodated with a smaller holding. Or else a man may wish to sell for some other satisfactory reason. As a rule, vendors realise a very decent profit on re-sales, and generally, also, the new purchasers are found to be men commanding a more ample capital—all of which is distinctly satisfactory.

According to the last report laid before the Prussian Diet, the entire area of land bought up by the Colonising Board up to the end of 1893, at an outlay of 51,043,806 marks out of the 100,000,000 marks voted (that is, including *all* expenses), amounted to about 188,500 acres. Of this only about 58,000 acres had been actually settled, having been assigned to 1387 families. The remainder was

in course of preparation, with applicants waiting for it three and four deep.

The result of all this is, that in the place of about 20 or 30 families, with the proper number of servants required for farm work, the same area of land now supports 1387 families—probably between 9000 and 10,000 persons; for the abundance of children is one of the most striking and most satisfactory features about these villages. I am curious to see the calculations which are to be prepared some time hence, showing what the land was worth before, what the buildings stood for, and the live stock; how much the land produced in crops, in taxes, in purchasers for the goods of commerce, in the blood-tax of soldiers—and how much under every one of these heads it yields after being settled with peasants. The difference promises to be startling. And that is not the only benefit. The new settlements present a curious motley picture of nationalities. Two-thirds of the settlers come from distant parts. There are Rhinelanders, and Badeners, and Würtembergers, dwelling amongst Saxons and Silesians, and native Poseners. You can tell their nationality by the style of their buildings, their gardens, and the crops which they cultivate. Here is a family of Pomeranians showing their neighbours how to breed and fatten poultry and to fatten calves to advantage; there are Saxons and Silesians producing model crops of corn and potatoes with, it maybe, a field or two of sugar-beet to bring money into the farm; there again are Rhinelanders setting an example of efficient dairying; there are Würtembergers and Badeners cultivating vegetables, and raising in their little gardens unheard-of crops of high-priced produce; there is a native of the Palatinate astonishing his neighbours by the yield of his maize crops, and, it maybe, tobacco-fields. You have, in fact, all agricultural Germany brought together on one small scene under conditions which almost *compel* one cultivator to learn from another, and which bid fair to provide the whole province with a useful lesson in agriculture. And the new commercial life infused into the Polish provinces by this host of settlers, and the aptitude for that self-government which the Prussian Slavs have not been allowed to develop, but which all these Western Germans possess in virtue of long habit, and which is required under the new order of things, ought to stand for something. There is more trade, more traffic, more life. You see church spires rising up where there was a desert, schools, village halls, new farmsteads within hailing distance of one another, separated by fields which every year assume a tidier and more prosperous look, on ground shaded more and more every year by denser and more luxuriant crops. There can be no denying the cultural, the social, and economic gain, even if the prize has cost the country somewhat dear.

I must not stop to discuss more minutely this pioneer enterprise

which, if it had served no other purpose, would be well worth its outlay as having led Germany to a "more excellent way" of colonising, free from politics, free from race hatred, causing no loss to the Exchequer, indeed, no cost at all, which way was entered upon in 1891.

That first colonising experiment was limited to the specifically Polish provinces: Posen and West Prussia. Much time did not elapse before other provinces cried out for the same boon. The forethought of the great Stein, it turned out, had provided the country with machinery admirably suited for giving it to them. When, in 1811, he emancipated the large peasantry (not yet the small occupiers), he prudently constituted "rent banks"—land banks—to assist the men in freeing themselves of the charges arising in connection with their enfranchisement. The "rent banks" advanced the money in exchange for a mortgage entered upon the property, repayable by terminable rent-charge. Later time found new uses for these banks. Peasants readjusting the boundaries of their much-divided properties might raise the money required by the same means. And in some other ways the banks were made serviceable. The "rent banks" are self-supporting institutions, towards the administration of which the State contributes something like £15,000 a year, in return for which it is entitled to appropriate to its use the surplus accruing in the course of time out of interest and occasional windfalls, which about a year ago stood at £625,000. The transactions of the "rent banks" had never been very large. But here was a new service which opened to them a wide vista of utility. However, their office is simply to receive and disburse money. To direct them how to do it Stein had at the same time created a second type of institution, likewise not very much thought of until recently, the "General Commissions," administrative Boards appointed severally for two or three provinces, with a staff of experts continually at their service.

Briefly epitomised, the scheme adopted for turning these two authorities to account in the matter is this. The General Commission, possessing no endowment, cannot buy land on its own account. But it can instruct the Rent Bank to issue land bonds, *rentenbriefe*, secured by a charge upon the property redeemable by a terminable rent-charge, and hand them over as purchase price to the vendor. Those land bonds once issued have no local connection with the particular estate. The bondholder's security is the Rent Bank, to which alone he looks for interest and redemption. These land bonds circulate in the money market like public funds. The $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. bonds are now a very little under par, because first holders are generally in a hurry to sell and capitalists know how to take advantage of their impatience. That is sure to right itself in very little time. Now, suppose that a land-owner desires to sell his estate, and finds purchasers willing to take it

from him in the shape of small holdings—for the Act is applicable only to small or medium properties, that is, roughly speaking, to holdings up to 100 or 150 acres—having agreed with them as to price, he is, through the help of the General Commission, enabled to give effect to the bargain by means of the Rent Bank, on the understanding that three-fourths of the purchase price is to be commuted into a terminable rent charge, at the rate either of 4 per cent. for 60½ years, or 4½ per cent. for 56½ years, for which amount land bonds are issued, bearing in each instance ½ per cent. less interest. With respect to the remaining fourth the vendor may secure himself as he pleases. He may insist upon full payment of it by the purchasers, or he may take only part and leave the balance standing as an additional mortgage to be paid off in land bonds, if he so chooses, as the original bonds are redeemed. The General Commission, if applied to, will, in return for the very moderate charge of about 5s. per acre (12 marks per hectare) undertake to do *everything* requisite in the matter—act as surveyor, solicitor, even as Exchequer, by including the stamp duty in that figure. That is, of course, a powerful inducement to landowners to sell through the General Commission. But, on the other hand, the General Commission will not sanction the contract unless its own terms insisted upon in the interest of purchasers are fully complied with. Each holding must be surrendered workable in shape, compact, and so situated as to command ready access. If the vendor puts up the buildings—many vendors do this in order to receive a larger payment from the Rent Bank—the General Commission will see that they are such as their purpose requires. There must be water, and there must be roads; there must be a school within reach, possibly a church, and there must be a variety of other things. Proximity to a church is found very much to stimulate the demand. I have seen a vendor compelled to pay at the last moment, when he thought that all was settled, something like £1000 on an estate of very moderate size. Nevertheless, landowners who wish to dispose of their properties are glad to avail themselves of the services of the General Commission. Selling in a lump has become a difficult process. Small holdings, on the other hand, are always in demand. And, after all, in spite of all that is exacted, the price turns out to be considerably better than that which could have been obtained in the market by the sale of the whole.

The General Commission is careful to see that every holding is capable of supporting itself. It allows holdings, according to the circumstances, of almost all sizes—where there is plenty of employment, down to three or four acres, or else, in the case of the few holdings which go with the old manor houses, up to 100 or 150 acres. Its favourite size is somewhere between twenty and forty acres. The intention of the Legislature is, that every purchaser should be in a

condition to support himself and his family by farming alone, but by farming in which he himself takes an active part. In the same manner the General Commission sanctions sales on almost every variety of soil—except only *very* light sand and *very* heavy clay. On the other hand, it ties the purchaser down not to deal with his holding without its approval, and, to enable it to do this the more effectually, it retains one-tenth of the rent-charge in its hands to be paid off last of all. It will be satisfied before approving the purchase that the purchaser has some means with which to carry on his agriculture. But once he shows himself honest, and industrious, and well-conducted, it will give him almost any assistance in the way of loans for buildings, and buying cattle, &c., that he may stand in need of. The law allows it a pretty wide discretion, and “when a man stakes his little all upon the venture,” as President Beutner observed to me with respect to a man who had paid down his life’s savings amounting to £60, “he is not likely to play me false.” One would think that with all this work to do and only 5s. per acre to receive in return the General Commissions must incur a considerable deficit. But they manage, as a rule, to make both ends meet.

The new facility provided for sale and purchase of land has brought about a perfect revolution in Prussian landholding—a revolution very much for the better. Landlords are offering their estates in quantities which make the General Commissions cry out for more surveyors; they cannot master the business fast enough. Would-be purchasers are pressing in by the thousand. The General Commissions make no distinction between nationalities, and so in Poland now Poles are as willingly accommodated as Germans. The Act was not put in force till the autumn of 1891; yet, by the autumn of 1893, one General Commission alone, that of Posen and East and West Prussia, had provided holdings for about 3800 families—more than twice the number in two years that the anti-Polish Colonisation Board had been able to find land for in seven. And now the work goes on in a growing current. I have seen colonies of this sort near Stralsund, near Posen, near Bromberg, near Gnesen—cross-questioning the settlers, looking into their buildings, examining their cultivation. It is not all plain sailing with them, of course. There is rough work sometimes at the outset, especially for those who come burdened with little money. They have to work hard, and to economise, sometimes to pinch. Very often they will begin in the humblest of ways, knocking together a little shanty, or hiring one of the waggon-houses which the Commission keeps ready for them, setting up their barn first—for they always take over the holding with the full harvest upon it—then adding a stable, lastly, the dwelling-house. The more they economise, the better they do. But every year sees some improvement made. The couple of goats brought upon the small holding soon grow into

a cow, then two, then more. Pigs multiply, and already, in a good many cases, as in Ireland, it is they who "pay the rent." Even on sandy soil, where, pending further improvements, lupins and rye are the stock crops, these thrifty cultivators, once they have the chance given them, manage to get on. The best settlers are found to be those who gain a step or secure an independence by taking the holding—farm-labourers who have laid by a little, younger sons of peasants, farm-servants, and the like. Very rarely, indeed, do such men appear to fail. There are fat livings, in Western Prussia for instance, near Marienburg, Elbing, and Stuhm, where peasants' sons acquire from 40 to 130 acres of the richest soil at a proportionately high price; and there are poorer, but no less promising, holdings where the soil is sandy. One very satisfactory feature about this settling is, that a considerable proportion of the new-comers are relatives of the earlier settlers, attracted by what their friends have reported to them. There are some men who have come back from the United States and now find Germany a much more favourable settling ground than the Far West, albeit they wince under the political restrictions imposed upon them.

The general result is undoubtedly satisfactory. Under the magician's wand of the General Commission desolate plains are being converted into populous villages. The old, worn-out order of things is giving place to a new. Communities of peasant proprietors, rich in houses, and children, and cattle, producing more plentifully, and making agriculture once more remunerative, are springing up in unpeopled solitudes which heretofore made their proprietors bankrupt; the tide of emigration is being stayed, population is once more on the increase. Not too rapidly, but surely, comparative plenty is being put in the place of want, contentment in the place of destitution, and the State is promised a rich harvest of taxes, an increase of purchasers for its commerce, and of recruits for its army.

Here, then, at length, does the difficult problem appear to have been solved, of giving State aid to those who need it without deadening the spirit of self-help, nay, while quickening and stimulating it. And here has a means been found of re-peopling the land in the most satisfactory way, increasing its productiveness, making agriculture more remunerative—helping the poor without taxing the rich. Could we avail ourselves of the same machinery? We, too, have acres lying unpeopled, unprofitable, growing more so every day, and yet containing within them the possibilities of great productiveness. We, too, have masses of people idle, poor, wishing for employment, ready to put their hand, literally, to the plough or the spade. General Commissions and Rent Banks are not institutions suitable for every country. Rent Banks might prove so among ourselves, more especially in view of the new serviceable uses which are

daily being found for them. One such use I should like to name, though as yet it is only proposed, to wit, to enable incoming landlords to pay off their co-heirs in a convenient and, on the whole, economical way.

Whether we can proceed by the methods which Stein devised or not, it will be well to make clear to ourselves the governing factor of this most successful solution of a long-standing problem. The whole matter hinges upon the pretty wide margin in value which is created by cutting up a large estate into small holdings. That margin is so considerable that it allows the Government, which is in matters of finance the most cautious of all governments, to guarantee without fear mortgages up to *three-fourths*, practically more, of the *higher* value of the same land, on the *lower* value of which public institutions could not bring themselves to advance more than *one-half*, or at most *two-thirds*. But that two-thirds is, generally speaking, on a lower valuation. And on the top of the three-fourths pledged to the State as a rule comes the vendor, the man who can best estimate the value of the property and the risk incurred, with an additional charge. The procedure therefore really creates a new value, on which Credit is willing to advance the necessary funds. It is a value, not in market price only, but in productiveness—a value which enables thousands to thrive, and earn, and produce taxes for the State and purchasers for its commerce, where previously scores languished. There can be no doubt about the fact. Land bonds circulate like Consols. And landowners throng the offices of the General Commission willing to sell. There is no power of expropriation, no means of compulsion needed. The Act would not work if such were necessary. The landowners are the first to set the Act in motion. But behind all this stands the control exercised by the State over the new purchasers so long as they are its debtors. The State will help them, but it exacts that they shall help themselves. On that condition, it does not stint its aid. But it takes security which costs practically nothing but a little pains. Here is a new, a most useful application of the humane principle: *Aidez-à-faire*—a most effective help to the poor and to agriculture. Methods may differ in different countries, but there are few realms probably in which there is not room, and call, in some shape or other, for work at once so beneficent and making so small demands on the public pocket, work which creates a new value out of its own self, and makes the whole community at the same time happier and richer.

HENRY W. WOLFF.

LABOUR COLONIES IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

IN common with the rest of the world, Australian cities have been suffering from congestion. The unemployed have been only too familiar upon our streets. Among the remedies suggested here, as elsewhere, "back to the land" has been most approved. But the poor cannot get to the land without help, and most of the Australian colonies have some scheme for providing such help. I write upon the scheme in South Australia not because it is necessarily better than any other, but because I know it better, and because there are elements in it from which hints may be gathered that may bear fruit in other parts of the world.

Our scheme here has taken the shape of so-called village settlements, and is so framed that groups of families without capital can avail themselves of its provisions. A "settlement" must contain at least twenty male adults. These enrol themselves, and apply to the Government for maps of such lands as are open for selection. They select the site that seems most suitable, and ask permission to go upon it with their families. If they are approved, as of good character and likely to succeed, they are put in possession of the land. The area gives each family 160 acres. But the land must be worked in one block, and on co-operative principles. Provision is made in the Act that when the whole area is under cultivation the community may be dissolved, and each settler settle on his own section, should they agree so to do. From the beginning of the settlement Government makes advances to the villagers in the shape of loans, to the extent of £50 per member. These advances are made upon work done, as valued by a Government expert, to the amount of one-half its value. Thus, for clearing an acre of mallee scrub they receive from 20s. to 25s., according to its density, the real value of the work being

twice that sum. The settlements are managed by a board of trustees, elected by ballot, whose chairman, chosen in the same way, is for the time being director. The trustees and chairman are elected half-yearly, but they may be dismissed at any time if unsatisfactory. They decide upon the work to be done, and appoint to each man his task. The minutes of their business are open to inspection. They have the power to give any unsatisfactory settler marching orders, and he must go, unless his fellow-villagers, when appealed to, give him another trial. The stores containing supplies are in the hands of the chairman, and from these stores the villagers draw out food on a fixed scale, and clothing, medicine, &c., as required. The married villagers live in their own tents or houses, and the bachelors usually mess and live together; otherwise the settlement is ordered, as nearly as possible, as if it were one family. After two years 4 per cent. will be charged upon the advances made by Government until they are repaid; a peppercorn rent is also charged upon the land. The title is a perpetual lease, so that, when the settlers have repaid the advance, they will be proprietors of a valuable and unincumbered estate. Should any member become disabled, he can claim to remain on the settlement for life, and to receive a share in all that is going. Should he die, his widow and children have a similar claim. By so much the constitution is socialistic, though the term is hardly applicable when they have nothing in common to begin with but poverty, and nothing to divide but labour.

When this Village Settlement Act became law, its provisions were eagerly accepted. During three months, from March to May (1894), ten settlements were formed, containing 1500 souls. Some settlements contained about twenty members with, say, eighty souls, while two or three settlements were four times as large. One after another they swarmed out of Adelaide, and it was a touching sight to see them, men, women, and children, with their tents, tools, and bits of furniture, their poultry, and cows, and pigs, going off by a special train to try their luck in a line of life entirely new. Nearly every class was represented, including a few clerks, but the men were mostly labourers and mechanics, and nearly all had been out of work so long that they were glad to escape from the city. The sites selected were on the banks of the Murray—queen of Australian rivers. One hundred miles of railroad travelling brought them to Morgan, a thriving little township on the river at the terminus of the railroad. Thence a river steamer conveyed them in a few hours to the site of their future home. March to May is autumn in Australia, and the settlers had the disadvantage of beginning at the edge of winter. One settlement lost a child by drowning on the day of arrival. Another group of settlers was set down on a damp dreary morning where the river-bank

was knee-deep in mud. They looked at one another through tearful eyes, and some wished themselves back in beautiful Adelaide. Houses they had none at the start, and even yet they are sheltered in most cases in little framed houses with walls of bags and roofs of corrugated iron. Some were ragged, and nearly all were without money. That seemed a curious way to begin farming an estate of from four to fourteen thousand acres! Are there now prospects of success? I fear that already many of my readers have answered this question in the negative. I ask such, especially, to read this paper to the end.

The writer, who has watched this movement from the first with sympathetic interest, has just returned from a visit to eight of these ten settlements. A description of one of these, not exceptionally successful, may be accepted as generally true of all. I saw these settlers off at the railway station in March, 1894. They had only one cow to take with them, though they had more than 100 children and plenty of grass. A couple of horses and a pig or two completed their stock. Some had paid away their last shilling for rent in order to get clear of the landlord. But they left the railway station in good heart, and amid many cheers. A few days ago I visited the same people in their new home. Their village occupies a beautiful site sloping gently upwards from the river. Behind them a low green hill—in front a belt of Australian gums on the banks of the Murray. I found that their “bag” houses had borne the strain of the winter, and each house stood in its own half-acre, which, in many cases, was full of vegetables. Five neat stone cottages are already built, and two more are in course of erection. The settlers draw lots to decide who shall have the houses—No. 1 entitles to the first house, No. 2 to the second, and so on. There is a comfortable stone building for day and Sunday school, meeting-house, &c. Lime-kiln, brick-field, saw-pit, and quarry are all close at hand. At 7.30 the gong calls the men to work, and at 9.30 the same gong calls the children from the river-bank to school. Here is a nursery containing some thousands of young fruit-trees, and there a patch of wheat; beyond that again the settlement vegetable-garden. Some hundreds of acres of mallee land are cleared, and the irrigation plant is almost ready which will keep this land irrigated by water pumped from the river. The staple of these settlers will be fruit, and an irrigated acre in this sub-tropical climate is supposed to produce from £15 to £30 worth a year of grapes, apricots, and other fruit. I find that the people of this settlement are living upon 1s. per family per day, and that they have not yet drawn more than one-fourth of the £50 per member to which they are entitled. Let them work away and keep down expenses, and I can see no reason why they should not succeed. The contrast between the life on the settlement

as I saw it, and that from which they had so recently escaped, was really delightful. It was easy to picture what this settlement might be in, say, four years' time, when the trees were in full bearing and plenty was added to beauty to fill out the picture of an enchanting home. My rough calculation is, that during the first year a settlement will be wholly dependent; second year, partially so; third year, self-supporting; and that during the fourth year they will begin to repay the Government advance. This, of course, supposes that they agree together and have good luck.

It must not be supposed that things have worked quite smoothly during this first half-year. This could not be expected. The people grouped themselves in some instances too hastily, being pressed together by common difficulties rather than drawn together by common sympathies. An undesirable sprinkling of "bush lawyers" got among the settlers, the sort of men who scatter discontent and do more than their share of mischief-making, and a good deal less than their fair share of work. The chairmen and trustees were in some cases badly chosen and had to be replaced after a few weeks of bungling. New trustees have meant new plans of work and waste labour. The working man who has all his life been under orders cannot easily adjust himself to new conditions. He does not always work so well without the harness which fitted him like another skin. Each settlement had to lay the land out for irrigation, take levels, form channels, and purchase and erect costly machinery. Experience in such work could only be had in one way: hence some mistakes. Some took up the life without first counting the cost, and, rather than bear indispensable privation, crept quietly back to town and denounced the life for which they never had sufficient pluck. About ten per cent. have come away during the first half-year, but their places are being quietly filled by others who understand better what they are doing, and will be more likely to remain. There seems to have been more discontent and friction in the larger settlements. Those which contain about thirty members, or one hundred souls, have so far held together the best and made fewest blunders. It would probably have been better if the Government inspector had also been director for the first year or two, though this would not have been quite in harmony with the democratic constitution of the settlements. Still the scheme bids fair to become a great success. The Government may have to increase the advance of £50 per member before the corner is turned and the settlements are independent of outside help; but that will not be a serious matter if a settlement succeeds ultimately, as the Government holds a lien upon everything until it is repaid with interest. Co-operative production, with life on a communistic basis, is surely having a fair trial here. From that point of view only the experiment is one of very great interest. It gives additional interest

to this experiment that it is working out hopefully, when the "New Australian" settlement formed here on socialistic lines to be worked out in Paraguay threatens to end in such dismal failure.

An important aspect of this scheme is that it is educational. It takes hold of a number of dependent consumers and makes them producers. Most, if not all, of the Australian colonies support an agricultural college and model farm. The Government spends some thousands a year in keeping up one of these establishments, with a full staff of professors to work out interesting experiments with soils and seeds, and to teach a limited number of the sons of well-to-do settlers how to farm. In the village settlement scheme the colony is doing educational work at the other end of the social scale. It is teaching the poor dwellers in towns how to get a living from the land. Is not this work as well worth doing, from an economical standpoint, as the other? There are, say, 800 children upon these settlements now. Is it not likely that these children ten years hence will be much more valuable colonists than they could have been under the old conditions? Can any country be blamed for risking something for even the possibility of such a reward?

Life on these settlements has its privations, of course, but they cannot be called hardships. The working day is generally eight hours. The ration scale is sufficient for health. Houses walled with bags are at least tolerable in this bright Australian climate. There are no public-houses allowed on these settlements, and, as the people have no money, there are not likely to be any shops; but no landlord comes round for his rent, and there are no bills coming in from grocer or draper. The villagers have concerts and entertainments, with an occasional dance, and on holidays there are sports on the village green. The noble river presents unlimited opportunities for boating, bathing, fishing, and shooting. The Murray abounds with cod. I have known one settlement catch a ton of these delicious fish in a month. Swans—black and white—cranes, ducks, rooks, shags, cockatoos, and many birds besides, tempt the sportsman's gun. Rabbits are only too plentiful. It is necessary to surround the orchards and gardens with rabbit-proof fences. The people will be able, when their orchards begin to bear, "to sit under their own vine and fig-tree." They have the prospect of this to cheer them during the three years or so of privation. By the generosity of the Adelaide public this privation is much less than would otherwise have been the case. Hardly had the settlements begun before a "Land Settlement Aid Society" was established in the city. This society helps the settlers with clothes, new and old, boots, blankets, seeds, implements, sheep, cattle, &c. Some of the country towns have taken a single settlement under their wing, undertaking to do their best to supply the more urgent of the settlers' needs. Several of the city churches

make regular collections for the settlers. When the Wesleyan General Conference met in Adelaide last May a Sunday afternoon meeting was held in the Conference Church, which was addressed by some of the leading representatives, at which a liberal collection was taken up for this object. I mention these facts to show that the Government is generously backed by many of the settlers and citizens in this effort to help the poor to work out their social and economic salvation.

JOSEPH BERRY.

ADELAIDE, *October* 1894.

FOR THE BEAUTY OF AN IDEAL.

I.

IN February, 1891, I had the honour of speaking to a grave and learned audience on the subject of the relation which the famous doctrine that generally goes by the name of Charles Darwin bears to the Catholic doctrine of the Creation. My object then was to establish the liberty of the Catholic conscience with regard to an hypothesis, according to which it is maintained that living organisms did not appear on the earth at intervals by virtue of distinct acts of the Creator, but were modified and developed from generation to generation from one single originative form up to the immense present variety. I even went a step farther, and pronounced which of the two theories seemed to me to correspond most closely to the truth and to the religious ideal. To illustrate this assumption of mine, I shall make use of a simile which is not altogether new, but to which I shall give a fresh development.

If watches, as well as having smooth white faces, delicate bodies, and an elaborate secret complication of subtle interior mechanism, could have intellect also, some of them would probably desire to meditate upon and to know the mystery of their origin. The common brass watches, and the more popular silver ones, might possibly be contented with an ingenuous and simple faith, and might believe that they had been created instantaneously and in their present form by means of a great omnipotent watch, common father of all watches; while, on the other hand, the gold watches, bright with enamel and precious stones, might easily fall into a refined scepticism with no thought but for ticking and sparkling. The chronometers, however, watches of more exquisite mechanism, would probably, although also rejecting the popular belief, inquire into the problem with liberty of thought

and research. They would most likely arrive at the discovery that no watch could ever have been created instantaneously, because there is no doubt that its component parts must have been successively adapted to each other by a continuous process, resulting from the combined action of unknown causes; and therefore that a watch is not a work of creation, but of evolution or progressive development; that beyond this individual evolution there is also an evolution of the race throughout the ages, illustrated by the continuous and successive progress from the hydraulic clock up to the Bregnets and Pateks; that the idea of one great watch as creator of all other watches is altogether superstitious and peculiar to watches of inferior make, which cannot conceive of an ideal and divine being, except as having wheels, springs, case, dial and hands.

It is not impossible, however, that one of these chronometers might discover, by means of study, that the mechanism of watches was drawn by evolution out of pre-existing matter, through the agency or forces directed by an intelligent being so constituted that all watches may be in some sense compared to him; for it may almost be said that he is himself a species of watch, a moving piece of most delicate and complicate mechanism, a measurer of time. This ingenuous philosopher, with his brain of steel and gold, would find, too, that though he shared to a great extent the opinions of his more enlightened brethren, he yet ended by substantially confirming the simple faith of his brethren of the brain of brass; and the agreement between the most learned and the most ignorant would be proved once more to be the best criterion of truth, if indeed it be true that watches were not created by a "fiat," and that their maker himself, as far as we can behold him, is, as it were, a mechanism in whose motion the measured beats of time are not found wanting.

A similar aspect is presented to us by human beliefs and opinions as to the origin of living organisms. We can trace the rise of the conception of a Creator like unto man even in material form; a Creator who creates by the sound of His voice, in a moment of time, whole orders of new beings, who moulds man out of clay and breathes into his nostrils the breath of life. In opposition to this idea, we can see a conception arising, according to which matter is slowly transforming itself by itself, by means of evolution, producing little by little all organisms up to man himself. There is, according to this theory, no longer room for the action of a Creator, who moreover, as He is represented by the positive religions, is nothing more than a God created by man in his own image and likeness, a colossal shadow of man himself thrown on the empty heavens. Finally, we see a third conception which admits the action within the universe of slow hidden forces, by means of which inorganic matter has been ascending, through myriads of centuries, to the production of the human body;

a conception which acknowledges in the lower world dim throes and premonitory flashes of the immortal spirit given to man; which, in the last place, attributes the laws of this transformation to the will of an intelligent Being whom the human soul resembles because it also can understand, and will.

In the paper which I read at the Venetian Institute, I put forward and defended what was in substance this same idea. I hope that in so doing I did not waste my learning, which was indeed abundant, ponderous and weighty. "You will see," has been said, not without malice and irony, by a celebrated disciple of Darwin, with regard to the new learning and the old faiths, "you will see that, some day or other, some one will come to maintain that old bottles were made on purpose for new wine." I have a great and sincere respect for Professor Huxley; but, irony and malice apart, what I really did maintain last year was practically that old bottles *were* made on purpose for new wine. There was, however, this slight difference in my proposition. It seemed to me that Professor Huxley's wine was not, as has been better said by others, of an entirely new quality, and for this reason, that in certain very ancient dusty bottles dregs have been found, discoloured, it is true, and rather musty, but still rich in alcohol, and similar in flavour to the aforesaid wine. What I mean to say is, that I have found ideas contained in certain great and famous vessels of Catholic doctrine, of such a nature that if there was room in those vessels for them, there cannot fail to be room also for the scientific doctrine of evolution. Since then I have tried pouring it into them, and have found that they hold it wonderfully well, and that there is even room for much similar wine from the vintages of the future.

Many people wonder that I, a writer of verses and novels, should have devoted myself to such a study. They cannot understand why, in turning to evolution, I should leave behind me Latin, theologians, metaphysics, and the Greek barbarisms of scientific terms, and should treat of it from the point of view of an artist who has a right to speak as such.

II.

I can imagine that some honest, serious and intelligent person, utterly unaccustomed to the discussion of general principles, or to treating grave and dangerous questions the practical side of which is not easily discernible, may deny the importance of this argument for the general public. I can imagine, too, the ill feeling of another respectable class of people, who ask nothing better than to sit on their old home opinions as if they were the old arm-chairs in which their parents used to sit, or the accustomed seat in the familiar theatre, and are therefore disturbed and offended by anything which

upsets the ordinary course of habits dear to them. I believe, nevertheless, that if a local newspaper were found at the bottom of a coal mine, belonging to the time when the forest was growing, or if a prophetic message regarding the future of man and the universe were to fall to earth from the Pole Star, even the general public would take a certain interest in the matter. Now the seers of evolution believe that they have discovered not merely a local journal but a grand and simple history of the universe, revealed partly in the depths of the abysses of heaven, partly in the depths of the earth, partly among the fossils of past organisms, partly in the fossils of human speech, for there are such things as fossil words. And if the lamp used for this great discovery throws direct light only on the past of the universe and man, still it casts a certain brightness on the other side also, towards the future. No sooner was this lamp lighted than it began to affect the greatest poet whom our planet has possessed since Shakespeare.

On the morning of August 2, 1830, the news arrived in Weimar that a revolution had broken out in Paris. A friend of Goethe's came to visit him on the afternoon of the same day. "Well," exclaimed old Goethe, as he met him, "what do you think of the great event? The volcano has broken out, everything is in flames, all the secret plots have come to light." "A frightful business," answered his friend; "but with such a Ministry what could you expect? Nothing less than the fall of the dynasty." "My dear fellow, we don't understand each other," replied the author of "Faust"; "I am not speaking of those people. I mean the dispute which has arisen at the Academy between Cuvier and Geoffroy St.-Hilaire."

The dispute which in Goethe's eyes was so much more important than the Revolution of July began to show itself in outline at the Parisian Académie Royale des Sciences on February 15, 1830. The naturalist, Geoffroy St.-Hilaire, treating of molluscs, referred to the analogy between different organisms as an indication of a vast unity in their construction. This idea appeared to him to be the true key to the study of natural history. St.-Hilaire was a scientific philosopher. Scientific philosophers love to look at things as a whole, love to throw out great and almost prophetic hypotheses into the unknown, hypotheses rather to be compared to arches of light than to iron bridges on which practical people may safely set their feet. Badly armed, like all prophets, they lay siege to the kingdom of old ideas, which is well organised for hard resistance, and can oppose to the enemy a standing army of devoted conservatives, ready to fight without reasoning, citadels and bastions over which the glorious names of the past wave in the breeze, arsenals stocked with weapons well-tried and terrible to behold, a great commonwealth composed of minds

which have, by means of those same old ideas, won for themselves glory, honour and emoluments, all the splendours of life. For this reason the first battles almost always go against the prophets. When St.-Hilaire first asserted the mutability of species, and expressed the opinion that, instead of having been created instantaneously at different epochs, all species are branches of the same genealogical tree, he found himself opposed to Cuvier, the famous man of science; a man really great at analysis, who having spent his life and gained his renown by studying everything that can differentiate species, naturally looked with abhorrence on a theory which united them all together. The debate was renewed at several sittings between February and October, and went on spreading in extent, as every one heaped fresh fuel on the discussion, just as in war it sometimes happens that a skirmish in the vanguard turns into a battle. The Hall of the Académie des Sciences was thrown open for the first time to the public, who wished to be present at the duel between the celebrated men of science who had been colleagues for thirty years as teachers of natural history at the Jardin des Plantes. Their discussion was all about molluscs and fishes. They wrangled for two sittings over a bone of which the scientific name is *Os hyoides*, yet on the 19th of July, the eve of the Revolution, the hall was crammed with people.

In the eyes of the majority Cuvier easily got the advantage. He could adduce visible and tangible arguments to prove the perpetual variety of species, whereas St.-Hilaire had no evidence for the transformation of one species into another. As a matter of fact, this argument of "Who saw it?" can be turned equally well against the theory of successive and distinct acts of creation. It might be used by, and indeed be the cause of, the acquittal of a thief, who should argue thus: "You bring forward one witness who says he saw me break into the house, but I can call millions of witnesses who neither saw me break into the house, nor, which is more important, steal the things." Geoffroy St.-Hilaire did not give in, and supported his ideas manfully, but the cause of evolution was retarded for thirty years.

In reality this was not its first battle. The first real battle for evolution had been fought twenty-one years previous by another Frenchman, Jean Lamarck, who, as far as I can see, was never mentioned in the discussions of 1830 at the Académie des Sciences. The fact is that the ideas of Lamarck as to the descent of all living species from a common origin and the causes of their transformation were promptly buried beneath a heap of epigrams. There was no chance in France for a doctrine, according to which it could be argued that in a certain country where certain trees bear fruit at the top, certain animals, who were very fond of that fruit, turned into giraffes from

stretching their necks desperately in order to get at it. The French buried the idea with laughter, and, as happens with seed, what was destined to die in it perished, while that which was vital struck out invisible roots. Meanwhile other germs of the same idea had been cast elsewhere by other hands. Geoffroy St.-Hilaire, struggling with Cuvier, sent, as it were, a cry of appeal to his far-off allies, and it was Goethe who answered thus in the name of all:

"There are more than fifty of us in Germany who have laboured, and are still labouring, for your cause; we Germans long to be able to believe that all beings are genealogically connected with each other. I find myself in advance of many on this point with an important discovery that I have made; in advance of Camper, in advance of Blumenbach. Peter Camper, struck and disturbed by the close anatomical relationship between the ape and man, thought he had found the most important special characteristic of the ape in a bone of the upper jaw, called 'os intermaxillar,' which, according to him, is wanting in man. I have discovered and demonstrated that this bone exists also in man."

Thus spoke Goethe, who illuminated the path of evolutionist ideas with yet other flashes from his sovereign mind, guessing at the transformation of the leaf from the various parts of the plant, at the transformation of the vertebræ from the brain of vertebrates. We who desire to move so many people from the opinions on which they are comfortably seated, and have it so much at heart to bring forward the best of our own party, have much to learn from the experience of Goethe. He was about thirty years of age, and enjoyed a purely literary fame when he sent the illustrious Peter Camper a humble letter accompanying his work, written to demonstrate clearly, against the opinion of Camper, the existence in man of the "os intermaxillar." "Well done," replied the great anatomist courteously. "Bravo! You have done a great work which must have cost you much trouble. I congratulate you." After which he continued saying and writing imperturbably that there is no "os intermaxillar" in man.

"It is easy to see," exclaimed Goethe, "that I was very young and ingenuous, and knew precious little of the world, to set myself up—I a scholar—to contradict a master; if I proved that he was wrong, so much the worse for me." In point of fact, Goethe was sailing in the full current of living science, whereas, the other poor old celebrity had stuck majestically fast on his dry intermaxillary bone. "What a good thing it would be," said an unkind but learned Englishman, "what a good thing it would be if scientific men never lived beyond sixty. After sixty there is not a single one of them who will hear of changing his ideas."

III.

The unfortunate campaigns of Lamarck and Geoffroy St.-Hilaire were followed by a third engagement under Charles Darwin. They

say that it is curious to study the path of certain germs through space, and the mysterious complexity of insects and butterflies which carry an atom of fecundating pollen from stamen to stamen, of swallows, too, which bear from land to land a minute seed from which whole forests may spring. In the same way it is curious to trace the secret passage of ideas. Here is a case in point. Take your microscope and examine an obscure and minute Doctor Grant, who appears barely for a moment amid the turmoil of human existence at the beginning of this century. He moves on and on, comes in contact with Lamarck's works, is impregnated, when he leaves them, with evolutionist ideas, disappears again, goes onward still, working his hidden way, until he finally re-appears in 1825 in a public street in the city of Edinburgh, where his influence touches a lad of sixteen, and then he is lost for ever in the darkness. The lad notices nothing, goes on studying and working, grows up into a man, becomes famous, grows old, and when examining his own life fifty years later, finds a tiny, almost imperceptible trace of that influence, a little touch of evolution and Lamarck, just in that part of his mind where a theory of his on the origin of species first took root in 1837, which grew in secret and only saw the light in 1859. Here you see the passage of ideas from Lamarck to Charles Darwin.

The most insignificant influences largely helped on Darwin's work, and one such was very nearly the cause of its failure; for he himself, grown old and famous, used to recall with a shudder how Captain Fitzroy, of the *Beagle*, took such a dislike at first to his appearance that he said it went against him to take a man with such an undecided nose on board; and to that voyage on board the *Beagle* Darwin to a great extent attributed his scientific conquests and his subsequent fame. Seven years later, in October 1838, after working for fifteen months at his studies on the Transformation of Species, he came against a mystery which seemed to him impenetrable. He had discovered that man, working among domestic animals and plants, by choosing for purposes of reproduction the individuals best adapted to his object, gradually modifies the type of his species, and creates varieties, which, according to Darwin's opinion, are the beginnings of new species. This is human selection. But what produces selection among wild animals? Who is to choose the reproducers that are to modify by degrees the type of the species until a new species arises? Darwin begins to lose his way. One day, tired out by study and thought, he picks up the first book that comes to hand, just to take his mind off zoology and botany. The book is not about animals and plants, but about men; it demonstrates that a large proportion of the men that are born must die off rapidly, or the earth could never afford sustenance for them all. This idea comes like a ray of light into the young man's mind. How rapidly

animals multiply, and what enormous numbers must perish before reaching perfect development? Clearly, the few in every generation who survive the slaughter, the few victors in the struggle for life, must be the most perfectly formed. Now, you never find identically the same formation in any two individuals of the same species. There are always differences, some advantageous, others disadvantageous in the battle of life. Well, then, in the nature of things those who win the prize triumph and propagate, transmitting their superiority of structure to their descendants, who also differ among themselves and with the same results; so that the type of the species is being continually modified from generation to generation. This is Natural Selection. Darwin has found what he wanted, and his theory is founded. In 1839 he already had it clearly established in his mind, but he kept it dark till 1859. His famous book on the *Origin of Species* passed through twenty years' travail of the brain before it was given to the world. Twenty years passed under the sheltering warmth of a mind which was continually feeding it with new facts, collected and digested with admirable patience; which, continually eliminating the least clear, the least conclusive of these facts, suppressing every superfluity, every disproportion and every weakness, gave it the clear solidity, the regular proportions of a crystal. A scientific book which is at the same time solid, clear, polished and well-proportioned as a crystal, is, by virtue of these very qualities, a source of light to men, and has a great attraction for them, even if the crystal be not a diamond. It is easy, therefore, to understand, at least partially, why the "*Origin of Species*" raised such an immense clamour from the very moment of its publication; even though the main idea was by that time not absolutely new. Another English naturalist, Alfred Russel Wallace, had conceived it in the same form a year before, whereupon the friends of both, knowing of Darwin's studies, and inspired by a sense of justice, arranged that a sketch of Darwin's work should be published at the same time as Wallace's essay. The general public paid no attention whatever to these essays; learned men said that whatever was new in them was not true, and that whatever was true in them was not new.

All this did not prevent the English nation devouring 60,000 copies of the "*Origin of Species*" within a few years, nor learned men from devoting 265 analytical essays, not to mention newspaper articles, to the same subject, also within a short time. To explain away this success it has been said that "the idea was in the air." To that Darwin in person has made answer: "No; the secret of the matter is this: out of an enormous quantity of material I began to make a compendium, from which I finally made an extract, which is my book on the '*Origin of Species*.'" A superficial observer might say to him: "The public devoured your book eagerly because it

knew and admired you already as the author of the 'Voyage of a Naturalist.'" On the other hand, one of those refined spirits who despise vulgar truths, and are always in search of what is novel and subtle, might have argued thus: "The public understands nothing of this theory, and cares less; but picture to yourself a good-looking man standing before you in a respectful attitude, addressing you in Arabic, indeed, but in a quiet, cordial, and musical voice, with an expression of enthusiasm mixed with candour; would you not get a world of enjoyment out of listening to him, even though you could not understand one word of what he said?" Darwin's book was so enormously successful, just because all through it you can see the fine honest face of the author looking at you with the fire of enthusiasm in his eyes, and speaking to you with an intense love of truth, with profound conviction, and yet with humility.

Granting this, or, at least, granting that each of the above-mentioned opinions contains a certain proportion of truth, their common error being the desire to exclude each other, it is my opinion that no one had so much right and wrong on his side as Darwin himself in this dispute. The book was born full of life, fit for powerful action; but if it had not found the right atmosphere it would have perished without dislodging one single old idea, however unimportant. There was at that time an invisible "quid" in the air, and in the whole life and breath of human intellect, which made itself apparent in a purely negative way. When certain invisible germs are brought by the wind, certain plants, though they remain covered with foliage, though they still flower and even go on bearing fruit, begin to show the first slight signs of decay, which cannot escape the expert eye. During the first half of our century the belief in the stability of species which had flourished until then, began, as has been said, to show some signs of decay. I think it was long before the time of Lamarck and Geoffroy St.-Hilaire, who clearly destroyed it, that a stage began in human knowledge, which, by developing, led to the rejection, almost with the force of an electric shock, of the popular theories on the origin of species. These theories will probably, during the twentieth century, end by dropping off dead and rotten from the human mind, and after more centuries have passed by will have turned into fossil matter at which future generations will marvel when they come to excavate it for the purpose of antiquarian study. In fact, there is much resemblance between the stages of human knowledge and the great geological epochs. When you consult the archives of a great geological epoch, or the relics of living organisms of those times, you will find that they are marked by common characteristics. There is one geological period in which you will only find remains of monsters, whose forms seem to our modern eyes irrational and fantastic. Equally there is an era of human thought

in which you find nothing but a quantity of irrational and fantastic fossil ideas about the facts of natural history. But in the modern era of human thought, dating from the sixteenth century, ideas about natural science begin to take a rationalistic, almost mathematical shape, which consists in a tendency to exclude tradition and authority by demanding demonstration for everything that is not an axiom, and also in a severe conception of the equation between facts and their causes, the fact being a given quantity and the cause an x , the result being an impulse towards first carefully ascertaining the effect by means of close observation, so as to proceed in logical order toward the x . This impulse was to lead the human intellect firmly and indissolubly to connect certain effects with certain causes—that is to say, to discover and determine an indefinite number of natural laws, rejecting everything not in accordance with the laws discovered. Some of the ideas of this modern stamp will perish, becoming fossils in their turn; but in the meantime there is no doubt that in 1859 the common-sense of humanity was unconsciously divesting itself of the prevailing opinions about the origin of species. No one had seen the first pair of elephants, or even the first two swallows, spring from the ground alive, or a statue of clay suddenly turned into an organism made of bone, muscle, and nerves, watered by the blood, and it was contrary to all law, and to all the known methods of Nature's procedure. The idea belonged to a past epoch of the intellect, but it was still prevailing then. Indeed, even at the present moment it has not completely lost its influence, partly because it used to cling inseparably, and even now clings, like a decaying husk, far too closely to religious faith, and partly because men had grown accustomed to it, and it was, and is, inconvenient to them to make a change. On the other hand, those who believed neither in God nor in the creation could not assert in the face of science that the present specimen of animals and plants had existed *ab eterno*. They were therefore in a position wherein they could certainly philosophise largely about matter and chance, but could in nowise find a persuasive argument to solve this unknown enigma: how animals and plants, which undoubtedly had no being two or three thousand years ago, have since begun to exist.

Now, this was the point which had been reached when Darwin's clear and powerful book came out, purporting to prove, with abundance of accurate observation and acute reasoning, that animal species have insensibly diverged, by means of natural laws, from one or two primitive forms to the immense variety of the present. And it followed that as there was great sympathy between the character of Darwin's ideas and that of modern thought, the sound of his voice made a multitude of human voices touch the same note; and that came to pass which has happened to each one of us, when others have suddenly

succeeded in expressing what we have been feeling in a confused way within ourselves, and suffering from not being able to extract from the dim wrappings of our thought. So our being goes out towards the man, and a cry of assent and relief breaks quickly from our lips. Certainly for many minds, especially in Germany, the *Reiz*, as a German of different opinions has called it, the attraction of the Darwinian theory, was that at last God could be dispensed with; or rather, I should say, that He could retire on a well-deserved pension, awarded for services honestly rendered up to the production of the first living cellule. This presumed Jubilee of the Creator made a number of other equally imprudent people rabid against Darwinism. But beneath all the noise and tumult of the theological battle, Darwin's book was received with quiet satisfaction by very many who simply rejoiced to be able to leave to Milton the lion, springing from the earth and "pawing to get free his hinder parts," to be able at last to do without a fantastic genealogy of living beings which corresponds to an inferior stage of human knowledge, just as the belief in the unspoken Word of God the Creator and in the literal breath of His mouth belongs to a yet more remote stage. And let us note here in passing, that if the great geological epochs still subsist to a certain extent in the superimposed strata of earth, the different stages of human knowledge also subsist up to a certain point in the superimposed social strata. This is proved by the fact that the literal faith in the spoken message and in the breath of the mouth of God still survives, and will survive for who knows how many centuries, among the inferior and savage races, and in the deepest obscurity of popular ignorance. A shadow, a likeness of these successive stages of knowledge, is reflected in the intellectual development of every human life, just as the successive stages of the physical evolution are reflected in every human embryo; our brain while in formation taking the shape first of that of fishes, then of reptiles, then of birds, and then of mammals. In the same way the child, even though his name be Charles Darwin, even though he be born to write the "Origin of Species," when he is asked, "Who made you and put you into the world?" answers as he has been taught, "God," and ignoring his natural origin, imagines that he was made without any intermediary power by that unknown Potentate. When afterwards he hears the Book of Genesis, he always imagines, like every inferior race, a God, with a mouth and a sonorous voice, who talks Latin.

The book had therefore a lightning-like success, although an Anglican Bishop at once began to blow insults on the flame from the Gothic windows of the *Quarterly Review*, and many others blew with equal fury from smaller windows, and even from Berlin the *Kladderadatsch* blew epigrams. Blowing on an idea is like blowing on a burning liquid; you think you are extinguishing it, instead of

which it spreads. The first edition of the book was sold out at the booksellers in one day. A second edition of 3000 copies was immediately brought out, and a German translation was undertaken. Two attempts were made at a French translation, but Darwin found a phrase of Elie de Beaumont standing sentinel at the gates of France : "C'est de la science moussante." Phrases being in France a power in the State, the book could not gain admission then. Indeed, until 1862, when Mdlle. Royer met and overcame all obstacles, Darwin had to be satisfied with an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in which Laugel spoke of the "Origin" with that lordly equanimity which it must be confessed is characteristic of the best French minds. In the meantime the third edition of the book was being prepared ; and notice that in those days none of the deceptions of modern publishers were in vogue, and every edition announced as new was so in reality, and gave new work to the author.

So the readers of the "Origin" multiplied, although Darwin was groaning under a storm of hostile criticism. "I am tired," he said. It seems that the doctrine was anathematised by a scientific Congress assembled in 1860. The conversion of Lyell was a great victory ; that of Huxley, who, as Darwin laughingly expressed it, had become an Apostle of the Gospel of the Devil, was worth something ; but many other naturalists of great renown pronounced against it, and Herschel was saying to his friends : "This law of Natural Selection seems to me a law of higgledy-piggledy," an expression which Darwin, without understanding, did not like the sound of. And still the readers multiplied.

Till the end of 1860 German scientists, with one exception, breathed no word either for or against it. Several among them had for some time been evolutionists in the abstract, maintaining that man ought to stand on his own feet, but the *coup* of Columbus had not occurred to any of them, and they probably were a little annoyed that this devil of an Englishman should have been the man to make the egg stand on end. Readers went on increasing. If official science had not yet given Darwin its suffrage, at least the sweet-smelling smoke of celebrity was being offered up to him from every quarter. But he was wrong in asking from the general public a verdict on the value of his theories. Granted the nature of the subject and the reticence of scientific men, it was idle to expect a precise and explicit judgment on the theory of Natural Selection from the unscientific world. By making the man and his book famous, the public did indeed substantially pronounce itself in favour of some rational method to prove that species, like individuals, came into the world naturally. But however sweet the odour of incense may be, fame is none the less of the nature of smoke, and obscures

the air. By its very nature it cannot but emanate from an indefinite number of people, of whom by far the majority hardly knows the name of what it is honouring, and has the very dimmest conception of the reason why this honour is connected with a name. And this blind majority is growing perpetually wider as fresh generations slowly attain to the possession of culture and popular prejudices. I do not, however, intend here to trace the steps of Darwin's fame; it attained a diffusion not surpassed even by the names of Newton, Copernicus, and Galileo. While he was still alive, a German psychological society went the length of discussing the shape of his brain, and concluded that his bump of respect for authority was big enough for ten priests! When he died, the Buddhists of Ceylon were called upon by their high priest Soumaungala to hold solemn rejoicings at the entrance of the great Transformist into the Nirvana of Buddha. But all this smoke nearly hid the precursors of the English naturalist from the public gaze, and, after the manner of vapour, heightened and enlarged the appearance of the figure which it enveloped. Darwin became, in the eyes of the multitude, the legitimate father of the Transformist hypothesis, and it was popularly called Darwinism after him, whereas he had only conceived a practical method of setting it on its feet. This classical mist still surrounds the deity, and if one of the profane now enters in and looks at things closely, he discovers that which he would not have believed possible. The true and orthodox Darwinian Church may be said to have ceased to exist. True, Darwin still has his altar where a worship of hymns and incense is paid to him; but his very priests are freethinkers, who, in the sacristy, speak evil of the doctrine. Perhaps Professor Huxley, the apostle of England, is the only man in the scientific world to whom the Darwinian theory seems as firmly seated as the Hanoverian dynasty on the throne of England (not a maximum security that, by the way); although even in his opinion it will take many generations to grapple with the problems which his friend and master left unsolved. The apostle of Germany—Haeckel, who is particularly anxious to establish the fact of the genealogical unity of all living beings, the "*Descendenz-Theorie*," that he may found his scientific materialism on it—has an entirely different conception from his master as to the individual variations which are the basis of selection, and his theory has already taken the name of Haeckelism. Romanes, with his calm and lucid intellect, finding Natural Selection insufficient for the part allotted to it, started a theory of physiological selection, according to which those unions which would retard the evolutionary movement of a species remain unfruitful.

Wallace—the man who divined Natural Selection when travelling in the Malay Archipelago, without even knowing Darwin's then unpublished works, and whose faithful friendship with Darwin does

honour to the human nature in two great and noble souls—Wallace himself, though an enthusiastic supporter of the doctrine, the discovery of which he resigns entirely to his friend, resolutely contradicts it in one point, the origin of the human spirit by means of selection. But if I were to attempt to describe all the schisms of the Transformist theory, it would be like trying to give an account of all the different theological and moral doctrines which have given rise to the different Churches, communities and sects within the bosom of Christendom. The subject matter would be less dissimilar than might be supposed, for the Transformist theory is also concerned with the problems of the origin and destiny of man, and has its apparatus of mystery and its dogmatic assertions. I should, indeed, have the greatest difficulty in finding a Catholic Church; but, in indifference to minor heresies, I might find a successor to the good and gentle priest Darwin in the harsh and violent pontiff Haeckel, armed with dogmas and excommunication, custodian of a Holy Bible, a new Genesis, which commands the faithful to believe that “Moneron genuit Amoebam, Amoeba genuit Synamoebam,” and so on, until we reach “*Pithecanthropos* qui genuit hominem.”

IV.

The sentimental adversaries of the Transformist theory who scoff at the internal discords of the enemy, hoping for his destruction at his own hands, will not be those who laugh longest and laugh best, any more than were those who pronounced Christianity to be in deadly peril by reason of the wounds caused by schisms and heresies. No great revolution can be accomplished without disorder. It is true that amid all this strife there seems to be a common agreement in diminishing the value set on Natural Selection. But at the same time a growing harmony, either tacit or explicit, may be observed among scientific friends and enemies, with regard to the belief that all living beings are branches and twigs of a single genealogical tree, which, some say in one way, some say in another, has ascended from a single germ, that is, from the first living cellule, up to a single summit, that is, man. And it seems that while Selection—not becoming obsolete indeed, but decaying—is taking a humble place among the causes of Transformation, another hypothesis is arising, an hypothesis full of obscurity and yet of flashes of light, which may perhaps enfold the secret of the science of the future. It is a debt of loyalty owed to Darwin, one of the most honest men that ever lived, to acknowledge that he knew and confessed that he had founded his theory on an unknown quantity, *i.e.*, on the variations which are found among the individuals of the same species and family. Why

these differences? The question goes out from the confines of human knowledge into the darkness and silence. No one knows the name or the nature of the mysterious power which creates these inexplicable differences. Yet without them the marvellous mechanism of Selection would remain motionless and idle, like a sail without wind, like the fans and ropes and wheels and granaries of a water-mill when the stream dries up.

Wherever the hidden movement of life rises and falls, comes and goes, this mysterious power is present. We cannot tell why children resemble their parents and each other, nor understand the workings of the conservative force; but we know even less why children differ from their parents and each other, or how the transforming force works. It is true that Selection is a law of nature, and it is Darwin's glory to have discovered it; in the field where we fight for the genealogical unity of life there is glory to be won by all; but Selection works upon organisms from without, and how can we admit that one or two external forces have played a greater part in the production of new types than the secret power which initiates every variation? There are people nowadays who depreciate Darwin in favour of Lamarck. Certainly Lamarck is also worthy of honour, certainly we acknowledge that there are transforming influences in environment, and in the use and disuse of various organs; but when Nägeli has proved that out of similar circumstances dissimilar varieties of a species may arise, and out of dissimilar circumstances similar varieties, how can one deny that the principle of Transformation resides in the living organism itself, and that external causes only stimulate and direct it?

And by what external cause can you explain those symmetrical properties of nature, exemplified before we come to the region of life in crystals, and which are afterwards found accompanying matter throughout the whole organic world, alike in the leaf and in the caterpillar, in the butterfly and in the flower? Can it possibly be an external force, which throughout heaven and earth, as one may express it, compels the atoms of one salt to arrange themselves in octagons, or those of another salt in dodecahedrons. Are the former parents of the latter? Have they, perhaps by means of Natural Selection, acquired first nine sides, then ten, then eleven, and finally twelve? And if an interior unknown power gave shape and symmetry to the crystal, how can you affirm that no unknown power from within gave, or at least helped to give, shape and symmetry to the organism? Was Natural Selection, then, that tempest of pain, terror and death which whirls implacably round our planet in its desperate flight across the heavens, the only cause that promoted the magnificent ascent of organic types from the lowest cell up to man? Or shall we not rather believe that a force latent in the organisms themselves trans-

formed them in a given direction, as a force within the acorn develops it into the oak, and that the function of Natural Selection has been to aid this force? Side by side with Natural Selection, Darwin placed Sexual Selection. It is not merely the strength and courage of the male, but the adornments of the body, and also in the case of birds the sweetness of the song, that lead to preferences and to pairings which direct the evolution of the species. Now if greater strength and greater courage must prevail by sheer force of nature, must not, on the other hand, greater variety of colouring, greater elegance of form, greater sweetness of voice prevail by force of an inward sensation which they awaken within the organism, a hidden but unfolding delight in beauty, which afterwards shines resplendent in the masterpieces of human art? And when the lowest forms of existence, which are without sex and propagate by subdivision, germs or spores, were after ages and ages evolved into hermaphrodite, and the hermaphrodite split up into male and female, where was the external force which gave origin to the sexes? And when the sexes had been divided, can it have been from without that the supreme instinct, first beginning of love, arose, making them seek each other? And how does Haeckel himself, who denies and derides the conception of an intelligent order in the universe, explain the very origin of life? Disdaining Darwin's weakness in ascribing it to the Creator, he tries to get out of the difficulty by assuming that the vital principle has its origin in the physical and chemical properties of albuminous bodies. But how are albuminous bodies formed? By the tendency of carbon to multifarious combinations with other elements. And what is the cause of this tendency and of all the other chemical properties of bodies? "I do not know," answers Haeckel. "Then," it may be replied, "if your hypothesis be correct, you have only removed the mystery one step further back. If the cause of the vital principle be in its turn derived from an unknown quantity, your explanation is reduced to this: 'The originative cause of life is equal to an x .' But you have spoken of the properties of different bodies, you have confessed to us that within the atoms of carbon there is an innate passion for the atoms of oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, and that from the gratification of this passion life is born. Therefore you cannot but admit that the x is a cause inherent in matter, constantly present, and capable not merely of transforming, but of producing the organism. And since you neither know its nature, its mode of working, nor its limitations, but only its immanence and constancy, you cannot logically free yourself, in your study of successive organic types, from this inexorable unknown quantity, and logically you ought to indicate the cause of every transformation thus: 'Natural Selection, plus x .' And so when you affirm that one law of progress governs the world, that life ascends from the imperfect to

the perfect, and that this tendency to ascend results from Natural Selection alone, you seem to us, the profane, to be contradicting yourself; for, while you see the universe unfolding in accordance with a purely intellectual conception such as perfection, you yet deny the existence of an Intelligence presiding over the universe. But if, instead of this, you were to say, as logic requires of you: 'Life necessarily ascends and is continually perfecting itself by means of Natural Selection, plus x ,' there would be no contradiction necessary, because if there is truth in your affirmation that there is no directing Intelligence in Natural Selection, it must be in the x ."

In fact, it is just this x , this inner vital transforming power, which, however hidden, becomes gradually more luminous in proportion as the infinite facts under which it lies concealed throw their shadow ever more visibly and extensively. This illuminating shadow may have fallen over the last thoughts of Charles Darwin. The man was too magnanimous not to confess frankly, that he had trusted too much to the light from the lamp of Selection, that many things were still dark to him, that in many directions the secret had to be sought for within the organisms themselves. "*Refugium ignorantia*," exclaims the Haeckelian, "these inner forces!" Yet he knows that Natural Selection may be called, at most, a blind law; he knows that if there be found to be in a fish an inherent disposition to produce an amphibious animal, and after the amphibii a mammal, it becomes all the more difficult to maintain that there is no plan of the universe, no government by a superior Intelligence.

V.

But it is not the ignoble desire for a quiet haven of refuge, but the thirst for truth, which has led eminent men to demonstrate by severe and acute criticism that external causes are not sufficient to produce evolution. "As we study the course of evolution by the light of external causes, we find," they say, "inexplicable mysteries here and there, and under them it must be that the solution lies. Just in the same way, if we see a shadow on the ground at midday when the sky is perfectly clear except at one point, it is obvious that the sun is there, hidden behind the clouds." Although they cannot hope to penetrate into the essence of these mysterious forces, they strive at least to make investigations as to the position and the method of their transforming activity; and one constructs one hypothesis, while a second ventures another. While vigorous naturalists try to open up a passage through the hard rock, noble thinkers follow in their track with torches. They proclaim the fallacy of specific acts of creation, asserting the natural descent of every being from a single stock by virtue of a principle of evolution within the

nature of things, stimulated and regulated by external agents. They proclaim the law of progress recognised by Haeckel, and in the last place, the conception logically included in this law, of an order and an aim in the activity of nature, which necessarily implies the rule of a superior intelligence and will. This conception of the final end of all things, called teleology in the abstruse language of the learned, is fiercely combated and bitterly derided; but if its adversaries are under the delusion that they will gain an easy and cheerful victory, it is probably because what they really fight against and deride are ideas which no one now thinks of defending. There are some antiquated ideas about the aim and order of the universe which still subsist in the inferior state of human knowledge, but which for us—if I, the humblest soldier in the army, may use the ambitious pronoun—are dead and buried. Darwin gets lost just because he cannot free himself from the idea that, according to the advocates of a divine plan of the universe, everything in nature must have a separate and visible aim. It does not suit him, for instance, to think that the peacock's plumage was so richly painted merely to please the eye of man. Yet at the same time he cannot persuade himself that humanity is a product of chance. So he concludes that for man to meditate on the plan of the universe is like a dog meditating on the mind of Newton. On the other hand, Huxley, his most faithful disciple, has confessed that in the place of the old dead teleology a new and grander one may arise, with this same fundamental idea of evolution as its basis. The fact is, that we have contemptuously cast away the teleology of the child, who is convinced that his parents, teachers, friends, servants and house exist for his benefit alone. Instead of it we now profess the teleology of the man who comprehends that he is but a fraction of humanity, who honours the rights of others, who cares for the welfare of others, who places the interests of justice and truth above his own miserable personal interests. We now believe no longer that the universe was created solely for humanity; that sun, moon and stars are set in heaven only to give light to the earth; or that plants and animals exist for the sole purpose of being of service to man. We believe instead that within the ordering mind of the universe all things are directed, both in themselves and relatively to other things, towards infinitely diverse ends, very few of which are visible to us, very few of which with our intelligence we can apprehend. We believe that these infinitely numerous aims are arranged in accordance with greater designs, and that these are ordained to produce others still greater; and that these latter are in their turn but parts of one single immense design, of which it is hardly possible for human reason to know more than that in its general lines it ascends from the imperfect to the perfect. By these ideas we mean to raise, and not to lower human dignity. We shift the origin of man from the statue of clay to the first nebula; we con-

fide the sublime task of preparing for Adam and for the birth of the personal and immortal spirit to millions of ages, to all the powers of nature, to myriads and myriads of living beings. Finally, in the name of the law which evolved it from primeval matter, we promise to our species an endless ascent towards the Infinite.

At the same time we raise the dignity of inferior nature, hitherto trodden down with proud, superstitious and unjust contempt by its offspring, Man. We recognise the action of the omnipotent divine Will, constantly working for lofty ends, of which only those parts which concern our own species are even dimly visible to us; and to this lower nature also we promise a future unlimited Ascent of its own. Finally, our doctrine raises and enlarges the idea of the Divinity in the human intellect. Just as the entire absence or crude materialisation of this idea belongs to the lowest intellectual conditions of the race, so, as culture becomes higher, the nobility and grandeur of the idea become more developed in the minds of more cultivated believers. There is no doubt that between scientific progress and the idea of God there is some spiritual correlation, similar to that mysterious correlation which we observe in the organic world, causing the development of one organ to correspond to the development of another, so that if the calix of a flower grows deeper, there is a corresponding growth in the length of the proboscis of the insect which depends on that flower for existence. Or, to use a still more material but more appropriate metaphor, I may say that there is a secret natural passage connecting the sources of human knowledge with the sources of the idea of God, by means of which, almost in accordance with the physical law of communicating vessels, the human spirit laboriously toiling at science must necessarily and spontaneously ascend to the conception of God. With each new step in scientific progress our mind is able to conceive God as greater, and, above all, as more unlike man in His method of operation. The progress of astronomy, revealing the true order of the solar system and its probable subordination to other greater systems, has amplified and glorified our conception of the Creator, multiplying the designs and aims of His divine action, and carrying them into the remotest and most invisible realms of space. Once, as they gazed at the stars, believers fancied that they were upheld in space by God, who stood like a magician, a man furnished with supernatural faculties, on the outside of things, compelling them against the laws of nature to obey Him. Newton's discovery has shown us that God governs the stars and all the atoms in the world in a radically different way, just in the very way, that is to say, which we call the laws of nature. It is impossible to conceive a human being, however grand and noble he might be, operating thus. By these laws of universal attraction, the creation, immensely widened by previous discoveries, is brought back to a rigorous unity. All things are attracted and balanced according to

weight, number, and measure; and the infinitely different, but contemporaneous manifestations of a single force resound in a harmony which is expressed by the mechanical order of the universe. For cultivated and believing minds this ideal and harmonious music of the spheres conveys immensely more of the grandeur of the idea of God than the sight of a starry sky, even though powerful telescopes assist the eye to penetrate the furthest solar nebulæ. Now the theory of Evolution presents to us, not a Deity who works intermittently, creating the world in separately finished pieces, and then putting them together like a man making a machine; but a God who is at work always and everywhere, within and without everything, producing the progressive variety of types from the original unity with such orderly and continuous action that it may be called by the names of Nature and Law; a God who works from an infinite number of partial designs which all converge to one single infinite design. And the order of the universe, which according to the law of attraction, resounds contemporaneously in space like a marvellous harmony, by the law of evolution, develops in time with the material and logical continuity of a spoken thought. It is like a marvellous melody, passing from grandiose movements to impassioned, from the splendours of light to the splendours of intellect and love; a melody truly divine because, though never completed, it never wanders, but with increasing magnificence gives expression to an idea which is for the human soul the highest ideal possible, not absolute perfection, that is to say, for to that it can never in all eternity attain, but a continuous and indefinite ascent towards it. Never has the human spirit been able so well to trace the sublimity of the Creator from the evidence of things of sense as in these visions.

It is true that every phase of scientific progress has been accompanied also by the denial of God, but all that this proves is that the choice between the confession and denial of God is always open to every human intellect, whether the most cultured or the most ignorant. Those who deny God refuse to recognise this, and seek to establish the logical contradiction between scientific truths and the idea of the Divinity. Seconded by a religious public, which was in terror lest the small and feeble god of its own conception should be overthrown, they concluded—first, that if the earth had been proved not to be the centre of the solar system, it was also proved that the Christian God should be relegated to a place among false and lying gods; and then, that if the stars of the solar system had been gradually formed by a mechanical process from matter in rotation, according to Lamarck's theory, the old stamp of supernatural manufacture might be obliterated at least from the planets and satellites.

All that could be proved from either of these arguments was that a God such as the vulgar herd imagine Him could not exist, and each time answer was made that God was verily far greater. Finally,

when the doctrine of evolution had been published to the four winds, it was proclaimed, amid the groans, lamentations, and maledictions of believing people, that animals, plants and man had made themselves by chance, out of a single substance, by means of Natural Selection ; and that if the old idea of the Creator had been enabled to resist so many former blows given it by science, this time it had exploded for ever.

VI.

Now the poet also is called to take his place in the ranks of those who, amid all this empty tumult, rise with heads uplifted and a smile on their lips to the defence of the new truths together with the old beliefs. When we spiritualist poets listen to the secret voices of things, and feel dim stirrings of life, germs and traces of almost human joy and sadness in the winds and waves, the forests and running streams, in the delicate forms of flowers, in the expressive lines of rocks, in the ridges of the pensive mountains, you sometimes tell us that we are dreaming ; and it is true, only that, like all dreams, ours is founded on realities. Our love of Nature, except when it is an empty rhetoric badly learned, reveals a true affinity between men and things, a close relationship which science is always trying to prove by documentary evidence, while we have long since felt it in our hearts. And even if we put aside the laws of evolution and the prophecies of St. Paul, we find within ourselves a true and intimate inspiration which assures us that all this dear beauty of earth is not destined continually to decay and be lost, but that those hidden voices, the melancholy and joy of nature, signify the desire and expectation of a better state. When we have willingly and reverently depicted pain, you have sometimes told us that our art is inhuman. And now science comes to our aid and answers for us : "Pain is indeed a noble thing, because without the instrumentality of pain man could not have been raised from the dust, nor civilisation from barbarism."

When we describe love, we represent it, not indeed as that false and imaginary phantom of love which has no power over the senses, nor as that fever of mere instinct which debases the spirit, but as a love which by its very nature aspires to unite two beings in one. At the same time, we pass over, I will not say the material part, for that would be impossible, but the merely animal and physiological part, that we may describe instead those refined and exquisite sensations which can only belong to the man who loves, and that we may glorify the passion of souls. When, I repeat, we describe love in this way, many set us down as timid consciences, as minds incapable of appreciating the glory and beauty of life, and of all that propagates life. Yet if the universe truly be governed by a law of indefinite progress, even from the human species a higher species may arise, it

matters little when or how. And if the sexual instinct, which grows ever more active as we ascend the scale of organisms, has been a preparation for human love, this same human love may also be a preparation for some unknown form of sentiment in the future, its evolution continuing throughout the present phase of life, which is undoubtedly tending towards an ever greater refinement of matter and an ever greater power of the spirit.

Now a lofty moral law is written in the books of Nature, according to which no superior species can issue from an inferior one without effort being made in the direction of the higher type. Wherever this effort is found wanting, there you find decadence and degeneration. If in the representation of love other artists gravitate backwards towards the brute, we, on the other hand, gravitate onwards towards that higher type which man bears within himself, and must develop by himself. When our art, which can be a stranger to no form of beauty, seeks inspiration in moral beauty, we sometimes hear ourselves called cold and pedantic; but we know that we are fighting a just and necessary battle, if it be true, as it certainly is, that man is being carried by a law of Nature towards an enlightened knowledge of one supreme moral ideal, in spite of the corruption and degeneration of individuals, caused by confused and contradictory notions of right and wrong. When, notwithstanding our feeling for the poetry of the past, of ruins and of antiquity, when notwithstanding every rightly conservative sentiment, we rise palpitating at the call of social misery and injustice, to tell of the woes of the afflicted and to threaten the careless, to invoke juster ordinances for human society, you may call us dreamers of a Utopia or Arcadia. But if the law of evolution be true, we are, instead, the pioneers of a justice which shall infallibly be brought to pass by the contemporaneous union of the two forces which govern the world after the divine plan, the force of conservation and the force of transformation. Finally, to resume all that has been already said, we aspire to the supreme honour of taking our place in the front ranks of a humanity which is fighting its way upwards towards a radiant future, of ranking among the thousand knights of the Holy Spirit, whom Heinrich Heine, really more one of us than might be thought, described thus to his fair-haired, amazed little woodland maiden:

"Ihre theuren Schwerter blitzen,
Ihre guten Banner wehen."

It is futile to expect us to be indifferent to a great idea such as that which Darwin has made known to the world, for it explains to us our own most obscure poetic instincts, confirms us in our sentiments of love and of scorn, shows us afar off the fulfilment of our ideals, and strengthens us with a mission of honour such as lies in the power of neither prince nor people to confer. While others labour in the field of science to collect direct proofs, it falls to our part to point out the

indirect proofs afforded by its admirable beauty of form, whether studied in the preparation for man, in the moral and intellectual development of humanity, or in the indication of its future destinies.

VII.

I have been called a mystic; I do not know what the expression is meant to convey; but what I desire is, that a dispassionate psychology should observe and compare the obscure facts which relate to the human soul. I ask not only that the laws which govern sensation and intellect should be deduced from these facts, but also that research be made into the nature and origin of those inner motive forces which incline the soul, without any sufficient visible reason, in a given direction, and which, like physical motive powers, are transformed into heat, into a force resembling love, a force full of sweetness and bitterness and infinite longings. I should like to ask such a psychology as that to explain to us why it was that the hypothesis of evolution attracted me so powerfully. I came to know it at first, not as it is expounded in the books of its supporters, but as I saw it in glimpses through the diatribes of its adversaries, and it was described to me as the poisoned weapon of a materialism which I had always hated. Why, then, did it take such possession of my thoughts, although I neither knew the scientific reasons in support of it, nor the grandeur of the design, nor its moral and intellectual beauty; although I heard it combated not only in the name of my own beliefs, but in the name of common sense and human dignity? I never could persuade myself that there must be a necessary antagonism between the Transformist theory and my own dearest ideals, but it was bitterness to me not to be able to justify my sentiments with valid arguments.

Darwin's books were little help to me; certainly I found no atheism in them; but both there and still more in his private letters the author seemed to me to be too uncertain as to the religious and philosophical consequences of his theory. Other books of the German Darwinian school which came into my hands, were neither more nor less than regular gospels of dogmatic materialism. None the less, my secret faith went on growing. Often I seemed to feel in the depths of my being all the fermentation of that varied inferior life from which humanity has step by step emerged; a fermentation which has its strange impetuous tides, flowing sometimes till it resounds in the heart with the clamour of a thousand greedy animal voices, then, controlled or satisfied, ebbing again, leaving a mournful silence behind. Often it seemed to me, in the fugitive desires of my mind, that I felt within me the uneasy stirrings of the germs of a future type, to correspond more closely to those vague longings after higher and intangible sensations and sentiments which so often torment us, and which are brought to their utmost pitch by music. A few years

ago now, a book by the American professor Joseph Le Conte came into my hands, which I read eagerly : it was called " Evolution and its Relation to Religious Thought." I can remember well, as a youth, the emotion and wonder that I felt the first time the perception of a Beauty of Goodness higher than the senses, of a purely moral Goodness, was suddenly brought home to my mind. And now, as I read those chapters in Le Conte's volume where he meets the religious problem, as I gradually followed the thread and the aim of the argument from period to period, a similar wonder took possession of me, and my heart beat strong, as though a new revelation were at hand. The leading ideas of the book unfolded themselves and were rapidly completed in my mind ; and here, in the decline of life, the perception of a Beauty of Truth higher than the senses, of truth which is purely intellectual, was brought home and explained for the first time to my mind. The faithful, constant inward voice had not deceived me ; there was not only no antagonism between Evolution and Creation, but the idea of the Creator within my soul seemed to grow far nearer and immeasurably grander. I was filled with a new reverence, mixed with a fear such as one experiences when beholding through the lens of a telescope a star seen shortly before with the naked eye, but now brought near and grown to an enormous size.

The last rays of evening light were dying away in my study before I finished reading. I put down the book and sat down at a window which commands a view over the plains that stretch from the Alps to the sea. From the religious emotion of that hour, as I sat looking towards the dim and mysterious East, and listening to the infinite murmurings and whisperings of the night, which seemed to me like the soft living voices full of the same religious meaning, I derived my highest consolation as an artist, and I also felt the duty of bearing witness to the infinite truth of the divine light which I had received. I have borne my testimony, and if time and intellect last me, I will bear it again. I know that none of it ever was or could be from myself, that help came to me in the first place through a book, that many other books written by powerful thinkers afterwards assisted me, that my convictions are shared by numbers of others, far fitter than I to defend them. But still, no living germ dare say : " I shall not give my blade of grass ; I shall not bear my testimony of life because I am neither a palm-tree nor a rose, because I shall only live through one season." There is a law and a duty for the blade of grass as well as for the rose and the palm-tree, and it is to bear their witness of life ; there is a law and a duty for humble intellects as well as for the more powerful, and it is to bear witness to the truth ; and all which obeys law, all which fulfils duty, rises to dignity by virtue of this very fact.

ANTONIO FOGAZZARO.

THE PULSE OF PARLIAMENT.

PROFESSOR A. V. DICEY, in the introductory chapter of a book entitled "A Leap in the Dark," which was intended to be a destructive criticism of the Home Rule Bill of 1893, has laid down two propositions with regard to the Constitution of the United Kingdom which he considers to be "characteristic." The first of these is "the absolute and effective authority of the Imperial Parliament throughout the length and breadth of the United Kingdom." The second is "the absence of federalism, or of the federal spirit." No attempt is made to prove that these "characteristics" are advantageous. The propositions are laid down as axiomatic, and the immediate deduction is made that any proposal for constitutional reform which does not recognise them as fundamental must be inherently bad.

The first, or positive proposition, is true, not only of the Constitution of the United Kingdom—that is, of our Constitution since 1800—but also of the English and British Constitutions, within their respective limits, at any rate since the Revolution. It is an inheritance from the past, when Parliament had no great pressure of business to transact. In those early days Parliament had ample leisure to consider a Bill for the reform of the Constitution, or one for enclosing a common, and it was not the less efficient because it also found time for discussing "the misconduct of a judge," or "the release of a prisoner." But at the present time, when parliamentary business is so congested, it may perhaps be thought that it is conducive neither to the efficiency nor to the dignity of the House of Commons that time should be occupied in discussions upon the dismissal of a rural postman, the management of a workhouse, or even upon such formidable subjects as the excavations at Nineveh,* or the transit of Venus.†

* "Hansard," vol. 216, c. 273.

† *Ibid.* vol. 198, c. 1394.

The one fundamental "characteristic" of our Constitution is its flexibility in adapting itself to altered needs and changed conditions. A surrender of supremacy does not necessarily follow upon the delegation of certain functions of government; and, if expediency demands the change, the nation is not likely to be frightened away from such a delegation by the mere assertion that the proposal is "unconstitutional."

The second or negative proposition is in its first assertion indisputable. No one will deny that since 1800 an absence of federalism, at any rate as regards form, has been a characteristic of our Constitution. It is merely a restatement of the fact that the union with Ireland was an attempt to incorporate, not to federate. But the second assertion—namely, that the Constitution is characterised by an absence of the federal *spirit*—is more questionable. It is upon this assertion that the greatest stress is laid, for the next sentence goes on to declare that "the spirit of English parliamentary government has always been a spirit of unity."

It will be shown later on that, even as regards the Constitution of the United Kingdom since 1800, this second assertion is open to dispute. It is manifestly inapplicable to the period preceding 1800. From a time anterior to the existence of efficient parliamentary government to within twenty years of the Act of Union the relations between England and Ireland had been those of a conqueror to a conquered province, in which the conqueror permitted a limited form of local self-government. The so-called Irish Parliament was subject in every respect to the control of the English, or British, Government, and the relation of Ireland to the dominant nation was that of a federated dependent State. From 1782 to 1800 its position was one of confederation with Great Britain. Again from 1603 to 1707 the relations between England and Scotland were those of a loose federative union. The independence of the two national Parliaments was preserved under one Sovereign, but the inhabitants of each country became entitled to all the rights and privileges of citizenship in the other, and the foreign relations of both were, by force of circumstances, subjected to one control.

I do not intend to attempt any analysis of the theoretical relations between federated States, an enterprise which has proved so grievous a stumbling-block to writers upon jurisprudence. These relations depend so largely upon circumstances of history and the individual needs of the States concerned, that they either elude the grasp of the theorist or refuse to square themselves with his painstaking definition. But it must be conceded that the loose tie which attached Scotland to England from the union of crowns to the union of parliaments, and the relation of overlord to vassal which connected England with Ireland until 1782, are no less forms of federation than the strong and well-

defined bond which unites the States of the great union of North America, or the cantons of Switzerland. Federalism, therefore, is far from being foreign to the spirit of our constitution; on the contrary, it existed, in an amorphous form, as part of its essence for a far longer period than the incorporating union has existed. And it remains to be seen whether the "federal spirit" does not in fact still lurk under the disguise of the ostensible union.

The evidence which Professor Dicey puts forward to prove the supposed absence of this federal spirit is singularly inconclusive, although he asserts that it is of "primary consequence."

"Every member of Parliament," he says, "has always stood on a perfect equality with his fellows. . . . They have been sent to Parliament by different places, but when in Parliament . . . they have not been English members, or Scotch members, or Irish members; they have been simply members of Parliament. Their acknowledged duty has been to consult for the interest of the whole nation; it has not been their duty to safeguard the interests of particular localities or countries. Hence until *quite recent years* English parties" (meaning parties in the Imperial Parliament) "have not been formed according to sectional divisions. *There has never been such a thing as an English party or a Scotch party.* . . . The same thing has to a great extent held good of the Irish members. The notion of an Irish party is a novelty, and in so far as it has existed is foreign to the spirit of our institutions."

Now if this statement is intended to apply to Parliament since the union with Ireland, it is without doubt misleading. An Irish party has existed in more or less vigour ever since the emancipation of the Catholics. To describe a condition of affairs which has lasted for more than two-thirds of the period under review as "a novelty" is to make use of words in a manner which cannot, upon the loosest and most generous interpretation, be described as accurate. If it is intended to apply, so far as Scotland is concerned, to the period subsequent to 1707, it is quite as divergent from the facts. It is notorious that, soon after the union with Scotland, the Scotch members formed themselves into a party for the purpose of promoting Scotch legislation; and their adoption of a common policy in this respect was so successful that Mr. Lecky has declared that it gave "the Scotch contingent nearly all the weight of a national legislature."* It was only towards the end of the century that political corruption, and the growing control of the aristocracy over the borough representation, succeeded in destroying this party organisation, and it is by no means certain that Scotland benefited from the change.

But even this bruised reed of evidence, as Professor Dicey admits, breaks in his hand. There can be no doubt about the present existence of an Irish party; a Scotch party is rapidly re-forming, and even a Welsh party is threatened. If a definite English party has shown no sign of emerging, it is due to the fact that the English members, if

* "History of England," vol. ii. p. 76.

they so will, can at any time control the proceedings of Parliament by the force of a numerical majority, and therefore an organised existence is for them a question of trivial importance. To what causes are these symptoms, which are labelled signs of "disintegration," due? It cannot be that these national sections are formed out of mere caprice, or from a perverse desire to disprove the speculations of the constitutional theorist. It is more reasonable to assume that some deep underlying necessity has wrought the change. The doctrine that a member after election represents, not his constituents, but the nation, is one which has been derived from a period when the practice of the English Parliament alone was under consideration. Before 1707, the doctrine was to a certain extent applicable. But even in regard to the English Parliament, it has been to some extent exaggerated. The connection between members and their constituencies was recognised very distinctly. All questions of purely local application were referred to committees composed of the members of the counties and boroughs within the area interested in or affected by them. The remainder of the parliamentary work affected the nation as a whole, and in regard to this, members had no other interest to represent save that of the nation. In such circumstances, the doctrine was intelligible and practical. But directly the interests of another nation, for which special legislation and administration were necessary, were absorbed into the parliamentary machine, the conditions were altered. It was a sheer impossibility that the representatives of such a nation should consider themselves to be the representatives of the united peoples, and not primarily of the absorbed portion. It was natural that they should bestow their first attention upon the parliamentary work which specially affected their own country. The strict constitutional process would have been to follow the precedent of the English Parliament in regard to local legislation, and to refer matters relating to the absorbed countries to committees composed of members representing those countries; but this expedient was rarely, if ever, adopted. From the figures that are presently to be submitted it will be seen that, if the representatives of the absorbed countries had been faithful to the ancient doctrine of the English Parliament in regard to representation, they would have failed most egregiously in their duty to their constituents. The facts which have been used to endeavour to prove the absence of a federal spirit in our Constitution, not only fail in their professed purpose, but they point to the existence of a latent federalism which will not be exorcised by the enunciation of any number of worn-out constitutional dogmas. Professor Dicey has called in an exploded constitutional fiction to prove that another constitutional fiction has not been exploded.

There are, in fact, numerous constitutional maxims which find a place in the text-books, but which, in practice, are openly violated or tacitly ignored. If the antiquarian were allowed to triumph in

his opposition to reform on the ground that the proposed change was contrary to the "spirit of the Constitution," the real essence and spirit of that Constitution, its flexibility, would be for ever destroyed. It is an argument which would even have sufficed to bar the passage of those Acts of Union which are now paraded as sacred and "fundamental." The difference between the constitutional antiquarian and the student of constitutional evolution is similar to that between the geologist and the biologist. The former deals with a subject in which life is extinct; the latter with vital organisms which have always been developing, and which will continue to develop. But the antiquarian goes a step further; he endeavours out of the dry bones of the past to construct a model which shall govern the growth of the present and of the future. The evolutionist seeks rather the causes that make for change, and the altered conditions which tend to the disruption of systems that may at one time have been efficient for the purpose for which they were designed. To him history is fruitful in instruction; not because he finds, or seeks, any law of perfection in the past, but because it reveals to him the not merely growth of the forces which urge on the demand for constitutional modification, but also that law of continuity, the neglect of which makes modification as dangerous as the strongest hide-binding of the constitutional antiquarian.

The motive force that fosters the growth of national parties in Parliament, which has been condemned as contrary to the spirit of the Constitution, will be illustrated by the investigation which is about to be undertaken. The object of that investigation has already been hinted at. It is an endeavour to discover whether our present form of government is not really an attempt to conduct a federal system under the guise of an incorporated union, and whether that attempt has proved successful. The investigation will be limited to a consideration of those functions of Parliament which result in legislation; but, in order to make clear what is meant by describing our Constitution as a smothered federation, an illustration may be given from the side of departmental administration. The instance selected is the administration of the Education Acts. It might be supposed that in a "United Kingdom" such a question as National Education would be dealt with in one series of Acts and by one central department. But this never has been, and probably never will be, possible. At different periods since 1800 Education Acts have been passed for Ireland, for England and Wales, and for Scotland. The administration of these Acts is almost as distinct and independent as if the departments were part of the Executive of a federation of States endowed with local autonomy. The only vestiges of "unity" in the system are the facts that the Acts which created the departments were passed by the united Parliament, not by local legislatures, that the three departments are nominally under one parliamentary

chief, and that the Scotch Office is conveniently located at Westminster.

Those who have never minutely considered the subject will perhaps imagine that this separate legislation upon education is an exception to the general rule. The prevailing opinion is that Parliament is for the most part engaged in legislating for the whole of the United Kingdom, and that only occasionally is it forced to legislate separately for one or other of its constituent parts. But this impression is entirely erroneous. The average number of Acts passed yearly between 1800 and 1890 is 120·1. Of these, the yearly average of Acts which applied to the whole of the United Kingdom, or to the Empire, was only 34·6; while the yearly average of Acts which applied to the constituent portions of the United Kingdom (including an average of 5·1 which applied to India and the Colonies) amounted to 85·5. These figures, however, require some qualification. The Exchequers of Great Britain and Ireland were not amalgamated until 1817. The consequence is, that during the first two decades of the Union the total sectional legislation is abnormally large. If those two decades be excluded, the following results are obtained. The average yearly legislation is 114·3 statutes. Of these, 35·1 relate to the whole of the United Kingdom, or the Empire, and 79·2 affect sections only. The difference will be made more apparent if it is stated in percentages, thus:

	United Kingdom.		Sections.
1801-90	28·9	...	71·1
1821-90	30·7	...	69·3

The exclusion of the first two decades, a period of financial chaos, shows an increase of nearly 2 per cent. in favour of legislation affecting the whole of the United Kingdom. But even when this correction has been made, the remarkable fact remains that since 1800 less than one-third of the total legislation has been legislation which affected the whole of the Kingdom, or the Empire; the remainder has been legislation which affected only one or other of its constituent portions. Speaking broadly, if our government had been federal, one-third might have been transacted by the Federal Parliament, and the remaining two-thirds might have been dealt with in unequal proportions by local legislatures. It must be noted also that the imperial third includes all those laws which, in accordance with our constitutional practice, must be passed annually, and which may therefore be classed as "necessary." About one-fifth, on the average, of the statutes passed in any one session for the United Kingdom, or the Empire, come into this category. These statutes therefore appear annually to swell the total of legislation relating to the United Kingdom. So large a preponderance of sectional over imperial legislation demonstrates that the maxim that a member of Parliament represents the whole nation, and is acting contrary to the

spirit of the Constitution if he concerns himself chiefly with the affairs of one of its component states, is an interesting relic of antiquity. The conditions of the case have rendered it only reasonable that the representatives of the various sections should so act. If it were not so, a further consideration of the facts will disclose that such conduct has become imperative.

It may be retorted that these remarks misconceive what is meant by the spirit of unity: that the dominance of that spirit demands that legislation affecting one part of the United Kingdom shall be considered and approved by the representatives of all parts. The answer is obvious. If that indeed be the new "spirit" of our Constitution, it has, as to more than two-thirds of our legislation, endangered the existence of one which is far more ancient, far more important, and far more "fundamental," namely, the right of the majority to decide under what laws they shall be governed. For instance: it is almost certain that a majority of electors in England and Wales desire that religious instruction should be given in their public elementary schools. But at the present moment it would be quite possible for a combination of Scotch, Irish, and a minority of English representatives to carry through the House of Commons a Bill enforcing purely secular instruction. If the new "spirit" of the Constitution in reality means the annihilation of effectual representative government as to the greater portion of our legislation, it is an "evil spirit" which should be cast out as speedily as may be.

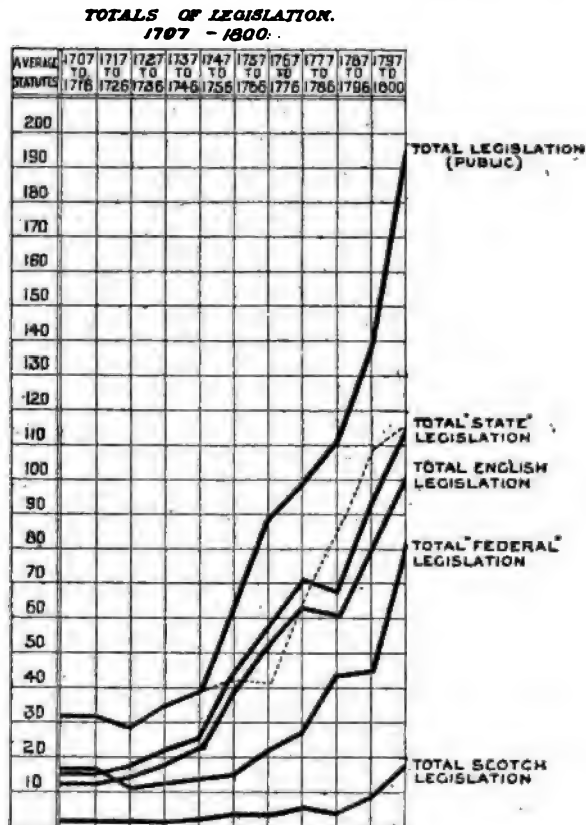
It may have been noticed that in the foregoing pages the nomenclature adopted has been somewhat clumsy. It has been difficult to use short terms to describe legislation which relates to the whole of the United Kingdom or the Empire as distinguished from legislation which only relates to parts of it. This defect has been intentionally incurred lest the necessary terminology should be condemned as tending to confuse the question at issue. Now that the position has been explained, the statutes which relate to the United Kingdom or the Empire, or before 1801 to Great Britain or the Empire, will be described as "federal legislation," and the statutes which relate only to England, Scotland, Ireland, or (after 1800) any two of them, or the Colonies, or the Isle of Man, will be described as "States legislation." If the terms be demurred to, let others be mentally substituted. As Locke said, "so the thing be understood, I am indifferent as to the name." *

For the purpose of discussing the problem which has been proposed an analysis will be submitted of the whole of the legislation of the Parliaments of the United Kingdom from 1801 to 1890, showing the proportion of federal to States legislation. To avoid the obvious objection that statutes are of varying value and importance, that the Reform Act of 1832, for instance, cannot be compared, as a time-

* "Civil Government," ch. xii. § 146.

absorbing factor, with an Act for granting certificates to pedlars, the number of Acts passed in each parliamentary session in each decade has been averaged, and the average of each decade has been made the unit of comparison. It is readily admitted that such an investigation touches only a small portion of the problem which now disturbs the current of politics so threateningly, but it is an aspect of the question which, it is believed, has never before been considered, and which may possibly throw fresh light upon that problem.

But in order to understand the true nature of the constitutional question which was dealt with by Parliament in 1800, it is necessary, in the first place, to estimate the legislative capacity of the parliaments of Great Britain previous to the union with Ireland. The figures have been worked out upon the method which has just been explained. The accompanying chart records the result. The up-



right columns represent decades, except the last, which represents a period of four years only. The transverse sections represent an aggregate of ten statutes each. The erratic lines crossing the squares so formed represent the growth or diminution of the various classes of legislation for each decade.

This chart requires a few words of explanation. For forty-five years after the Act of Union, the old English classification of statutes into "Public general" and "Private" Acts was adopted. But the growth of Acts of a purely local character was so enormous that in 1752 the titles only of most of these Acts were printed in the Statute-book. This arrangement was continued until 1798. In that year the local Acts were entitled, "Publick local and personal Acts," and they were numbered separately for citation. In order to obtain an accurate idea of the legislative work of the century, it was essential that this arbitrary classification should be disregarded. All the Acts which would have been classed as "Publick" at the date of the Union have been treated as public throughout the whole period. The dotted line which leaves the line of total legislation at the end of the fourth decade, represents the average of public general statutes which were printed after the re-classification of 1752. The "private" legislation, which also shows a remarkable increase, is not accounted for in the table. That class of legislation included all Acts for the enclosure of commons. Some idea of the enormous amount of work done by Parliament in this respect may be obtained from the fact that the average number of Enclosure Acts passed annually during the decade ended with the year 1776 was 60·1. For some inexplicable reason, during the last four years of the period under review, a certain number of Enclosure Acts were allowed to appear under the heading of "Publick local and personal Acts." This variation from precedent would, if these Acts had been taken into account, have unduly exaggerated the growth of business during the last four years, which is startling enough as the figures stand. They have, therefore, been excluded from the computation.

The chart exhibits the enormous growth of the legislative work of Parliament during the eighteenth century. The average for the last four years is six times the average for the first decade of the Union. The State legislation for England shows, except in one insignificant case, a uniform, and latterly a rapid increase; but an increase which is mainly due to local considerations. These local Acts may be classified under three heads: (1) for the making and repair of roads; (2) for improving harbours, navigable rivers and canals, and (3) for conferring local government upon towns. These, and the enclosure of commons and common fields were the prime objects of English legislation during the latter part of the eighteenth century. The enclosure Acts are lost sight of in the category of private Acts, but their effect for good or evil upon the future of England was probably as great as that of any class of Acts which find a place in the Statute-book. If they were enumerated among the State laws affecting England, they would swell her share of legislation enormously.

The position of Scotland is worthy of especial consideration. The small proportion which its State legislation bears to that of England

will no doubt cause astonishment. The figures may at first sight appear to be evidence of the ease with which Scotland was absorbed into the Union. But such a conclusion cannot be accepted unhesitatingly. It can be shown by figures, which space will not permit to be produced, that questions relating to revenue, national defence, and the Constitution, and, to a partial extent, questions relating to trade and offences, were practically the only subjects upon which Parliament could legislate federally. In regard to such questions as the administration of justice, the Church, land, and local administration, the existing laws of Scotland so differed from those of England that it was impossible for Parliament to deal with them federally. The supposition that the State interests of Scotland were neglected for the sake of the State interests of the "predominant partner" is at least as plausible as the theory of easy amalgamation. Again, it will be noted that while the progress of State legislation for England is practically uniform, the progress of that for Scotland is erratic. But the causes which were operating to necessitate increased State legislation for England were equally active in Scotland. Scotland enjoyed free trade with England, and was upon a footing of equality with her in foreign and colonial trade. She profited equally with the sister country in the benefits accruing from the expansion of the Empire; and the need for increased facilities for trade intercommunication and urban improvements, the characteristic work of the century, must have been felt by Scotland not less keenly than by England. Why, then, was not the progress uniform, and why was not the body of Scotch State legislation greater? The tempting answer is, that a State, with special needs, which is represented by a small minority in a Parliament, will obtain, not all the legislation which it requires, but so much as it can snatch. This, as will be shown, is inevitably the case when the time at the disposal of Parliament is insufficient for the transaction of its work. But there is no evidence in the figures that this straining point had been reached during the eighteenth century. To avoid the use of any doubtful argument, it must be assumed that the small amount of State legislation which Scotland obtained was sufficient for her requirements. But it is manifest that the Parliament of Great Britain remained in essence the Parliament of England. The great bulk of its work was English work. Occasionally only had legislation to be undertaken for the benefit of the small appanage called Scotland.

The foregoing chart shows that one question must have presented itself for consideration to the framers of the Union between Great Britain and Ireland—namely, the capacity of the United Parliament to transact the whole of the legislative work of the three kingdoms, which could hardly have occurred to the framers of the Union between England and Scotland. During the interval the work of Parliament had increased six-fold, and while the Union was under consideration

it was increasing with far greater rapidity than ever before. But a consideration of the subject-matter of legislation would modify the weight of this argument very considerably. The question would probably present itself to the average member of Parliament at that time somewhat in this fashion. "It is true," he might say, "that just for the present we are terribly pressed with business, but the war can't go on indefinitely; we must smash France soon, and then we shall get relief from this eternal succession of money Bills and other war legislation. And beyond that, of what does our work mainly consist? Why, of road-making, improving harbours and rivers, cutting canals, giving towns power to clean and light themselves, and enclosing commons. But that kind of work cannot last for ever. The roads are already nearly completed, and our system of waterways, so essential to our commercial prosperity, is well advanced. There are few towns which are not now decently paved, and lighted with oil-lamps, at any rate on 'dark' nights; and as for the commons, there is a limit even to them. In a short time they will all be enclosed. It really looks as if in the near future Parliament would have very little to do. Why not, therefore, take over this miserable Irish business and try to settle it? If she gives us no more legislative work than Scotland has given us—and why should she?—we shall have no difficulty in managing it."

Let us now consider the legislative results of the new Constitution from its birth to the end of the ninth decade of its existence, dealing with them in the same manner as those of the British Parliament have been dealt with:

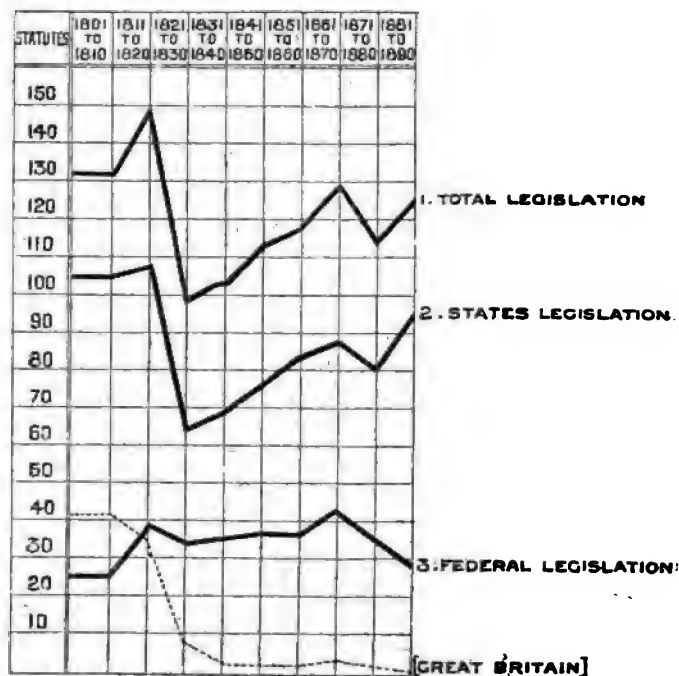
Date.	Federal.	States.								Total.
		Great Britain.	England and Ireland.	England	Scotland.	Ireland.	Man.	Colonies.	Total.	
1801-10	25·9	40·9	·6	23·0	4·8	31·9	·5	4·6	106·3	132·2
1811-20	39·8	35·8	1·2	29·3	4·9	31·7	·2	5·8	108·9	148·7
1821-30	34·4	7·0	1·2	25·2	6·3	19·5	·3	4·7	64·2	98·6
1831-40	34·7	3·6	1·5	34·0	6·6	17·9	·3	5·2	69·1	103·8
1841-50	36·0	4·0	4·2	34·8	5·3	23·0	·2	5·4	76·9	112·9
1851-60	35·4	3·9	2·7	43·6	9·4	17·3	·1	5·6	82·6	118·0
1861-70	41·7	4·8	3·2	41·1	11·6	19·0	·9	7·3	87·9	129·6
1871-80	34·5	1·6	2·8	41·7	9·8	19·1	·5	4·6	80·1	114·6
1881-90	29·0	1·0	3·6	57·7	9·2	18·4	·7	3·1	93·7	122·7

A short explanation is necessary as to the method upon which this table has been constructed. In order to secure a uniform basis of comparison, it has been seen that the sub-classification of statutes in 1752 into "public" and "public local and personal," was ignored in the

estimate of the work of the British Parliament. But the present comparison is perfectly independent of the former, and the analysis has been confined to "public general" statutes only. The reader must, however, bear in mind that behind the body of legislative work which is dealt with lies the large and (from 1840 onwards) increasing class of local and personal statutes, as well as the (decreasing) class of private Acts.

But during the present period there was also a re-classification. Until 1868 Bills confirming provisional orders were classified as public general Acts. In that year they were relegated to a separate category under the heading: "The Acts contained in the following list, being public Acts of a local and personal character, are placed among the local and personal Acts." But in process of time other Acts, which did not confirm provisional orders, and which would previously have been classified as "public general," were included in this sub-classification. To secure a common basis of comparison, it has been necessary to include these quasi-public general Acts in the present analysis.

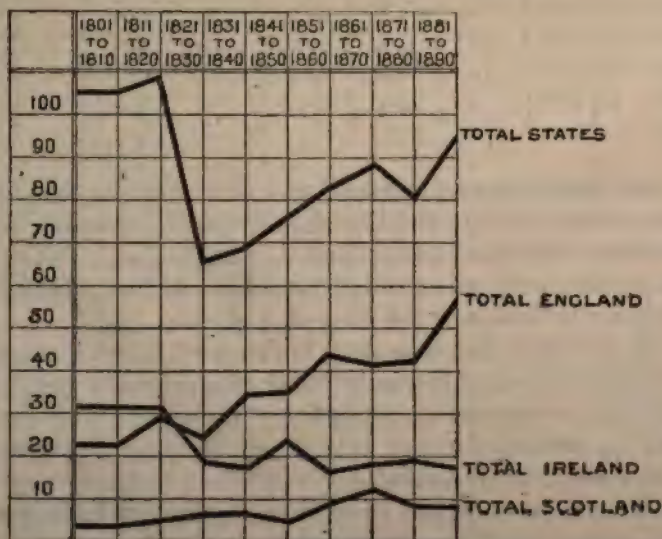
In order to avoid a complication of lines, the foregoing table has been reduced to pictorial form in two charts. The first indicates (1) the course of total public general legislation; (2) that of the total States legislation; and (3) that of the total federal legislation:



The dotted line represents the course of legislation for Great Britain. The whole of that legislation is included in the total of States legislation, and the dotted line has been introduced only to show how profoundly the course of legislation was affected during the first two decades by the separation of the British and Irish Exchequers, and the consequent necessity for State instead of "federal" finance legislation. It is therefore necessary to guard against generalisations about Ireland from the results of the work of these two decades. In the decade 1821-1830 we first start from a normal condition.

From that point onwards we find that the States legislation has, on the whole, increased; that the federal legislation has, on the whole, decreased; and that the divergence was rapid during the decade 1881-1890. But a qualification of these facts must be introduced here. The tendency has been to compress the total annual finance legislation (which is federal) into fewer and fewer Acts. The work which was done by eight or more Acts in the earlier part of the century is now effected by half a dozen, or less. This tendency has reduced slightly the bulk of federal Acts without a corresponding reduction in the federal work done. It is impossible to express this change in tabular form, but in any case it would not greatly affect the course of the lines on the chart if the old system of multiplicity of Acts had been maintained throughout the period.

Having thus ascertained that the course of legislation has been in favour of the States and to the disadvantage, or, at least, not in favour, of the United Kingdom, it is necessary to consider how the State legislation has been distributed. The following chart shows the position of England, Ireland, and Scotland respectively :



The course of legislation for England and Scotland was not directly affected by the financial chaos of the first two decades. It will be seen that the share of England has largely increased. In 1881-90 it is more than double what it was in 1801-1810. The small share of Scotland has increased proportionately, but it has undergone a considerable drop during the last two decades. The share of Ireland (from 1820) has practically remained stationary. The rapid rise during 1841-50 was due to legislation on account of the famine.

These facts give colour to the presumption that the Parliament of the United Kingdom has been, as the Parliament of Great Britain was, at heart and in fact, the Parliament of England. Its work has been mainly, and increasingly, English work. Its federal legislation has decreased, its Irish legislation has not increased, its Scotch legislation has increased only slightly, and has recently shown signs of decrease. The English interest only shows a definite expansion.

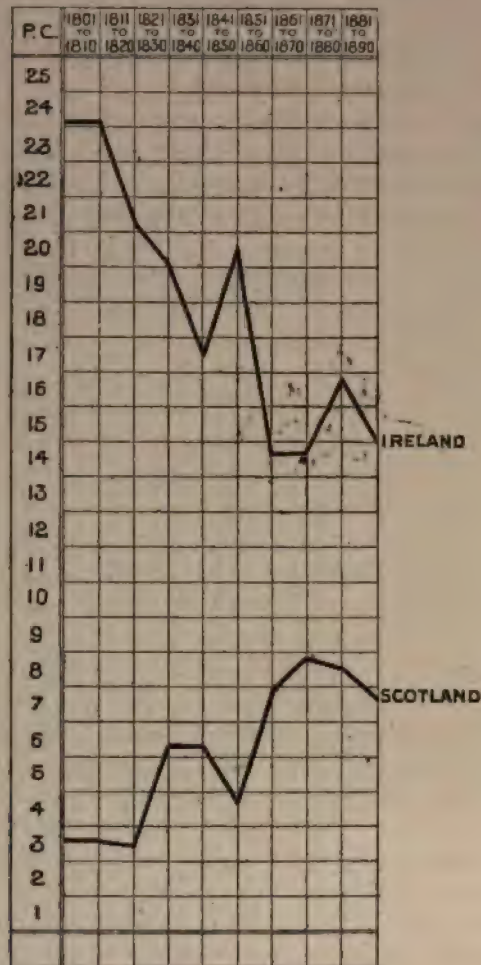
Let us now turn the table of averages into a table of percentages, and see what results are yielded.

Date.	Federal.	States.							
		Great Britain.	England and Ireland.	England.	Scotland.	Ireland.	Man.	Colonies.	Total.
1801-10	19·6	31·0	·4	17·4	3·7	24·1	·4	3·4	80·4
1811-20	26·8	23·5	·8	20·1	3·4	21·3	·1	4·0	73·2
1821-30	35·0	7·2	1·4	25·5	6·4	20·1	·3	4·1	65·0
1831-40	33·4	3·5	1·4	32·7	6·4	17·3	·3	5·0	66·6
1841-50	31·9	3·5	3·7	30·9	4·7	20·4	·2	4·7	68·1
1851-60	30·0	3·3	2·3	37·0	8·0	14·6	—	4·8	70·0
1861-70	32·2	3·7	2·5	31·8	8·9	14·6	·7	5·6	67·8
1871-80	30·1	1·4	2·4	36·4	8·6	16·7	·4	4·0	69·9
1881-90	23·7	·8	2·9	47·0	7·6	15·0	·5	2·5	76·3

These figures confirm the conclusion deduced from the averages, with the exception of the fact that they show that the apparent stationary condition of Ireland was a relative retrogression. But they give rise to another series of presumptions which will become apparent when they are reduced into the form of a chart.

It is evident that if a chart is drawn of a series of percentages of two figures to their respective totals, the ascent of one line must be met by a corresponding depression of the other. This correspondence will be termed, for the sake of convenience, "inverse pulsation." But if the relative percentages of two out of three or more figures to their total are depicted, there is no reason why there should be such an inverse pulsation. If it appears, it must be due to some external

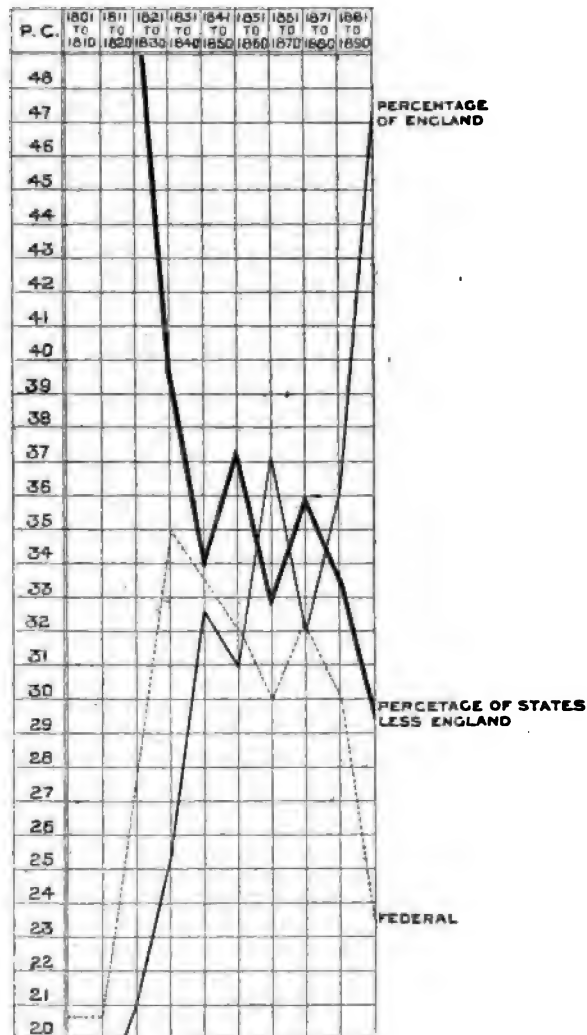
limitation which tends to make the two series of figures bear a direct relation to one another.



The foregoing chart represents the percentages of Irish and Scotch legislation to the rest of the federal and State legislation of the period under review. There is no reason why there should be any relation whatever between these lines; nevertheless, there is a rough, although not mathematical, inverse pulsation. In some decades, the pulsation is conspicuous; in others, it appears to be absent. But, although, in one decade since 1820, the lines fall together, in no decade do they ever rise together. These facts point to the existence of a bar to legislative expansion, not absolutely rigid indeed, but so strong as to force the two percentages, which have no necessary relation to one another, into an approximate inverse pulsation. In other words,

only a certain amount of legislation has been possible, or permitted, for the two countries; it has not been regulated by their needs, but by other considerations. Their percentages of legislation have never succeeded in rising simultaneously, but, when the controlling pressure has been increased, they have fallen together. This latter condition is conspicuous during the last decade.

What, then, is the controlling pressure which has caused these fluctuations? The following chart affords the answer to the question. It represents, since 1820, the inverse pulsation of legislation relating to England alone, and the residue of the States legislation.



The inverse pulsation between English legislation and that in favour

of the rest of the States here becomes manifest. The progress of England in the gradual monopoly of legislation is enormous. She recedes occasionally, but only to take a greater spring upwards. The other States make a slight recovery at times, but only to lose more ground in the end. And as we approach nearer to the present day, the more persistent is the rise of England and the decline of the rest of the States.

Now, in face of the tremendous disproportion between federal and State legislation, and the fact that the Irish and Scotch have to fight England, and also to fight each other, for an adequate share of a limited amount of State legislation, is it not absurd to drag out the antiquated doctrine that a member of Parliament represents the nation and not a locality, as proof of the absence of the federal spirit from our institutions, and then to charge the Irish party with having introduced a state of things foreign to that spirit? The existence of the Irish party is evidently the result of the working of our modern Constitution, of our attempt to smother a federation in the guise of unity. Its non-existence, in the circumstances, would be a marvel. And because the legislative share of Scotland is diminishing both absolutely and relatively, a Scotch party is threatened.

But, it may be asked, if England possesses the power thus to appropriate the legislative time of Parliament, and is prepared to use it so remorselessly, why does her progress show any fluctuation? why is it not represented by a straight ascending line? The answer may perhaps be found in the probability that the limit of the capacity of Parliament for legislation has been reached at some time during the period under review. A consideration of the relative percentages of English and federal legislation may help to throw light upon this point.

It must be remembered that federal legislation includes all those Acts relating to revenue and the army which must be passed annually upon penalty of the disorganisation of the whole system of Government. These Acts have therefore been termed "necessary." A large proportion of the residue consists of Acts relating to the proper working of Government departments, which, although not absolutely necessary, are, from the point of view of the Cabinet Minister, of extreme importance. It will be seen, then, that there is a vast force in every session operating to carry these federal Acts. Much would be sacrificed before the latter class of Bills was abandoned; the necessary Acts must be passed even if they consume the whole of the available parliamentary time.

The last chart shows the percentage of federal legislation by means of a dotted line. If the course of this line be observed in its relation to the line representing the percentage of English legislation, the following remarkable fact will be noticed. For the first half-cen-

ture the two lines show no inverse pulsation: with the exception of one decade, they are parallel. From this it may be assumed that, whatever may have been the condition of Scotch and Irish legislation, the time at the disposal of Parliament was sufficient to transact all the federal as well as all the English legislation which was required. But after 1850 the conditions are reversed: the two lines show a very definite inverse pulsation. Is it not reasonable to conclude therefore that, at some date subsequent to 1850, a legislative time-limit was reached; that Parliament, having dealt with Federal questions, which were to a great extent necessary, had not at its disposal sufficient time to deal with all State legislation? The increase in English legislation therefore depended upon the relative decrease of federal legislation. If the number of federal Acts were small, the proportion of English Acts augmented. If the federal needs increased, the share of England in legislation had to be diminished. The evidence points to the conclusion that at some period after 1850, probably between 1851-70, Parliament became unable, from sheer pressure of work, to effect all the legislation which was demanded of it, and that result was chiefly due to the increased need for State as opposed to federal legislation. In other words, during the last forty years the presumption that an Imperial Parliament would be capable of transacting all the business of the States—a presumption which was indisputable at the date of the union of Scotland with England and which seemed plausible at the date of the union with Ireland—has been disproved. The remodelling of the Constitution, which was effected in 1800, has, from the point of view of legislative efficiency, broken down.

Having regard to the enormous preponderance of State over federal legislation, and to the fact that this preponderance is rapidly increasing, is it not somewhat perverse to declare that the "absence of the federal spirit" is characteristic of that remodelled Constitution? and that the spirit of our parliamentary government "has always been a spirit of unity"? The spirit of an institution is, I take it, its natural tendency and effect, apart from its outward form, or the name by which it may be called. If this be so, the spirit of our Constitution is distinctly federal, but we have tried to disguise it, and we call it by another name. And Professor Dicey's contention appears to be that the form and the name are so sacred that he who, seeking to deal with the facts, may seem to tamper with that form and that name, is a traitor to the Constitution. But may it not be that the unconscious traitor is the man who, idolising form and name, conceals from himself the truth that they have lost any resemblance they may once have possessed to the spirit which they are supposed to embody?

In any case some remedy must be found for the admitted block in

parliamentary business. Rules limiting debate, which are probably more "contrary to the spirit of the Constitution" than anything which Professor Dicey has cited, have long proved useless, if not dangerous. They are disastrous tinkering of the Constitution in order to make it appear that which it is not.

The true and only "constitutional" remedy is to recognise the facts, and to deal with them in a straightforward manner. Let us admit that we are in spirit a federation, that the federative tendency is growing, not decreasing, that the attempt to conduct a really federative system under the simulation of unity has been always disadvantageous, so far as legislation is concerned, to the weaker members of the Union, and that recently, owing to the pressure of parliamentary business, it has been disadvantageous even to the "predominant partner." When these facts are thoroughly grasped, no Englishman will be scared by the pusillanimous outcry that a necessary reform is contrary to the spirit of the Constitution. The only question which he will ask of the past is whether it affords any guidance as to the basis upon which the reform should rest, so that it may be effected with the least possible friction, and with due regard to preserving the continuity of institutions so far as may be compatible with the efficiency of the new system. It may be that a further analysis of legislation would afford such guidance, but that is a subject which cannot be entered upon now. These pages will have served their purpose if they succeed in inducing the readers of them to consider calmly a question of surpassing magnitude and importance, apart from the positive assertion and truculent invective beneath which it is too often buried.

T. A. SPALDING.

DR. CLIFFORD ON RELIGION AND THE STATE.

LIBERAL Churchmen will have felt no ordinary pleasure in reading the article of Dr. Clifford on "Religion and the State" in the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW for March. They will, it is true, have regretted that the noble principles which he sets forth are employed in the service of the old separatism. But his exposition of the religious attributes of the nation will have been felt to be a matter of real importance.

The old disparaging estimate of the State, that which represents it as existing merely for material well-being and gaining its ends by coercion, is wholly abandoned by Dr. Clifford. The nation is, in his view, a spiritual entity, the embodiment of a spiritual idea. We are no longer to speak of the State as some iron framework which fetters us: the State is the people, or at least an instrument freely organised by them, and plastic under their hands. Similarly, religion is no longer an abstract theory, but becomes concrete in the community. The religion of England is Christian and Biblical, though not dogmatically defined; it is not any denominationalism or undenominationalism, but that which is beyond all these—the spirit which does justly and loves mercy and walks humbly with God: "Its chief note is service, the effort to do good—the undoing of the yoke, the letting the oppressed go free, and the proclaiming the acceptable year of the Lord."

The result is that Dr. Arnold's ideal (so often derided as a pleasing, unpractical dream) is said to have been now accepted as the ideal of the Christian State; the old Manchester School is no more, and the social direction of State policy which we are witnessing in the present day is recognised as the result of Christian conviction; for the State must have "a special form of spiritual culture," and the form of it

which has been accepted by the English people is the love of our neighbour invigorated by Christian self-sacrifice. Thus the nation is a divine agency, a spiritual organism; it is recognised as doing Church-work, the very work, indeed, to which the Church is specially called in the present day, that of raising those that are down, and training all its members in righteousness.

But, further, this conception of the nation and of religion is recognised as a great change, a new discovery. For centuries, Dr. Clifford confesses, men had forgotten that righteousness and love were the signs of Christ's power; that His teaching was not about "Churches," or "the Church," but about the rule of the Father over the life of man; they had failed to see that the Church (by which Dr. Clifford means the society formed for public worship and its adjuncts) was only one of the means—if the most important, still only one—for bringing the whole human life under the dominion of Christ; and "they had become vain, sectarian, blind to the divinity of the State, to the service of civic activity in establishing the rule of God." But now a new day has dawned; the times are changed, because the moving forces are changed; men have learned to recognise the capacity of the nation as an organ of unselfish effort, and are determined to direct it to moral and Christian ends.

I hope I shall not be considered to be detracting from these remarkable declarations if I make the following observations upon them:

1. The change here indicated, though doubtless part of the general "climate of opinion" (according to the striking expression of Glanvill, which was recalled into use by Mr. Lecky, and has been adopted by Mr. Balfour and Dr. Clifford), is specially to be noted in a leader of Nonconformist opinion; for, till well within our own memory, the Congregationalist view of the State was the direct opposite to this. The State was spoken of as a merely secular power which had nothing to do with religion. The Nonconformists had, indeed, only too much reason for this view of it; but the contrast between Church and State, between things secular and things religious, was essentially false; and it is a matter for thankfulness that it is no longer to be upheld by them.

2. The unity of human life, which is now being recognised, is that which the Reformation settlement distinctly aimed at. The Royal Supremacy (as Dr. Clifford admits) was the assertion of this unity. The Sovereign, though a layman, was and is consecrated at the coronation, not as an extraneous power forcibly ruling over things sacred, but as the first minister of the Church; and the secular life lived in the spirit of Christ is thus asserted as the supreme object of the Church, to which the system of public worship and its ministers are subordinate. Those of us who have all our lives contended, against the mass of the clergy of all denominations, in favour of this

view, do not find it a novelty. It was the creed of Burke, of Arnold, of Maurice, and of Stanley, and we hail in a great Nonconformist leader the acceptance of what we have always held and have striven to impress.

3. This change, though it has only now come to maturity, has, no doubt, been going on for a long time, as may be seen in reference to education. Some thirty or forty years ago the opinion of Congregationalist ministers was that education was not to be touched by "the defiling hands of the State," but was to be wholly reserved for "the Church." Then followed a new phase which, in the agitation conducted by Dr. Dale, for whom we are now mourning, took shape in the misleading formula: "The school for the State, and the Church for God;" which meant that religious teaching was to be banished from the schools and to be conducted only by the communities formed for public worship. Now we hear and hail the truer assertion, that the State, being religious, must have a spiritual ideal, which is that of a common Christianity, apart from systems, and that it is capable of teaching this in the schools, a contention which was carried to victory in the elections for the London School Board last autumn, largely by the exertions of Dr. Clifford himself.

4. The question cannot but suggest itself, whether those who have had the courage to confess to this happy change may not find that there are other changes which follow from their newly accepted principle; and, in particular, whether their view of the worshipping Church, and of its necessary separation from the larger Church, which is the Christian nation, can still be maintained. To this point I will address myself in the remainder of this article. Dr. Clifford abandons the idea that the nation is a godless entity. Its direction is to be Godward till it becomes a veritable kingdom of God. Yet he maintains that it must never have anything to do with the inner life of the Church, that is, of societies organised for public worship and its adjuncts. These are to be kept in their separate exclusive state in the name, as the Puritans said, of "the rights of King Jesus." Are, then, the rights of the King of mankind unrecognised in all other parts of His dominion but that of public worship? We have here, I think, a relic of the old antagonism which we may hope to see disappear.

For if the nation, the complete society of Christians, in which the worshipping body is included as a minor circle, grows more and more to represent Christ's Church and to do its work, on what ground can it be maintained that societies formed exclusively for public worship and Christian teaching, and certain rudimentary acts of beneficence, can justly arrogate to themselves the name of the Church? This is certainly not the Biblical use of the term. The word "*Ecclesia*" is taken from the Septuagint, where it is used for the "*congregation*"

of Israel, that is, for the people as a whole in all their public action. Christ and His apostles, and those to whom they spoke, had thus been accustomed to hear of the Church (*Ecclesia*) fighting battles* or holding national festivals,† or returning as a nation from Babylon;‡ and the idea of the Christian *Ecclesia* must therefore have been that of a divine society embracing the whole human life, not of an assembly for worship. It corresponds with the classical use of the word *Ecclesia*, which meant the whole body of citizens called forth from their homes for public business. The notion that Christ founded a body mainly destined for public worship (of which he hardly ever spoke, as Dr. Clifford allows) is due to the misguided and excessive interest in this department which has unfortunately prevailed. St. Paul's idea of the Church is that of "the body of Christ, the fullness of Him who filleth all in all." . . . "A great house, in which there are vessels of all kinds." How can these descriptions of it be satisfied by what Dr. Clifford calls Churches? Can it be pretended that the congregation of Westbourne Park Chapel or of Canterbury Cathedral expresses the full life of the God who fills all things? These limited bodies do not even profess to do it. They know that they would expose themselves to ridicule if they tried to manage the affairs of mankind, a task in which Hildebrand, with all his resources, failed. Nothing but the whole Christian people, and the national organs which express their will and give effect to it, can in any complete sense fulfil the New Testament idea of the Church within the realm of England.

But, if this is the case, then the claim of these worshipping bodies to be the Church is an unwarranted usurpation; and, so long as it is maintained, must have the effect of stunting and emasculating the bodies which are doing the Church's larger work. Dr. Clifford confesses that by far the largest part of Church work is now being done by the national and municipal organs. Yet he turns suddenly round and asserts that the worshipping bodies alone are the Church, and as such must be exempt from national action. Surely we have here an attempt to save one corner of a theory which has broken down at all other points.

The truth is (and the first part of Dr. Clifford's article shows it clearly) that the national organs—Parliament, the law courts, the administration—touch men's spiritual life at every turn. A good law is part of our training for a better world. A just judge is, if Biblical language holds good, all but a god upon earth. To lay down as a principle that these powers are under no circumstances to regulate the framework of religious ordinances, or the government of those who administer them, is unreasonable, and indeed impossible. It is true that there are departments of life upon which the action of

* Judges xxi. 5.

† 1 Kings viii. 65.

‡ Ezra ii. 64.

the national law should be very limited. But from none can we absolutely exclude it. Dr. Clifford says: "The State does not control the home." Does it not? Home relations are regulated by the laws which enforce the marriage contract, which restore conjugal rights, which permit and forbid divorce, which require parents to provide food and clothing for their children, and to send them to school. These laws tacitly determine the bearing of the members of a family towards each other, even when not directly appealed to, and hold up a standard which, so far as it reflects Christian justice and love, enters deeply into the conscience. The same is true as to the Press, or even private correspondence, which are affected by the law of libel. Even voluntary associations for public worship are surrounded by legal sanctions which powerfully affect their inner life; and their trust-deeds, though sometimes prudently locked up, are a sort of ecclesiastical law of doctrine and discipline which are now and then enforced in courts of law, and have at times been the subject of legislation. Moreover, the tendency of late years, though vehemently resisted in some quarters, has been to the increase of State action, not to its withdrawal. And, if the people come to feel that the regulation of the Church-system is of importance to them, they will as little hesitate to deal with it on the principles of the Church Reform Union as on those of the Liberation Society. That things have come to the present pass may be attributed to the fact that the people have never had a chance of dealing deliberately with the Church system. The complaint of Lord Bacon on this head, which Dr. Clifford quotes, now extends not to fifty years, but practically to more than three hundred. If we had Home Rule all round, I should feel very confident as to the eventual action of the English democracy.

There are two factors in the problem as to which a mistaken notion is constantly assumed.

1. The "Church of England" is supposed to be a separate society or sect, or, as Dr. Clifford calls it, a corporation. There is no such corporation. All that exists is a multitude of clerical corporations, sole or aggregate, which have been recognised or established within the nation, while common action can only be taken on the assumption that the nation itself can act as a Christian Church, an assumption which Dr. Clifford's article goes far to justify. The consequence is, that when men speak of the "Church of England" as a separate worshipping body, they are talking of a fiction. This fiction means anything you like, good or bad. But necessarily, from the fact that what actually exists is a set of corporations wholly clerical, the mind is fixed on the clergy and the system of ordinances administered by them, to the almost total exclusion of the laity and the general life; and the convocations of the clergy are supposed—even Mr. Asquith fell into this mistake in moving the second reading of the Welsh

Church Bill—to be the proper legislature of the Church. And “the Church” is said to do this or that in forgetfulness of the fact that the Church has no separate existence as an organised body, so that the voice of a few clergymen speaking without authority is easily taken for the voice of the Church, whereas the only body which can speak in the name of the Church as a whole is Parliament.

What results from the fact I have just mentioned is that, if “the Church” is to be separated from the nation, its constitution must be a totally new fabric erected by Parliament. The Irish Act distinctly set up such a fabric: the Welsh Bill provides for its formation. And the result is that, whereas we have no Established Church, but only established rules and corporations, there would be, after the process of separation, for the first time in England, an Established Church, or at least an established sect within the general Church. And this sect thus established by Parliament would be intensely clerical. Dr. Clifford, indeed, supposes that the process would be favourable to the laity; but in the Irish Church body, and, I believe, in all others similarly situated, the clergy have secured to themselves one-half of the Lower House (where, by the practice of voting by orders, they can absolutely neutralise the laity) and the whole of the Upper: they possess, therefore, three-quarters of the power. This would be the case also in England, and would be the death of all reform. It is for the nation, which is recognised by Dr. Clifford as endued with a divine commission, to say whether it intends to impose upon itself this incubus, or whether it will not seek for some more excellent way of reform.

2. The other thing which is apt to disappear from sight, but which is of supreme and growing importance, is the parochial system of Christian work. The present system is parochial and national; the system of a separate Church body is that of a sect; for by a sect I understand a body existing for the sake of public worship and its adjuncts, and conducting these on particular lines which constitute its *ratio essendi*. A sect, speaking with the generality inherent in the subject, ministers to its own members; a national Church system ministers to all. The one summons those who agree on its particular lines to come together into congregations; the other takes men as they are, in that territorial division of the nation called the parish, and seeks to get them to live both their individual lives and the life of the family or of business under the dominion of the Christian principle. The parochial Church does not exist primarily for public worship, but uses the ordinances of worship to quicken the life of the people. The parson is consequently the appointed leader and inspirer of social progress among his parishioners; as such he has access accorded him to every home, and takes the foremost place in all the parochial life. For this he needs the national sanction; and, though we sometimes hear ministers of non-national Church bodies speaking of their

"parishes" (and Dr. Clifford appears to have been beguiled by this when he says that the parochial system might continue after an Act of Separation), all that can be truly meant by such an expression is that the minister of a sect may look after the members of his sect who live within certain boundaries. It is impossible for one who is only the minister of a non-national Church body to do the work assigned to the parson of a parish. I admit gladly that a non-parochial system has a great value: such work as that of Mr. Haweis, or Mr. Page Roberts, or as that of Dr. Clifford himself, ministers effectively, though indirectly, to the national well-being. But it can never replace the parochial cure of souls, which receives its divine commission directly from the nation, implying an invitation, not from a religious *coterie* to minister to its members, but from the nation itself to minister to the whole Christian life of the parish. Such a commission may be invidiously regarded as a privilege; so may every national office. But those who look to the real well-being of the people, not to questions of personal importance, will ask whether it is not expedient, in the interest of the coming social changes, and whether it is not more consonant with the demands of a democratic *régime*, that, with all necessary reforms—and they are many—the parochial system should continue, and should impart that "form of spiritual culture" which Dr. Clifford declares to be necessary to the nation in all its fractions.

These questions will not be settled now, nor, I think, in the immediate future; but the consideration of them goes silently on, and I am anxious that the points I have touched upon should not be put out of sight. When the whole matter comes up for decision, it will not be the views of the Clergy nor those of the Nonconformist ministers which will determine them, but the real interests of the mass of the people.

I have not written in any polemical spirit, my only object being, in the latter part of this article, to call attention to facts which are apt to be neglected or misunderstood. The more important matter by far is that which occupies the first part of Dr. Clifford's article as of mine; and I devoutly hope that the mass of Nonconformist opinion may go with Dr. Clifford in his whole-hearted acceptance of the principle that the nation is the prime organ of Christian righteousness, and is capable of acting effectively as a branch of the Christian Church.

W. H. FREMANTLE.

PROFESSIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

I.—PROFESSIONS IN GENERAL.*

WHAT character professional institutions have in common, by which they are as a group distinguished from the other groups of institutions contained in a society, it is not very easy to say. But we shall be helped to frame an approximately true conception by contemplating in their ultimate natures the functions of the respective groups.

The lives of a society and of its members are in one way or other subserved by all of them: maintenance of the life of a society, which is an insentient organism, being a proper proximate end only as a means to the ultimate end—maintenance of the lives of its members, which are sentient organisms. The primary function, considered either in order of time or in order of importance, is defence of the tribal or national life—preservation of the society from destruction by enemies. For the better achievement of this end there presently comes some regulation of life. Restraints on individual action are needful for the efficient carrying on of war, which implies subordination to a leader or chief; and when successful leadership ends in permanent chieftainship, it brings, in course of further development, such regulation of life within the society as conduces to efficiency for war purposes. Better defence against enemies, thus furthered, is followed by defence of citizens against one another; and the rules of

* The series of articles to which this is introductory (now in MS.) will in their eventual form be chapters constituting Part VII. of "The Principles of Sociology"—"Professional Institutions." Hence the explanation of the various references and allusions to preceding parts of that work which they will be found to contain. The various references to books will, as in past cases, be found at the end of the volume when published.

conduct, originally imposed by the successful chief, come, after his decease, to be re-inforced by the injunctions ascribed to his ghost. So that, with the control of the living king and his agents, there is gradually joined the control of the dead king and his agents. Simultaneously with the rise of agencies for the defence of life and the regulation of life, there grow up agencies for the sustentation of life. Though at first food, clothing, and shelter are obtained by each for himself, yet exchange, beginning with barter of commodities, gradually initiates a set of appliances which greatly facilitate the bodily maintenance of all. But now the defence of life, the regulation of life, and the sustentation of life, having been achieved, what further general function is there? There is the augmentation of life; and this function it is which the professions in general subserve. It is obvious that the medical man who removes pains, sets broken bones, cures diseases, and wards off premature death, increases the amount of life. Musical composers and performers, as well as professors of music and dancing, are agents who exalt the emotions and so increase life. The poet, epic, lyric, or dramatic, along with the actor, severally in their respective ways yield pleasurable feelings and so increase life. The historian and the man of letters, to some extent by the guidance they furnish, but to a larger extent by the interest which their facts and fictions create, raise men's mental states and so increase life. Though we cannot say of the lawyer that he does the like in a direct way, yet by aiding the citizen to resist aggressions he furthers his sustentation and thereby increases life. The multitudinous processes and appliances which the man of science makes possible, as well as the innumerable intellectual interests he arouses and the general illumination he yields, increase life. The teacher, alike by information given and by discipline enforced, enables his pupils more effectually to carry on this or that occupation and obtain better subsistence than they would else do, at the same time that he opens the doors to various special gratifications: in both ways increasing life. Once more, those who carry on the plastic arts—the painter, the sculptor, the architect—excite by their products pleasurable perceptions and emotions of the æsthetic class, and thus increase life.

In what way do the professions arise? From what pre-existing social tissue are they differentiated—to put the question in evolutionary language? Recognising the general truth, variously illustrated in the preceding parts of this work [*"The Principles of Sociology"*], that all social structures result from specialisations of a relatively homogeneous mass, our first inquiry must be—in which part of such mass do professional institutions originate?

Stated in a definite form, the reply is that traces of the professional agencies, or some of them, arise in the primitive politico-ecclesiastical

agency; and that as fast as this becomes divided into the political and the ecclesiastical, the ecclesiastical more especially carries with it the germs of the professional, and eventually develops them. Remembering that in the earliest social groups there is temporary chieftainship in time of war, and that where war is frequent the chieftainship becomes permanent—remembering that efficient co-operation in war requires subordination to him, and that when his chieftainship becomes established such subordination, though mainly limited to war-times, shows itself at other times and favours social co-operation—remembering that when, under his leadership, his tribe subjugates other tribes, he begins to be propitiated by them, while he is more and more admired and obeyed by his own tribe—remembering that in virtue of the universal ghost-theory the power he is supposed to exercise after death is even greater than the power he displayed during life; we understand how it happens that ministrations to him after death, like in kind to those received by him during life, are maintained and often increased. Among primitive peoples, life in the other world is conceived as identical in nature with life in this world. Hence, as the living chief was supplied with food and drink, oblations are taken to his burial-place and libations poured out. As animals were killed for him while he lived, animals are sacrificed on his grave when he is dead. If he has been a great king with a large retinue, the frequent slaughter of many beasts to maintain his court is paralleled by the hecatombs of cattle and sheep slain for the support of his ghost and the ghosts of his attendants. If he was a cannibal, human victims are furnished to him when dead as when alive; and their blood is poured on the grave-heap, or on the altar which represents the grave-heap. Having had servants in this world he is supposed to need servants in the other, and frequently they are killed at his funeral or sent after him. When the women of his harem are not immolated at his burial-place, as they sometimes are, it is usual to reserve virgins for him in his temple. Visits of homage made to his residence become, in after times, pilgrimages made to his tomb or temple; and presents at the throne re-appear as presents at the shrine. Prostrations, genuflexions and other obeisances are made in his presence, along with various uncoverings; and worship in his temple has the like accompaniments. Laudations are uttered before him while he is alive, and the like or greater laudations when he is dead. Dancing, at first a spontaneous expression of joy in his presence, becomes a ceremonial observance, and continues to be a ceremonial observance on occasions of worshipping his ghost. And of course it is the same with the accompanying music: instrumental or vocal, it is performed both before the natural ruler and the supernatural ruler.

Obviously, then, if any of these actions and agencies, common to

political loyalty and divine worship, have characters akin to certain professional actions and agencies, these last must be considered as having double roots in the politico-ecclesiastical agency. It is also obvious that if, along with increasing differentiation of these twin agencies, the ecclesiastical develops more imposingly and widely, partly because the supposed superhuman being to which it ministers continually increases in ascribed power, and partly because worship of him, instead of being limited to one place, spreads to many places, these professional actions and agencies will develop more especially in connection with it.

Sundry of these actions and agencies included in both political and religious ministrations are of the kind indicated. While among propitiations of the visible king and the invisible deified king, some of course will have for their end the sustentation of life, others are certain to be for the increase of life by its exaltation: yielding to the propitiated being emotional gratifications by praises, by songs, and by various aids to æsthetic pleasures. And naturally the agencies of which laudatory orations, hymnal poetry, dramatised triumphs, as well as sculptured and painted representations in dedicated buildings, are products, will develop in connection chiefly with those who permanently minister to the apotheosised rulers—the priests.

A further reason why the professions thus implied, and others not included among them, such as those of the lawyer and the teacher, have an ecclesiastical origin, is that the priest-class comes of necessity to be distinguished above other classes by knowledge and intellectual capacity. His cunning, skill, and acquaintance with the natures of things, give the primitive priest or medicine-man influence over his fellows; and these traits continue to be distinctive of him when, in later stages, his priestly character becomes distinct. His power as priest is augmented by those feats and products which exceed the ability of the people to achieve or understand; and he is therefore under a constant stimulus to acquire the superior culture and the mental powers needed for those activities which we class as professional.

Once more, there is the often-recognised fact, that the priest-class, supplied by other classes with the means of living, becomes, by implication, a leisured class. Not called upon to work for subsistence, its members are able to devote time and energy to that intellectual labour and discipline which are required for professional occupations as distinguished from other occupations.

Carrying with us these general conceptions of the nature of professional institutions and of their origin, we are now prepared for recognising the significance of those groups of facts which the historical development of the professions presents to us.

HERBERT SPENCER.

THE DEBRUTALISATION OF MAN.

A FEW years ago, Man opened his eyes on his own history, and saw himself in a new light. He said, "Am I come up from there?"

He looked round on the universe which he had spurned under his feet, and found himself in a new relation to it. He was its child, its heir, its chief by birthright, its head of the clan; no alien conqueror and master, but sprung of the soil, bone of its bone, and flesh of its flesh. Through all its hierarchy of organic forms it was his ancestry.

At first he quarrelled with his relationship to the brute. It was hard to admit that the half-avowed brutality which his conscience and his finer sense revealed to him in himself came of a real brute origin. He clung—in spite of verbal creeds which acknowledged in the Maker of man the Maker of all things, visible and invisible—to the idea that he, and he alone, was the inheritor of a divine spark round which the animal envelope was thrown as a mere mechanism of communication with the surrounding universe. Soul and flesh, he held, had been in conflict always—must be in conflict always, to the end. They were of opposite origin, the one from beneath, the other from above.

But gradually he accustomed himself to the new idea—at any rate, he turned to scrutinise it. Each time that he flashed the light or applied the lens, a new beauty revealed itself to his imagination, a new fitness to his self-consciousness; even a new healing was brought to his hidden wounds. A cruel philosophy had dissected him before his own eyes, had interpreted to him in terms of the lower nature all that he thought highest in himself. It had traced back the whole mass of his activities to their roots in hunger and covetousness, and

the whole mass of his affections, including his aspiration after God, to the primitive instincts of the senses. It seemed to drag him down and hold him down, and thrust his face into the mire from which he could not rise. Yet something in him responded to a truth in it. He could not answer it. He could answer only by forgetting it.

But the new doctrine turned all that philosophy the right way up. It traced for him the dim beginnings of moving life, the slow dawn of consciousness out of unconsciousness, and of the higher forms of consciousness out of the lower. It showed him how the blind groping of the whole shapeless organism after a substance to assimilate, or a fellow-organism with which to unite itself, developed by slow gradations, along with the development of a complex machinery of nutrition and conjunction, of perception and sensation, into the conscious sharpness of hunger, the conscious attraction to a mate. And then it showed him higher things than these. It showed him the rise of animal volition into intelligent choice, of perception and emotion into reflection and thought, of conjugal eagerness into delight and love and an affinity co-extensive with all the upper ranges of the allied nature; the rise of the mere maternal brooding over new-born offspring into the indestructible, untransferable tenderness of the mother for the child; and again the transmutation of these elementary affections into all the disinterested and complex forms of friendship and pity and service and self-devotion.

And then he said again, "Have I come up from there? And am I yet upon my upward way?"

All the degradation was gone; the bite and sting of a pessimistic philosophy was robbed of its poison. The hand that pointed whence he came indicated as surely whither he was going. The brute within him was accounted for; and it was reduced to a vestige—it bore its doom upon it. Manhood lay before him, an infinite possibility, not yet attained. There were worlds left to conquer; he was young yet.

And now he looks around him, and sees the present in this new light that has broken on it from the past. He sees the earlier and the later development alive together in the living man, and in the mass of men around him; he sees the incessant struggle of evolution actually in the field before him—lowest and highest, first and last, grappling together in close embrace, contending for the mastery. He sees the dull, sensual, embryonic rudiments inherited from an animal ancestry asserting their strength against the rising strength of later-acquired powers; he sees instinctive selfishness still strong, and the disinterested affections disentangling themselves but slowly from its throttling grasp; he sees in the manifold conflict the higher nature borne down by the lower, the more refined driven back, at this point and at that, before the coarser, and civilisation itself inventing new

forms of degradation for the re-brutalisation of half-emancipated man. He sees immeasurable misery, oppression, injustice, discord, defeat, despair, as the outcome of it all. Is this the upward way? He knows it is.

Perhaps some reader of these pages may have chanced to pass, some recent summer, through the lovely Arncliffe woods, which lie between Egton and Glaisdale in the North Riding of Yorkshire, and chanced to see beside his path a huge rectangular block of grey rock, split breadthways through the centre of it by a delicate young sapling oak, which lifts lightly into the air a few translucent leaves, its banner of victory. By this time, no doubt, there is some strength in the tough woody stem of it; but when it began that mighty bit of cleavage it was a soft green baby; it had no strength in it but the expansive power of life.

Just so delicate a strength as that, just so irresistible, is the strength of the higher forces in conflict with the lower. This is no myth; it is ascertained fact; it is human history. Not the lower forces of rapacity and sensuality have been the winners in the race, but the higher forces of intelligence, patience, forethought, purpose, and even those soft saplings of the human heart—affection, compassion, kindness. Men and races have indeed won for themselves successes of selfish violence; but the central onward line of march has still lain in the direction of the social, not the anti-social forces. The success of the great conquests has been determined in the long run by the constructive, not the destructive powers of the conquerors. Take the Goths for example. It was not the mere force of their barbaric onset that made them the regenerators of Western Europe; it was the passionate docility with which they set their untaught virile wits to seize the lesson of civilisation, and add the strength of its wisdom to that of their own unspoilt racial virtues. And in the far different conflicts of our own and coming days—the internecine conflicts of our social evolution—it is already clear that the ultimate solution will not rest with brute force, but with the sagacity and fairness and sympathy of men who have learnt—too probably after many a mutual defeat and disaster—that manhood is brotherhood, and that the interests of mankind are one.

Meanwhile, this new platform of knowledge involves new responsibilities. Man has glimpsed his future in the magic mirror of his past. He knows now what Nature (if we are to use no greater name than Nature) has been doing for him all along; he guesses what she is going on to do. Is her aim his aim? He is now the living witness of his own evolution: must he not be henceforth a conscious agent in directing it? He must follow her methods then. He must elect, reject, conserve, suppress. He must help her to prune what is disproportionate, to evoke what is latent, to subordinate the

lower to the higher, to refine and elaborate the crude and elementary shapes of new and nobler growths.

In some blind fashion, indeed, he has laid his hand to this work already. Look at the efforts (not always the triumphs) of his intelligence—his innumerable social experiments, his perpetual endeavour not only to govern but to educate. In the earliest, as in the latest, times he has never been quite without a care for those who should come after him. Has he not tied up whole races to the apron-strings of custom, and trundled them in go-carts till they could hardly stand upon their feet? And even where his intelligence has outgrown its swaddling-clothes, do we not look back on centuries of paternal discipline—compulsory social regulations, compulsory ethics, compulsory religion—the educational theories of man for man, and watch a struggling chaos of principles and experiments in which the light has not yet separated itself from the darkness? But the issues are growing clearer now, and the vista stretches farther into the future. The distance he sees himself to have journeyed already is a pregnant hint of the distance he has yet to traverse; it suggests to him that his patience must be great, and his aims few and consecutive. The direction he has come from shows him the direction he has to make for. It gives him a new interpretation, a new formula. The task in which Nature asks his aid is no other than the debrutalisation of man. This she has toiled for persistently, relentlessly, at great cost; this she is determined to have—the man, and not the animal—a being in whom the animal forces are absolutely domesticated and ancillary to the human. Animalism has fought her hard, tooth and nail; but intelligence is on her side; she has nourished and brought it up; she has revealed to it at last her secret plans; and now she asks her pupil to ally his strength with hers, and supplement her mechanism of natural selection by a process of ethical elimination.

II.

But let us look a little at the field and the conditions in which his action must take place. We must disengage our eyes from the far horizons and come down into the narrow field of here and now; must plunge, shall we say, into the sordid heart of the London crowd with its vulgar problems, so petty, so disheartening, so overwhelming, and must distinguish here, amidst all the squalor and grossness and confusion, between the forces that make for animalism, which he has to combat, and the forces that make for manhood, with which he has to ally himself. We have not far to look. Here are the old prime factors of greed and sensuality, multiplied incessantly into each other to build up a countless product of degraded human types. Here are vices strong by inheritance and habit, and virtues weak from dis-

couragement and disuse, passed on recklessly from generation to generation; and in every choice that influences the future of mankind vice claims to have as good a vote as virtue. Here are the pleasure-seekers whose pleasure is degradation to themselves and ruin to others; and here are the pleasure-providers, quietly filling their pockets in the mart of folly. These are a world to themselves, and they think their world as good as any other, its pleasures as manly, its profits as legitimate. And then there are the people of other worlds looking on at theirs, sourly or indifferently or anxiously. There is the legislator, who says (what else can he say?) "So far and no further;" and the man of the world who says "It cannot be helped. *Non ragioniam di lor*;" and there is the figure that gathers its cloak about it and passes by on the other side. And here, too, are the great competing theories that stand up to take their part in the conflict between the spirit and the flesh, and that range themselves in schools and under names. Here is Asceticism, which makes it the lifelong labour of the spirit to disarm the flesh, as if there were no higher task to accomplish, no further prize to win; and Athleticism, which trains the flesh to such active hardihood and exuberant energy that it refuses to be a servant any more and shapes its life to its own masterful purposes; and Æstheticism, which glorifies the flesh as the interpreter of the spirit, and then absorbs the faculties of the spirit in interpreting the interpretations of the flesh. All these claim to be on the side of progress. Perhaps they are, if the parallelogram could be accurately worked out and their share in it ascertained; but to a great extent their push is sideways and not straightforward. Then there is Science, busy with many mighty works, flashing her light on this side and on that, revealing man to himself, opening under her broad illumination new avenues for his thought, disclosing new fields for the conquest of his activities, stimulating his ambition, hurrying his pace, exploiting Nature herself to make life more artificial for his convenience. All this she has done and is doing for him, and she has yet much more to do. Her orchards are flushed with blossom of which the fruit is not yet set. Her work takes time. But she too is concerning herself with the future of the race, and as her own horizon expands and her insight deepens she may yet offer him the clue to many another labyrinth, a place of rest for many a restless doubt. And then there are Literature and Art and Philosophy, and a combination of things called Culture, and they speak in a thousand blended (or not quite blended) notes, and do a great deal of good to some people, but not so much, perhaps, to those who most want doing good to; and as to the conflict between the flesh and the spirit, they leave it pretty much where they found it. And always there is the gracious figure passing through the crowd with the Book of the Promise of Eternal Life, and reading from it many authoritative and

winning words; and the passers pause and listen, and some turn and follow with faces like the morning, and others turn away; and yet there are corners and by-lanes—ay, and handsome thoroughfares—where even Religion slips off the surplice and says: "After all, as men of the world, we know that we must not expect too much."

And behind all these great champions—these leaders of the march of man—there comes another figure yet. Love has stepped down into the field—not with any blare of trumpets, not in helmet and cuirass, but in cap and apron, a little maid-of-all-work, looking round to see which work was first to be done. She went straight down into the haunts of greed and folly, and first she offered her services (it was no use offering them to anybody else) to the most utterly outcast she could find—the prisoner, and the girl that trudged the streets. Little inexperienced Love, her heart was easily satisfied; it was a very heaven to her that any one should take her helping hand. She had no anathema for the others who refused, and of the many she had not yet begun to think at all. Nobody called her a militant moralist in those days. There were some indeed who said—as some will always say—that she loved defilement, and therefore she sought the defiled; but she went her way and did not heed. And then they all veered round and crowned her for a saint; but Love kept kneeling at her work, sweeping out the darkest corners, and never knew whether the crown was off or on.

But even Love grows older and sees more. She saw that there were places where one might come too late.

So she turned from the old and tough and hard, who hurried past her into the gin-shop, and turned to the girls, with their fresh young faces, who were going in gay gangs about the streets with men and boys in their company, laughing noisily. But these would none of her, for they were making for the gin-shop too, and they seemed as hard as the others, for they had not had their fill of pleasure, and they would hear of nothing till they had, and after that they would think. So that it was still too late.

Then she turned to the little modest workwoman, sitting hungry in her garret, not daring to cry lest her eyes should swell so that she could not see to sew. And the little workwoman said: "I would rather starve on here, and be what our mother brought us up to be; but my little sister—they have got hold of her. She went down the street in her shining hair, and they filled her pretty head with flatteries, and now she is one of them; and it is the first shame that has come into the family."

And Love stood outside the door and watched the little children with their innocent faces running out from school, and saw the motherly care of the tiny elders for the others, tinier still; and she said, "Must these go down too?" And she saw them grow up and

get bold and wild, for it was the fashion in their street to be bold and wild ; and they did go down too. And when she would have stepped in to prevent their going down, their parents drove her away.

So then she sat aside, and wept, and despaired, and prayed.

For she saw that there was no end to it, and that it was a chain of evils entailing evils, and stretching on and on without a break. For the children of vice and degradation grew up vicious and degraded, and the children of virtue had to run the gauntlet of vice and degradation, and vice and degradation caught at them and dragged them down and stamped upon them. And vice and degradation swarmed and multiplied in the warrens of the poor. And still the highway out of poverty was the highway of vice, and many went flaunting up it. And she saw that men were the enemies of women, and where they saw innocence they betrayed and despoiled it ; and that women were the enemies of women and sold them into the hands of men ; and that women were the enemies of men and lurked about their path to tempt them. And the men excused themselves and said, " It is human nature ; we cannot help it." And men and women recriminated against each other, as if each should say of the other, " The helpmeet whom Thou gavest me to be my ruin ;" or they claimed each other for their prey, as if they should say, " These cattle whom Thou hast given me for my meat." And between them they dragged each down into lower and lower depths ; and each of them was the victim of the other ; and little children grew up idiots and imbeciles, and they were the victims of them both. And the idiots and imbeciles had their victims in their turn, and so it still went on.

And she saw that vice and degradation were not always cold and hungry, shivering in the streets ; she saw them loud and warm and boastful, lounging in theatres, rolling in furs, making money and spending it, or climbing cheerfully with decent faces into posts of public trust, and standing for Parliament. And she saw their friends, and the friends of their friends, seated in high places, courteously blocking the way against any efforts at improvement ; and they too said, " It is human nature ; we cannot help it ; it must always be."

But she thought it was *not* human nature ; for she saw that each was the victim of another.

And she saw that when she took the hand of the lonely and the helpless she had not been able to help them, for she herself was helpless and lonely. She saw that it was not one here and there, but that whole human multitudes were driven, like the swine, down a steep place into the abyss, and that the one was borne along by the many, and could not stop. And she said, " Is there no power that can stop the many ? "

And she rose and betook her to her work again. One thing

nerved her, solitary as she was—she was sure it was not human nature. Not nature, but artificial evil playing upon nature, crushing down the ascending instincts and the nascent nobler powers, evoking and elaborating by a terrible process of culture the lower elements of character, and beating the man back into the brute. She could not see it and be still.

But she knew, now, that she had her work to learn. She saw that it needed, not goodwill alone, but knowledge, training, system, co-operation. She must investigate, compare and verify; must tabulate facts and elaborate schemes; must take her problem scientifically and know the whole of it and not the half. People did not know that this was Love, going about drily asking questions and taking notes. But Love was learning her business.

And she saw that one cannot even learn by theory; that one must learn by varied and active experiment.

So she multiplied her activities; she spoke, she roused, she organised; she sought for posts and offices and power that she might use them in the cause of the redemption of brutalised humanity; she gathered people round her, and inspired them, and made them work. She has a hundred committees that meet to-day for the amelioration of human misery and the purification of human life. Here she is reconciling the jostling philanthropies that trod upon each other's heels, and applying the acquired experience of all to the working needs of each; there she is studying the conditions and regulations of labour, and insisting on alleviations that shall make it less impossible or less degrading to earn one's daily bread. She is busy on boards of guardians, opening up new highways out of the workhouse school and the lying-in ward, and softening, refining, purifying the last home of life's acknowledged failures. She is at work on county councils, remodelling the management of asylums, bringing saner sympathies and more elastic methods and a gentler reverence to bear on the tormented mind, weary with meaningless excitement and vexed with fancied injuries; laying out parks and pleasure grounds within reach of gardenless houses, where parents and children can sit or play or saunter in the sun or shade; replacing squalid tenements with houses for the poor that fulfil at least the first requirements of decency and order; removing nuisances, putting down frauds, giving even the dosser a cleaner doss, and the poor buyer a fuller hundred-weight of coals, and carrying living lessons of fairness and justice and consideration down to levels of human life where these fine things are strangely little known.

And still she has had sterner work than this to do. If it is a hard struggle against the brutalisation of poverty, it is a harder against the brutalisation of sin. Here, too, the task of Love is warfare—not peace, but a sword. When she would have folded the children

in her arms she has had to begin with putting their parents in prison. The effort to help the helpless, begun with so simple an impulse of tenderness, has been turned perforce into a battle *à outrance* with some one whose pleasure or whose interest it is that the helpless shall not be helped. Behind each slave of vice and degradation stalks, in some form or other, the slave-holder. Behind besotted populations stand the innumerable gin-shops and the rich brewer and the roaring trade. Behind the restless population of the lighted thoroughfares stalk the bully and the hag, and the shade of the first seducer, and the ghosts of those who made the bully and the hag; and with them stalk how many other figures!—the corrupter of the nursery and the playground, the college apologist of vice, the vendor of odious prints and pamphlets or of books which were written, perhaps, as literature, but which sell for a shilling on every stall as mere indecency; and the licensee of the restaurant and the music-hall; and behind these, alas! the artist and the author, and a countless procession of shareholders. All these have a vested interest in the brutalisation of humanity, and they are going to fight for their interests, and Love must fight it out with them to the bitter end.

To-day she is in the thick of the fight. She is opposing licences, clearing out dens of infamy, prosecuting the vendors and exhibitors of corrupting trash, banishing disgraceful posters from the hoardings, and driving the music-hall manager to attract his audience by the sprightliness and not the vulgarity of his entertainment; she is building bulwarks for the protection of childish virtue, and carrying on a ceaseless warfare against the organised manufacture of vice, against the foreign bully who makes a market of our London streets, and the exporter of English women to the slave-houses of the Continent. There are laws in England for the repression of these things. She is making her appeal to the law.

She stands confronted by all the ingenuity of wicked interests, with lavish money pouring in to pay; she hears the confident appeal of counsel to the legitimate claims of the moneyed interest as compared with the despicable position of unauthorised persons professing a mere sentiment for morality, and sees the placid anxiety of Justice itself to avoid the failing of leaning to virtue's side. And all the common voices buzz around her—voices that rise from that down-dragging and down-dragged mass of retrograde humanity—and say this is no work for Love; and they make mouths at her and call her names, and pray heaven free us from meddlesome morality.

But she takes little heed. She knows what she is toiling for. In the petty detail of the struggle she has not lost sight of the greatness of the issue. Her eyes are fixed on the distant generations; the destiny of man is in her heart, and she is hand in hand with Nature. Sooner or later she is bound to win.

III.

It has been the aim of the foregoing pages to draw attention to two points: first, the immeasurable stimulus to human hope and effort involved in the recognition of the process of human development as—in its main outline—an orderly ascending sequence, the higher faculties emerging in due succession out of the lower, outgrowing, dominating, and finally assuming and absorbing them, so to speak, into their own nobler service; and secondly, the fact that, amidst the discords and confusions which mark the incompleteness of the process at its present stage, man himself is already taking sides, allying himself either with the creative upward effort of Nature, or with the retrogressive and subversive tendencies against which she has to carry on perpetual war.

Now there can be no question which of these alliances is honourable and which dishonourable, which tends to the welfare and which to the enfeeblement and deterioration of the race. All those forces and influences which foster and quicken the lower nature in man at the expense of the higher, and all those interests, moneyed or other, which derive their advantage from the play of these degenerative forces, and which act as incentives to them, are so many malarial and lethal germs feeding upon the social organism, and the whole health and vigour of the organism depends upon its determined and successful resistance. The sensual and brutal vices, whether inherited from the unchecked brutality of parents or deliberately fostered for the gain or gratification of others, not only minister to present crime and lawlessness, and to the subtlest forms of physical degeneracy, but, multiplying as they go, they cast their shadow far in advance, and darken the future of races and of nations.

Obviously, these are facts of which the statesman and the legislator are bound to take account, as well as the philosopher and the social reformer. Once let it be realised that the stream of national degradation is being constantly fed from external and voluntary sources, and it is plain that the effort to raise and refine must not be left to the unaided enthusiasm of the volunteer; it must include the exercise of some of those repressive powers with which society has armed the ministers of its authority. Not only Intelligence and Love, but Law and Government, must range themselves on the side of Nature in her upward struggle.

To this kind of proposition—the proposition that law and government shall do anything for morality—there are generally two answers given. The first is, that it is being done already. The second is, that the thing is impossible, and it is absurd to expect it; that morality is not a matter of law and government, but each man's private affair; that all that can be done by authority is to keep matters within certain rough limits of public decency; and that for

the State to attempt a puritanical crusade against the sources of vice would be to provoke reaction, and defeat the very object with which the crusade was begun.

With regard to the first of these statements, we have but to point, by way of rejoinder, to the existing condition of things. However much is being done already, it is quite clear that the results are not satisfactory, and that we are justified in asking either for something more or something different. With regard to the second, we reply that we are not asking for the impossible, but for an honest effort to ascertain the limits of the possible; and that we are no more urging legislation which shall be ineffectual from its violence than we are content with legislation which is ineffectual from its incompleteness. What we ask for is effectual legislation. And that it may be effectual, we ask at once for very little and for very much. The direct alterations of the law which are possible or desirable to-day may be very small indeed. They may consist in nothing more than the removal of obvious defects which impede the working of existing laws, or the insertion of clauses embodying the same principle as the original Act, but carrying it to the point of efficiency instead of stopping short at hopeless inefficiency. But however small the amount of immediate legislation may be, the amount of painstaking attention which this subject rightly claims from the Legislature is not small. Why should not the problem of vice be faced with the same resoluteness and the same discrimination which are already beginning to be applied to the problems of disease and crime? We hear constantly now-a-days of "preventible crime" and "preventible disease." The phrases mark a definite advance in our theory of social government. They mark the general recognition of the fact that the prevention, and not only the cure or punishment, of these social evils comes within the province of the State; and further, that the point of preventibility may have to be found at a considerable distance from the visible results and symptoms of social disease, as when the Education Act of 1870 proved to be a successful legislative attack on preventible crime; and thirdly, that a line can be drawn and a distinction made between what can and what cannot be effectually undertaken by the State, or by the local authority, in the way of prevention. But there remains one point more which calls for equally definite recognition, and it is this—that the line of demarcation between the preventible and the non-preventible is not a fixed line. It is drawn at one point to-day and at quite another to-morrow. The scale is progressive. The successful preventive legislation of one century, or even one decade, raises the standard of preventibility for the next, and law and public opinion act and react upon one another on an ascending plane of moral advance. It is upon this law of progression that we base our final appeal against the assertion that the State can do no more than it

has done for the elimination of social vice. It is surely not too much to ask that the scientific method of dealing with causes and sources, and not merely with symptoms and results, which has led to the prevention of crime by education and the prevention of disease by sanitation, should be applied to the diminution of social vice by the obvious course of suppressing its wilful and wholesale manufacture. It is surely not too much to ask of English statesmanship that it shall find means to afford, without abolishing the liberty of the subject or quite overthrowing the British Constitution, at least this negative protection to the germs of human virtue, which are the prey of so many enemies. It seems a moderate and a reasonable demand. Perhaps the intelligence of the twentieth, if not of the nineteenth century, will be found equal to the task.

Nevertheless, there are practical difficulties which are pleaded on the other side, and which it is impossible to ignore. The attention of statesmen and the Legislature is, we are told, taken up perforce with the burning questions of which men's minds are full, and with the business of current affairs which cannot be postponed. It is next to impossible to find time for anything, and more than impossible to find time for opposed business. And, strange to say, much of this business is opposed business. We are promised, for instance, a great temperance measure—a measure which, considering what we all know of the social results of an abnormal drink-craving kept up by abnormally multiplied incentives to indulgence, must be regarded as preventive legislation aimed at once at preventible crime, preventible vice, and preventible disease. But, unhappily, temperance is a party question, and the party which has allied itself for the time being with the cause of free trade in drunkenness has a whole Chamber of the Legislature in its pocket. Even if parties were united, there is the gauntlet of all the interests to run, and the interests are legion. But the trades to which we allude are already illegal; they carry on a precarious but successful existence by systematically slipping through the looser meshes of the law. For measures aiming simply at the repair of those meshes it ought not to be difficult to command such support on both sides of the House as should carry them through Parliament practically unopposed. For it is absurd, when a principle has been accepted and a law framed in accordance with it, to allow that law to remain hampered by imperfections which make it practically inoperative.

Again, we are told that legislation of this sort is surrounded by difficulties of a special kind, inherent in the nature of the subject with which it has to deal. We submit that the "special" character of the difficulties lies in this, that they are partly theoretical and partly practical, and that no serious effort has been made to distinguish the one from the other. As long as it remains an open question whether or not the elimination of the cachexia of vice is to be, along

with the elimination of crime, disease, and pauperism, an avowed object of legislative concern, so long the task of suppressing public incentives to vice must be hedged about by "special" difficulties. But, once this point is clear, the theoretical difficulty vanishes, and there remains only the practical difficulty of framing good working laws and working them. And here we fail to see that there are any "special" hindrances which do not apply to other branches of criminal legislation dealing with other skilled and organised criminal practices. It is not here alone that the conspirators are strong and cunning, apt in the use as well as the evasion of the law, and strangely backed up with money; not here alone—though here, perhaps, most of all—that the victim and the dupe are ignorant, terrified, averse to publicity, and their evidence timid, vacillating, disingenuous, easy to upset; not here alone that crime is secret and hides its traces, that corroboration is wanting or purposely withheld, and that it taxes the utmost keenness of legal ingenuity to unravel the web and drag out the hidden corroboration of facts. All these difficulties are to be found elsewhere; and they are battled with and overcome elsewhere with a persistency and success proportionate to the importance assigned to the suppression of this or that particular type of crime. So, again, in the case of legislation affecting the foreign agent, the foreign bully, the foreign dealer in immoralities, we are warned of the "special" difficulty of possible international complications. But the international difficulty is not peculiar to this class of cases; nor has the construction of international adjustments of criminal law been so far found to surpass the wit of man.

But it is when we turn from the region of legislation to that of administration that we realise what the "special" difficulties really are, and how purely theoretic they are in their origin. The direct and practical difficulties have been indicated already, and they are not special; the indirect and special difficulties may be summed up under the two heads of anti-fanaticism and officialism.

Now against anti-fanaticism, where its premisses are just, we have not a word to say. We are ready to subscribe with the foremost. But it is usual with anti-fanaticism to beg its premisses. Most of it is a mere Philistinism, ignorant of the large grounds on which other people base their ideas, and naturally at fault as to the meaning and value, and even the limits, of the ideas themselves. Its activity is too apt to consist in misunderstanding motives and misrepresenting actions. We do not indeed claim that the moralists have never, by over-vehemence, or by a misapplication of their own principles, given a handle to this sort of criticism, nor do we claim for any human being an absolute exemption from absurdity. But then absurdity is so very common. We fanatics, at least, have no monopoly. But what we do claim is, that when all allowance is made for those chance

and passing follies which in this world occasionally mark the course of even the wisest and the best, our view is farther-sighted, wider-reaching, saner, and more inclusive of all that concerns humanity than that of the men who call us fanatics. And it is to the spread of a wider and more humane intelligence that we look for the gradual silencing of this parrot-cry about fanaticism.

The "official" difficulty is a difficulty of quite another type, yet it has its root in some very similar elements of human nature. There is an inelasticity—shall we say, a toughness—of intelligence which is apt to steal over dignified men condemned to the routine of office, a tendency to work a given mechanism according to given rules, without further reference to the purpose for which the mechanism was constructed—as if Westminster clock should go regularly on inside, quite irrespective of the fact that the hands and chimes had got disconnected from the wheels and that it was really no longer telling the time. And along with this there is an anxiety to stand well with the ordinary observer, a tendency to seek justification and to avoid criticism, which proves that even the routine of office has failed to extinguish what we are pleased to call "human nature" and turn the sensitive official man into a mere machine. These two tendencies make up what, for want of a better word, we have dubbed "officialism." And here, again, we must look for the remedy in a wider spread of intelligence and a finer and more cultivated sense of the relation between means and ends. Such an increased clearness of perception should, for instance, put an end to the confusion sometimes betrayed by the official mind between the primary object of a court of law and the principles which fill the secondary place of regulating the just and fair pursuance of that object—a confusion which sometimes places the judicial authority in the anomalous position of appearing concerned not so much to enforce the law and protect the injured party as to protect the offender from the inconvenience of publicity and the unfriendly pressure of the law.

It is possible, however, that a good deal of the prejudice against the invocation of the law on behalf of morality, both in the official and the unofficial mind, springs from a real misconception of the attitude and meaning of those who invoke it. They do not know exactly what is and what is not intended. Let us try to be explicit.

In the first place we do not urge—as some persons seem to imagine—the adoption of the lynch-law argument that if a crime is shocking enough it hardly signifies whether the accused committed it or not, it cannot be allowed to go unpunished. We do not ask for any tampering with the rules of evidence, nor for the wresting of a single clause beyond its proper meaning, nor for the abandonment of a single principle of just and fair interpretation. We do not wish for a sudden outburst of heavy sentencing, nor for "viewy" sentences on

the part of particular judges, nor for the exhibition of a vindictive spirit against the prisoner, such as is sometimes seen in foreign courts of justice, any more than we approve of criticisms passed by judges in open court on the laws they are there to administer, or of the substitution of arbitrary expressions of opinion and feeling for the impersonal and passionless majesty of the law. But we do ask that the distinct and intelligible sense of the court shall run parallel with the sense of the law and not counter to it; we ask for an intelligent and persistent recognition of the purpose for which the law was framed, and an intelligent use of the forms and powers of the court to give effect to that purpose. We ask for sentences systematically adjusted to the purpose of prevention; and for explicit sentences, in which the intention of the court and the stand taken by the law against certain practices shall be set plainly before the public eye. We ask for a chivalry—at least for a consideration—in the treatment of women and children presenting themselves under the saddest and most humiliating circumstances before a court full of men, which has too often been strangely and even brutally wanting. We even ask whether it is quite impossible to give a tone and temper to our courts of law which shall act as some restraint on the insolence of counsel pleading the “legitimate” interests of vice, and on that extraordinary malversation of sentiment which, as against the claims of any number of victims past and future, awards its sympathy to the man who has deliberately chosen to make his living in defiance of the law, and whose living the law is now justly taking from him. With regard, especially, to the moneyed interest in vice, we ask that courts of law should adopt an unmistakable attitude. The moneyed interest always commands a curious amount of public sympathy; and especially where it is both large and indirect, it seems to make strangely little difference to the general feeling from what sources the dividends are drawn. The tendency is still to regard financial interests as a legitimate object of consideration and protection in a sense in which moral interests are not. Now this attitude must necessarily give way before a truer and more enlightened appreciation of the real interests of humanity; and there can be no fitter exponents of such an advance in moral discrimination than the judges on the bench.

But it may be said that the moralists themselves are divided into two camps on these questions, and that the one camp is as jealous of authoritative interference in matters of morality as the other camp is eager to invoke it. It is partly true; but why? The opposition of the older school of moralists was based on a bitter experience of ignorant and brutal legislation, which, however, had no moral aim at all, but was conceived in the supposed interests of a certain class of Government employes. The interference invoked by the later school

is of a wholly different stamp. We ask for legislation framed with a clear moral aim, and with no side aims whatever; we ask for interference with the craft and tyranny of the strong, not with the misery and helplessness of the weak; we ask for even-handed justice between the man and the woman, the seller and the sold, the corrupter and the corrupted; and we ask for nothing that slips aside or falls short of this. If we gain our point, we shall have carried the old standard a day's march forward; to the protection of the fallen from persecution we shall have added the protection of the innocent from contamination, and to the recognition of the sacredness of the rights of women that of the equal sacredness of the rights of children. It is only if we are cheated of our aim, if having asked for bread we accept the offer of a stone, that the leaders of that earlier and great campaign will have reason to exclaim upon us.

This, then, so far as we can here formulate it, is the demand we ought to make. It is not a demand to be ashamed of. The shame is that it should have to be made. It is not illogical or absurd. The whole of the illogicality and absurdity is on the other side. If we could but look on the crooked and wavering line that is drawn by the great majority of our public men, in the course of their public acts and utterances alone—and perhaps by nearly all of us, however unconsciously, in our more private judgments—between the conventional approbation of virtue and the affable indulgence accorded to vice, even to aggressive and contaminating vice—with the eyes with which some future generation (not, perhaps, far distant) will look upon it, we should feel as little proud of our intellectual perspicacity as we should of the rectitude of our moral sense.

There is one more point of detail on which we must touch before we quit this part of our subject. The distrust of legislative interference displayed by the moralists of the earlier school had its root in a deep and well-grounded distrust of police interference. They had gained a large part of their experience in foreign fields, where they had seen what police interference can come to. They dreaded the introduction into our own system of powers which might end in giving us a native Javert and a native Lecour. For our part, we hold that Javert is not an English type, and that it is not in the power of English law to make him one. But be that as it may, we recognise the danger of committing a heavy task of moral discrimination to men who are no better than a good average of humanity, and who run the ordinary official risk of being at once a little too mechanical and a little too human. Nevertheless, it is only a question of where to draw the line. We do and we must commit to these men a very great trust, involving a very high degree of moral responsibility. In certain contingencies, such as breaches of rules by licensed houses and the like, it is their duty to interfere, and to interfere on their own initiative; yet, in

nine cases out of ten, it rests entirely with their own sense of duty whether they take action or not, and even whether or not they take a bribe to blind their eyes withal. If then, we have to trust, and do trust, this much to their bare integrity, do we make matters much better by drawing an uncertain line around another class of misdemeanours, and forbidding interference with other practices which the policeman knows to be equally illicit? Or do we rather confuse his moral sense and actually vitiate his integrity by requiring him to keep in his eye a double list of offences—those he is to come down upon and those he is to wink at? Perhaps the very statement of the dilemma points to a higher and more excellent way. A police force, like any other large body of men, is very much what its leaders make it. The men are, to begin with, fairly intelligent men, fairly well-principled and well-conducted. They represent a certain mass of moral intelligence. Is it to be ignored and wasted, or to be stimulated, trained, informed and utilised? It is so much human material; how is it to be made the best of? It is nonsense to pretend that mere mechanical drill can make all that can be made of it. Mr. Stead pointed out some years ago, in the *Review of Reviews*, that there is a quantity of unused manhood in our policemen which would answer readily to the touch of human interests, to a higher demand on its potentiality of virtue. He instanced the admirable way in which the police of London have co-operated with the agents of Mr. Waugh's Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children; and still more the alacrity with which the police of Edinburgh fell in with the scheme of their Chief Constable for utilising them as distributors of the clothing provided by a charitable association for the destitute children on their beats. The work is said to have had an excellent effect on the moral tone of the force. Naturally; it gave them a humane and interesting thing to do, and their organisation enabled them to do it thoroughly well. A great deal of a policeman's time is very empty; he has leisure to observe the ways of humanity, and to think. Generally he thinks very kindly of it; he grows to look all too leniently on its shady ways, which he knows so well. Is this too harsh, too stupid, too coarse material to be inspired with a sense of a high calling and great opportunities, to be educated to distinguish between the true and humane service of virtue and the blundering haste of indiscretion or over-zeal? And if we are to look for a definite advance in moral discrimination on the Bench, why not a corresponding advance on the beat?

It may be said that this is a matter of personal influence, that it depends on the spirit and temper infused into the men by those who are set over them. No doubt. But that simply means that everything depends on finding the right men, imbued with the right

notions, and with vigour enough to keep clear of officialism, and putting them in the right places—a thing which can generally be done when it is sufficiently sought to be done.

IV.

And yet this great machinery of Law, with all the complex order or complex derangement of its close-toothed wheels, is but a humble factor in the process of the upward life of man. It may remove fatal obstacles to progress, but it can do little to stimulate or to propel. Its task rather consists in damming the current of the backward stream, and blocking the action of those forces by which civilisation itself deliberately ministers to the degradation of the human type. This indeed is a work of necessity, absolutely indispensable. But it is negative work. For the positive elements of progress we must look elsewhere.

Happily, there is no lack of these. The whole field teems with signs of hopeful activity. We witness effort upon effort of ingenious philanthropy, effort upon effort of daring and progressive thought. Perhaps one of the most striking signs of this beneficent and fruitful energy is the eager way in which thinkers in one or another great department of thought hasten to carry their spoils to the aid of those who work in other fields. Thus the biologist has his message for the economist, and both, again, for the philosopher, the statesman, the religious teacher, and the social reformer. And this interchange of specialised and accredited thought is being caught up with avidity by the ordinary educated intelligence, and conveyed in all directions to be discussed, assimilated, and experimented on. Even that most unblest and restless spirit of all the spirits that walk, the hundred-years'-end social-problematical novel or drama, with its flippancy, its garish crudity, its deification of selfishness, is probably not without its use as at least a carrier of questions to which it may provoke, if it cannot give, an answer. With all its contempt for the accepted moralities, it is helping to carry the pressure of the moral question into the sacred enclosure of marriage itself, from which all questioning has been too long excluded; and it is perhaps hardly too much to say that no service could well be greater than this. It is possible that we are even now but faintly beginning to guess how much of the solution of our problems lies within those sacred precincts. We may come to be thankful yet for the unwelcome frankness which has broken in upon their silence with so rude a clamour; and we may find that though, here as elsewhere, the spirit of inquiry is at first a spirit of rebellion, the quest on which this daring generation has set out is not the mere quest of lawlessness, but the search for a higher law and a purer atmosphere in which sincere spirits may rest and breathe. At any rate it is here, along this very line of free

inquiry and experiment, that the growing-point of the higher morality is to be sought, and its expansion watched with anxious hope.

v.

It may seem strange to some of us, even now, to speak of a higher morality yet to be evolved. We thought we had begun at the top of that mighty hill.

There on the summit, when we were little children, the old Evangel took us on her knee and taught us in baby lessons all that the grown-up people know in the kingdom of heaven.

But we outgrew that baby lore and cast it from us, and we got off her knee and slid away down to the empty plain, and must needs climb the heights again in our own way, by lights of our own, on our own unsteady feet.

Now Una and her knight are parted once more—the search for truth and the search for sanctity; but the objects of their search are not parted, and as each nears the goal of their several quest they are destined assuredly to meet again.

In the meantime we may thankfully accept the gain that each brings to us by the way. One great contribution at least Science has made to our store of theological conceptions. To what we had discerned already of the Power, the Wisdom, and the Love of God, she has added the unimaginable revelation of His Patience.

Even now, while we seem to ourselves so far advanced upon our way, it may be that we are but at the very beginning. Perhaps the days of creation, with their alternations of deep night, are not yet ended—the sixth day not yet finished nor the seventh begun, nor has God yet said of man that he is good. What we took for retrospect is perhaps prophecy; and the morning stars have yet to sing together, and the sons of God to shout for joy.

Our newly opened eyes are eager and impatient; we stare into the darkness before us and pant to know what is to be the end.

"But it sufficeth that the end will come,
And then the end is known."

No one mind, no one life, no one generation, can work out the great problem. God is working it out in terms of the human race. But we have snatched a glimpse; we have overheard a word; the air is full of promise and suggestion. Nature and Love—the forces of Creation and Redemption—are here at work in the twilight of this chaos; we begin to discern what their work has been, and to be assured of what it will be. "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness." "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work."

BLANCHE LEPPINGTON.

THE ECONOMIC CAUSE OF UNEMPLOYMENT.

A MISAPPLIED respect for thoroughness often leads students of society to a piecemeal treatment of industry which blinds them to a perception of large organic operations. It is natural that men of business, whose interests and sympathies are absorbed in some special trade and some special locality, should mistake their knowledge of local symptoms for a thorough diagnosis of industrial disease. But it is not so creditable that statesmen and economists should do their best to make it appear that "the unemployed" is not one, but a hundred different questions to be studied only in detail and to be solved by a hundred different little local remedies. This detailed research is highly necessary, but it can lead us only to a knowledge of secondary and contributory causes; no clear understanding of the problem is attained until this fragmentary knowledge is gathered into the unity of a higher synthesis. The piecemeal method which commends itself so signally to Royal Commissions upon Labour or the Unemployed is not really thorough, but is merely superficial, substituting elaborate memoranda of minor facts for the major facts which it was their business to ascertain. The purposely vague character of the general judgments to which these bodies occasionally commit themselves is admirably illustrated by a paragraph in the Final Report of the Commission on Labour, dealing with Irregularity of Employment:

"Fluctuations of trade in this country are due to a variety of causes, the chief of which may be briefly indicated here. The majority of these periodical changes are connected in some way with the state of commercial credit, and the willingness or unwillingness of business men to embark on new ventures. The state of credit in every country depends each year more and more upon the general conditions of business throughout the world."

Omitting the middle terms of this syllogistic argument, we attain the

valuable conclusion that irregularity of employment is attributable to "the general conditions of business"! Neither in the proceedings of the Labour Commission nor in the analysis of causes of unemployment contained in the Report of the Board of Trade do we find the faintest recognition of the central fact of the "unemployed" problem—viz., the simultaneous general unemployment of labour, capital, and land in periods of depressed trade. Our analysis of the available statistics forced us to the conclusion that the "unemployed" question was in the main a leading aspect of the problem of trade depression. From the financial point of view bad trade appears in a general lowness of prices and of profits, but, regarded as a disease of the industrial structure, it takes the shape of a general slackness or under-use of the various factors of production. Now, no serious attempt has been made, by what may provisionally be called the orthodox school of English economists, to explain why it is that at one and the same time there can be in existence more labour, more capital, more land, than are wanted. There might exist, according to their theory, more labour than could be employed, owing to an insufficiency of capital with which to assist labour to produce; but, since capital and labour are the only requisites for the production of wealth, they could not both be in excess. The common mode of meeting the difficulty was to deny the fact of a general excess of producing-power. There might, it was alleged, be an excessive application of capital and labour to certain trades, but this was a malady of misdirection, general over-production was impossible. A certain ambiguity in the term "over-production" assisted the maintenance of this position. If by over-production is meant a continued process of glutting the general market with an accumulation of goods which could not be sold, such an operation is not possible. But if what is signified is a long continued existence of a general excess of producing-power beyond what is economically required to supply the current rate of consumption, such excess is plainly attested by modern industry. Moreover, it was admitted in unmistakable language by the same Majority Report of the Commission on the Depression of Trade in 1885, which rejected with scorn the notion of "a general over-production." In its general summary this Report says, "That owing to the nature of the times the demand for our commodities does not increase at the same rate as formerly; that *our capacity for production is consequently in excess of our requirements*, and could be considerably increased at short notice; that this is due partly to the competition of the large amount of capital which is being steadily accumulated in the country." The Minority Report finds the gist of trade depressions in "a long-continued fall of prices—in many cases the result either of actual over-production or of a capacity of production in excess of the demand." This Commission entirely throws over the notion, which every man of wide business experience has long repudiated, that an excess of pro-

ducing-power in some trades must be balanced by a deficiency in others, that there can be no general excess. The idea that depressed trade means a misapplication of capital and labour as between trade and trade is entirely rejected by both bodies of Commissioners, who find the malady they are investigating common to all "productive industries." The Minority expressly asserts over-production, in the sense above taken, as the chief agent in depression :

"Over-production, by which we understand the production of commodities (or existence of the agencies of production) in excess, not of the capacity of consumption, if their distribution were gratuitous, but of the demand for export at remunerative prices, and of the amount of income or earnings available for their purchase in the home market—that is, of profitable employment for the people. The depression under which we have so long been suffering is undoubtedly of this nature."

The Majority, though rejecting the general term "over-production," admit, as we saw, the phenomena.

The one fact which emerges with striking clearness from the whole investigation of the period 1875–1885 is that the producing-power of capital and labour, to which full employment was given in the years immediately following the Franco-German war, was found excessive in quantity during the ten years which ensued. The same trade-malady—general under-employment of capital and labour—has been plainly visible since 1890. In trade after trade it has been made manifest that the capacity of production is far in advance of the current or expected demand at a profitable price, and in all of them brief bursts of activity have alternated with long periods of torpor, during which weaker mills, mines, and works are closed, while others are working short time, and large bodies of workers are kept half-employed. In three staple industries, docks, cotton, coal-mining, the attempts to fully utilise existing powers of production were directly responsible for prolonged stoppages, during which the congestion was relieved at a terrible cost of suffering to the workers. A strike or a lock-out, attributable to a fall of prices, would rightly rank as so much "unemployment" in any true economic analysis, though the immediate cause might be a disagreement between capital and labour in reference to wages or other terms of employment. All business men are compelled to admit that at the present time there exists, not in this industry or that, but in all the important industries of the country, a considerably larger quantity of plant and labour than can be profitably employed. In other words, with the means of production which now exist a far larger quantity of commodities could be produced than are actually produced. It is probable that the percentage of unemployed or under-employed capital in the shape of mills, ironworks, dockyards, mines, and plant and machinery of various kinds is far larger than the 8 or 10 per cent. which may represent the waste of labour-power. From the financial point of view the excess is attested by the universal glut of loanable capital to

which Mr. A. J. Wilson has recently directed public attention.* The opening up of vast new tracts of land for the growth of our food and raw material of manufacture, the huge accumulation of capital in the shape of fixed plant and power-driven machinery of manufacture and transport, the rapid growth of an intelligent and closely co-operative population have, during the last few generations, multiplied twentyfold or more the general productive power of the community. The actual standard of consumption for nearly every class of the community has likewise been raised. The landowning classes live far more expensively than they did at the opening of the present century; the owners of manufacturing and trading capital form a numerous new class of consumers whose expenditure has grown continuously; statistics of working-class life show that, except among the very poor, the general standard of comfort is considerably higher than it was, though the stability of the standard is grievously impaired by growing irregularity of work. But, great as this general rise in the consumption of the people may appear, it has been far less rapid than the growth of productive power. The industrial revolution has not been attended by a commensurate revolution in the consuming habits of the people. If modern machinery and methods of production have raised twentyfold the producing-power, the consumption of the community has increased at a lower ratio. We therefore find that the several agents of production exist in excess; full and continuous use cannot be found for them. This is no theory, but a just summary of the phenomena of modern industry. Why such excess of wealth-producing power is possible may remain an open question, but of the fact there can be no dispute. It is not a case of improper application of productive power, an excess in certain trades, or at certain times, balanced by a deficiency in other trades or other times. It is a normal and general condition of excess. The rate of production of commodities actually maintained in the years 1871-74 could have been continued during the ten years which followed, if the demand had not slackened; and the fact that it was not so continued is a clear admission of a grave excess of productive power under normal conditions of national life.

This excess of general producing-power is far from being adequately represented by the average unemployment or under-employment of capital and labour in the extractive and manufacturing industries. "Unemployment" is only one form of the waste. Another is the socially useless multiplication of middle-men and other distributors, and of the capital engaged in distributive businesses. Unable to find remunerative employment in "productive" industries, an increasing proportion of capital and labour is engaged in the work of distribution. This movement is unmistakably attested by the Statistics of Occupations in the Census Reports. The common notion that we are

* *Investor's Review*, January 1895.

becoming more and more a manufacturing nation is incorrect so far as employment of labour is concerned. Taking the aggregate of the manufactures from the Census returns, as interpreted by Mr. Charles Booth,* it appears that whereas up to 1861 manufactures engaged an increasing proportion of our population, since that date, although there continues to be an absolute increase in the numbers so employed, that increase is slower than the growth of the population. The percentage engaged in manufactures from 1841 to 1881 is as follows:

1841	27·1 per cent.
1851	32·7 "
1861	33·0 "
1871	31·6 "
1881	30·7 "

Though we cannot place in exact line with the preceding returns the results for 1891, there is every reason to believe that the proportionate decline of employment has continued, and that not more than 30 per cent. of the occupied classes are engaged in manufactures. Set off the increase of coal-miners against the decline of agricultural workers, and an aggregate decline of the numbers engaged in extractive industries is obtained. What, then, has become of the one million and three-quarters added to our working population between 1881 and 1891? Outside the manufacturing and extractive industries there is only one other large department of "making" industry, the building trades. But here the employment between 1881 and 1891 only increased by a paltry 2·1 per cent., as compared with a growth of 15·1 of the occupied classes as a whole. The answer is that the trades engaged in distribution are growing quite out of proportion to the growth of the population or of the quantity of material wealth to be distributed. While the agricultural class has positively declined, the domestic class grown only 5·4 per cent., the industrial class 15·1 (just keeping pace with the occupied population as a whole), the commercial class shows an increase of 42·8 per cent. When we turn to investigate more closely this increase of the commercial class, we find that "merchants and agents" have grown in ten years from 285,138 to 363,037, an increase nearly twice as fast as that of the occupied population. The division engaged in wholesale dealing, money and insurance has increased 33·1 per cent. Bank clerks and officials have increased from 14,998 to 19,975, dealers in money have grown by 31 per cent., insurance agents have actually doubled their numbers. Commercial clerks and travellers are increasing rapidly, the former 24·2 per cent., the latter no less than 36·2 per cent. in the decennium. Owing to the fact that many "dealers" are classed with "makers" in the Census returns, it is not possible to make a full and accurate computation of the growth of those engaged in retail

* "Occupations of the People, 1841-1881."

trade. But the following comparison of those engaged in retail trades where the dealers are separated from the makers is most instructive :

Trade.	1881.	1901.	Increase or decrease per cent.
Chemists	19,000	21,930	+ 15·4
Booksellers	9,910	13,596	+ 37·2
Stationers	15,241	21,798	+ 43·0
Drapers	82,362	107,018	+ 29·9
Haberdashers	9,565	12,491	+ 30·5
Grocers	129,818	181,856	+ 40·1
Poulterers and Fishmongers	21,497	29,711	+ 38·2
Greengrocers, Fruiterers .	29,614	40,963	+ 38·3
Cheesemongers, Buttermen .	4,379	5,108	+ 16·6
Butchers	81,702	98,921	+ 21·1
Coal dealers	20,401	23,799	+ 16·7
Ironmongers	16,122	21,444	+ 33·0
General shopkeepers . . .	54,860	53,608	- 2·3
Total	494,471	632,233	+ 27·9

It thus appears that, in spite of all economies of concentration resulting from the increased amount of distribution which has fallen to large stores and universal providers, the increase in the number of retail distributors is nearly twice that of the occupied classes as a whole. To put the matter succinctly, a smaller proportion of the population is engaged in "making" the increased quantity of material goods which are consumed, a larger proportion in distributing them. Nor is this movement adequately explained by the fact that distribution has not shared equally with manufacture the economies of modern machinery and method. For the large growth of our population and its concentration in large towns must have greatly reduced the labour-cost of distributing a given quantity of goods. This consideration, taken along with the improvements in every mode of transport, would enable the increased quantity of modern wealth to be effectively distributed without any considerable increase of the labour or capital engaged in distributive industries. Even if some increase of distributors were economically necessary, it will not be denied that the actual increase of all classes of middle-men and retailers has passed far beyond this wholesome necessary limit. A diminishing proportion of commercial effort is expended in the actual work of distribution, an increasing proportion in the work of getting business. A proof of this is the phenomenal growth of commercial travellers, local agents, jobbers, touts, and the enormous expenditure in every form of advertisement. The actual energy given out in trades, directly or

indirectly concerned with distribution, is thus swollen far beyond the demands of such wholesome and effective competition as will secure for the consuming public a cheap and rapid service of supply. The keenness of competition among rival distributors is admittedly responsible for much of the adulteration and other deceitful practices which tend to the deterioration of commodities. Unfortunately, we possess no official or reliable record of the general movements in retail trade, which we can compare with the statistics of wholesale prices prepared by Mr. Sauerbeck. It is, however, generally believed, and such fragmentary evidence as we possess accords with the belief, that the great fall of wholesale prices since 1873 has not been attended by a commensurate fall of retail prices.

Nor is it unreasonable that this should be the case. The effects of competition are somewhat different in manufacturing and in distributing industries. In the former an excess of producing-power, after exhibiting itself in a comparatively trifling glut of actual manufactured goods, shows its "waste" in the form of "unemployed" labour and capital, which operates in some measure as a check upon further application of labour and capital. In the latter, no such natural check is provided. Small quantities of capital, unable to enter manufacture with any reasonable prospect of success, may embark in distribution, especially in retail trade, with some hope of attracting to their businesses a fair proportion of the trade of others. It is not easy for a new business to succeed even in retail trade, but it is less difficult than in manufacture. The same amount of business may thus come to be divided among a larger number of persons. It may even supply a livelihood to all, on the single condition that the margin of profit on each sale is larger; which means, in a period of falling wholesale prices, that retail prices fall more slowly. It can scarcely be doubted that this is a true description of the actual phenomena exhibited in distributive trade. The assumption commonly made by statesmen, and even by economists, that the consumer gains the advantage of the full decline of wholesale prices, and that such decline is therefore a matter of comparative indifference, is unwarranted. The cautious opinion expressed by J. S. Mill has been closely borne out by the experience of the last twenty years. "Retail price, the price paid by the actual consumer, seems to feel very slowly and imperfectly the effects of competition; and where competition does exist, it often, instead of lowering prices, merely divides the higher prices among a larger number of dealers."*

In other words, an increased proportion of the prices paid by consumers goes to support agents, middle-men, shopkeepers, and their dependents, who thus receive a growing share of the national income paid for services of distribution. Without seeking to disparage the value of genuine services of necessary distribution, I may point out

* "Principles of Political Economy," vol. II. ch. iv. § 8.

that this diseased swelling of labour and capital in distributive trade represents from the social standpoint a waste of power strictly analogous to the "unemployment" in manufacture, though differing in the concrete aspect it assumes. In distribution, the waste does not for the most part show itself as "unemployed" and "unpaid" capital and labour, but as unnecessary reduplication of distributive machinery. In any scientific treatment of the "unemployed" question, this form of waste must rank as an important aspect of the social malady.

The business man readily admits the existence of an excess of general producing-power in forms of capital and labour which are either unemployed or wastefully employed. But many economic theorists, misled by loose deductive reasoning, still persist in their denial of a phenomenon which stares the practical man in the face. It is not possible, they urge, that a general excess of capital and labour could exist, for these are the sole requisites of production, and since everything that is produced can find a market at a price, whatever can be produced will be produced, and whatever is produced will be consumed. Now, this line of reasoning is thoroughly fallacious. Since all business is the exchange of commodities for commodities, it is evident that some one possesses the power to consume whatever can be produced. It may also be asserted that, since the desires of man are unlimited, and many keenly felt wants remain unsatisfied, there exists a desire to consume whatever can be produced. But in order to an "effectual demand" the power to consume and the desire to consume must be vested in the same persons. The denial by economists of the possibility of general excess of producing-power involves the assumption of this coincidence. This assumption is, however, false. Those who draw profit, interest, and rents from modern manufactures are thereby vested with *the power* to consume huge quantities of cotton and other textile wares, of coals, hardware, pottery, &c., but they have *the desire* to consume a comparatively small quantity of these commodities. "But," it may be urged, "they will have the desire to consume other commodities, and in order to obtain these they will exchange their superfluous cotton and iron goods with others who want to consume these articles." This, however, is not the case. After a certain tolerably high accustomed standard of consumption has been attained in cotton and iron wares, and in other articles for which these are exchanged, there still remains a large surplus power to consume which has no desire behind it to convert it into effectual demand.

A large part of the power to consume is in the hands of those who have not the desire to consume. What, then, do these men desire to do? They desire to save. But saving, if we look behind the operation of putting money in a bank, means paying labour to set up plant, machinery, and other material forms of capital. But does not this give as much employment to capital and labour as the same power used to demand

consumables? Quite true, the "saving" which employs labour to build a factory and stock it with machinery will cause as much employment as the same amount of spending, though not more employment, as J. S. Mill sought to maintain. Moreover, in the one case when the money is "spent" there is nothing to show for it, in the other case there is a factory and machinery. But when our theoretic friend goes on to assume that this factory can be profitably worked, and that the work it affords signifies a net increase of employment both of labour and capital, he jumps to a conclusion which is quite unwarranted. It can only be profitably worked on one of two suppositions. It may by successful competition obtain the orders which would have gone to another factory, ousting from employment the capital and labour there engaged. In this case it is clear that no net increase of employment has taken place. An individual has made good his "saving," but has done so by negating the previous "saving" of some one else; the productive power of the community is increased, but no more actual production than before is brought about.

The other supposition is that the demand for the class of commodities which the factory makes will be greater in the future, and that more capital and labour can therefore be employed in the trade. So far as this supposition is valid, the "saving" is socially useful, and, indeed, necessary; but it should be plainly recognised that the dependence of capital and labour for employment upon a rising standard of consumption places an absolute limit upon socially useful saving. An individual may save any proportion of his income, provided he can induce others to spend their income and give him liens upon their present property or future production. But the proportion of a community's income which it can save and usefully store up in plant, machinery, and other forms of capital is strictly limited by the rate of current or prospective consumption. Only a very small proportion of "saving" can profitably be invested in forms of capital that fructify in the distant future; the current or immediately prospective rate of consumption determines pretty closely the proportion of current income which can be usefully saved.

Our saving class are therefore not necessarily causing an increase of "employment" by paying workers to put up more factories instead of using their moneys to demand consumables. So long as the "saving" is actually in progress—*i.e.*, so long as the factory and machinery are being made—the net employment of the community is just as large as if the money were spent to demand commodities; more labour is engaged in making factories, less in working them. But after the new factories are made, they can only be worked on condition that there is an increase of consumption correspondent to the increase of producing-power—*i.e.*, on condition that a sufficient number of

persons are actuated by motives different from those which animated the "saving" class, and will consent to give validity to their saving by "spending" on commodities an increased proportion of their incomes. Where no such expectation is realised, an attempt to "operate" the new factories does not give any net increase of employment, it only gluts the markets, drives down prices, closes the weaker factories, imparts irregularity to work, and generally disorganises trade. The frequent recurrence of these phenomena in most departments of trade is the strongest presumptive evidence of an attempt of the capitalist classes to place and to operate more capital than is required to maintain the current flow of consumption. An individual may be a rich miser, a community cannot. To the average reasonable man it is a self-evident fact that a community cannot advantageously save more than a certain proportion of its annual income, unless for the express purpose of consuming a larger proportion at some not distant date. The economist is, however, too often blinded by the acceptance of a strange sophism to the effect that "saving implies no reduction in current consumption," a wild notion which is due to a failure to analyse the process of saving. The following simple refutation of this theory will suffice. Suppose the case of two economic communities, each with a net annual income of £1,500,000,000. One nation spends the whole, saving nothing; this means that, after providing against wear and tear of existing plant, all the productive energy is devoted to producing "consumables" which are consumed. The other nation "saves" £200,000,000 annually: this means that, after the same provision for wear and tear, two-fifteenths of the productive energy is devoted, not to producing "consumables," but to setting up new plant, machinery, and unfinished goods, which are, in their form or their economic position, not consumable, and which are, in fact, not consumed. It would seem unnecessary to thus demonstrate that the consumption of the latter nation amounted to £1,300,000,000 (*i.e.*, that $15 - 2 = 13$), were it not for the general prevalence of the notion that saving implies no reduction in consumption. Adam Smith is perhaps chiefly responsible for the misconception, by urging that "What is annually saved is as regularly consumed as what is annually spent, and nearly in the same time too, but it is consumed by a different set of people."* The heart of the fallacy, which has been effectively exposed by various writers, consists in failing to perceive that the difference between "spending" and "saving" is that the former, as an economic force, causes "consumables" to be made, while the latter causes "non-consumables" to be made. The forms of capital which represent "saving" correspond to the extra consumption which would have taken place if the persons

* "Wealth of Nations," p. 1496, McCulloch; *cf.* Mill's "Political Economy," vol. i, ch. v. § 6.

saving had not saved, but had applied the money in demand for consumables.

This simple truth that real saving implies diminished consumption is the kernel of a true understanding of the "unemployed" question. If we find labour and capital unemployed in our manufactures, if we find them wastefully employed in our distributing industry, it can only mean an undue diminution of consumption, or, in other words, an attempt to establish as "savings" a larger number of forms of capital than are economically required to assist in maintaining current or prospective consumption. The failure to give proper recognition to the obvious fact that the quantity of forms of capital at the several stages of production is absolutely limited by the rate at which consumable goods are drawn out of the industrial machine, arises from the refusal to consider industry from the social organic standpoint. Because an individual or a class of individuals can "save" without any other limit than that imposed by the necessity of living, it has been wrongly supposed that the same rule holds good of a whole community. This blind individualistic conception of industry was aided by the recognition of the moral and material value which attaches to the exercise of effectual thrift by individual members of a society, and which within the limits imposed by the aggregate consumption must be recognised as necessary and beneficial to society. Although the famous dictum of Adam Smith that "the study of his own advantage naturally, or rather necessarily, leads him to prefer that employment which is most advantageous to the society,"* has been largely replaced in modern minds by a perception that "the mere conflicts of private interests will never produce a well-ordered commonwealth of labour,"† the implications of this new doctrine have not been properly digested. Many of those who most fully recognise the necessity of imposing restraints upon "conflicts of private interests" in the competition of the labour market and in the sale of goods, still hold that the selfishness of individual "savers" can be relied upon to secure the most economical disposition of capital at the several points of the industrial machine. We have seen that this is not true in fact, that the operation of saving individuals under the existing industrial dispensation leads to a wasteful accumulation of forms of capital. It remains to ask, Why should this be so; why should the free selfish action of saving individuals disturb the right adjustment between "saving" and "spending" from the standpoint of the community? Why should it be possible for us to endeavour to establish new capital to the extent of £200,000,000 a year, when £150,000,000 might, perhaps, suffice to supply the current rate of consumption, increased by £50,000,000?

We have already seen that in retail trade the self-interest of

* "Wealth of Nations," book iv., chap. ii.

† Article on Political Economy in "Encyclopædia Britannica."

individual traders may and does lead them to establish a far larger number of shops than are required for the effective distribution of commodities in a district. Similarly in manufacture it is to the interest of a capitalist to set up and to work new spinning-mills or iron-works, although there may already exist enough mills and works to supply every possible demand, provided he sees a fair prospect of getting away from his competitors a sufficient proportion of the trade. Nor is it an adequate reply to say that the new-comer can only get the trade by producing a better or a cheaper article, and that in this way the community, as a body of consumers, is advantaged by his action. In the first place, this statement is not true; it is by superiority in the arts of competition, which do not necessarily or commonly involve superiority of production, that the modern business firm is able to get business. Secondly, even supposing that the new capital is made effective by some trifling economy in methods of production, it by no means follows that the consuming public gains by the lowering of prices, or gains to a corresponding extent. For we have already seen that the constant cutting of prices in manufacturing trades has been a chief operative cause of the multiplication of middle-men and retailers, whose maintenance prevents a falling of retail prices equivalent to the fall of wholesale prices. Lastly, the fall of retail prices to the consuming public must not be taken as the just and final test and measure of a net industrial gain to the community. The gain may be bought too dearly if it involves, as it often does, a large and unforeseen displacement of capital and labour in earlier use, whose vested interests receive neither compensation nor consideration under the stern rule of competitive trade. This is no plea for conservatism in industry, or for the rejection of new and improved forms of machinery and method. It is only designed as a protest against the waste of the wrecking policy in modern commerce, by which old businesses are ruined by the speculative operation of new competitors who bring with them no intrinsic superiority of production sufficient to compensate the destruction of capital value and the disturbance of employment which they cause. It is important to recognise that an economy of production which is sufficient to enable a new firm to cut prices and to get business is not necessarily an economy from the standpoint of the whole commercial community. If a new firm can set up plant to produce one-tenth per cent. more cheaply the goods which are now supplied by other firms, it will clearly be to its interest to do so. But if an established firm discovered this new cheaper method of production, it would only set up the new plant on condition that the cheapening of production was sufficiently great to compensate for the cancelling of the old plant with which it had operated hitherto. The new firm would not take into consideration the cancelling of old capital, the established firm would set this against the advantages of the new method, and would

only adopt the new method, if there was a *net* economy. Now the industrial community, which includes all its members and their property, may, for the purpose of this argument, be regarded as the owners of all the forms of capital; their net interest then is measured not by the advantage of the new competing firm, but by that of the firm which owns the older forms of capital which it is proposed to displace. It follows then that in a competitive society, it may be the distinct interest of individuals to set up "savings" in new forms of capital, which, having no regard to the destruction of the value of older forms of capital, confer no net economic advantage on the community.

This free play of individual self-interest in saving leads to a purchase of each step of industrial progress by a most expensive cancellation of old "savings." Since obsolete forms do not at once perish, but struggle to keep the breath of industrial life and to play their accustomed part, we find in existence at any given time a large excess of plant of various kinds beyond what is fully utilised for actual work of production.

But thus far I have only explained the mechanism of over-capitalisation, the central fact of the unemployed question. What are the motive forces which act upon individuals impelling them to a line of action which, from the wider standpoint of the community, is uneconomical? Why does the free play of individual interests fail to secure the interests of the whole community?

The answer to this vital question is found in the region of Distribution. The reason why attempts are made by individuals to establish more forms of capital than are socially required, is that they possess certain elements of income which are not earned by effort, and which are therefore not required to satisfy any present legitimate wants. In spite of all attempts to make an artificial severance between a "producing" and a "consuming" class, the natural relation between production and consumption, between effort and satisfaction, exercises a strong influence in the social economy. It is possible for individuals and for classes who draw large incomes *alicui vultus sudore*, or without any considerable contribution of effort, to be large and profuse consumers. But, after all, the law which relates effort to satisfaction is a "natural" law, which, finding its simplest expression in the physical fact that a man cannot eat and digest a good dinner unless he has made some output of physical energy in exercise, penetrates in some unseen way the whole region of consumption, denying satisfaction that is not compensated by some corresponding personal effort. This "natural" law finds an economical expression in the fact that an attempt to be a very large consumer and a very small producer in the long run defeats itself, and, when it cannot by force of social circumstances stimulate production, it limits consumption. This, interpreted in simple language, means that a man who draws a large

income without working for it cannot and does not spend it. This will seem to some a strange assertion, at variance with the lavish luxury imputed to and practised by many members of the upper unemployed class, but is literally true. Though the bulk of the abstinence and thrift in our modern communities is practised by the working and poorer trading and professional classes, the bulk of the "saving" is effected by the wealthy. The accumulated savings of the manual workers of the country, even if we place to their account the whole of the £200,000,000, which in round figures represents the total capital of savings banks, trade unions, benefit, building, co-operative and mutual societies of every kind, does not amount to more than 2 per cent. of the total accumulated wealth of the country. Although we have no means of exactly apportioning the ownership of capital values among the various classes of the community, we know that a large proportion represents the accumulation of the surplus incomes of the wealthy classes after their wholesome and even their luxurious wants are satisfied. The portentous growth of the capital wielded by a few successful business men in America affords an extreme case of the self-accumulative power of capital. There are on both sides of the Atlantic a small number of families whose most profuse expenditure yet leaves an enormous surplus income to accumulate. "I can do nothing with my income," said Mr. J. J. Astor, "but buy more land, build more houses, and lend money on mortgage. In short, I am bound with the necessities of life, and more than that I cannot get out of my money." Turning from these leviathans to the merely wealthy classes, we find most of them living well within their incomes and furnishing large sums for investment. It would, I think, be pretty safe to conclude that a very large percentage of incomes received as rents and interest are not used for current expenditure, but are left to grow by compound interest. Since these elements of income are not earned by present efforts, they are not, as a rule, required to satisfy present desires. In thus stating my position, I do not wish to be understood as denying the utility or even the "productive power" of that abstinence which may rightly rank as "present effort" in the case of the savings of less wealthy members of the community. My point is simply this, that a large proportion of "new capital" does not represent "saving" due to painful abstinence, careful postponement of present to future use, but represents the merely automatic accumulation of an idle surplus of income after all genuine and wholesome needs are fully satisfied. Where incomes flow in, yielding a power of consumption wholly disproportionate to the output of personal effort, a natural tendency to "save" is manifested, which is sharply distinguishable from the reasonable "saving" made out of legitimate earnings. It is this automatic "saving" which upsets the balance between consumption and producing-power, and which from the social standpoint may be

classed as "over-saving." No class of men whose "savings" are made out of their hard-won earnings is likely to over-save, for each unit of "capital" will represent a real want, a piece of legitimate consumption deferred. But where "savings" represent the top portion of large incomes, drawn from economic rents of land, profits of speculation, high interest of capital derived from monopolies, no natural limit is set upon the amount which is saved.

If this reasoning is correct, the over-capitalisation which is found to exist is identified with those elements of individual income which are unearned in the sense that their "incoming" is not attended by any correspondent "outgoing" of effort on the part of the recipient. This is no doubt largely an *a priori* argument, but it contains the only hypothesis which serves to explain the facts. This hypothesis may be formally summarised in the following terms. Modern machinery and methods of production have brought about a vast and continuous increase in the power of producing wealth: the rate of consumption has likewise risen, but less rapidly. This discrepancy in the pace of progress is manifested in the existence of a permanent surplus of producing-power—*i.e.*, though every producing-power implies the existence of a corresponding consuming-power the latter is not fully utilised. This failure to fully utilise consuming-power is due to the fact that much of it is owned by those who, having already satisfied all their strong present desires, have no adequate motive for utilising it in the present, and therefore allow it to accumulate.

This is the only rationale of the simultaneous unemployment of labour, land, and capital which forms the problem of "the unemployed." Under-consumption is the economic cause of unemployment. The only remedy which goes to the root of the evil is a raising of the standard of consumption to the point which shall fully utilise the producing-power, after making due allowance for such present "saving" as is economically needed to provide for further increase of consumption in the future. If the above analysis of causes is correct, this remedy can only be made operative by a line of policy which shall affect the ownership of increased consuming-power.

Unfortunately this last conclusion was not admitted by economic writers whose diagnosis of trade-disease was in close accord with that taken here. The brilliant analysis of Malthus in particular was never rebutted, but it could be disregarded safely by the economists of his day, because he used it in defence of the luxury of the classes. Malthus saw that the over-saving of the wealthy was the direct economic force which kept trade back. His remedy was an increase of luxurious expenditure. But this, even were it otherwise desirable, is wholly impracticable. We have seen that the motives which induce the wealthy to withhold the present use of consuming-power are natural and necessary. A piece of academic

advice, unbacked by any economic force, is absolutely futile. The owners of "unearned" elements of income, as we see, *must* accumulate capital which from the social standpoint is excess. A more natural distribution of consuming-power, under which the power to consume shall be accompanied by the desire to consume—not, as now, severed from it—is the only possible remedial policy.

Towards this policy, parties of social progress are slowly gravitating. Unfortunately their path is lightened by no clear intellectual conceptions, and they move with hesitant, uneven, staggering steps, often by circuitous routes, along a road which should be recognised as clear, straight, and fairly smooth. The policy of progressive consumption has two direct lines of advance which may here be briefly indicated.

The surplus of consuming-power in the hands of the rich may be "unearned" *by its owners*, but it is not "unearned." Part of it—for example, the growing value of town lands—is earned by public effort, and forms a property designed for public consumption in the support of wholesome public life. Our civic and, in general, our public life is narrow, meagre, inefficient, and undignified in comparison with what it ought to be, if the wealth due to public effort was wisely and economically laid out in the public service. Taxation, or State assumption on equitable terms, of properties whose increased values are due to public activity and public need, to be administered in the supply of common wants and the enrichment of the common life, is likely to be of material assistance in raising the general standard of consumption. The adoption of progressive taxation of accumulated wealth through the Death Duties is based on an instinctive recognition that this assertion of a public claim is both just and expedient. The same is true of the progressive income-tax, so adjusted as to secure for purposes of public use that portion of the income of the well-to-do which otherwise would materially assist to swell the excess of accumulated forms of capital. If the public mind once firmly fastens on the economic principle that taxation, in whatever way imposed, tends to settle on the economic rent of land, high profits of monopolies and other "unearned" elements of individual income, it is likely that the assumption of public property by means of progressive taxation will be more rapid and more systematic than hitherto.

The other line of advance is the organised pressure of the working classes for an increasing proportion of the national income, which they will use in raising their standard of consumption. By effective trade organisation they may raise wages, by co-operation of consumers they may expend their wages more economically, by organised use of the franchise they may secure such equality of educational and economic opportunities as will remove or abate the dangers of ignorance and destitution, which at present bar the progress of the rear-guard of labour. The low rate of interest and profits in many trades is no sufficient barrier to the wisely regulated pressure of trade-organisations

for higher wages. Setting aside all consideration of the greater efficiency of higher-paid labour, we cannot fail to see that the effective demand for higher wages tends like a tax to settle on unearned elements of income. A rise of wages, in a trade where profits lie at a minimum, tends to lower rents, or, in default of rent, by raising prices, falls upon those consumers whose money incomes will not be affected by a rise of prices.

But those who are not willing to admit the existence of any large "unearned" elements of income, or who fear lest this progressive taxation might encroach too far, are needlessly alarmed. So long as there exists any quantity of unutilised producing-power, labour, land, and capital, which is under-employed, it does not seem reasonable to suppose that such taxation imposed upon owners of land and capital will reduce the aggregate income derived from such ownership. For since the only object of this taxation is to increase the general consumption, such increase must in the nature of the case give increased employment to all the requisites of production. Hence it would appear that the quantity of land and capital for which rent, interest, and profit is paid will be larger than before, though the rate of the remuneration for the use of each piece of land or capital may be kept within moderate limits by taxation or by the pressure of labour-organisations. The complexity of our industrial organism is such as to preclude me from here tracing out the exact *modus operandi* by which a new tax or an effective demand for higher wages must work. But if the principle be once firmly grasped that a demand for commodities is the only ultimate demand for the use of land, labour, and capital, then the existence of "unemployed" producing-power is proof that increased consumption is possible without a reduction in the present income of any class of the community. The legitimacy of a "progressive" consumptive policy is not, therefore, dependent upon a theory of "economic monopolies," but has a separate justification.

The recognition of "unemployment" as the labour aspect of a wider economic problem—viz., the excess of productive power over the requirements of current consumption—enables us for the first time to establish a sound practical standard for the test of proposed remedies and palliatives. No reform will be of the least avail in securing a net increase of employment unless it can be shown to increase the proportion of the general income of the community that is applied in demand for commodities. Unemployment means under-consumption; and advocates of land reforms, bimetallism, labour colonies, or other remedies for industrial distress must show how their respective schemes will operate in raising the standard of consumption before they can establish any just claim to public consideration.

JOHN A. HOBSON.

THE GOSPEL OF INTENSITY.

THERE is one misconception against which in writing the following article I am desirous of guarding myself. I do not seek nor wish to put the clock backward; I have no desire to limit the province of art or literature, or to question the right of either to deal with life as a whole in its every manifestation. On the other hand, I do maintain that life can be dealt with fully and honestly only when it is considered from a healthy and manly (or womanly) point of view. I deny that the morbid extravagances of hysterically neurotic and erotic imagination are to be accepted as a sound basis or a proper sphere of analysis for either art or literature; I am assured that there are some subjects in themselves so repellent, so enervating, and so unprofitable, that they should be practically excluded from the domain of literary discussion or artistic representation. And I consider that it is the absolute duty of every public writer who is engaged in the department of criticism to discourage and condemn work of such character, and even work which leads more or less directly towards it.

I have no right, perhaps, to judge men of whose motives and whose necessities I am practically ignorant; but, as a critic of twenty years' standing, I have not only the right but the obligation to judge their work when I believe that work to be vitally affecting the public welfare. It is my sincere conviction that during the past ten years most of the new departures which have been made in the arts, have been mistaken from the æsthetic point of view, and have been injurious from the moral. I know that if our literature and art are to flourish in the future, they must be in accordance with the great work of the past, with the idiosyncrasies of our national character, and with those decencies and restrictions of thought and emotion which have become a part, and the best part, of ourselves. In that assurance I have written the words which follow, and

I have not endeavoured to tone down too cautiously the expression of my feeling. It is my sincere conviction not only that what I have said is true, but that at the present moment it requires to be spoken in the plainest words. Such words, I hope, will be found herein. That in speaking them I shall give offence to many I am well aware; but in this matter I recognise no obligation so far as public literary or artistic production is concerned—and with that only have I dealt in this paper.

A curious set-back has taken place during the past few weeks in the currents of journalistic criticism. After three years of indiscriminating, vehement, and unmeasured laudation, the various ladies and gentlemen who are kind enough to instruct us, in the columns of the daily Press, what we should eat, drink, and avoid, have, in æsthetic concerns, wheeled about in an irresolute manner, and are now upbraiding their new divinities. For a moment, the cult of courtesan and costermonger is out of fashion, and the newest developments of blasphemy, indecency, and disease receive only a half-hearted and timid approval. Nay, there are even to be heard here and there tentative murmurs of distaste, and a half-expressed readiness to return—on due encouragement being given—to the ancient ways. A doubt whether the pace has not been made “too hot” for the public, and consequently for profit, is showing itself in Janus-faced articles; and a general “Please, sir, it wasn’t me, sir,” resounds from the Press and the critics.

Especially with regard to fiction is this apparent, and certain books, as for instance, George Egerton’s “Discords,” have been cast *ad canes*, as loaves to the pursuing wolves of Philistia. Mr. Mudie, in one of those periodical spasms of virtue which we all admire, has withdrawn from circulation “The Strange Adventure of Earl Lavender,” that most suggestive, though not perhaps most objectionable, of Mr. John Davidson’s works; the evening journals are, for the moment, on their best behaviour; theatres and music-halls, too, are in accord with this momentary depression, and a hardy writer in the *Times* has even dared to suggest (clergymen much protesting) that the Phryne of commerce should be whitewashed, not before, but “behind the curtain.” Two or three of the least savoury of the illustrated papers have ceased to exist; another, much loved by our gilded youth, has suffered a prosecution for suggestive pictures; and a shadow of reticence, if not of respectability, has darkened the decidedly go-as-you-please sketches of our younger black and white artists.

Posters, it is true, have not improved, and, in the present writer’s opinion, the naked, realistically coloured woman, who leers at the bystanders from the portals of Daly’s Theatre, is the most unpleasant street advertisement ever placarded in England; but even here there

is a comparative arrest of progress—a fear of the County Council and a certain Act of Parliament.

Lastly, rippling backwards over the retreating wave of feeling, the fall of the great high-priest of æstheticism has struck the public imagination—if not aroused its conscience. For this man, connected by his abilities and his tastes almost equally with the arts of fiction, drama, poetry, and painting, was one whose personality and influence have played a great part in recent art criticism and production*—he was the living embodiment of the theory of *l'art pour l'art*. It is not my business to cast a stone at him, nor have I any wish or intention to dwell upon a subject so unpleasant, but it is necessary to remember his intimate association with certain phases of English art and fiction, in speaking of the public estimation of them at the present time.

In truth, the moment is the psychological one for considering the downward tendency of modern art and criticism; the arrest of the movement is apparent rather than real, but it affords an opportunity to gain a hearing for a few plain words. These words I have, perhaps, as good a right to say as any writer in England, for it is about sixteen years since I pointed out, not once nor twice, but in many articles in the *Spectator* and various magazines, the evil results likely to follow this "Gospel of Intensity,"† though I little thought at that time that those results would affect literature, drama, and social life to the extent which has actually taken place.

Though I saw that the idea at the root of the æsthetic craze was morbid, uncleanly, and unnatural, and had nothing in common with the loveliness and the healthiness of fine art, I was far from anticipating that it would so soon spread from painting and art criticism, to poetry, fiction, and drama, and effect, in all these, a vital and maleficent change. Still less did I anticipate that, in such a change, the foremost actor—the protagonist of the tragedy, would be—the Press. I did not see in the general upsettal of tradition and decay of faith which were taking place, how likely it was that the old criteria of art and literature, resting as they did in no slight measure on authority and faith, should be abandoned or destroyed, and in their stead substituted the new canons of liberty, glorified in proportion to its licence; of beauty, considered as the supreme good; of emotion as the sole and sufficient guide to, and judge of, conduct. That in such a movement the Press should use and adopt the "art for art's sake" theory, and grow daily less tolerant of the old sanctions, was yet natural

* It is, I think, not generally known that he was also intimately connected with journalism: for obvious reasons I do not mention the periodical or periodicals in which his lucubrations appeared.

† Some of these papers were in the *Spectator*: "The Palace of Art," "Spots on the Sunflower," "The Higher Criticism," "The Cornhill on Coalscuttles," &c.; in the *Art Journal*: "The Nemesis of Art"; and in *Macmillan's Magazine*: "The Gospel of Intensity," from which I have borrowed the title for the present paper.

enough ; as natural as that living, as it must do, on and in the sensations of the minute, it should desire to extend their range, analyse their complexity, and dilate upon their virtues. Here was a new ready-made guide to life which had the double merit of being easy to practise, and amusing to describe ; which opened up another field for "copy," even wider and more exciting than that of personal journalism, of which, indeed, it was a natural and inevitable development.

Let me dare to speak plainly. I do so with a full sense of responsibility. The genesis of the books which are being criticised with apparent severity just now, is to be found in the standards of literature lately set up by the Press critics, in the praise which those critics have been bestowing day by day, week by week, and year by year upon similar, though less offensive, works. The very periodicals which blame the books, have, in the truest sense of the word, produced them ; they are a logical result from journalistic causes. Both by precept and example have the papers fostered this species of literature ; they have even, in many cases, trained the men who produce it, and given birth to their earliest efforts.

Nor is it only in positive encouragement the effect has been produced, for the negative position of the critical Press towards work of alien quality has been at least equally responsible. If there is no immorality, no indecency, no morbidity in fiction and poetry, which has not received a full meed of praise and analysis, so there has been for the old-fashioned story-tellers, no sneer too bitter, no misrepresentation too unjust, no neglect too cruel. I am an old journalist, and have never yet been accused (amongst my many sins) of wishing to restrict the powers of criticism, or of desiring to render it mealy-mouthed, or unduly reticent ; but I confess that of late years I have often felt my blood boil with indignation at the unbearable and concentrated impertinence and injustice with which good work, both in painting and literature, is treated by the reviewers of the new school. To say that such writing is criticism, is absurd, for frequently it has not even the decency to disguise its partisanship, and, in fairness, it is analogous to those unscrupulous club-gentlemen who blackball every candidate but the one whom they have themselves proposed.

That the great daily papers are generally free from this last disgrace, I gladly and thankfully admit, but that it is so prevalent, broadly speaking, as to hopelessly invalidate the opinions expressed, is absolutely certain ; indeed, it has been proved to demonstration a hundred times of late. So, too, has the converse been proved, and every one knows what the praise is worth which one author-critic showers upon another of the same school.

Every one behind the scenes knows it ; but then, and this is

"where the laugh (a bitter one) comes in"; so few people are "behind the scenes," and of those few, the majority are dumb. Good-fellowship, self-interest, or fear, shuts the mouth, and the conspiracy of silence is practically complete. Louder, shriller, and more audacious blow, day by day, the trumpets of mutual advertisement; dictionaries are ransacked for the laudatory or comminatory adjective; the puff preparatory appears for weeks and months beforehand; the detected and exposed lie forms the text of a hundred articles. No flattery is too fulsome, no exaggeration too absurd to describe the merits of A; no insult too coarse or cruel to characterise B's performances.

The worst offenders have been the evening papers and illustrated journals. These have done even more to degrade art, and excite the animal appetites during the last few years, than erotic fiction or suggestive drama. For novel and play have, after all, to be sought out and highly paid for—no one is forced to read or see such art, willy-nilly. This is not so with the periodicals. At clubs, restaurants, hotels, railway-stations, they force themselves upon our attention; their least desirable pictures ornament the bookstalls, and shop-windows. Moreover, the suggestiveness, the immorality of their work is, in view of police prosecutions and commercial prudence, still slightly veiled—occasionally dubious. The women depicted may have every physical and moral characteristic of the courtesan, but they are rarely labelled as such; nor are the absolute indecencies of gesture and expression common in Parisian journals of the same type permitted. It was, indeed, quite a surprise to the public, a short time since, when one of the "illustrateds" laid itself open to police prosecution, and had to burn a too suggestive issue.

There is, however, a wide margin between pictures which are legally guilty of criminal indecency, and those which are desirable and wholesome, and in this borderland disport themselves many, indeed most, of the new "up-to-date" periodicals. Into that wide-meshed net they have, most unfortunately, succeeded in drawing several of the cleverest of our young artists; and it is nothing less than pitiable to see these talented young fellows, with all the fair world of art before them, producing, week after week, pictures of drunkards, costermongers, and *cocottes*, vying with one another in the debasement of their best ideals. The artists are not to blame, save so far as any man is to blame who sells his convictions and his beliefs for a means of livelihood; but I cannot acquit the critics who urge them on, the editors who demand such work, and the public who purchase it. For each of these three classes has a distinct duty, which is thereby neglected. The editor of a periodical is no more entitled to make money by debauching public taste, than a publican by selling unsound wine or spirits; a critic's first most imperative duty is to differentiate

between pure and impure, ennobling or degrading art; and having differentiated, to hold up the one and discourage the other; and lastly, it is most certain of all that the public owes a duty to itself and those who minister to its pleasure in this connection, and has no more right to employ artists in depicting what is coarse and degrading, than it would have to pay men to commit acts of a like character.

A short time ago a magazine which had been from its commencement in the hands of one of our prominent publishers, and had obtained a high reputation for the character of its contents, was sold by him, and passed, after a short interval, into the hands of a well-known editor of the new type, who was dissatisfied with its circulation. "Do you know what I am going to do with it?" he said to me. "I'm going to *vulgarise* it!" I explained that he would probably succeed, and—he did! I may add that this was not said to me in confidence, but as the definite announcement of the policy he considered absolutely necessary to success.

There is the whole matter in a nut-shell. It is vulgarity which is the *raison d'être* of our new illustrated papers, and they are daily vulgarising England; for though London requires and produces these things, they are diffused throughout the country; and their effect is to be seen in the provincial Press, in advertisements, and theatrical entertainments; and though this species of illustration is of such recent growth, I find a difficulty in accounting satisfactorily for its origin, and for the toleration with which it has been hitherto received. So far as I am aware, no voice of preacher or moralist has, as yet, been raised against it; no artist, either from inside or outside the Academy, has pointed out its offensiveness, and its conflict with all the best traditions of our art history; no critic or journalist has uttered even a passing protest. Nor do the public apparently mind one whit. You shall find such papers lying about casually, not only in "smart" houses, but in decent and otherwise well-regulated households; they are noticed with frequent praise and admiration in the daily Press; Mr. Smith, secure of public approval, exhibits their most engaging plates above his respectable bookstalls. Still more wonderful is it to find interspersed in their pages, between, say, one of Mr. Phil May's costers and Mr. Dudley Hardy's trollops, a portrait of this or that young lady who has written a new book, or made a fashionable marriage, or even done nothing in particular except to be the daughter of her mother.

Is it, I wonder, hopelessly, irredeemably old-fashioned, prudish to feel that there is much that is incongruous, and something that is even repulsive in such conjunction? Ten years ago, we all know the way in which the question would have been answered. Why should there be a doubt to-day? Virtue and vice have not changed.

from what they were in our youth. Do we really wish to break down all barriers between them? Men and women sin, have always sinned, will always sin; but shall we put their sins and the fruit of them side by side with the innocence that knows no evil, and the purity that knows no spot? If we owe a debt to the Magdalen, and I for one believe that men do owe pity, help, and comfort, do we owe none also to our *unfallen* sister, and is not at least a portion of that debt respect and reverence? If so, let us say boldly that there is neither—no, nor even any decency or good taste in putting the portraits of pure girls side by side with caricatures of drunken men and shameless females; there is only in such juxtaposition insult and injury. If our women would but pause to think what such collocation means (if they would realise its effect upon men's minds and upon their respect for purity), they would sacrifice what can but be the gratification of a momentary vanity, for the sake of preserving for themselves that delicate reverence, that intense whole-souled admiration, which all men worthy of the name not only give but rejoice in giving to modest womanhood. In such an old-fashioned essay, an old quotation may perhaps be pardoned—the special pleading from the Puritan point of view will, at least, have nowadays the merit of novelty:

“Was there no poetry in his heart at that thought? Did not the glowing sunset, and the reed-beds which it transfigured before him into sheets of golden flame, seem tokens that the glory of God was going before him in his path? Did not the sweet clamour of the wild-fowl, gathering for one rich pean ere they sank into rest, seem to him as God's bells chiming him home in triumph, with peals sweeter and bolder than those of Lincoln or Peterborough steeple-house? Did not the very lapwing, as she tumbled, softly wailing, before him, as she did years ago, seem to welcome the wanderer home in the name of heaven?”

“Fair Patience, too, though she was a Puritan; yet did not her cheek flush, her eye grow dim, like any other girl's, as she saw far off the the red coat, like a sliding spark of fire, coming slowly along the straight fen-bank, and fled upstairs into her chamber to pray, half that it might be, half that it might not be? Was there no happy storm of human tears and human laughter when he entered the courtyard gate? Did not the old dog lick his Puritan hand as lovingly as if it had been a Cavalier's? Did not lads and lasses run out shouting? Did not the old yeoman father hug him, weep over him, hold him at arm's length, and hug him again, as heartily as any other John Bull, even though the next moment he called all to kneel down and thank Him who had sent his boy home again, after bestowing on him the grace to bind kings in chains, and nobles with links of iron, and contend to death for the faith delivered to the saints? And did not Zeal-for-Truth look about as wistfully for Patience as any other man would have done, longing to see her, yet not daring even to ask for her? And when she came down at last, was she the less lovely in his eyes because she came, not flaunting with bare bosom, in tawdry finery and paint, but shrouded close in coif and pinner, hiding from all the world beauty which was there still, but was meant for one alone, and that only if God willed, in God's good time?”

It is not with such work, however, that I am concerned in the present paper; and my next point is to show, by description and example, what is the actual character of the writings, paintings, &c., which receive the highest praise in the Press, and to give instances of the actual critical opinions which are quoted by the publisher as inducements to the public to buy the books and art in question. Such examination will reveal the fact that reviewers of many first-rate papers are to-day frequently indifferent to the lubricity, brutality, and morbidity of the works submitted to them for criticism, and so a long first step will have been taken towards establishing their partial responsibility for the spread of such work. I shall further prove, by quotation, that these productions, if described in plain terms, cannot fairly be excused, or even tolerated from the point of view of morality or decency, and that even from the æsthetic standpoint we must revolutionise all the established canons of criticism before we can consider them *tolerable*.

My first instance is a book by Mr. Arthur Morrison entitled "Tales of Mean Streets," and this is peculiarly strong evidence, for not only was it received by the Press with practically unanimous laudation, but the stories which form the book had previously appeared in the *National Observer*, *Macmillan's Magazine*, and the *Pall Mall Budget*. We may say, therefore, that they had previously received editorial sanction, and such reception from the public as to render it probable that their issue in permanent form would be desirable. It may be noted in passing that during the editorship of Mr. Henley the *National Observer* was peculiarly noted for this species of story, and I believe there is no doubt but that it was the first weekly newspaper in England to insert such tales as, for instance, "Lizerunt" (Elizabeth Hunt) and "That Brute Simmons."

There is not much story in "Lizerunt," which is the first of Mr. Morrison's "Tales," but that little is full of flavour. The heroine is employed in a pickle factory, and is courted by two lads, her successful suitor apparently recommending himself to her by the gentle acts of twisting her arm, bumping her against the wall, and, in a final paroxysm of affection, landing her one under the ear; further endearing himself to her by hiring six or eight other boys to beat and kick his rival almost to death. Billy Chope (such is the euphonious name of this modern Lancelot) marries "Lizerunt"; the happy couple and the bridegroom's mother get comfortably drunk together, and so the pleasant family life is started. A couple more pages, and we arrive at the main incident of the story—one which I prefer to describe in the author's words:—

"At last Lizer ceased from going to the pickle factory, and could not even help Billy's mother at the mangle for long. This lasted for near a

week, when Billy, rising at ten with a bad mouth, resolved to stand no nonsense, and demanded two shillings. 'Two bob? Wot for?' Lizer asked. 'Cos I want it. None o' yer lip.' 'Ain't got it,' said Lizer, sulkily. 'That's a bleedin' lie.' 'Lie yerself.' 'I'll break y'in 'arves, ye blasted 'eifer.' He ran at her throat, and forced her back over a chair. 'I'll pull yer face auf! If y' don't give me the money, gawblimy, I'll do for ye!' Lizer strained and squalled. 'Le' go! You'll kill me an' the kid too!' she grunted hoarsely. Billy's mother ran in and threw her arms about him, dragging him away. 'Don't Billy,' she said in terror. 'Don't Billy, not now! You'll get in trouble! Come away! She might go auf, an' you'd get in trouble.' Billy Choep flung his wife over, and turned to his mother. 'Take yer 'ands auf me,' he said; 'go on, or I'll gie ye somethin' for yerself.' And he punched her in the breast by way of illustration."

The next episode in this cheering tale is the moment of the husband's assault upon his wife, on the day of her confinement; its interruption by the dispenser, who kicks him out-of-doors; and of Lizer's gratitude for this rescue, which again deserves quotation in the original:—

"When he returned to the room, Lizer, sitting up and holding on by the bed-frame, gushed hysterically: 'Ye bleedin' makeshift, I'd 'ave yer liver out if I could reach ye! You touch my 'usband, ye long pisenin' 'ound you!' Ow! And infirm of aim she flung a cracked teapot at his head. Billy's mother said, 'Y' ought to be ashamed of yourself, you low blaggard. If 'is father was alive 'e'd knock yer 'ead auf. Call yourself a doctor—a parcel of boys—! Git out! Go out of my 'ouse or I'll give y'in charge. . . . But—why, hang it, he'd have killed her.' Then to Lizer, 'Lie down.' . . . 'Shan't lie down. Keep auf! If you come near me I'll corpse ye. You go while ye're safe!'

"And he went, leaving the coast clear for Billy Choep to return and avenge his kicking."

The last horrible scene of all which ends this "strange eventful history," is the husband driving forth his wife into the streets, to seek there, in a manner which is not left doubtful, the means of supplying him with drink and tobacco.

Such is "Lizerunt," and such the "Tales of Mean Streets," which the *Athenæum* describes as being told with consummate art and extraordinary detail," and of which "the very truth makes for beauty"; and the *World* cries rapturously that it is "a great book," the work of "a master hand"—of "appalling and irresistible genius," and so on, and so on, while even the *Spectator* describes Mr. Morrison's art as "convincing and excellent," and devotes two columns to a mild protest against life in the East End being uniformly such as he depicts it.

Are such criticisms and eulogisms in any sense true or just? Leaving out of all account for the moment the effect upon manners and morals of such writing, can it be properly called either Literature or Art?

Well, the first quality of art is to give pleasure—to be delightful. Whatever else may be lacking, that is is a primal necessity. Apply

the test here. Can any sane human being take pleasure in, or gain delight from, this squalid story of drunkenness and brutality? But perhaps it may be urged there are elements of excitement and interest in the scenes here depicted which redeem its repulsive aspects, or the construction of the story may be so skilful and elaborate as to give enjoyment; to which it is a sufficient answer to say, that in the relation of these incidents there is, strictly speaking, no attempt at construction whatever, no end achieved or sought for, no working out of character, no connection of events. There is not even that sense of the inevitable, that causal relation of personage and circumstance which is of the very essence of a good story, whether it be brought about by the action of character upon events, or traces the effect of events upon character. So, too, is there lacking the element of contrast; there is no shadow in the picture, although the author has used the blackest tints of his palette, because there is no light. All the actors in whom we are asked to take an interest are equally ignoble, and, the author is at some pains to assure us, equally base—the drama has no protagonist, no beginning, no end. Nor, lastly, has it any characters. For character is not realised by giving police-court descriptions of such and such a series of incidents, and it may be confidently asserted that no single reader of this episode would recognise, on meeting, a single individual therein—nor carries away with him the most transient belief in the personal identity of Billy Chope or Lizer Hunt, or any one else. As a city is not a city without inhabitants, so is a story not a story if there are not real people therein, no matter how dull or how uninteresting. Indeed, if the people are real, their doings cannot be quite uninteresting, as it would be easy to show by a hundred famous examples.

There remains, perhaps, the contention that though we cannot consider "Lizerunt" a story, it may deserve the name of a work of art; the truth to reality, the very unselectedness, the repulsiveness, even, may demand our admiration from the point of view of realism. The contention is hardly one which any artist would make or uphold, and is also entirely untenable. For no scene can be true imaginatively, in which we lack the elements of belief, and belief in conduct is, in fiction as in drama, an outgrowth from knowledge and personality. The addition of details to a shadow will not make it live; the accuracy with which the coarse language of the streets is reproduced will not show us Billy Chope or Lizer Hunt in *propria persona*, will not differentiate them from the thousands of equally degraded or suffering Billies or Lizers. We have only to make a mental comparison of Mr. Morrison's work with fiction which deals with similar subjects in a truly artistic manner* to perceive the total lack of con-

* Cf. "The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot," by Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

struction and informing motive, the absence of all epic quality, the powerlessness of the author to arouse in us any emotion of pity for, or sympathy with, his puppets. They dance, it is true, obediently and vigorously enough to his piping, showing, indeed, much superfluity of idiom and gesture; but they fail to move us, and we know them no more than we care for and identify the figures in one of those strange battle-scenes by Gustave Doré, where heads and limbs chopped off and mangled lie about in every direction.

To further discuss the reason why such stories as these cannot be considered literature is, I think, superfluous; we might as well go through the evidence for a photograph not being a work of art. And in many respects such merits as Mr. Morrison's work possesses are photographic, not literary. The language employed is the lowest slang of the streets. Are we to call that literature because it is printed in a book? "Not along of you, cheeky; you go 'long o' Beller Dawson, like wot you did Easter"; is this the language of literature? But of this and such-like language are the stories mainly composed. The word literature is ridiculous in such connection; the tales in question are neither more nor less than dramatic journalism of a peculiarly depressing sort. They are full of acute observation, but observation of the reporting kind; they shed no light upon the East End, awake no sympathies for its sorrows, no understandings of its joys. They might indeed be not untruly said to shed darkness, to widen the breach between those who read them and those whose lives they depict; and this is the root-reason why they are bad art and bad morality. One *may* touch dirt without being defiled, but it must be for a noble and sufficient purpose, not for curiosity, not with indifference; and this holds equally good of readers and writers.

I must leave this analysis incomplete; it has already occupied a proportion of the brief space at my disposal which is only justified because the considerations advanced therein are, in a great measure, applicable to all books of this class, and to much of the illustrated journalism of to-day.

Leaving now Mr. Morrison, who is at least a man, and one whose work is in touch with real life, let us consider the writers who are responsible for a still more unpleasant class of fiction, which has, until the past few weeks, received great and uniform encouragement from the Press. The word sexual has been lately used to describe this work, but not, as I think, with any accuracy or propriety. The books are not sexual, but neurotic, and though, after the fashion of the day, there is a preponderance in them of sensual subject, their essence, their differentia is hysteria—induced by morbid conditions of the brain and heart. Nor is it the sexual instinct which gives to these books their power for evil; it is the disguise, the transformation of

this instinct; the alliance of it with art, with religion, with a species of bastard socialism, and the abandonment, under the pretence of introducing a higher morality, of all restriction upon emotional feeling. The worst of these books rely for their attractiveness and subject matter upon those morbidities of desire which are as repugnant to healthy men as they are to pure-minded women; they are, so to speak, from first to last, quivering with nervousness, for ever seeking the purpler blood of pain which throbs through the heart of pleasure * —seeking it, yes, and lingering over it, making it the cadence of the song, striving to persuade the reader that this, and this alone, is life and beauty. In this attempt the younger school of critics and journalists have aided and inspired the writers; indeed, the writers themselves have, in many instances, turned critics for the occasion, and praise one another with a splendour of laudation which almost defeats its object.

Let us take, as instance, the *Keynotes* series, so named after the first volume by George Egerton. I have read all the most important of these, and it is not an exaggeration to say that there is not one, which is not morbid, painful, and depressing. Leaving altogether out of the question the morality or good taste of the sketches of prostitution, imaginary devilries, or loathsome eccentricity which form the subject matter of such books as "Discords," by George Egerton, "The Parasite," by Conan Doyle, "The Great God Pan," by Arthur Machen, and "The Woman who Did," by Grant Allen,† and, even assuming for the moment that subjects of this kind are not in themselves totally unfit for treatment in story-form, what can we think of the critical faculty and veracity which describe such stories in the highest terms of praise; which claim for them a place beside the masterpieces of our literature; and, for each author known or unknown, the position of high genius and supreme literary excellence? Yet those publishers who bring out these books, and many others of similar quality, have no difficulty in filling their circulars with such verdicts, and that not from obscure provincial journals, but from the most important daily and weekly papers. For instance, "The Great God Pan" is, I have no hesitation in saying, a perfectly abominable story, in which the author has spared no endeavour to suggest loathsomeness and horror which he describes as beyond the reach of words. Here are two specimens, that readers may judge for themselves:

"Though horror and revolting nausea rose up within me, and an odour of corruption choked my breath, I remained firm. I was then privileged or

* *Pace* Swinburne.

† A dozen others equally objectionable might easily be cited, including the various volumes of the *Yellow Book*.

accursed, I dare not say which, to see that which was on the bed, lying there black like ink, transformed before my eyes. The skin, and the flesh, and the muscles, and the bones, and the firm structure of the human body that I had thought to be unchangeable and permanent as adamant, began to melt and dissolve.

"I knew that the body may be separated into its elements by external agencies, but I should have refused to believe what I saw. For here there was some internal force, of which I knew nothing, that caused dissolution and change.

"Here, too, was all the work by which man has been made repeated before my eyes. I saw the form waver from sex to sex, dividing itself from itself, and then again reunited. Then I saw the body descend to the beasts whence it ascended, and that which was on the heights go down to the depths, even to the abyss of all being. The principle of life, which makes organism, always remained, while the outward form changed.

"I watched, and at last I saw nothing but a substance as jelly. Then the ladder was ascended again . . . for one instant I saw a form, shaped in dimness before me, which I will not further describe. But the symbol of this form may be seen in ancient sculptures, and in paintings which survived beneath the lava, too foul to be spoken of . . . as a horrible and unspeakable shape, neither man nor beast, was changed into human form; there came, finally, death."

Surely it is strange that a book which not only contains these things, but which contains nothing else save the preparation for their elucidation, should be praised and recommended for its very vices, for its horror and bestiality, by respectable newspapers. Yet here they are all apparently delighted with what the *Telegraph* calls these "blood-chilling masterpieces." Who can blame the poor chap whose imagination has here run riot, if he considers himself, and is considered by his friends for the future, as a very clever fellow, the pioneer of a new class of literature? Who can blame young writers if, seeing such things win praise and success, they follow in his footsteps, and endeavour to surpass him in his own strain? Who can wonder even at the nasty little naked figure of dubious sex and humanity with which Mr. Aubrey Beardsley has prefaced the story—in all truth a most fitting introduction.

There is but one point of view from which such writing can be tolerated, and that is the point of view of those who deny that there is any obligation, any responsibility laid upon a writer not to produce unwholesome work. If this be so, it seems to me absolutely necessary that all restrictions whatsoever as to decency and propriety must also be removed. Why should we tolerate in our fiction that which we could not tolerate in our conversation or our life? Why should we allow a novelist to describe abortions, moral and physical, which in reality would fill us with horror and disgust? What conceivable right have two men, author and publisher, to collaborate together for the purpose of writing, printing, and distributing stories which can con-

ceivably do no good, and which, in all human probability, will do a great deal of harm? Here in this book, "The Great God Pan," there are two tales in which there is no attempt to do anything but suggest a nameless horror—a horror which the author foams himself into a frenzy in the attempt to describe. Why should he be allowed, for the sake of a few miserable pounds, to cast into our midst these monstrous creations of his diseased brain? * A very grave responsibility rests with the publishers of such work, and still more with the public critics. There is no doubt whatever but that the appetite for such productions increases in proportion to the supply; there is no doubt also that the Press could practically stamp out such fiction in a few months if so disposed. And that disposition *must be acquired, must even be enforced*; the school of criticism which, for the last few years, has been fostering such fiction and art must be detected, exposed, and destroyed; and the interested verdicts, chiefly of personal friends, which have succeeded in causing such work to be momentarily accepted, must no longer find a place in respectable journals.

It is ridiculous to talk about the power of the Press, and its claims upon our admiration and gratitude, if that power is not to be exerted beneficially in matters which are distinctly of public importance. And I fear there can be no doubt that much of the writing and art which is to-day receiving its first blast of unfavourable criticism, has had its origin in the sensational journalism, which may be said to have started with the first publication of the *World* newspaper in 1874, and which has from that day to this increased in volume and extravagance—has become almost daily more unscrupulous and more irresponsible. It is not only that newspapers of this kind have multiplied in number, and deteriorated in quality, but it is demonstrably the fact that there is scarcely one of the older newspapers which has not been injuriously affected by the new journalism. Readers accustomed to sensational writing and sensational art are scarcely able to tolerate the old-fashioned style of news, in which the events are simply and soberly told, and the comments upon them are made with moderation and some degree of impartiality. Exaggeration is the very essence of the modern journalistic article, the very use of the headline † almost enforces it. Is it not, therefore, most natural that the writers of fiction and poetry should follow in their accounts of imaginary life the system which their journalistic comrades daily prove to them to be the most popular? Does it not stand to reason that if we cannot tolerate the plain account of a fact, we can still less tolerate the plain account of a fiction; that if we force ourselves to use habitually the most vehement, the most coloured words in our

* The second story is called the "Inmost Light," and is, if anything, more detestable than the first.

† From America.

vocabulary in reporting the simplest occurrences, we shall also use a similar intensity of phrase in describing our imaginary concepts? And from using these phrases the step is very short to a similar exaggeration of incident—a similar indifference to ordinary reticence and selection.

Let us take a single instance of the manner in which this affects poetry; and to make this the more fairly illustrative, I will select, not the work of any of the less able and less meritorious of our minor poets, but the verse of one who has distinct traces of genius, who has undoubtedly a fine ear for melody, and who has also that eminent poetic gift of selecting the impressive, and, if I may use the phrase, the inevitable word. With all these merits, with a strong, almost dominant personality, with plenty of ideas, and apparently great facility in expressing them, with an utter absence of platitude, and few traces of imitative quality, this author has yet nevertheless, within the last few months, produced some work which appears to me to be frankly blasphemous, and unprovokedly immoral. He has done this in poetry, and in prose he has written a book which positively beggars description, but of which the character may be guessed from the frontispiece by Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, which represents a half-naked woman with pendulous breasts, flogging the back of a man who kneels before her. The name of this work, which the *Times* mildly mentions as being descriptive of a new order of Flagellants, is "The Strange Adventure of Earl Lavender," and the name of the poet-author is Mr. John Davidson. I do not propose to say any more of this story than that I am pleased to see Mr. Mudie has at length removed it from his lists. But that it should have been written by a man of Mr. Davidson's literary pretensions, and published by a respectable firm, appears to me most wonderful. Turning to Mr. Davidson's poetry, here is the story, in plain English, of the Ballad which has received most praise in the daily and weekly Press, and to the analysis of which even the once cautious editors of the *Spectator* devote more than a column of laudatory notice. A young nun grows discontented with the convent life as animal passion increases within her. She leaves the convent by night in carnival time, and, running half-naked to the town, offers her virginity (in so many words *) to the first man who takes her fancy. Her fall accomplished, she continues her amatory pilgrimage throughout the other towns of the province, till she has worn out her desire. Then she returns to the convent, also by night, the door is opened to her by a portress, identical in appearance with herself before the days of her fall, but who speedily discovers herself to be the Virgin Mary, who has come down from heaven

* " 'Your love, your love, sweet lord,' she said;
'I bring you my virginity.' "

for the express purpose of preventing the discovery of the nun's absence. The Virgin explains to the nun that she is now sister to God, as well as sister to the mountains, and the day and night, whatever that relationship may mean, and so disappears.

Perhaps there may be something hopelessly puritanic and narrow-minded in my view of this poem, but I do think that the idea is one of the most thoroughly nasty ones which I have ever seen put into verse or prose. If taken as an allegory, the obvious lesson taught is that the more utterly we give way to the beast within us, the more surely we receive the grace of the divinity above. And if this be not a most objectionable and misleading doctrine, I should like to know what can be called so. To my mind the sensuality of the poem, though it is intense, and thrust upon the reader in every verse, is made infinitely more intolerable by the introduction of the religious element, and the connection of spiritual emotion with what is, in plain words, nothing but the gratification of lust.

In saying these words I am not unaware that one of our purest singers anticipated in "The Legend of Provence" the subject of Mr. Davidson's ballad. There is, however, between Miss Proctor's treatment of the theme, and that of our modern author, an essential difference; not only is the motive of the nun's fall removed from the desire to gratify a purely sensual impulse, but the whole working out of the succeeding disenchantment, repentance, and final return is reticent, dignified, and absolutely free from offensiveness. Moreover, the point of the whole poem in Miss Proctor's version is that on the nun's return the figure which greets her (also the embodiment of the Blessed Virgin) is not herself as she was when she left the convent, but as she *might have been* had she stayed:—

"She saw—she seemed to know
A face that came from long long years ago;
Herself; yet not as when she fled away,
The young and blooming novice, fair and gay,
But a grave woman, gentle and serene,
The outcast knew it,—what she might have been."

And lest her meaning should even then be missed, the authoress points out in her own person (as was the fashion then) the inner meaning of her legend, the eternal possibility of repentance:

"But still our place is kept, and it will wait
Ready for us to fill it, soon or late;
No star is ever lost we once have seen,
We always may be what we might have been."

Some readers of this paper will possibly be aware of the opinions which the present writer has not infrequently expressed concerning the latest developments of English painting, such as are seen, to take a typical instance, at the so-called New English Art Club. And as

these developments are intimately connected with the character of modern illustrated journalism, it is necessary to briefly consider their origin and meaning. This is the more desirable, as one species of art, which promises to be greatly extended in the immediate future—that is, the art of pictorial advertisement, has, chiefly owing to the recommendation of the Press, fallen almost entirely into the hands of artists of this new Anglo-Gallic school. Indeed, several of the New English Art Club men are prominent designers of street posters, play-bills, and other advertisement placards. They are also rapidly coming to the front as book illustrators; and journals like the *Sketch*, *Pick-Me-Up*, *To-day*, *In Town*, *St. Paul's*, et id genus omne, rely almost exclusively upon the services of eight or ten draughtsmen, all of whom are of this school, though the majority do not actually belong to the club in question. The most prominent of these are, Mr. Phil May, Mr. Dudley Hardy, Mr. Rothenstein, Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen, Mr. Raven-Hill, Mr. Townsend, Mr. Lewis Baumer, Mr. Birkenreuth, and "Mars."

It may be as well to mention here that some of the signatures to these pictures are wholly fanciful ones, and occasionally in the same paper there may be two drawings, of which one is signed by the artist's real name, and the other by some *nom de plume* assumed for that occasion only. I think that this is a most objectionable practice, and one which editors should sternly discourage. Mr. Aubrey Beardsley confessed in a recent interview that he had similarly deceived the public in one issue of the *Yellow Book*. I did not see the drawings in question myself.

But it would be most unfair, whatever may be the faults of the ordinary black and white illustrator, to class him with one artist whose work has received of late the highest praise, especially from the art critics. This is Mr. Aubrey Beardsley—a prominent member of the New English Art Club, who first became known to the public by his illustrations to a book entitled, "Bells and Pomegranates," written by Mr. Oscar Wilde, and who subsequently illustrated an edition of the "Morte d'Arthur," and has since been employed to design frontispieces and other illustrations to many works of the erotic and decadent schools. Mr. Beardsley is a young man of decided and original ability, but I do not think there can be any two opinions as to the use he has made of his genius. There is, to the present writer, something absolutely repulsive in this artist's renderings of humanity, and in the general savour of his compositions. By the side of them, the most up-to-datedly improper of Dudley Hardy's young ladies, the most vehemently vulgar of Phil May's 'Arriets are wholesome and cleanly. Much of the form of the drawing has been borrowed from Burne-Jones, and, as I believe

Mr. Beardsley himself admits, from Puvis de Chavannes, but the spirit belongs entirely to the artist himself, and I dare express it no more definitely, than by saying that however unnatural, extravagant, and morbid are the stories and poems of the modern decadence, which I shall have occasion to mention in this paper, there is not one of them which is more perverted in what it says and suggests than these grotesques, in which the types of manhood and womanhood are, as it were, mingled together, and result in a monstrous sexless amalgam, miserable, morbid, dreary, and unnatural. Mr. Beardsley says, in defence of his sensual conceptions, that most human faces are sensual, and that he goes for his types to a certain *café*. It is a pity, methinks, that the address of that *café* should not be made public, for very certainly if the men and women in these drawings, with these expressions, are its habitual frequenters, a whiff of grape-shot would do the whole establishment good, and clear the moral atmosphere into the bargain. I am not going to dwell upon this subject, but I beg all readers who may think that my words are upon these points exaggerated, to examine these drawings for themselves and form their own conclusion. And I remind all critics who have tolerated, and even praised, Mr. Beardsley's work for its ingenious eccentricities, that the first duty of a writer upon art is to remember that the worst offenders against the cause of fine and healthy art, are those who seek to exalt debased types of humanity, and to delineate unnatural and unwholesome emotions. Think, for one moment, only of what art has been in the past, of the intense elevating pleasure it has given to millions, and shall yet give in the days to come; and then say whether it is tolerable that we should permit and favour a species of design which is corrupt to the last degree, enfeebling and enervating. Just fancy a nation of Beardsleys! Conceive politics, commerce, law, and religion approached from this standpoint, applied in this manner. And yet, why not? Art is, we are told with sickening reiteration, but a reflection of life; why should we not have a Beardsley bishop addressing a Beardsley congregation, or, say, Mr. Gully, *à la* Beardsley, reproving an emasculated House of Commons? It is easy to see the ridiculous side of this work; easy and, of course, pleasant to disregard it altogether; but the neglect does harm, and the ridicule passes lightly over those who are likely to enjoy such conceptions. And since it is beyond doubt that this art has been made the handmaid of a very morbid species of literature, and has in that service achieved great success and emolument, it is essential that all those who attempt to point out the demoralising effect of the fiction and poetry in question, should point out also this artistic connection.

In comparison with such work one is almost tempted to praise the

spirit which distinguishes the drawings of Mr. Phil May and Mr. Hardy, and their numerous imitators, especially since the fine technical qualities of these artists do so much to disguise the coarseness of the scenes and the vulgarity of the people with which they present us. But though I do not for a moment class their work from the emotional and moral point of view with that of the above-mentioned artist, it must, nevertheless, be acknowledged that it is of distinctly deteriorating character. The spirit of it is the Parisian Boulevard spirit, and is in no sense either national, refined, or desirable. I should like, had not the word been so discredited of late, to say that it is not even respectable. Indeed, Mr. May may be said to absolutely revel in a sort of comic disreputability, which, I am sorry to say, his genius frequently renders most amusing.

I have no desire to speak harshly of the work of any genuine artist, and I confess to an almost admiring wonder at the extraordinary brilliance and cleverness of Mr. Hardy's advertisement cartoons, and at the intensely vivid and artistic realisations of character and humour of Mr. Phil May.

But when all this is said, the effect upon the public mind of the subjects habitually chosen, and the method in which they are treated, is undoubtedly depraving; for either the pictures deal with, and extract their humour from, coarse and vulgar subjects, or they appeal frankly to the sensual emotions. I say frankly, but the appeal is very frequently neither frank nor direct; the suggestion of the *cocotte* is made. She is not labelled; very often she is disguised as a lady.

But no one who remembers the illustrated papers before the new movement set in, will deny that their general aspect has been entirely changed, and is to-day French, where, ten years ago, it was distinctly and exclusively English. This change necessarily familiarises readers in general, and young people in particular, with vices and vulgarities which should have no place in their lives at all, and which, if they must be made acquainted with, should not be used as the vehicle of casual amusement.

The deteriorating effects of such drawings, however, does not cease with the drawings themselves, and the actual harm which each or all of them produce; for the constant looking at designs executed in this spirit, creates the appetite which is depicted or suggested, and debauches the taste for work which is less animal and less exciting. In this it is exactly analogous to sensational journalism, and does, as a matter of fact, go hand in hand therewith. Just think in this connection of the history of *Punch* for the last fifty years. Not a faultless paper in many respects, but at least there has been this conspicuous merit, that up to the last two or three years there has

not been a single picture therein in which vulgarity was predominant. Not a single picture, and I may say, to the best of my belief, not a single joke. Yet I think no one can well maintain that the new journals mentioned above are more amusing, more manly, or more national.

What is to be the end of this? For as yet we are but at the beginning. Can we contemplate with patience the probability that in another ten years we shall have a "*La Vie de Londres*," equivalent in intention and grossness to "*La Vie Parisienne*," and a little laughter journal, which shall do for Phryne of London what its prototype has done for Phryne of Paris. For this must come unless we abandon our present course. I have left out one chief influence which makes such abandonment extremely difficult, and which has been responsible for much of the change above described, and that is the influence of the actor and actress, and of those who regard their profession as alone worthy of serious attention. Here, too, journalists and editors have been much to blame. The dramatic wave which has overspread London, and partially inundated the provinces, has had its volume and its currents increased and multiplied by the press, which has given an amount of attention and glorification to everything connected with the stage which is totally unparalleled in the past, or even at the present time, in any other country than ours.

And this influence has been uniformly bad in its effect upon art, as upon morality. Cheap advertisement is of its essence, and in this game of brag the opportunities afforded by the illustrated interview and the reduplication of actors' and actresses' portraits are of the utmost importance. Some papers may be almost said to exist for the purpose of reproducing innumerable likenesses of any dramatic or music-hall artist who may happen to be popular. In many numbers it will certainly not be an exaggeration to say that such interviews, and the illustrations accompanying them, fill half the journal; and, as the pictures are made as flattering as possible, and the interviewer simply reproduces any statements which are made to him by the lady or gentleman in question, the total result is a continual glorification of the stage and its personages, which represents everything in a light as false as it is attractive. And on this subject every mortal being who writes or speaks seems afraid to open his mouth. Editors implore you, almost with tears in their eyes, not to say anything which can possibly reflect upon this immaculate race. "For Heaven's sake, my dear fellow," said one to me but a fortnight since, "don't bring that hornets' nest about my ears!" And he, too, was a bold man, comparatively young in the editorial chair, and with but a slight experience of the thorns in its cushion. So long, however, as this awe and this delirious and almost drivelling adulation of the player continues, we must, I suppose, expect that editors, who

are, after all, men of business, will swim with the stream, especially when the stream brings them for nothing pictures and copy. *The public have the matter in their own hands.* If they cannot see that they have of their own folly exalted those who were their humble servants into the position of their tyrannical masters; if they continue to accept the manners and the morals of the actor and actress as worthy of their deepest admiration and most loving study; if they really think that the most desirable fate for nice English girls is to be flung into that hotbed of egotism, vice, and vanity—then it were folly to expect that those who are interested in the continuance of the present boom, should puncture the bladder.

This paper began with a confession; it shall end with a prophecy; I believe that the day will come, and that very shortly, when the present revolt against belief and modesty will cease to be a distinguishing mark of our art, our literature, and our journalism. I believe that we shall cease to imitate the worst vices of our French neighbours, and to glory in the imitation. I believe that music-hall comiques will cease to receive the wages of Prime Ministers. I believe that actors and actresses will return to their proper place—the place, that is, of paid servants of the public, who are esteemed, not only for excellence in the profession to which they belong, but only in so far as their lives are decent and their abilities genuine. I believe that sensational journalism has had its day, and that the level of the servants' hall is that to which it is doomed quickly to descend. I believe that novelists will soon not dare to publish, what they certainly would not dare to speak. I believe that critics will be afraid to praise such production. I believe that editors will be ashamed to employ the critics who do. I believe that poets will recur to the old beauties of the world, which are *not* identified with what we used to call vice and blasphemy. I believe that painters will find better subjects than are now furnished them in East-End public-houses, and West-End music-halls. And I believe that, partly in consequence of these changes, we shall laugh more and sneer less; that our girls will no longer imitate our manners and our costume, but be content with their own, which are, after all, infinitely better; and that our men will no longer struggle after a pretence of effeminacy which sits upon them extremely ill. And lastly, I believe, that somehow, after some strange, unexpected fashion, there will come back into the world some substitute for the old faith in God, and reverence for those things which are fair, lovely, and of good report. And even if this latter change includes, as well may be, no return of the old hope that once simplified life and sweetened death, I believe that there will remain to us the enjoyment of the simple, natural emotions, and such sense of duty to ourselves and others as may suffice for patience and conso-

lation. In the words of my old master, who taught me most of the things worth knowing which I have ever learnt: "Free-heartedness and graciousness and undisturbed trust, and requited love, and the sight of the peace of others, and the ministry to their pain; these and the blue sky above you, and the sweet waters and flowers of the earth beneath; and mysteries and presences innumerable of living things may yet be here your riches; untormenting and divine, serviceable for the life that now is; nor, it may be, without promise of that which is to come."

HARRY QUILTER.

FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

NATIONS, like men, are moved much more by their moods than by their reason. History is full of wars which were against the interests of both parties, and which they could have avoided if they had had the mind to do so.

France and England are in contact with each other at so many points that difficulties cannot but often arise betwixt them; but, on the other hand, neither people can seriously dream of making war on the other. If they are to remain at peace, every consideration of interest moves them to keep up friendly relations.

Great Britain has her empires in every quarter of the globe. In America she holds Canada; in Asia, the Indian Empire; Australia belongs to her. That terrible Africa, *terra incognita*, with which we are only just beginning to be acquainted, which is cut into pieces and parcelled out while yet unknown—Africa is the present object of her covetous desires. It is not that she is anxious to extend her dominions, which are beginning to feel too burdensome, even to so colossal a Power; but she would like to join the Niger to the Nile basin, and to secure predominance in Africa while keeping the Red Sea in her own hands, and in case of need opening a passage through the Soudan to the South.

Great Britain has no troubles to fear in Canada—at least, not from without. She possesses in peace and security her dominions in Australia and Polynesia. British India she governs with ease, and laughs at the passing disturbances which arise on the frontiers. She watches unmoved the war between Japan and China—having no interest directly at stake. As for the future, if any complication should manifest itself, Russia, France and Germany will send out troops, and England will continue to stand aside, unless indeed she

should some day find it necessary to intervene. Russia is defending her own territory; France, urged both by her duty and her feelings, comes to the help of Russia; and Germany on her side is set in motion by the fear lest by abstaining she should cement the Franco-Russian alliance. England alone is fortunate enough to be entitled to await events, certain of profiting by our joint efforts. She meets with no serious opposition except in Africa.

The indefinite prolongation of the English occupation of Egypt has long been considered the chief obstacle to friendly relations between France and England. The French Senate, on the 5th of April last, listened to a speech from M. Lamarzelle, who questioned the Foreign Minister as to the difficulties between the English and ourselves in Africa. He referred to the massacres in Uganda, which date back to 1892, and to the outrages committed upon M. Nuzon, a French explorer in the Niger basin, whose baggage the Royal Niger Company seized, destroyed his offices, and confiscated some £14,000 worth of his property, although the territory in which he was found had been declared free to commerce by the Berlin Treaty of 1885. Finally, he called attention to the recent speech of Sir Edward Grey in the House of Commons, in which it was asserted that "there could be no doubt that the rights of England and Egypt combined applied to the whole of the Nile valley."

M. Hannotaux, in reply, after stating that the losses suffered by French citizens were in course of amicable adjustment, declared that he could not admit the pretensions of Great Britain to the whole Nile valley; if such rights had been recognised by Germany, France at least had never accepted them. The Sultan and the Khedive were the only Powers possessing rights over the region which extended from the lake to Wady Halfa, the southernmost point of Egypt on the Nile. And M. Hannotaux added: "Between France and England, two Powers which respect each other, and whose relations are always courteous, there can be no question either of aggression or of prohibition in dealing with problems which are complex and of which many different solutions may usefully be considered."

I am aware that in the House of Commons the applause was almost universal when Mr. Labouchere, interrupting Sir Edward Grey, exclaimed, "Then do you suppose that the Nile is as much the property of England as the Thames?" What did those cheers mean? Were they for Mr. Labouchere or for the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs? I have searched the reports in vain to discover which. It is very important to know this; for I am interested not so much in diplomatic proceedings as in those movements of opinion which prepare the way for diplomatic action and render it possible.

Political history is the narrative of events which have happened.

Philosophic history is the prophetic narrative of events which will happen to-morrow. The events of to-day can have no permanent existence unless they were led up to by the events of yesterday. Diplomats are under the impression that they make history: in reality they only write it down. It is public opinion which makes it.

I hope to make this point clear by applying it to the conquests of barbarians by civilised nations. When civilisation suddenly confronts a savage tribe, and is seen only in the shape of the rifle and the cannon, it effects no true conquest: the result is but a state of permanent war. A real conquest, such as is brought about as much by persuasion as by force, must be preceded by the pioneers of civilisation—explorers, missionaries, traders. Astonishment and admiration come before violence, and sometimes make it unnecessary:

"Victorque volentes
Per populos dat jura."

It is the same with the intercourse of civilised peoples. So soon as there is a mutual desire for union, union is at hand. When Alexander III. wanted to bring about an alliance between Russia and France he did not take the way of diplomacy; he knew well that the diplomats were as yet at opposite points of the horizon; he went straight to the heart of the two nations. I shall be told that this is to put feeling in the place of reason. No; it was reason which dictated the resolution; sentiment was but the instrument. If you follow closely the history of the relations between France and England, you will come to moments at which national hatred produced actual blindness, and other periods when they were too much wrapped up in each other to be able to see on either side even the most legitimate causes of difference. It is the part of philosophers and statesmen to set the currents of feeling flowing in the direction of peace.

These currents are very changeable; and hence comes the need of the controlling force of reason in the lofty spheres of thought. It costs me nothing to admit that France is particularly changeable in her sympathies and antipathies. A trifle attracts her—a trifle repels. I do not say that she has no persistent dislikes, no profound attachments; I speak of the ordinary flow of her life. It is not very long since the Parisian public broke out into riot against the music of Wagner: to-day it will hear nothing but Wagner, and forsakes its old deities for this new idol. When the Empress Frederick came to Paris to invite our painters to the Berlin Exhibition, we know how her proposal was received: her proposal, I say—not herself; for to herself it is impossible not to render a tribute of admiration and respect. I was thinking of this miserable incident the other day, when I was listening to the speech of M. Schwartz, the delegate of the Berlin

Academy at the banquet of the École Normale Supérieure. At the time of the Empress's visit M. Schwartz could not have obtained a hearing. A fortnight ago he was applauded to the echo by the four hundred French *savants* who crowded around him. Clearly some breath of wind has passed over us, and opinion is on the way to change.

Between France and Germany there stand memories which cannot be forgotten. The wounds are still open. On the other hand, the recollections of Waterloo have had time in three-quarters of a century to disappear. France herself has long since recognised the justice of the grievances of Europe against Bonaparte. She sees and admits the provocation. The case is not the same with Metz and Sedan. Even if the fault lay with our Emperor, it cannot be imputed to the nation. It was just and it was easy to distinguish between the two. The spectators and the actors in this great historical drama are still living. We have considerable populations among whom brothers are liable any day to fight on opposite sides, the one a Prussian, the other a Frenchman, whose feelings, whose hearts, were bought and sold. Nevertheless, even on that side there are signs of conciliation. All would by this time have been forgotten but for the amputation, not yet healed over, of the two provinces.

But between England and France what has there been for more than half a century? On what field of battle have our colours appeared in opposite camps? We were companions in arms in the Crimea; our explorers are covering what is left of the unknown parts of the earth. The Protestant missions for the most part do the same work as ours. They have the same gospel and the same God. We are in the habit of saying that the English place their commercial interests above everything else. We also think, and ought to think, of the interests of our commerce. If our Ministers were to lose sight of them for a single moment, they would be questioned by both Left and Right at once. I am too good a Frenchman not to feel that we have a real grievance in regard to Egypt; but I entertain a confident expectation that the grievance will soon come to an end. I do not attribute to the British Government all the excesses committed by agents of commercial companies. The road from the mouth of the Niger to the sources of the Nile is only a project. People are already discussing the monopoly of China by England; but China is still on her legs. England has not uttered a word or made a sign. These terrors are founded on mere arbitrary hypotheses. And when the moment has come, and in the new train of events, in the transformation of a large part of the world, our neighbours, who are great in commerce, look out for conditions which will be most favourable to their trade, where will be the harm? They will only do the same as we are determined to do. Even if they do it better than we, what can we say if they obtain the advantages of a good organisation?

Every nation has the right to strive to do better than its rivals. Grievance only begins when it tries to weaken a neighbour in order more easily to surpass him.

However, let us not fight against suppositions, or think we detect bad faith when in reality there is only skill. It has been said that true liberty is the liberty of others. Let us learn to take into account the arguments and interests of the other side. Two great nations like France and England have something else to do than dispute about a commercial route. Their duty is to open it by common effort, and thus promote universal trade. The prize goes to him who does his task best ; it does not, and cannot, fall to cunning, treachery, or violence. The English and we have the same ancestry. We have overflowed into their islands, and they have covered our continent from Normandy to Guienne. A Frenchman of science is at home in the library of the Royal Society ; an English *savant* is among his peers and fellow-workers in our Academy of Science. It is the rights and interests of liberal and constitutional France which are discussed in the House of Commons. Our great philosophers of the eighteenth century drew their ideas from the books of Locke—the wise Locke, as Voltaire called him—and they sent them back to England improved by a more brilliant and popular style. Cobden, whose lessons we are for the moment too much disposed to forget, introduced into the world of business that solidarity which had long prevailed in the world of ideas. Everything proves that the two nations cannot be parted without weakening both. Every quarrel between England and France is a check given to civilisation and to liberty.

JULES SIMON.

THE POPE'S LETTER TO THE ENGLISH PEOPLE.

"The Bishop of Rome hath no jurisdiction in this realm of England."

ARTICLE XXXVII.

See, too, Wilkins "Concilia," iii. 769.

NO one can have read the appeal of the Pope to our nation without thankfully recognising the spirit of courtesy by which it is pervaded. While our Church repudiates his claims to any sort of jurisdiction over us, we welcome the blessing and the kindly recognition of an aged Christian prelate. We feel assured of his sincere affection for us, as he is rightly persuaded of our hearty goodwill towards him. In reading his letter one cannot help saying with a sigh, as regards this gentleness of tone, *O si sic omnia!* The English Roman Catholics have recently established a twofold "Apostolate" in England—an Apostolate of Prayer, of which I will speak later on, and an "Apostolate of the Press." So far as I have seen specimens of the latter in anonymous Roman Catholic newspapers, it is impossible to conceive anything less suited to advance their object, anything more directly calculated to fill the minds of English Protestants with pity and disdain. Apart from the blank reiteration of statements for which either no shred of argument is produced or only ten-times-refuted views of exegesis and history, these so-called "answers" seem mainly to consist of vulgar and virulent sneers. They involuntarily remind us of the spirit of familiars of the Inquisition:

"Fagot and stake were desperately sincere:
Our cooler martyrdoms are done in type."

Such anonymous criticisms hardly deserve the dignity of a place in any good man's waste-paper basket. If the Roman Catholics desire reunion with us, they must warn their controversialists that they will gain no hearing unless they undertake the defence of the Christian religion with courtesy and fairness. Insolence of tone and temper will only damage their cause; nor will they produce the least

influence upon the minds of those who disagree from them, unless they can show that their religion develops the most elementary of the Christian graces. A Letter like that of the Pope, unable as we are to accept its views, sets to such writers a high example which, if they desire to promote the end for which they profess to write, they will do well to follow.

But we must respectfully demur to nearly all the remarks of the Pope which are in any way distinctive, and to the views of history which they seem to imply. If the facts seem hard, we desire to express them without one particle of bitterness, and purely in necessary self-defence.

Early in his Letter the Pope expresses the "goodwill we have always felt towards your people, whose great deeds *in olden times* the history of the Church declares."

We do not understand the allusion. It is extraordinarily intangible. Is it only "*in olden times*" that "the history of the Church" declares our great deeds? Can any truth of history be more obvious than the fact that all the mighty, and almost inconceivable, advance of England, and nearly all her most glorious deeds, have been achieved *since*, not *before*, what the Pope calls "the grievous wound" which England received in the sixteenth century? Was it not in the reign of Elizabeth, and, in no small measure, by the defeat of the Spanish Armada—which was intended to coerce England into Romanism, and upon which the Pope and the Spanish king built such vast expectations—that the English people have achieved their majestic ascendancy? Since the Reformation we have had but two Popish Sovereigns, and their reigns were perhaps the most deplorable in our entire annals. Deep in the heart of the English people still lies the indignant execration which they feel for the horrible scenes which Smithfield witnessed in the reign of Mary Tudor; for the burning of their five martyred bishops; and for the atrocious sentiment that in the case of heretics it was a duty to anticipate the flames of hell. Deep in the heart of the English people lies their contempt for the cruel and feeble king who endeavoured to force despotism and superstition on England by a violation of every constitutional principle; whose cold heart exulted in the brutalities of Judge Jeffries; and who, amid many other enormities, allowed the whisper of the throne to be shaped by the Jesuit Confessor Father Petre, whose language to the English clergy, if correctly reported, was so brutally and coarsely insolent. "Every plant which my heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted out." Have we then no right to appeal to the boundless prosperity of Protestant England as a sign of God's blessing? "The English sea-power," says Froude, "was the legitimate child of the Reformation. It grew directly out of the now despised Protestantism, and out of utter

loathing for the 'Holy Office' of the Inquisition and its execrable deeds." In the reign of Mary Tudor England lost Calais, and her only possessions outside her own islands were comparatively small and insecure; *now*—and entirely *since* our "sad defection"—this little island in the northern seas has become mistress of one-sixth of the entire land-surface of the globe. And never has her advance been more stupendous than in the reign of Queen Victoria. When her Majesty came to the throne in 1837 she was Queen over 130,000,000 of subjects and 2,000,000 square miles of territory; she now rules over some 320,000,000 subjects and more than 6,000,000 square miles. And if national wealth as well as empire be any indication of prosperity and of God's blessing, we have the authority of our greatest living financier for the statement that the wealth of England has increased far more since the beginning of this century than it had done during all the centuries since Julius Cæsar. We will not say with an Italian writer, *I popoli di religione papale o sono già morti o vanno morendi*, but M. E. de Lavelaye, in his "*Le Protestantisme et la Catholicisme*," proves decisively that "*les réformés progressent plus vite et plus régulièrement que les Catholiques*." Not to dwell on the fact that King John, nearly the most bad and abject of all our kings, was the one who resigned his crown to the Legate of Pope Innocent III., it is notorious that the greatest of our Sovereigns—men like William I., Edward I. and Edward III.—were those who most decisively rejected the claims of the Pope to interfere in the affairs of England; who said most emphatically that, except as they themselves permitted, "no Italian priest shall tithe and toll in our dominions."

The Pope naturally alludes with complacency to the mission of Augustine in the days of Gregory the Great, but he does not mention the fact that Christianity had existed in Great Britain almost as far back as the days of the Apostles. We, too, regard with gratitude the name of Gregory the Great, and we do not easily forget his words, "I confidently say that whoever calls himself, or desires to be called, Universal Bishop is the forerunner of Antichrist in his pride, because, by exalting himself, he places himself before others."*

The Pope speaks of "Christianity which the Church had conveyed to *Britain*." Yes, "the Church"; but not the Church of Rome. And ancient British Christianity, irritated, as we know, by the un-conciliatoriness of St. Augustine, refused to bow her neck to the yoke of Rome, and learnt from his angry speech her invariable tender mercies.

Pope Leo XIII. dwells on "the love and care of the Roman Pontiffs for England" as "traditional," and as having been inherited by the Pontiffs who succeeded Gregory. He speaks of the "keen and intense love manifested towards the See of Peter" by the English as

* Greg. Magn., Epp. l. vi. Indict. xv. Ep. 20.

"too abundantly and plainly testified by the pages of history to admit of doubt or question." Such a statement, with the pages of history before us, we must question. What is the meaning of all our anti-papal statutes? of "the famous course of anti-Roman legislation which distinguishes our Church history from 1305 down to the Reformation?"* To us it seems that the English people were extremely little beholden to the Popes, and least of all to "their constant interposition in providing worthy pastors and capable teachers in learning both human and divine." We are sure that the Pope is unaware how completely his allegation is contradicted by history. Let us take some instances. The chronicler Adam de Murimuth mentions the Cardinal Gaucelinus de Ossa, a nephew of Pope John XXIII., as "the climax of Italian rapacity," who, not content with the rich rectories of Lyminge, Hollingbourne, Pagham, Hackney, and Driffild, applied further for the Church of Stepney. The services of the Popes were in all respects lucrative to them. In the twenty-third year of Henry VIII. it was computed in Parliament that, *for the investitures of bishops alone*, the Papacy in the previous forty years had received no less than £160,000; but this, as Canon Jenkins says, was "only one item in the long and ruinous list of exactions which had impoverished the country since its fatal connection with the See of Rome."† Simon de Meopham, Archbishop of Canterbury (1328-1333), died under an unjust sentence of excommunication for refusing to pay £1210 to the monks of St. Augustine, who were backed up by the Pope.‡ The revenues of the diocese of Canterbury were constantly drained by intruded aliens, the representatives of the Pope, and, so far from being "worthy pastors," they often treated their livings as profitable sinecures. Pope Innocent IV. represented with cynical frankness the advantage which his Italian city derived from England, when he said, according to Matthew Paris, "*Vere hortus noster deliciarum est Anglia, et putens inexhaustus; et ubi multa abundant de multis multa sumere licet.*" Gregory IX. exacted from the diocese of Canterbury a ruinous impost; and in multitudes of cases, foreigners like Petrus de Albi, who could not speak a word of English, and sometimes were little more than boys, were entrusted with the benefices and dignities of the English Church. In fact, the intrusion of most unworthy pastors and non-resident and non-English-speaking aliens was a standing cause of indignation in our nation. The "intolerable taxation" laid by the Pope on the clergy was felt by the whole kingdom, and the Papal intruders, "if non-resident, were

* Bishop Stubbs, "Const. Hist." ii. 169.

† Canon Jenkins, "Canterbury," p. 183.

‡ "A reversal of the unjust sentence was obtained by his successor, but the case remains as a monument of the degradation of the Church of England under the Roman yoke, which has but too many parallels in history."—Canon Jenkins (*Ib.* p. 187) to whose learned labours I am indebted for several references.

hated as draining away our resources without performing any duties; or, if resident, were hated for their pride and uncongeniality, and sometimes, if they are not belied, for their unchecked vices." "They were bloodsuckers, drawing out the life, or drones fattening on the spoil, of the land." *All existing documents show that the jealousy and animosity of the English did not exaggerate the evil.** "It was tauntingly said that England was the Pope's farm." Under Innocent IV., Martin, the Pope's collector, was ignominiously driven out of England by the Barons.

The views and the conduct of Gregory the Great are one thing, those of later Popes are quite another. St. Gregory, for instance, was a lover and student of the Scriptures; he urged the layman, Theodore, to study them with unremitting diligence, and to "learn the heart of God from the Word of God." He called the Bible "the great Epistle of the Heavenly Emperor." But his successors in the Bull *Unigenitus* denounced the free reading of the Scriptures by the laity, and made the rights of free Christian men to read the Word of God depend on the permission of priests—often grossly ignorant—who, in thousands of instances, did not themselves possess it, and had never read it. Many a martyr has been imprisoned, tortured, and burnt by the Church of Rome for possessing the Bible, or a part of it. And persecution on this account has continued even to our own days.†

In the Netherlands, says Motley, "the possession of the Sermon on the Mount in the vernacular led to the gibbet"; "the tyranny of priests, burning those whom they could not refute, made it death by burning to read the Bible."

Is the English people, which since the days of the Reformation has been "the people of one Book"—the people to whose Queen, on her coronation, that Book, taken off the Holy Table, was presented by the Archbishop of Canterbury with the words, "We here present to your Majesty the most valuable possession in the whole world"—is that people to thank the Church and its Popes who so furiously persecuted even the memory of Wyclif; the Church which approved the decree *De hæretico comburendo*; and made the free possession of a Bible in the vernacular a sin, rendering men incapable of absolution "unless they have first given up their Bibles to the ordinary"? Was it a proof of the "loving tenderness" of Popes like Pius IV., Clement XI., and Leo XII., that they regarded the free reading of a vernacular Bible as a feeding in "poisonous pastures"? Are we, with Pius IX., to class Bible Societies as "pests" with various socialistic guilds? Did they show their "intense love" when the

* See abundant proofs in Milman's "Latin Christianity," iv. pp. 111, 308, 309, 477; Bishop Stubbs, "Constit. Hist.," i. 243, iii. 308-64.

† "We must deny to Protestants any right to use the Bible, much more to interpret it."—Cardinal Wiseman.

Pope vexed the soul of St. Edmund of Canterbury, by sending the needy Italian, Otho, as Cardinal Legate to England without the consent of either kingdom or Archbishop, "to make his own fortune and that of as many of his friends as possible, and to extort money under divers pretexts;" * or again, when they made such extortionate demands from Archbishop Arundel as to provoke the lines :

"Roma capit marcas, bursas exhaurit et areas,
Ut tibi tu parcas, fuge papas et Patriarcas" !

Does not Langland sing in "Piers Plowman" :

"And God amende the Pope, that pillesh Holy Kirke,
And claimeth before the King to be keeper over Christians
And counteth not though Christians be killed and robbed,
And findeth folk to fight, and Christian blood to spill" ?

And again :

"I fynd payne for the Pope, and provendre for his palfrey,
And I had never of him, have God my treuthe."

Are we deeply indebted to Innocent III. for suspending Stephen Langton, trying to annul Magna Charta and excommunicate our barons and the majority of our clergy? Have the Popes no responsibility in England as elsewhere for the incessant simony involved in the sale of pardons, indulgences, and benefices?

Pope Leo XIII. tells us that his predecessors lamented, "in their earnest love," our "sad defection," and "made every prudent effort to put an end to it." Are we then to thank Paul III. for his love in commanding Henry VIII.'s subjects to rebel against him and placing England under an interdict in 1535? to Paul IV. in 1558 for excommunicating all "heretical" princes present and to come, and depriving them of their kingdom? to Pius IV. in 1562 for making it schismatical to join us in Common Prayer? Are we to be thankful for the "earnest love" of "St." Pope Pius V., who sent a jewelled sword and hat with his blessing to the brutal butcher Alva; who, in 1570, denounced and dethroned our great Queen Elizabeth, and commanded her subjects to revolt against her; and who was, undoubtedly, cognisant of the Ridolfi conspiracy which intended her assassination? In the contemplation of facts of which these are the merest specimens, we are compelled to refuse any sort of gratitude to Rome or to her Popes, and we assent to the words of Adam Smith:

"In the state in which things were through the greater part of Europe during the tenth, eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, and for some time both before and after that period, the constitution of the Church of Rome may be considered as the most formidable combination that ever was

* Gregory IX. required him to provide benefices for 300 Roman clergy. See Hook, "Lives of the Archbishops," iii. 211-214: "He sought by these iniquitous and unconstitutional means to pension non-resident foreigners. . . . The indignation of every true-hearted Englishman was aroused."

formed against the authority and security of civil government, as well as against the liberty, reason, and happiness of mankind, which can flourish only when civil government is able to protect them."*

If the debt which we are supposed to owe to the Popes for services in which they gratified their own exorbitant ambition and gained enormous pecuniary advantages, is the only argument offered us for returning to the fold of Rome, it will be long indeed before we shall be tempted to return. And if we *did* return to the Papal allegiance, what reason have we to believe that we should be the gainers by it—I do not say politically or socially, but even spiritually or even morally? If any city in the world should have predominantly shown the blessing of Papal government, it would be the city which the Popes have made their home for centuries; which they have filled with crowds of ecclesiastics, often forming no mean fraction of the entire population; and from which they derive their main pretensions. Are we to desire that London should now be, or should ever become, such a mother of all abominations, as—not on Protestant but on Roman testimony—this highly favoured capital of Christendom has been under her Popes during century after century? Dante testifies how in his days they had made it “a sewer of blood and filth,” as Petrarch testifies that they made Avignon “a hell upon earth.” Savonarola, in his day, in his poem “On the Ruin of the Church,” calls Rome “a deceitful and haughty harlot”; and St. Jerome, a thousand years earlier, had called her a *purpurata meretrix*. We know how Boccaccio, in his terrible story, describes the state of Rome. We know how Machiavelli wrote, “Italy has lost all piety and all religion. We have to thank the Church and the priests for our abandoned wickedness.” Guicciardini called the Roman Court “an infamy, an example of all the shame and scandal in the world.” We know from the testimony of endless Romish historians and travellers that Rome has often been more frightfully wicked and depraved than perhaps any city in the whole world. We could quote Popes and canonised saints in witness to our allegation; and Pope Adrian VI. distinctly said, “We know in this holy see for some years there have been many abominations. Nor is it wonderful that the sickness should descend from the Head to the members, *from the Chief Pontiff* to other inferior prelates. We would apply every effort that *this Court, whence perhaps all this evil hath proceeded*, shall be reformed.” The moral condition of Rome began distinctly to improve from the time when the Italian Government took possession of the city.

What guarantee can the Pope possibly give us that we shall not be immense losers by returning to the unscriptural tenets which his Church holds? Do we desire that England under papal dominance should sink as low as Brazil, Mexico, Hayti, or Spain? Do not.

* “Wealth of Nations,” iii. 226.

statistics decidedly prove that crime is more rife in Popish than in Protestant countries, and that alike in England, America, and Australia the number of Roman Catholics who fall under the punishment of the law is proportionately far larger than that of Protestants? It is difficult to find any argument in the entire Letter of the Pope, or any trace of any blessing which we could possibly derive from accepting the papal dominance. The Letter is a benevolent invitation, and nothing more. It does not so much as hint at the shadow of a concession. Roman Catholic journalists constantly assure us that our Archbishops and Bishops, and all our Clergy, are "mere laymen"; and if it amuses them to say so, it does us no harm; but until the Pope *ex cathedra* assures us that this is not his view the fraction of even the most extreme Anglican Clergy whom he is likely to win is very infinitesimal. He dwells, indeed, on the blessings of unity; but even on this point there is a serious ambiguity. Reunion with the Church of Rome—unless she steps down from the altitude of her unchristian arrogance, and abandons her many aberrations from "the simplicity which is in Christ Jesus"—is the merest dream. As it is certain that she will never make even a tithe of the concessions by which alone such reunion would be rendered possible, submission to her could mean participation in her errors, and the cleaving of a deeper gulf of separation between ourselves and millions both of English Churchmen and of Nonconformists who stand far closer to us than she does on all points of vital and essential doctrine.

The Pope invites us to the unity of one *fold*. Where the unity in one *flock* already exists, the unity in one *fold*, under shepherds whose claims we must repudiate, is of very small importance. We do not desire the unity of the Pope, when we are already possessed of the unity which Christ and the Apostles recognise. Between all true Christians there already exists perfect oneness in the faith represented by the Lord's Prayer, the Sermon on the Mount, and the two ancient Catholic Creeds of Christendom. This is the real and only possible unity of faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God. And it is ample. For Scripture neither dwells upon nor demands any humanly invented external bonds of unity. The Popes have excommunicated the members of the English Church as heretics, but by purging ourselves of Rome's dangerous and deeply seated errors—and by rejecting her many additions to, and corruptions of, the pure Gospel of Christ, which, with abundant demonstration, we prove to be unscriptural, unprimitive, and uncatholic—we do not for a moment sever ourselves from "the mystical Body of Christ which is the blessed company of all faithful people." The Church of Christ is, in the repeated definitions of the Church of England and of the Scriptures, "the communion of the Redeemed"; "all who profess and call

themselves Christians"; "all who in every place call on the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, both theirs and ours"; all who have one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all." We know no other Universal Church. Nothing looks to us *less* like the Universal Church which Christ founded than an organisation in which every member, abnegating his own priesthood and the indefeasible right to immediate and unimpeded access to Christ, puts himself under the dominance of "priests" (*ιερείς*), to whom that name is distinctly refused in the entire New Testament. Our conception of a Church differs fundamentally from that of modern Ultramontanes. In the Anglo-Saxon Church in the days of Knut the Lord's Prayer and the Apostles' Creed are made the sum of necessary Christian doctrine and practice; and the assembled Bishops at Florence in 1787 assented to the proposition that simple agreement in the *Credo* was sufficient to constitute men Catholics. "The Church" meant to the Apostles all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth. To modern Romanists it means only those who belong to a body of less than one-third of living Christians. Their distinctive mark is the acceptance of the infallible autocracy of a Bishop who has most often been an Italian elected by a close corporation of Italian Cardinals. The monstrous claims of the Pope and his predecessors to extend their imaginary spiritual supremacy to all social and political questions is repudiated in their own capital and their own country, to which it had become intolerable. They have been energetically refused by our kings and Commonwealth even when our own nation was still entangled in the system from which, in obedience to the imperious demands of truth and right, we shook ourselves free.

The Pope assumes, without a syllable of demonstration, that the unity of the Church under himself and his successors is "divinely constituted." We look upon the assumption as no less without foundation than the claim to infallibility, which shocks our historic sense as one of the most astonishing of all hallucinations.

The Church of Rome, like ourselves, theoretically admits that the only final appeal possible as to the teaching of Christ must be the New Testament; Popes have for ages claimed the right to keep the vernacular New Testament, in its entirety and integrity, out of the hands of the laity, and to impose upon it the interpretations which suit their own usurpation in accordance with an "unanimous consent of the Fathers" which has no existence whatever. Yet the Church of Rome finds no support for its claims and tenets except by building them like inverted pyramids on the tiny apex of some one misinterpreted and highly disputable text. Round the great dome of St. Peter's runs the colossal inscription, "*Tu es Petrus, et super hanc petram ædificabo Ecclesiam meam.*" The Popes have based on this

text their claim to universal jurisdiction ; but a vaster pretence was never founded on so narrow a basis. To begin with, the meaning of the text is disputed and extremely disputable, and it is therefore of little value as an argument, for "*Nil agit exemplum quod litem lite resolvit.*" There are *four* interpretations of the meaning of "*super hanc petram*"; and out of some eighty-five Fathers, according to the Roman Catholic Archbishop of St. Louis, *only seventeen* adopt the interpretation on which the Romish claim to supremacy is built, whereas sixty-eight, or more, follow the other explanations.* It is not only Protestants who have applied the words "on this rock" (Matt. xvi. 16) to Peter's *confession*. And, as Lanfranc said, even some Catholics have expounded Christ's words as having been "addressed to all pastors of the holy Church." Moreover, there is nothing in the word "rock" which involves the slightest connotation of supremacy or dominion. The special meaning of the metaphor, whatever it may have been, cannot possibly involve anything which conflicts with the fact that Christ, not Peter—as Peter himself says—is "the living stone," and "the chief corner-stone," "and whosoever believeth on Him"—with no reference whatever to Peter—"shall not be confounded."

Whatever "the power of the keys" meant, the whole New Testament furnishes a decisive proof that it gave to Peter no primacy over his brethren. Even Popes (*e.g.* Benedict XIV.) have admitted that the power of the keys was given equally to all the Apostles. St. Paul condemns those who said, "*I am of Cephas.*" James and John "seemed to be pillars" quite as much as Peter. When St. Paul speaks of Christ as giving apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors, teachers (without alluding to "priests") for the work of the ministry, he gives no hint of any one supreme Pope. Nor does any other Apostle. James, not Peter, presides over the first council, and Paul, in Peter's own "bishopric" of Antioch, "withstands him to the face, because he was to be blamed." St. Ambrose says, "Seek the rock (*petra*) *within* thyself, not *without* thyself." Yet we are asked to believe that St. Peter—to whom his fellow-Apostles never allowed the smallest authority which they did not claim for themselves;—that St. Peter, who only called himself a "presbyter," and expressly warned his fellow-presbyters not to lord it over God's heritage—possessed (which there is not the least trace that he ever did) and transmitted to others (of which the only "proofs" were forgeries) an absolute dominion over the Church of Christ;—that consequently his successors (who have never been proved to be his successors at all) are to be called Vicars of Christ and infallible Vicegerents of God.

And when we look to the history of the Church in any age for

* Friedrich, "Documenta," pp. 6, 7; "The Papal Claims," p. 54.

confirmation of the arrogant claims of a single bishop—propped up as they were for centuries by unblushing forgeries—we see everything which discountenances the pretence. The first three centuries, at least, as has been decisively proved again and again, knew nothing resembling the inflated pretensions of Roman autocracy,* apart from the gross and now universally abandoned Isidorian forgeries, which stood the Popes in such good stead from the eighth century till the days of Laurentius Valla. There is no *decisive* proof that St. Peter was ever at Rome at all; and there *is* proof that, at any rate, he was *not* the founder of the Roman Church. Neither the imagined supremacy of St. Peter, nor its supposed descent on the Roman Bishops, nor the faintest suspicion as to their alleged infallibility, finds anything which can be distantly called proof in the first three centuries. There are conflicting testimonies as to who was the first Bishop of Rome. Christ distinctly bids us call no man our master upon earth. The Apostles, though they declared to the world the whole counsel of God, do not make the most distant allusion to Papal supremacy or Papal infallibility, or many other things which are now declared to be *de fide*. The Nicene Fathers made no allusion to any universal bishop. According to St. Cyprian, there was “*unus episcopatus*,” and St. Jerome expressly says, “*Ubiunque fuerit episcopus, sive Romæ sive Eugubii ejusdem meriti, ejusdem est et sacerdotii.*”† During 384 years next to nothing is known of no less than thirty-six of these awful personages, except from the glaring falsities of the forged Decretals.‡ The thirty-seventh was the Arian Liberius; and “beyond their names we scarcely know more about them than about their humble neighbours, the Bishops of Gubbio.” As to later ages, what are we to say of the tenth-century Popes, whom Cardinal Baronius describes as “monsters,” when he asks, “What, then, was the semblance of the Holy Roman Church? As foul as it could be: when harlots . . . governed at Rome, at whose will sees were transferred, bishops were appointed, and, what is horrible and awful to say, their paramours were intruded into the see of Peter.”§ The Pope has often been described as a semi-divine being. Had he been so, would God have suffered these infallible and semi-divine personages to rank among their number Popes whom Roman Catholics themselves have called heretics, and such men as Sergius III., Benedict IX., Paschal II., Paul II., Sixtus IV., Innocent VIII., Alexander VI., Julius II., Clement V., Clement VI., Benedict XII.,

* “It is matter of amazement, if the Pope were such as they would have him to be, that in so many bulky volumes of ancient Fathers, living in many ages after Christ . . . this momentous point . . . should nowhere be expressed in clear and peremptory terms.”—Barrow’s “Treatise on the Pope’s Supremacy,” p. 174.

† “Ad Evangel.” Ep. ci.

‡ See Shepherd’s “History of the Church of Rome,” *passim*, and pp. 494, 495.

§ Baronius, Ad Ann. 912, “Vindicaverat omnia sibi libido sæculari potentia freta, insaniens, æstro percita dominandi.”

Urban VI., Clement VII., John XXIII.—some of them worldly and simoniacal, some of them gross nepotists, and some of them steeped to the lips in every kind of infamy.* If "supreme shepherds" and "Vicars of the Son of Mary" could be such men as these, we cannot feel drawn to them. If we accept the Pope's amiable invitation, what pledge will he give us that none of his infallible successors will act like so many of his infallible predecessors? that no new Sixtus V. will contribute a million scudi to crush our liberties by some new Armada? that no new Innocent III. will decree that "life only is to be left to the sons of unbelievers, and that as an act of mercy"? that no new Innocent IV., Alexander IV., Clement IV., Calixtus III., will establish or justify the application of torture on the mere suspicion of heresy? that no new Clement V. shall declare that an Inquisitor "simply following his conscience," has full power to imprison and even put into irons any one whom he pleases?† that no future Pope will sing *Te Deum* and strike medals in thanksgiving for thousands of slaughtered Protestants? that no new Eugenius IV. or Alexander VI. will torture and burn saints of God like Conecte or Savonarola? that we shall have no more Bulls like *Unigenitus* (1713), and *In coena Domini* (1372-1627), and *Ineffabilis*? that no new Gregory XVI. will frantically condemn the right to liberty of conscience as "that erroneous and absurd opinion, or rather raving"? Before the Pope expects us to listen to his invitation, he must repudiate the maxim of Urban II. that those are not murderers, who, "burning with zeal for their Catholic mother against excommunicate persons, have happened (!) to slay some of them"; and he must cancel the anathema which Leo X. pronounced on Luther's proposition, that "it is contrary to the will of the Spirit that heretics should be burnt." Will Leo XIII. do this? If not, how can he expect us to entrust ourselves to such tender mercies of infallible priests?

The Pope could hardly have emphasised the difference which separates him from English Churchmen more decidedly than by recommending prayers to the saints for our conversion. He humbly calls on St. Gregory, St. Augustine of Canterbury, St. Peter, and St. George. We, too, solemnly pray at the opening of every Session of Convocation, and in our prayer we thank God because "*errores, corruptelas, et superstitiones olim hic grassantes, omnemque papalem tyrannidem merito et serio repudiavimus.*"

But we pray to GOD, not to our dead fellow-sinners. Instead of praying to the Virgin Mary, for which we have less than no warrant, we pray to Him whom she herself called "*her Saviour.*" Can

* Cardinal Azzolini complained that no less an authority than Bellarmine has insulted three Popes, and branded two of them (Gregory XIV. and Clement VIII.) as liars.—Janus, p. 63.

† See Janus, "The Pope and the Council," 235-248. The Papal organ *La Civiltà* describes the hateful Inquisition as "*un sublime spettacolo della perfezione sociale*!"

the Pope show us that the dead are ubiquitous, or that they can hear prayer at all? Can he convince us that God is less likely to hear our prayers if they be addressed direct to Him in the name of Jesus Christ His Son? And who was St. George? We have an *ideal* St. George certainly; but can the Pope tell us who the *real* St. George was, and can he prove that the dragon which he was originally supposed to slay was not the doctrine of St. Athanasius? And to call Mary "the Mother of God," is to invent a title for her which is neither scriptural nor primitive. We have not the slightest conception what he means when he calls England "the dowry (?) of Mary," or asserts that "Christ Himself from the cross left her to be *the mother of mankind*." Nor can we look with the smallest sympathy or respect on the use of the rosary. We rank that late and mechanical innovation with the methods, chiefly found in heathen religions, of those who use vain repetitions and think that they will be heard for their much speaking. We agree with St. Edmund of Canterbury, that "it is better to say once the Lord's Prayer with a good understanding and attention"—both of which mental attitudes are most likely to be destroyed by many continuous reiterations—"than a thousand times over without understanding or devotion." Lastly, when the Pope is good enough to offer "an indulgence of 300 days," and "a plenary indulgence once a month," to those who recite his appended prayer to the Virgin, we have not the smallest desire for any indulgence except such as comes from God alone, who, "if we confess our sins, is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

Sixtus V., we are told, once actually proposed to Queen Elizabeth that she should return to the bosom of the Catholic Church. "Singular proposal! As if all her previous history, the whole import of her being, her political position, admitting even that her convictions had not been sound, had not bound her fast to the Protestant interests. Elizabeth answered not a word and *only laughed*." *

We will not laugh, but we say with Bishop Thirlwall, "Great as is the evil of division, let us be sure that it is incomparably less than that of such a spurious, hollow, artificial unity, as is held out by the See of Rome, unity purchased by the subjection of reason and conscience to the arbitrary decrees of a self-styled infallible human authority."

F. W. FARRAR.

* Ranke's "History of the Popes," p. 171.

LONDON V. THE WATER COMPANIES.

NOTHING in London is more remarkable than its patience. Apparently for no other reason than the mere vastness of its problems, its people have been and are content to endure, without any effective effort at reform, practical mischiefs and abuses such as would be tolerated nowhere else. Till 1855, it had no organs of government—outside the selfish circle of the civic mile—than those which the early ages of history had invented for the simple needs of the rural parish. Forced by sheer necessity to create at least a Main Drainage authority, it rested for a generation incapable of further advance, and became, at last, not a town, but only a county. Its land tenure is the worst in the world. And every one of its great public services is, more or less, a monopoly held for private gain.

Even the patience of London, however, has at last been overborne by the impossibilities of the water supply, especially after the exasperating experiences of the recent frost; and the fact that the London County Council's Bills for Water Purchase are now pending in Parliament is a convenient occasion for a review of the position.

In the reign of James I., the water supply of London was to a large extent in the hands of the City, whose "Conduit Estate" still brings in a considerable part of their revenues in Bond Street rentals, though the Conduit, and the Banqueting House where committees considered its condition, have long since disappeared. The Conduit, however, was wholly inadequate; and the general supply was so bad that it was admitted on all hands to be chiefly responsible for the fearful succession of plagues which then decimated the City and all but paralysed even its commerce and finance. Accordingly, the City applied for and obtained a charter for the creation of a fresh and ample provision under the "New River" scheme. The City Fathers,

however, were presently seized with a fit of timidity, and sooner than spend out of their vast resources some £3000, which was immediately required, they resigned their rights to "Hugh Myddelton, citizen and goldsmith," who after a time obtained further aid from the King against a share in the profits, and so completed the work which is now the property of the New River Company. Their original charter, which any one may find enrolled at the Record Office among the patents of the seventeenth year of James I. in the sixteenth part, gave the Adventurers, who were thereby incorporated, no power to take water except from their springs at Chadwell and elsewhere in Hertfordshire; but by a mosaic of later acts, the effect of which in conjunction with the public statutes it is very hard to determine, they acquired considerable further powers of taking water also from the River Lea. With the New River Company the East London Water Company is closely associated in the abstraction of water from the Lea, which has at many periods reached the dimensions of a public scandal. A convenient "River Lea Water Act, 1855," passed in the days when there was no one to look after the public interest of the metropolis, purports to "vest absolutely" in these two companies all the water of the Lea "which the trustees" (of the Lea Conservancy) "have now power to sell," subject always to the other statutory provisions.

How much this may be, no one has ever really settled; but it is, at least, clear that the Conservancy can insist on passing down the stream, both for sanitary and for navigation purposes, a much larger quantity than they have been accustomed to take from the thirsty throats of the water companies' intakes. These supply the North and East of London, and everything north of the Thames as far as a line drawn from Hampstead to about Charing Cross. The water rates of the New River are half a million; those of the East London Company exceed £280,000. The western section north of the river is supplied by three interlacing systems: the West Middlesex, the Grand Junction and the Chelsea Companies, whose total rates in 1892 were returned at £218,638, £180,011, and £136,722 respectively. The county south of the river is divided, not (as will presently be seen) by Parliament, but by some process not disclosed to the public, between the Kent Company, the Lambeth Company, and the Southwark and Vauxhall Company—the two last-named being those which the Council has selected to bear the first brunt of its attack. The accounts of the Kent Company to the end of 1892 show a total water rate of £142,332, those of the Lambeth Company, a total of nearly £227,000, and those of the Southwark and Vauxhall, a total of £212,272.

These aggregate water rentals are constantly and automatically increasing. By one of the most absurd "blind bargains" into which

an uninformed Parliament was ever led by an astute interest, the companies are enabled to increase their tolls on every house as fast as its rateable value increases, even though it be as clear as the day that not a gallon more is used and that it costs the company not a farthing more to provide the supply. The result of this wholly unjust and absurd arrangement is that as the value of the site of a house increases by the usual processes of "unearned increment," and as the actual rent exacted from the tenant tends to go up, the tenant likewise finds that every gallon of water which he uses becomes so much the dearer. This device produces a remarkable result upon the totals of the water revenue. New buildings, of course, are always going on, and for these the increment of valuation and of resulting water rate is rational and defensible, for it balances the cost of extending and developing the supply. But each quinquennial valuation records an infallible increase in the value of property which remains unchanged; or which, if it be changed at all, is probably using less water than before. This silent and automatic rise of "site value" is estimated for the whole metropolis at about £200,000 a year. Let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that it is only half that amount. The average percentage of water rates on rateable value may be taken at 3 or 4 per cent. Therefore, by this absurd system of automatic increase of cost according to valuation, we may say that the companies receive a kind of New Year's gift of at least £3,000 or £4,000 a year in income, which they would claim to capitalise at (in round figures) £100,000 for every year, or about half a million for every fresh quinquennial valuation. To say that Parliament ever consciously intended such a result is absurd. It is a consequence of the absence in earlier days of any popular and central authority in London, of the *laches* of the city, and of the untiring ingenuity and vigilance of the monopolist.

When we call the water authorities a monopoly, we are not, however, speaking with legal accuracy. A practical present monopoly they have managed to maintain. But the policy of Parliament and the proposals dangled before successive Committees of both Houses went, on the contrary, upon the footing of a healthy competition. The power of a local authority to have a municipal supply was not excluded. At the present moment, Tottenham, Richmond and Croydon have, in fact, municipal supplies; and though London has not yet attained to that modest stage of advancement, there is nothing to prevent the County Council from promoting a Bill for a new supply if it should seem to be in the interest of the public. Not only were the companies left open to the possibilities of municipal competition, but they were directly intended and supposed to compete with each other; and, in fact, almost the whole of the area was deliberately provided by Parliament with more than one possible service, in the belief that thereby the dangers of a monopoly would be averted.

Nothing is more mischievous in its effect on the interests of the ratepayer than the broad fact that the companies have so arranged as to deprive the consumers of the benefits of this competition, which, as Lord Eldon expressly said so long ago as 1818, was an essential part of the policy of Parliament. "If," he told the House of Lords, "this object were defeated by a combination between the several companies to establish a monopoly, he wished their lordships to understand that it was perfectly within the competence of Parliament to set that matter right." In view of that saying of so stout a champion of vested interests, it is instructive to consider the present situation in the very district south of the Thames to which the Council's first pair of Bills relates. The Lambeth Company have, since 1834, rejoiced in the highest scale of charges of any company in London, their general charge on "annual value" running up, in fact, to $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., or, in other words, £1 10s. for a £20 house. The neighbouring company—the Southwark and Vauxhall—runs to 5 per cent.; and, on the other side of the river, the West Middlesex returns are limited to 4 per cent. only. Both of these companies were meant by Parliament to be competing companies with the Lambeth Company, for their parliamentary areas overlap largely. The companies succeeded, however, in getting a proviso inserted in certain subsequent private Acts by which they were freed from the usual absolute obligation to give a supply in any part of their district on the requisition of a stated number of householders. The result was that the West Middlesex, by some early agreement with the Lambeth Company, has never crossed the river at all, and has thereby left Putney, Wandsworth, and Battersea defenceless against a $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. scale, when express parliamentary powers existed for a 4 per cent. supply.

On another side of the Lambeth Company's territory, in the segment south of the river between London Bridge and Vauxhall Bridge, there had, in fact, grown up a competitive supply, inasmuch as the Southwark and Vauxhall and the Lambeth mains run side by side in the same streets. The old company had been prevented from invading the Lambeth district, but had been deliberately given full competitive powers in 1834. But the public were deprived by a fresh combination in 1842 of the whole advantage. If it had continued, it follows that as the Southwark rates are lower, and as they have parliamentary powers over almost the whole of the Lambeth district within London, they could presumably have driven Lambeth out of that field, and have provided the consumers with their necessary water at an advantage which means, in figures, 10s. a year on every £20 house. By this arrangement, in other words, thousands of poor consumers have been, in effect, mulcted in a needless and unfair tribute of an extra 10s. or more per annum, for the benefit of no one but the water shareholders, and for no value

whatever. A similar compromise has, it is understood, been effected between the New River and the East London Company as to the partition of the Hackney area—though the East London, which is one of the worst companies for service and accommodation, is said to rejoice in a parliamentary monopoly (except in the event of Council competition) over Bethnal Green, Poplar, Bow and Bromley, Mile End, and St. George's-in-the-East. Such parishes had no powerful friends.

Before passing to the consideration of the service now rendered and the demands made in respect of it, it may be worth while first to complete this side of the question by setting out the actual budget of the companies, so far as can be gathered from their accounts.

From the figures appearing in the careful summaries which the statistical officer of the London County Council has prepared from the published accounts of the eight companies, certain broad results seem to be clear. The financial years do not all close at the same time; but on the year ending December 31, 1893, or March 31, 1894, the net total of the water rates (after reserving £136,700 for possible loss of rates due) was £1,962,651, which was increased by rents of lands to £1,975,698. Out of this revenue there was paid for maintenance £634,453, including £198,531 for rates and taxes alone; and for management, £166,251, of which the directors absorbed £27,254, the collectors £49,045, the other salaries and pensions £49,057, and the law and parliamentary costs £20,224. There falls to be provided, further, a net sum of about £160,000 for the debenture holders, and a special payment to the Chamberlain of the City for sinking-fund purposes under the East London Waterworks Act of 1886, with the ultimate result that the net divisible profit as matters stood in the spring of 1894 was £1,012,054; and that figure certainly tends to increase.

The financial position of the different companies is, of course, very different, and their dividends vary widely. In 1892, for example, and generally in recent years, the Chelsea Company, the Kent Company, and the West Middlesex Company have been paying the maximum legal dividend of 10 per cent. upon their ordinary stock. The New River Company, which has an exceptionally privileged position, divided in that year £11 18s. 9d. per cent. The Lambeth Company paid 9½, the Grand Junction, 8½, the East London 8, and the Southwark and Vauxhall only 6½ per cent. The reasons for this variation of apparent profit are very complex. If the companies' receipts and charges are brought down to a "common denominator," such as a scale per 1000 gallons of daily supply, they will be found to vary in every possible way. For example, the water rates of the New River are more than twice, and those of the West Middlesex and Chelsea Companies are nearly twice as much per 1000 gallons as the water rates of the East

London, though the East London charges are on a 5 per cent. scale, whereas the others have been reduced to 4 per cent. If we reduce their total expenditure to the same basis, we shall find that it somehow costs £5 18s. per annum to supply 1000 gallons daily under the New River system, and £5 10s. or more under the West Middlesex, whereas the same thing can be done by the East London Company for about £2 18s. Taking the two companies most immediately under discussion, one does not see why 1000 gallons supply in the Lambeth area should cost £4 10s., while the same thing in the rest of South London can be done for £3 10s.—especially when it also appears that the latter company spends 2s. 2d. of the total on the vital item of filtration, whereas the Lambeth Company cheapens this to 1s. 7d., being about half what the East London find it necessary to spend. The fact is that the companies at present regulate their spending on no principle except the convenience of the shareholders. In many cases they have found it convenient to inflate the nominal amount of their capital, in order that they may go on dividing profits which otherwise would have passed the maximum and would have been accordingly claimed for the benefit of the consumer. When they are at or near the maximum, there is not only no check on increase of salaries and other items of useless extravagance, but there is also an inducement, for the time being, to pay for capital improvements when possible out of the revenue account, and thereby divert the extra earnings from the consumers to the enhancement of the actual value of the shareholders' property. When, on the contrary, they have not reached maximum, they are equally tempted to divert into dividend the sums which a good manager would have spent out of his gross revenue, either in repairs and renewals, or in provision of fresh plant and fresh supplies as a due provision for the changes of the times and the needs of the future.

Another range of considerations must also be borne in mind. The companies' charges, even when there is no dispute as to their legality, are in a most chaotic state, and it cannot be supposed that Parliament would long leave them unreformed, even if no purchase came about. The grievance arising from the adoption of a percentage rate on "annual value" has been already referred to, and it is only necessary to add that between 1869 and the last quinquennial the increased assessment in London *not* due to new buildings is in fact over eight millions, and upon a great part of this the present shareholders are now receiving, for no extra value given, a revenue of from 7½ per cent. downwards. The scales themselves, however, are not only now very various and obviously unjust, but they are also afflicted with Parliamentary instability, since they have been altered over and over again.

In their Act of 1829, the East London were entitled to charge 7½ per cent. under £20 a year, 7 per cent. from £20 to £40,

and so falling by $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. to £5 per cent. on everything above £100, limited, however, to a minimum of 12s. and a maximum of £20 for any one house. This scale is the present luxurious scale enjoyed by the Lambeth Company, who inserted it in their Act of 1832, except that the maximum and minimum seem to be omitted in their further Act of 1848, by which they tacked on in all houses over £20 heavy additional rates for water-closets—*e.g.*, 10s. for even one water-closet in a £25 house—which had been before included, as they ought to be, in the common “domestic” charge. But the East London Company did not succeed so well with Parliament, for, in 1852 and 1853 their rates were cut down from the $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. basis to the 5 per cent. basis, and, though water-closet rates were added, these only began above £30, and were then only 4s. each. In 1852, the New River rates were brought down still lower, to a uniform 4 per cent. under £200 a year, with 3 per cent. above. Southwark and Vauxhall were enjoying the Lambeth scale from 1834 to 1852, having before that been merely empowered to sell by agreement, for what they could get. In 1852, they were brought down to the 5 per cent. level. West Middlesex had been supplying by agreement down to that same year, when they were put on a 4 per cent. scale. The Grand Junction were on the high scale in 1826, and were brought down to 4 per cent. in 1852, but with this curious difference, that “the Bishop of London’s Paddington Estate” was a privileged area, which was accorded by an Act of 1856 a special rate of 15 per cent. below even the 4 per cent. table. It is very obvious, therefore, that the water companies have no vested interest in the high level of their present charges, even if these were always legal, as to which there is, as will be seen hereafter, grave doubt.

Therefore, without at the moment going further into the vast question of the inadequacy in quality and quantity of the present supplies, and of the enormous expenditure—probably £20,000,000—which the companies will, if they continue to exist, admittedly be forced to undertake without any relative return in rates, it is manifest that the existing gross or net income of the companies cannot be treated as a secured asset which they have to sell to the Council at so many years’ purchase. To convert the existing dividends, even without any addition for other claims, into a Municipal Stock, would simply be to defraud the ratepayer out of the difference between a risky business profit and an absolute annuity. This was one of the many radical vices of Mr. E. J. Smith’s “provisional agreement” of 1880, and it is reasonably certain that no fair arbitrator would repeat the error now.

The result of the bare arithmetic is, therefore, this: That there is now a net divisible profit of something over a million; that this income, whatever price it may fetch at Capel Court, is not worth

anything like the thirty years' purchase which Sir J. Dimsdale quoted it at on the part of the companies in the recent Council debate; but that, nevertheless, if it were bought at anything up to that figure, it would pay the ratepayer as an investment, apart from all the obvious advantages of public policy. As to the real measure of its fair value, it would be absurd to profess at this stage to form a serious opinion. The late Mr. Thorold Rogers, writing as an economist, put it at "fifteen years' purchase at the best." Not even the most sanguine friends of the companies put it at much more than thirty; and in the face of the Staines scheme and the other weaknesses of the situation, such a valuation is really untenable. In any case the value will vary from company to company. The Lambeth Company is one of the weakest for many reasons, and its purchase price will have a much shorter ratio to its income than the price, for instance, of the New River.

But, from the point of view of the ratepayer, there is another consideration which may be even more important than the exact number of millions. That is the basis on which the State will compel us to undertake the extra obligation of liquidating the capital by way of sinking fund—this being a burden which, as a rule, has not yet been laid upon the companies themselves. In this, of course, everything depends on the number of years fixed for the term of redemption. Under its ordinary powers, to which it is very tightly bound down by the restrictive policy of the Government, the Council could not borrow for more than sixty years. At this rate even such a price as £25,000,000 might be onerous. The Council propose, however, to ask for a longer term, and as it has been conceded to all great municipalities in the matter of waterworks' purchase, there is no reason to doubt that they will get it. They have been obliged to bring in a separate Bill for this purpose, as a public Bill to enable them to borrow for 100 years, and although certain of the Tory members on the Council have shown a somewhat factious desire to obstruct it, there is no reason to doubt that it will go on. The terms so far conceded extend to ninety years for Sheffield, and it is thought that there is every ground for seeking the full term in the present case. Assuming it to be obtained, the financial result is very easily appreciated. For a price of £25,000,000 the interest and charges on the stock will be £687,500, and the annuity applicable to the purpose of the sinking fund will be £60,205 in addition. The total charges on the rates, therefore, will be only £747,705 per annum; so that the Council would have to lose an enormous proportion of the £1,012,054 which is now divisible, before there could be any question of a burden on the rates at all. Even at £30,000,000, the annual charge would be under £900,000. Inasmuch as the saving on management charges alone, as compared with the lavishness of eight offices and staffs,

ought easily to be £50,000, there is not the slightest reason to doubt that the ratepayers will make an actual profit, as other municipalities have done. The only reason alleged to the contrary is that in such a district as the Lambeth area, where too high rates prevail, the public authority must, for shame's sake, reduce these to a level, and abolish the exactions which have raised a public revolt. But if there must be readjustment of rates, that, in the first place, is a circumstance the arbitrator ought to regard as reducing the selling value of the business; in the second place, it is not beyond the resources of local wisdom to revise all the charges, when they are in one hand, upon a basis which will make them equitable *inter se*, but not less productive on the whole; finally, it is anyway a relief of rate-payers.

If, on the other hand, the term were cut down to sixty years, the result would simply be that, instead of providing a sinking fund annuity of £60,000, the rates would have to find an annuity *three times as great* in order to pay the water companies the same price. Even, however, if it were as clear that the ratepayer will lose as it is in fact clear that on a fair purchase he will gain, it would still be obvious that the metropolitan water supply should now be taken over by the community.

There is no doubt that the eyes of the public, and especially the well-to-do section of it, have been opened to the absurdities of the water monopoly, in a way that was not otherwise possible, by the events of the long frost. The friends of the companies are relying on time and apathy to efface the impression, for they have not even deigned to publish any apology. The Local Government Board inquiries drag on interminably, and no one supposes that, after all, they will lead to any very serious result. The companies will plead, with truth, that the frost was exceptional, and that they are protected by their convenient Acts, and are free from all legal responsibility. If people, or streets, or even whole parishes are waterless for a week, or a month, or a quarter, it is nothing to them. In other legal relations one is not bound to pay when the consideration fails; but they could collect the water-rate all the same, if we had no water all the winter through.

The real grievance, of course, was not that in a hard frost there was some interruption of supply. It was first of all the revelation that the companies had in thousands of cases deliberately laid their pipes far too near the surface, and so saved money at the risk of a widespread disaster, whenever a great frost might come. In the next place, there was the extraordinary apathy and niggardliness of the companies in the matter of a substituted supply by water-carts, or even by stand-pipes, when whole areas were reduced to desperate straits for weeks together. Thirdly, it was the slowness and mis-

management of the work of repair, which was so managed that in many cases people were forced in all haste and at any cost to put their own connections right, only to find they must wait for weeks longer for the company to do its own part of the work. In some quarters, where the vestries offered facilities in the way of water-carts, the companies either failed to make any arrangements or declined to pay the necessary cost. The supply by way of stand-pipes is obviously inadequate at the best, but it was so planned in many places, both as regards the distance of the few stand-pipes from the average consumer, and as regards the limited time for which they were turned on, that large classes of persons had to pay for private methods of supply—without, of course, obtaining any hope of a rebate upon the company's demand. This parsimony was the more unpardonable when one remembers that there are now in almost every part of London any number of hydrants which the water companies claim to be their absolute property—though the whole cost of them, to the amount of no less than £203,500, has been paid by the London County Council and its predecessors—and that all these might in such an emergency have been made available for an ample local supply.

As to the extent of the disaster, no one can yet fully estimate the inconvenience to which the public were put. It is quite true that the frost was very exceptional, but it was not so bad as to make properly laid mains unserviceable, for, in fact, in not a few places the mains were never frozen at all. The fact that in other towns some mains laid at even a proper depth were frozen is beside the point, though it was loudly quoted by some of the friends of the monopolist. It is not denied—now that the facts cannot be further buried underground as they were before—that a great number, if not in some companies the greater number, of the companies' own pipes have been laid at depths such as no engineer would pass from the point of view of the public safety against even a much less bitter frost than this. If any decent protection is to be afforded us against the future uncertainties of our climate, it is admittedly necessary to relay a vast network of the companies' pipes at a much greater depth, with all the cutting up of public streets and incidental inconveniences which this belated operation will imply.

The Council has been led to make certain detailed inquiries for itself as to the effect of the late frost upon the water supply, both by means of letters addressed to the local authorities and by direct investigation through responsible inspectors. These results are, of course, more definite and satisfactory than any general or vague reports, and a few samples may be interesting. Battersea replied, on February 27, that "nearly all the service pipes were frozen," and that they "could not find a single instance of efficient supply to a whole street." Some of the mains frozen were as near

the surface as *seven inches*. In Marylebone, it was reported on March 5, that most streets were without supply. In Paddington no street had an efficient supply at the beginning of March. In Plumstead, "almost every road or street was without supply" on March 20, and some of the mains concerned were stated to be only seventeen inches below the surface. In Rotherhithe, on March 2, it is said that "no efficient service was maintained"; that there were stand-pipes, but "not sufficient"; and that in a number of cases the mains are only twelve inches below the surface. In Shoreditch, "most houses were without a supply" at the beginning of March, and the mains are said to be "generally about eighteen inches below the surface." Such conditions could be multiplied indefinitely. In these instances the pipes classed as "mains" may not be always so called by the company, but they are believed to be in all cases important trunk lines belonging to the company itself. The Wembley Urban Council, it may be added, is reported, *on May 23*, to be still complaining that its district is "waterless."

Passing to the more detailed particulars as to South London, we have a record under the Lambeth Company of various places—*e.g.*, in Wandsworth, where one service was without water for 98 days, another for 90, and others for 89, 86, 83, 80, and so on. The company's pipes on which these supplies depended were, in one of the worst cases, only 11 in. down, and in the others, 1 ft. 8 in. and 1 ft. 10 in., and the like. But in the Southwark and Vauxhall area the case was still worse, although that company at least is understood to be legally bound to lay their pipes at least two feet deep. One of their services, in Putney, was 101 days without water, the depth of the top of the pipe being 10 in. only. Another place was waterless for 95 days, the depth of pipe being 14 in. With another pipe of the same depth in Upper Richmond Hill, there was no service for 93 days. Other stoppages were 97 days, with a pipe 1 ft. deep; two of 91 and 93 days, with pipes 18 in. deep; another, in Lambeth, of 100 days at 16 in. deep: others, in Clapham, of 93, 90, and 97 days, at 15 in. and 18 in.; a 90 days' stoppage at 15 in.; a Lavender Hill stoppage, at 15 in., for 92 days: and many others, including, finally, a Rotherhithe stoppage of no less than 113 days, down to April 26, the top of the pipe being only 17 in. down.

An entirely separate head of criticism is, of course, the much debated question of the actual quality and general safety of the present water supply. The very optimistic view of the recent Royal Commission has afforded great consolation to water shareholders; but it may be doubted whether they have stopped to remember its qualifying considerations. In the first place, it is the main point of that report that the filtering beds now available are, on the whole, gravely inadequate; and that, if the present sources of river supply

are to go on, enormous new works, in the way of storage reservoirs and perfect filter beds, must be provided by some one. The companies' collective theory of what this means is represented by the Staines scheme, of which it is difficult, without elaborate engineering details, to say more than that it would cost about £20,000,000, and would only in the end give us river water after all. The fact seems to be that we in London go on being content to use river water taken below vast and populous areas of sewage pollution, only because our forefathers drank something still worse. What standard of potability the Thames water fulfilled before the intakes were removed, at a time so recent as 1854, it is hard to say. Down to that time, large parts of London had actually been drinking Thames water got from intakes at Hungerford Bridge and Battersea, and not well filtered even then. The results, as reported by Dr. Farr in relation to the cholera question, were ghastly. In the epidemic of 1848-9, Dr. Farr reported that in the twelve districts supplied from these four intakes the cholera deaths were no less than 123 in 10,000, whereas those in the districts supplied from intakes higher up—at Kew and Hammersmith—fell to 15 per 10,000. The result was that in 1852 Parliament ordered all the companies to remove their intakes above the tidal river. Even then they took so long to do it that Dr. Farr's report on the cholera of 1853-4 has a like ghastly tale to tell. No one denies that the present state of things is a vast improvement on that condition. But the fact remains that, assuming the present results of bacteriology, it is impossible to say that we are safe from drinking any grave epidemic, such as cholera, if it should attack the population above the river intakes, even if the filtration was at its best. The water examiners themselves admit that a certain proportion of bacteria always gets through. Their own reports show—and the Council's evidence carries the proof much further—that there is a great difference now, as there was in the cholera days, between the purity of different companies' supplies. For example, in the very last examiners' report, which they themselves say is more favourable than it could be in the winter months, it appears that the crucial figure, the standard of oxygen required to oxidise the organic matter, rose from .016, which was the New River average, to .094 in one of the Southwark samples. As regards bacteria, the Council's experts have found that on many occasions the present supplies, for example those of the Southwark and Vauxhall, have given more organisms than are consistent with a safe standard. On a certain occasion such notorious figures as 10,600 bacteria for the cubic centimetre were found in water supplied to one of the most crowded parts of London. Doubtless this was some casual breakdown; but it is exactly the possibility of a breakdown, and the well-known fact that filters act differently in different states, which make it unsafe for an enormous community to

go on drinking polluted river water, as in fact every great city except London has recognised long ago.

The considerations on this head, and on the kindred matter of the inadequacy in amount of the present supply, if we are to preserve a proper flow of water in the Thames and Lea as healthy and navigable streams, are too obvious to need much comment. The amount which the former Commissioners laid down as the maximum proportion of the flow of the Thames at Teddington which London could be allowed to take for drinking has at various times already been exceeded. Long ago, when the companies applied to Parliament for statutory powers to take another 10,000,000 gallons from the Thames, the demand was on public grounds refused. Yet the companies concerned, by a device the legality of which is very doubtful, overrode the decision of Parliament immediately by concluding an agreement with the Thames Conservancy, a body then and now much in want of cash, by which the latter professed to sell to them the right to abstract, not 10,000,000, but 20,000,000. Even this limit is really being exceeded. The whole position in fact, as to the volume of river water taken away, is in the most unsatisfactory state from every public point of view.

There is one further head of the indictment which, as a matter of injustice and irritation, ought to be submitted for public reprobation. That is the absurd and mischievous system of exactions which, with or without full legal justification, the companies enforce with a high hand, and, if necessary, by cutting off the water and leaving dirt and disease to take their chance, until a sanitary authority chooses to evict the occupier. Much of this has been before the public lately, but much more is borne in silent wrath by people who cannot afford to fight the company. The pluck and public spirit of Mr. Dobbs has happily relieved us from one vast body of overcharges which the companies did their best, in spite of law and common sense, to fix on the community. If they had succeeded in charging their water rate on a basis of "gross value," instead of the basis of other rates, which is "rateable value," they would be charging the County of London now upon six millions too much; or, if their average rate be taken at only 3 per cent., they would have been taking an excess toll upon our earnings of £180,000 a year, and would be also proposing to charge us, as an addition to any purchase price, whatever the capital value of such an excess may be. This branch of their exactions was stopped—at the risk of ruinous costs—by Mr. Dobbs. But there remain many other things, some of very doubtful legality, others justified in terms by their private Acts, but hopelessly indefensible in common sense.

In the first place, the variation of the rate in different areas, ranging from $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. charged to the Lambeth poor, to the 4 per

cent. charged on similar houses elsewhere, is both absurd and oppressive. A "unification" of the system of charge is obviously required. All companies, even the strong New River Company, are credited with making exceptional terms with favoured consumers, which in a way is inadmissible and unjust. It is true, and it is important to remember, that the percentages specified in the Acts are in all cases intended to be not regular charges but *maxima*, and that the companies themselves assured Parliament at the time when they obtained these powers that they did not intend to press them to the limit. It was, indeed, as has been already explained, on the footing of competitive services that the whole matter proceeded. And if the companies had not succeeded by their own devices in killing competition and pooling the trade, the public would have been sufficiently protected against the full enforcement of even the lowest maximum. In other words, no one, according to the real policy of Parliament, should have to pay as much as 16s. water rate upon a house valued at £20. Yet as things are, the customers of the Lambeth Company have to pay not 16s., but £1 10s. Even this, however, was not enough for the companies.

The percentage rate was to cover a full supply of water "for domestic purposes." But the companies have gradually loaded it with various other charges for matters not by their ingenious draughtsmen supposed to be included in "domestic purposes." Some of these extras, such as "fountains," or "trade supplies," are sufficiently intelligible, though the companies add to the former head the very vague item of "ornamental purposes," whatever that may mean. Next, however, comes the question of "gardens," as to which the Lambeth Company, for example, boldly refer, on the face of their demand note, to the case of *Low v. Lambeth Waterworks* as having decided that garden supplies were not supplies for "domestic purposes," and that they were, therefore, entitled without any special statutory power to make certain fixed charges, the amount of which they do not state, but which "can be ascertained by application at the companies' offices." *Low's* case is unreported; but it is, in fact, quite clear that it did *not* decide anything of the kind, although the Master of the Rolls expressed a very doubtful opinion on the subject. On the other hand, the *Bristol Waterworks v. Uren*, which is reported (L. R., 15 Q. B. D.), decided the precise opposite, viz., that the watering of a pleasure-garden surrounding and occupied with the house is legally included under the words "domestic purposes." The other companies in London have got special words inserted in their Acts; but even where this is the case the lawfulness of their charges is often disputable, as in the case of the disused "conservatory" which lately occupied the attention of an East London Court.

By the general law, it is also well decided that "domestic purposes "

does include a supply of water for the occupier's carriage and horse, if kept upon the premises for his private use. Nevertheless, every London company, except the Kent Company, has overridden this very reasonable rule of law by private Acts, and they make arbitrary charges accordingly, both for washing carriages and for the use of horses. Next comes the question of baths, which has been recently contested in Lambeth, where the company claim to charge 10s. each for "every fixed bath." The demand note indeed does not even limit it to *fixed* baths, and the clause in their private Act, as in the Acts of several of the other companies, has the word "baths" only. The recent litigation did not by any means set at rest the legal doubt which exists as to the lawfulness of such a charge, and high legal authorities are still of opinion that the word "baths" in some at least of these private Acts ought to be legally construed as referring in reality to *public* baths and washhouses, and not to baths, whether fixed or moveable, which are used for that most domestic of all purposes, the pursuit of personal cleanliness. It is believed that the Chelsea Company is the only company which makes no extra charge for the ordinary domestic bath, because it so happens that in its private Act the proper expression, viz., *public baths*, was inserted by the conscientious draughtsman. Surely it is preposterous that the vast populations of Woolwich and Plumstead should have to pay, in a house valued at only £9 a year, 6s. for every single bath they use; in a £10 house, 8s. for one bath, and in any house over £20 a year, 10s. or more.

Even this, however, is not the worst. The general public is probably not aware that even a water-closet is not to the draughtsmen of the water companies a "domestic purpose," at least in houses over £20 a year. Beginning at that figure, the Lambeth Company charges 10s. for the first water-closet, and 5s. for every other. Even in the smallest houses, the Kent Company charges 5s. for more closets than one. In the rest of London occupiers up to £30 escape, and those over that rate have to pay at least 4s. for the first closet, and further impositions for the rest. Finally, if it should turn out as it often does that your drains have no proper fall and require to be flushed out for sanitary efficiency, you will be advised to put in a small flushing tank; and you will then discover that the company will, probably quite illegally, charge you an extra pound or two for this necessary and most "domestic" supply.

Last of all, though far from least, among the impositions which London has tolerated at the hands of these exactors of tribute, is the question of "high service." The uninitiated suppose that this means laying on water at the top of an unreasonably high house. In fact the charge ought never to exist, for no London service is really "high," and neither the Kent nor the Lambeth Company are allowed to charge it.

The New River and the West Middlesex have a statutory right to charge special extra rates of 1 per cent. on annual value, for supply higher than 160 or 200 feet above Trinity high-water mark. This is at least intelligible. But what are we to say of the clauses by which the same companies, along with the Southwark and Vauxhall, Grand Junction, and Chelsea, have managed to charge for every tap "more than ten feet above the pavement in front of the house," the like extra toll as for another bath or closet. In thousands of houses where the front door is approached by steps, this ten feet rule means that no supply whatever can be had at the general "domestic purposes" tariff, even on the ground floor. All "domestic purposes" in such streets must apparently be carried on in the basement. Surely few legal impositions could be more extortionate.

The general result may be summed up by saying that the present water arrangements of London are so bad that no community except one such as London, which has been deprived of municipal unity and life, would ever have stood them. There are sufficient signs that London, without any sharp distinction of party, is not inclined to stand them any longer. The very greatness of the chaos implies that no system of "control" short of purchase and public management is possible. If this were doubtful, the marvellous inadequacy of Sir John Lubbock's proposal which would allow the Council to place a director on each Board, to be perpetually outvoted, would have proved it clearly. The real question is, what terms of purchase will be fair to the community; and as to this, the one essential consideration is that the arbitrator shall consider not merely the excellent dividends and enormous claims of the companies, but also the manifold weaknesses of their position.

This is all the Council asks: less than this it would be an injustice to London to accept.

B. F. C. COSTELLOE.

THE FAR-EASTERN QUESTION.

IF twelve years ago it was true that two schools of opinion in Imperial politics divided England, and that the bombastic school had just begun to prevail over her pessimistic rival, the philosophic historian of that period would have some difficulty to-day in discovering any remnants of the defeated Academy. The Manchester school, the little-England school is dead, but bombast, on the other hand, does not die easily, and there always will remain a type of politician who loves to don the lion's skin and roar remonstrance or challenge with serenely indefinite views of the logical consequence of either. Belonging to neither of these contending factions, Professor Seeley, however, earned his "honour" at the hands of a Liberal Prime Minister, since the "Expansion of England" led by clear and well marked steps to the Government of Lord Rosebery. With his curious prophetic instinct, Disraeli had noted the spirit of the age about to dawn, and although his Oriental imagination had painted the Empire in colours unsuited to the sombre taste of Englishmen, his glowing picture of Imperial responsibilities touched a fibre in his countrymen which prompted them to accept Professor Seeley's book as the gospel of foreign and colonial politics. When, therefore, the present Prime Minister "rewarded" Professor Seeley, and declared that the "party of a small England, of a shrunk England, of a degraded England, of a neutral England, of a submissive England" had died, he was paying a just debt of gratitude to the source of his power; and if he was using language open to resentment, he did not much overstate the case. England herself has never altogether answered to the description given in these trenchant periods of a powerful party originating in the ill-educated but shrewd intelligence of Mr. Cobden, and which had come to believe that England could shrink into

her narrow self and yet remain a Great Power. So long as the government of the Empire remained in the hands of the cotton-corner there was risk that this school of opinion might prevail; but the wider suffrage alienated the danger, and the rise of Lord Rosebery, who had come to be looked upon as identified with Radical and Socialistic Imperialism, was the outward and visible sign that the school of Cobden had died and the school of Disraeli had prevailed. Unpalatable as these truths may be to those who very naturally loathed the Turkish proclivities of Lord Beaconsfield, candid minds will recognise in that statesman's Eastern policy the chaff which, although it required to be sifted, was part and parcel of the grain which has since 1883 been worked up into the colonial policy of the English people. If it would be imprudent to assume that a Minister, however imbued with the sound doctrine of Professor Seeley, is not now capable of bombastic interference, of ineffectual remonstrance, and of silly miscalculation, it is because to apply with unerring skill a novel principle is an art not bestowed upon all politicians; and the ordinary statesman, suddenly confronted with a great idea, strikingly resembles a child into whose willing but untrained fingers is entrusted the handle of an electric telegraph or the key-note of a flute. Noise is not music, nor is a succession of sparks necessarily a legible message, and Radical Imperialism, although often mistaken for a gaudy, pushing, loud-voiced, extremely vulgar set of ideas, is in reality a sober necessity, very often sad enough, incumbent on the English race by the small island which is their cradle, by their marvellous power of increase, and by their unconquerable love of adventure.

For those who cannot by travel, by personal experience, gain for themselves knowledge of the trend of Empire, and of the conditions under which alone the British nation can continue to live and prosper, a most brilliant book has been written. In Mr. Henry Norman's work on the Far East will be found the sequel to the story of Professor Seeley, and the complement of his philosophic thesis. Where the "Expansion of England" left the story it is taken up by Mr. Norman. With insight as deep as Professor Seeley's into the needs of England, with knowledge of her capabilities quite as extensive, with wider personal experience of her achievements, with a literary skill certainly not inferior, and illuminated by a more brilliant style, Mr. Norman has succeeded in achieving what many have attempted, and by facts, by figures, and by the inferences he draws has justified an Imperial policy to every unprejudiced and thoughtful mind.

Just now the Far East is absorbing the attention of European statesmen, for the present year has witnessed the climax of one of the most extraordinary dramas in the history of mankind. In the space of a generation a mighty nation has been born, grown up, and

reached man's estate; has passed from barbarism to civilisation, from the darkness of Canute to the light of the Victorian era. National development, which according to the experience of mankind takes centuries to accomplish, has brought Japan out of the dark ages into the forefront of civilisation within the span of one man's memory. That in itself is sufficiently remarkable. More marvellous, however, is the phenomenon when the fact is remembered that the people of Japan are Asiatics, that they are closely allied by blood to some of the most backward races on the earth's surface, and that to the infinite confusion of all preconceptions they are not members of the great Christian confraternity.

"Her leaps from feudalism to modernity," Mr. Norman writes, "is without parallel, but every one appreciates it now. In a quarter of a century she has sprung from Oriental despotism, hating foreigners above all else, and differing only from other Oriental despotisms by the fact that the ruling influence among her people was one of the strictest, loftiest, and most punctilious codes of honour that man has ever devised, to a nation whose army and navy may meet those of contemporary Europe on equal terms; whose laws will bear comparison with any in existence; whose manufactures are driving Western producers from the field; whose art-work has created a new standard of taste abroad; whose education has produced a band of experts second to none; whose colonising strength suggests more than one alteration of the map of Asia; whose official statistics, for truthfulness and elaboration, leave those of many Western countries far behind; whose people are simply thirsting for fresh fields to conquer, and scorn the mere idea of failure."

This is the nation to whom the heritage of the Far East has at present fallen. Mr. Norman quotes a story to illustrate the martial and civic virtues of this extraordinary people, which would stand comparison with the purest acts of Roman citizenship, and not find an easy parallel among the Christian States of the West. It is one of which he declares to be typical of the Japanese people:

"At the battle of Song-hwan a bugler named Jenjiro stood beside Captain Matsuzaki, when a bullet struck him in the chest. Though knowing he was seriously wounded, he continued to blow until breath failed him, and he fell dead where he had stood.

"The so-called Christian Patriotic Relief Corps of his native village of Funaomura collected a few presents to send to his family, who were people in the humblest circumstances, with a letter of consolation; the head-man collected the people of the village, the gifts were presented by the local member of Parliament, and in reply Jenjiro's father spoke as follows: 'It is the lot of all men to die. My son had to die some time. Instead of falling asleep in a corner of this miserable hovel, unmourned save by a few relatives, he has fallen on the field of honour, and received the praise of a multitude of his superiors. Hence his mother and I cannot look upon this as a mournful occasion. We rejoice that our son has been loyal to Japan, even to the point of shedding his blood in defence of her honour.'"

Not the most chivalrous cavalier, with "I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honour more"; not Sir Walter Scott, with "A

crowded hour of glorious life is worth an age without a name," has touched a loftier note than this poor Japanese peasant who gives his son to his country with all the stoicism of a Cornelia, and with the humble fatalism of the saintliest Calvinist. Hitherto civilisation and Christianity have been held to be synonymous terms in the political vocabulary of Western Europeans, and although the Turks were at one time a military danger to Europe, and at all times a military force of some magnitude, they have never been admitted into the inner circle of civilised Christian States. For the first time since the reign of Charlemagne the Christian nations of Europe are beholding the rise of a powerful State that is, at the same time, highly civilised and not Christian. Side by side with the decay of Christian faith in England, in France, and in Germany, it is a portent full of significance. Those who amuse themselves by finding special characteristics in the arbitrary division of time into centuries, and who have faith in Christianity as a living force, may well look forward to the twentieth century with anxiety and alarm. Possibly Christ as a civilising missionary may have fulfilled his predestined work in the history of human development. It is certain, as Mr. Norman points out, that in Asia a nation has arisen most highly civilised, powerful as a fighting force, and morally the equal of European States, with noble ideals that are not Christian ideals, and governed by sentiments and conceptions that have little in common with those of the New or even the Old Testament. In Howell's "State Trials" Lord Coke laid down as an axiom of law, that, "if a king come to a Christian kingdom by conquest, he may at his pleasure alter and change the laws of that kingdom," but "if a Christian king should conquer a kingdom of an infidel, and bring them under his subjection, then *ipso facto* the laws of the infidel are abrogated, for that they be not only against Christianity, but against the law of God and of Nature contained in the Decalogue." It is useless to endeavour to imagine the state of Lord Coke's mind had he been confronted with Mr. Norman's description of this infidel race of Japanese governed by "laws which will bear comparison with any in existence."

The key, then, to the Far-Eastern Question is the policy of Japan. After a dinner given recently in a German capital it was stated on authority beyond dispute that the English Cabinet had been torn asunder by the proposal to support the three Powers in their protest against the Treaty of Shimonoseki, and that recalcitrance, hostile to Germany, alone promoted discord in the concert of Europe. If that be so, England has been fortunately saved from an act of extraordinary weakness and folly; for if in the future of the Far East a quarrel between Russia and Japan is inevitable, it is not a quarrel in which England need have a hand, and though amity with Russia is the basis of peace for England in Europe and Asia, an

offensive and defensive alliance, except in face of a great common danger, is, nevertheless, a policy which, though it may suit the exigencies of an Italian adventurer, is not worthy of English statesmen. England cannot afford to hang on to the skirts of either Russia or of Japan, and in this sense a "neutral England" means an independent England, governed by the rule of friendly service to all neighbours, but without fear or favour. It is as a trader, and not as a landowner, that the interests of Great Britain are supreme in the Far East. "Her ships," Mr. Norman says, "plough every sea in unending procession, her merchants do nine-tenths of the trade, her consuls hold the sway of kings, and her word is the primary condition of every change."

In commerce, in influence, England has been hitherto without a rival in the Far East. If she has now to endure the rivalry of Japan in both those peaceful spheres, military rivalry can be left to the competing forces of Japan and Russia. Russia for years has been slowly creeping towards the Southern Pacific. Nothing in Mr. Norman's book is more striking than the account he gives of the great fortress of Vladivostock, and of the slow approach of the Trans-Siberian railway to the east coast. It would seem that, just as in Europe statesmen have been employed for a century in blocking Russia out of a seaport in the temperate zone, so in Asia a similar policy may not impossibly be advocated. In order to choke Russia with Baltic ice, south-eastern Europe has been deluged with English blood. It is to be devoutly hoped that English politicians will not think it necessary to recommence the game in the Far East. Nor will the still feeble policy obtain, let us hope, of slaughtering Japanese in Manchuria in order to avert—as it may be thought—the necessity of killing Russians in the Balkan Peninsula.

In point of fact, such stop-gap expedients are predestined to failure. Time is on the side of Russia, and no Power or combination of Powers can permanently hinder the natural outlet of Russian energy both through the Dardanelles and into the warm Pacific Ocean. Admit this, and then the rise of Japan, redressing the balance of power in the Far East, is an unmixed good for England and for mankind. Even now, in spite of mighty recent events, England is still supreme in the Far-Eastern seas, even though in a few years' time she may find a rival in Japan. The Chinese indemnity will doubtless be largely spent on ships of war. Masses of cheap labour and the combined enterprise of her people will enable Japan, in her export trade, to compete, if not to excel, the great maritime Power of the West. If England retains the carrying trade of the Pacific, it is possibly as much as she can expect to do in face of Japanese competition.

Mr. Norman indicates clearly the requirements of England in

China and in the China seas. First, the opening of the treaty ports to foreign trade; secondly, the reception by the Chinese Emperor personally of foreign representatives; and lastly, a naval base a thousand miles north of Hongkong. Possibly a great opportunity has been lost at the conclusion of the present war, for had the Government been able to negotiate with Russia and Japan an agreement under which Russia could have been assured of Port Lazareff, and England of the occupation of Chusan, together with the opening of the treaty ports, Japan might have been left in peaceful and perpetual possession of Port Arthur, and France and Germany could have been quietly ignored. This would have been a high policy worthy of a great statesman and making for prolonged peace; since the agreement of Russia, Japan, and England leaves to no other Power a *locus standi* in the Far East. Germany has no interest there beyond the corrupt sale to Chinese officials of Krupp guns, and France, though ever restless, is an apparently decaying world-wide Power.

Nothing in Mr. Norman's book is more striking than the passage in reference to the future of France in the Far East. His sympathy for "immortal and indomitable France" is obvious from the tender way in which he deals with the most unscrupulous acts of her colonial bureaucracy; and yet he is keenly impressed by the futility of her colonial fidget, and the ruin which the greed of her employes and the fatuity of the young men who rule her at home are making inevitable.

That the population of France decreases is a platitude, but that her finances—so long the admiration of the world—should have taken the downward turn is a novel conception to foreigners. Since 1888 her expenditure has risen by the annual sum of £8,000,000 sterling, and the first of her financial authorities has declared that this fact removes all immediate prospect of amelioration in her public finances; for "that private revenues in France continue to have the same elasticity, the same ascending force," as during the period between 1850 and 1880, is a "fatal illusion." In statesmanship youth has before now performed marvels. Young men have ruled and conquered empires, they have, from Alexander to Napoleon and Mr. Pitt, created nations and preserved them; but in expenditure they have ever been lavish and extravagant, and so long as France is content to be ruled by "la jeunesse," she must not hope to recover her sound and prosperous finance.

There is one point in the Far East where the interests of England and France have clashed dangerously of late. In the chapters dealing with Siam and the transactions of the past few years in that region Mr. Norman breaks entirely new ground. There is no excuse now for apathy or ignorance, should the slumbering fires in that peninsula

break into a volcano. The hand and imagination of a strong statesman are required if Indo-China is not to become a battle-ground. The time has possibly passed when a British protectorate of Siam could be attempted without grave danger to peace between Great Britain and France. It is too late. That France will be permitted to absorb the rich and fertile country on the left hand of the Mekong without violent protest is more than doubtful. The English Foreign Office still apparently indulges the vain hope of a "strong and independent Siam"; but the Siamese are not Afghans, and the Foreign Minister, Prince Devawongse, though sagacious and powerful, is not Abdur Rahman. In the division of Siam into two "spheres of influence," with a British resident for the western, and a French resident for the eastern, a possible solution may be found. The path, however, bristles with difficulties; and the obvious failure to settle the limits and rule of a "buffer State" to the north of Siam, recently attempted by the English and Foreign Governments, may extend to Siam. Mr. Norman has made the problem easy to understand, and if the Foreign Office is still permitted to blunder into weak procrastination, or to disregard remonstrance, Parliament and the Press must share the responsibility.

No English reader can follow Mr. Norman over the Far East unmoved by pride in the Empire, which, as he observes, must be to every man "the most important impersonal consideration on earth." Mr. Norman has seen at close quarters almost all the civilised nations of the world, and most of the great colonies, and the result is that he believes in Englishmen above all other men, and in British rule above all other rule. We are still in the Far East teaching the great object lesson of freedom; we are still keeping the police of the Eastern seas; and we are still giving constant proof of the virile hardihood of our race. Mr. Cobden fatuously believed that the army and navy were the appanage of an aristocracy. In truth, they are but the paid guardians, the police, of our great Colonial Empire, an empire originating in democratic love of religious liberty, and culminating in the democratic fertility of the English people.

How to use the enormous superfluous capital of the nation is a problem pressing for solution; yet in the Far East, in lands under the secure ægis of England, there lies vast wealth undeveloped, and awaiting the enterprise of English capitalists. Nothing is wanted but confidence in the men who rule the Empire, and faith in their stability of purpose to maintain the position England holds in the East.

If a means could be found to place the main conclusions of Mr. Norman's book, with some of the enchanting detail with which they are illustrated, in the hands of the masses, thus bringing into com-

munion our home England with that Greater England scattered over the face of the world, much would have been done to consolidate the Empire, and to strengthen the resolve of those whose allotted task it is to govern England, and to recognise that if her place among the nations of the earth is to be maintained, she must be primarily an Asiatic Power.

REGINALD B. BRETT.

THE POETRY OF KEBLE.

IT is a difficult matter to criticise a religious poet from a purely literary standpoint. There was a curious instance of this last year. When the Keats Memorial was unveiled at Hampstead, Mr. Gosse spoke some disrespectful words of Kirke White. There followed a short sharp controversy in the *Standard* on the subject. The defenders of Kirke White's position as a poet, based their arguments, as far as I can remember, on the grounds (1) that he was a good Christian, (2) that he might have been Senior Wrangler, (3) that he was the victim of an early death. The facts themselves, or rather the facts in combination, may certainly be said to invest Kirke White with a romantic interest. Southey, indeed, felt this so strongly that he wrote a memoir of the young man, and edited his Remains. But any one who will study Kirke White's poems in themselves, as literature, without prejudice, will inevitably come to the conclusion that they are worthless, and disfigured by every fault that can be laid to the charge of poetry. They are not even promising. They are tedious, grotesque, inharmonious, dull. And yet they have a place in the Aldine edition of British poets.

No one would, of course, dream of classing Keble with Kirke White. Keble was a wise, able, devoted man, narrow-minded, no doubt, and timid in thought, if not in action. Not imaginative nor vivid, but intensely affectionate, dutiful, and reserved; a lover of Nature, scenery, friends, children, reflection; somewhat melancholy, no doubt, and not growing in hopefulness as years went by—with little independence of thought or character; but reverent, a lover of precedent, and authority, and things established. Altogether a wholesome, valuable man, like Telemachus in Tennyson's *Ulysses*, of a type of which Englishmen may be proud; but not a man who can

be called interesting or romantic in any degree ; even Mr. Lock, who has written his life in a lucid style and with pious discretion, would admit that.

There is something eminently depressing about Keble's want of personal ambition ; no doubt, it was a triumph of grace over nature ; but one would have liked the triumph to have been a little more impressive. In the celebrated canvass for the Provostship of Oriel, where the decision of Newman and Pusey turned the scale, and gave it to Hawkins rather than Keble, it is evident that Keble was not greatly disappointed ; he acquiesced too easily. In some men, this could almost be called indolence, but in Keble we may call it modesty. It argues, however, a certain want of fire, of intensity, and the same is the case with his writings.

Keble never *lets himself go* ; he is always checking and controlling the impulse of song. And thus he spoke of his own poetry as a relief from graver thoughts : "*Poeticæ vis medica*," the healing power of poetry, he called it ; as something to which he could turn to distract and soothe him, but a "*parergon*" nevertheless, not the business of his life, not an overmastering impulse, an imperious need of self-expression. This did not lead to the careful chastening and correcting of his verse that one might expect. There have been poets, in whom the sense of perfection was very strong, like Gray, who worked rarely, slowly, painfully, producing a marvellous, jewelled masterpiece, wrought out touch by touch. But there was nothing of this about Keble ; he was copious, fluent, uncritical ; he was never fastidious, and allowed much to go out under his name which was quite unworthy of an able man ; puerile, inelegant stuff ; few, we may say, were ever capable of such extreme flatness as Keble reached in some of the poems in the "*Lyra Innocentium*" ; such as the compositions entitled "*Irreverence in Church*," and "*Disrespect to Elders*," where it is asked that some good Angel may wait, "*With unseen scourge in hand, On the church path, and by the low school door*," in order to "*Write in young hearts Thy reverend lore*"—very advisable, no doubt, but how suggestive of Bumble, and the charity children, and the rod of office ! A sense of propriety, we will not say of humour, would have saved such a bathos as this.

It is not, of course, contended that a sense of humour is, in the least, part of the outfit of a poet. Shelley had none, but was rescued from bathos by enthusiasm. Wordsworth had none, and remained great, although he wallowed in bathos. The sense of humour is merely negative in a poet ; it does not give a poet sublimity, but it rescues him from puerility and absurdity. And so into both of these faults Keble not unfrequently fell. In the "*Lyra Innocentium*" and the "*Miscellaneous*" poems are many very lamentable verses. In the "*Lyra*" indeed, there are few that are not lamentable. The fatal blight of the book

is that it is occupied throughout, not with what one can learn from children, but with what one can teach them. It upholds an impossible and undesirable ideal for childhood, the ideal of the sainted infant, cheerful, high-principled, devout, obedient, but neither natural nor child-like. Keble was very fond of children, but only a childless man could have constructed so false a picture. This false note vitiates the whole book; we are conscious of an under-current of rebellion as we read it. We realise that, after all, we do not want children to be such as Keble describes them. We do not wish them to be "prostrate in their sin and shame," as in the poem of "Absolution" in "Early Encouragements." And it is not poetry, whatever it may be, to tell a child that

"The Sunday garment, glittering gay,
The Sunday heart will steal away."

Even from the religious point of view, the book is pharisaical; it tends to multiply offences, to create a fantastic and elaborate morbidity of conscience fatal to the natural simplicity of childhood, that should be so jealously guarded.

The following incident casts a curious light on Keble's taste. On a stray piece of paper still preserved in his writing are the following "principles in choosing and correcting hymns":

- (1) Always use "we" instead of "I," or nearly always.
- (2) Insert as many touches of doctrine as may be.
- (3) Under every head have at least one ancient or archaic hymn.

This is an interesting and characteristic fragment, because it illustrates so well Keble's intense dislike to the personal, the autobiographical element in poetry, that "self-revelation" which is so much in demand at present. Secondly, it shows that he laboured under a deep-seated error as to what was and what was not suitable material for poetical treatment. The second principle would be bad enough if it referred to composition, but when it deals with the correction of the hymns of other authors it is unpardonable. The third principle illustrates his reverence for antiquity and tradition.

We will now take the "Christian Year," and we will say at the outset that we do not propose to consider it, except incidentally, from the doctrinal and hortatory point of view. We must first remember that whatever be its merits and demerits, it is a book that has achieved a popularity of an absolutely phenomenal kind. It is a book that has been bought and read in England as Shakespeare, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and "Robinson Crusoe," and, in America, as the works of Mrs. Beecher Stowe. In 1853 it was in its forty-second edition, twenty-five years after its publication. In 1873, when the copyright expired, it had reached the 158th edition, and it is still in demand. For many years it took its place, with High Church people, by the

side of the Bible and Prayer Book. It would be incredible, were it not true, that a book of religious poetry, not suitable for public worship, the outcome of a very definite school of thought, should have achieved such a success. It was undoubtedly what the world wanted.

Now, let us first take some of its obvious demerits before we proceed to discuss its merits. In the first place, it is often careless in form and obscure in expression. It was consciously so, and Keble, probably wisely, refused to alter and amend it, imagining that such afterwork often sacrificed some of the freshness of inspiration. It was this carelessness that made Wordsworth, who read it with great admiration, say of it, "It is very good—so good that, if it were mine, I should write it all over again."

The metrical schemes are often complicated and unsatisfactory. Many of the poems are so much too long as to be hardly lyrical. The poems for Advent Sunday, and for the Second Sunday after Trinity, contain between seventy and eighty heroic lines. Then, again, the cyclical instinct which beset Keble, made him provide poems for every event, every service of the Christian year. Thus we have *Gunpowder Treason* and the *Churching of Women* celebrated, though it must be owned that these poems have but the slightest connection with the subject.

Next—and this is a more serious point—the poems have been praised for their frequent references to nature and the fidelity of their imagery; after careful study of the "Christian Year" one is compelled to say that this is not deserved: the imagery is of a purely conventional character, and the observation employed of the most general kind. Dean Stanley said, in praise of Keble's descriptive passages, that his local and topographical details, whenever he spoke of the Holy Land, were marvellously clear and accurate. But this is not really a compliment. It shows that Keble was content to describe without his eye on the object, and relying on the observation of others; and if the pictures of landscapes that he had not seen are among his most felicitous passages, we may well be excused for mistrusting his powers of observation when dealing with the features of his own native country. The fact is that he did not seize upon salient features; Matthew Arnold, in such a poem as the "Scholar Gypsy," brings the Oxford atmosphere, the high gravelly hills, the deep water-meadows, before the eye; but Keble's landscape is the conventional English landscape, and has no precise definition, no native air. For instance, in the poem for "Trinity Sunday" he says:

"As travellers on some woodland height,
When wintry suns are gleaming bright,
Lose in arch'd glades their tangled sight:

"By glimpses, such as dreamers love,
Through her grey veil the leafless grove
Shews where the distant shadows rove."

Will any one say that there is the least precision about this picture? It is like a line-engraving after Creswick. What kind of a place is he describing? How different it is from such verses as are found on every page of Tennyson, as

"A full-fed river winding slow
By herds upon an endless plain,
The ragged rims of thunder brooding low,
With shadow-streaks of rain."

Again, when Keble is describing the source of the moorland spring, some of which is beautifully delineated, he says ("Monday in Easter Week"):

"Perchance that little brook shall flow
The bulwark of some mighty realm,
Bear navies to and fro
With monarchs at their helm.

"Or canst thou guess how far away,
Some sister nymph, beside her urn
Reclining night and day,
'Mid reeds and mountain fern,

"Nurses her store, with thine to blend?"

This is pure conventionalism: the mixture of the reclining nymph and the mountain fern is not felicitous. Constitutional monarchs do not steer their own ironclads, and it is not picturesque even to pretend that they do.

The following may stand as instances of Keble's failure in precise delineation. In the very first stanza of the book we have:

"Hues of the rich unfolding morn,
That, ere the glorious sun be born,
Around his path are taught to *swell*."

"Swell" is the property of bulk or sound, surely not of light? Again, addressing the breeze, he says:

"Wakenest each little leaf to *sing*."

This is purely conventional; how different from the "dry-tongued laurels' pattering talk" of Tennyson. Again:

"The torrent rill
That winds unseen beneath the shaggy fell,
Touched by the blue mist *well*."

How weak a word to end a stanza. Again:

"The birds of heaven before us fleet,
They cannot brook our shame to *meet*."

How falsetto, how prejudiced a tone! And these are not isolated instances: similar infelicities occur on every page.

Keble's whole view of Nature, it must be said, was one-sided and wanting in insight. Nature was to him nothing but a type of mild fervour and uncomplaining patience. "All true, all faultless; all in tune," he says. To the cruelty, the waste, the ugliness, that seem so inextricably intertwined with natural processes, he diligently closed his eyes. Thus in No. 9 of the "*Lyra Innocentium*" he propagates a host of innocent superstitions as to the power of childhood over wild beasts. It surely is not poetical to say to a baby:

"The tiger's whelp encaged with thee
Would sheathe his claws to sport and play;
Bees have for thee no sting,"

because it is not true.

Again, in the beautiful stanzas on the Second Sunday after Trinity, he sees "the many-twinkling smile of ocean" up the glade. His only thought is:

"Such signs of love old Ocean gives
We cannot choose but think he lives."

An agreeable view, but hardly consistent with the vast and barren cruelties which are as natural to the ocean as his genial presence.

We do not mean that a poet is bound to insist on the harsher aspects of the case, but in a poet like Keble, who made so much of close communion with Nature, of intimate musings, it is mere blindness not to take these things into account. The fault, with Keble, was entirely in man's corrupt heart; further than that he did not care to follow it; he deliberately ignored the bewildering anomaly, the law of failure and suffering that runs through Nature, as surely as through the history of nations. How different a view it was from the view that Tennyson found grow more and more intense with advancing years—that the world was, as it were, the creation of some vast poetic heart, with its necessary concomitant of failure and incompleteness.

Keble himself, in his "*Prælectiones Academicæ*," or lectures delivered as Professor of Poetry at Oxford, and in his review of the "*Life of Sir Walter Scott*" (*British Critic*), enunciated a theory of poetry which it will be well to examine. Dean Church said of the former work, that it was "the most original and memorable course ever delivered from the Chair of Poetry in Oxford"; but the statement does not imply any very extravagant claims. Again, Bishop Moberly said that the book exhibited "a power and delicacy at once so original and so just, as to make these lectures one of the most charming and valuable volumes of classical criticism that have ever issued from the press." Allowing for all possible partiality, this is strong praise; but it is difficult to see how it is justified. As to its critical value we may say at once that no one was ever less fitted to,

be a critic than Keble. "What Keble hated instinctively," says Newman, "was heresy, insubordination, resistance to things established, claims of independence, disloyalty, innovation, a critical and censorious spirit." That is an indifferent outfit for a poet, but an impossible one for a critic. And even granting to Keble a certain submissive acumen, a certain relish for masterpieces, criticism which deals only with the panegyric of great masters, or the classification of established reputations is surely the most valueless of all criticism. If it is presented in attractive literary form it merely diverts to itself the attention it professes to direct elsewhere! If it is elucidatory, it is excusable: but Keble is not elucidatory. The only true function of criticism is the judicial and tentative selection of contemporary excellence. Artistic impulse, literary progress, poetical production, have orbits of their own. Depreciative criticism is nothing more than a kind of attendant *umbra*, and has never done more than retard, if it has done even that, the popular verdict. Dr. Johnson was perfectly right when he said, "Depend upon it, sir, no man was ever written down but by himself." The criticism of the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*, brilliant in form, retrograde in spirit, made a few writers uncomfortable and gave a malicious pleasure to a great number of readers: but poetical creation continued its calm advance quite independently. Nay, they even overshot their mark and called attention to the very writers they professed to crush. Had the reviewers had their way, we should have heard no more of Keats, Wordsworth, Coleridge, or Tennyson. The only valuable criticism is the unprejudiced republican criticism, that dares to see what is good and give instant encouragement to it. And Keble is just the opposite, as might be expected from the whole tone and habit of his mind. A cautious appeal to authority, predetermined canons of taste and propriety—these are his characteristics.

He enunciates a theory which would divide all poets into primary and secondary poets. "Primary poets, according to Keble," says Principal Shairp, "are they who are driven by overmastering enthusiasm, by passionate devotion to some range of objects, or line of thought, or aspect of life or Nature, to utter their feelings in song. They sing because they cannot help it. . . . This is the true poetic *μανία* of which Plato speaks. Secondary poets are not urged to poetry by any such overflowing sentiment: but learning, admiration, choice and a certain literary turn have made them poetic artists." Of the former kind are Homer, Æschylus, Lucretius, Virgil, Pindar, Shakespeare, Burns, Scott: of the latter, Sophocles, Milton, Dryden, Horace, and Theocritus. This, in itself, is a somewhat singular selection. But what absence of insight is there in Keble's judgment that the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" are the work of one hand, the former in youth, the latter in later life. "The overmastering feeling

of Homer," he says, "is a sad regret for the decay of the heroic age, with its common national feeling, its reverence for its leaders." What a fantastic judgment! Homer the poet of a sad regret! Surely it is the very absence of all critical or introspective or even latent thought which gives the poems their overwhelming charm.

The truth is that Keble's theory of poetry is practically an expansion of Aristotle's poetics, and is a narrow generalisation on wholly insufficient grounds. Poets cannot be swept off the board entire, like chessmen. There are many writers of verse, whose impulse to sing was certainly original, and, according to Keble's definition, primary; yet their work was essentially second-rate. Take such a poet as Southey: he composed in a mood which he mistook for solemn inspiration; his poetry was written in obedience to a high and sacred sense of vocation; he—in a letter which cannot be called conceited, for it is written with a serene and stately consciousness of greatness—placed his own poem of "Madoc" second only to Milton's "Paradise Lost." Wordsworth again—writing sometimes from a large and grave inspiration, sometimes from a sense of duty—was he always a primary poet? The fact is that it is almost entirely a matter of expression and style. Many men are poets at heart, and have a vivid and eager consciousness of beauty, but only a small percentage of these have the gift of transmuting it into language. The truth is that secondary poets are mere literary men, *dilettanti* verse-writers; and all poets who establish a real hold on the minds of others, if it be, as Lovelace, by two lyrics only, or Shirley by one, are primary poets. The thing cannot be done at all without a genuine inspiration; but granted the inspiration, even the mood, the expression is not always there.

Keble, says Principal Shairp, was, when tested by his own theory, a primary poet—that is, his impulse and treatment were alike original. The former of these statements may be granted at once, with certain reservations: "The Christian Year" is an original book. The idea was an original one and a happy one. To assign to each of the seasons of the Church a devotional commentary; to enrich the austere and narrow melody of the ecclesiastical tone—running, like its own plain song, with a severe and plaintive monotony—with chord upon chord of rich and suggestive philosophy, was no ignoble thought. Indeed, the best and most apt comparison that can be found for Keble is to consider him as a skilful musician, embroidering and enlarging, with intricate harmonies, a series of strict and uniform subjects. It is not, indeed, the highest form of art, but it gives scope for the exercise of a wide and tender skill. But Keble had no really original impulse; he required to have his ground-bass found for him, and he could construct a descant of admirable softness and delicacy,

while underneath moved the solemn and measured music of the ancient tradition.

As to the originality of the form which he employed, it is impossible to agree with Principal Shairp; indeed he vitiates his whole case by comparing Keble to George Herbert and Henry Vaughan. Was ever a more inapt comparison made? To begin with, Keble was neither a mystic nor even a symbolist. With George Herbert, and even more with Henry Vaughan, the outward sign, the ordinance, the ornaments of religion were weak and faint foreshadowings of some distant glory, some vast truth dimly understood. But to Keble, the form, the ceremony, the material detail of service and sacrament were far too real and desirable. An instance of this is to be found in his poem on Holy Baptism.

"Where is it mothers learn their love?
In every church a fountain springs,
O'er which the Eternal Dove
Hovers on softest wings."

What a failure of human perception! It is said that Wordsworth, once reading with admiration the above-mentioned poem, stumbled at the lines I have quoted—the statement that mothers learn their love at the font. "No, no," said the old poet, "it is from their own maternal hearts." Henry Vaughan could never have been betrayed into so intimately unreal a statement as this.

Then, as to technical treatment and form, it would be difficult to select two poets so utterly and radically unlike as George Herbert and Keble. The only point of resemblance is that they are both sometimes unnecessarily obscure; but in George Herbert's case this arises from a curious elaboration of expression, an intensity of compression, an omission of logical steps, a tendency to cram a sentence into a word; while in Keble's case his obscurity arises from a kind of indefinite garrulity, a tendency to divergence on side issues, a vapid displacement of language.

"The eye in smiles may wander round,
Caught by earth's shadows as they fleet;
But for the soul no help is found
Save Him who made it, meet."

What could be more inartistic than the disarrangement of the last two lines? No, the strength of Keble lies in the gentle lucidity of many of his finest poems, never in the arresting force of his epithets, never in intricate and ingenious conceits of language.

The real prototypes of Keble in English literature are Gray and Wordsworth. Keble on more than one occasion echoes the stately and majestic cadence of Gray. Could such a stanza as the following have been written without the example of the "Elegy"?

"Why should we faint and fear to live alone,
 Since all alone, so Heaven has will'd, we die,
 Nor even the tenderest heart, and next our own
 Knows half the reasons why we smile and sigh?"

And again, from the "Second Sunday after Easter":

"In outline dim and vast
 Their fearful shadows cast
 The giant forms of Empires, on their way
 To ruin: one by one,
 They tower and they are gone:—
 Yet in the Prophet's soul the dreams of avarice stay.

"He watched till morning's ray
 On lake and meadow lay,
 And willow-shaded streams, that silent sweep
 Around the banner'd lines,
 Where, by their several signs,
 The desert-wearied tribes in sight of Canaan sleep."

These sober, grave stanzas have something of the cadence of "The Bard." The resemblance to Wordsworth is more general, but it may be said that the tone, the structure, the language of many of Keble's lyrics, the background of Nature in which his thoughts enact their part, the presence of skies and woods and waters, of which he is for ever conscious, for which he is ever grateful, however inaccurately observed and sketched, his innate love of old, traditional, wholesome things, "our peace, our fearful innocence, and pure religion breathing household laws"—all these make Keble a true Wordsworthian.

The qualities of style to which I propose to call attention in Keble are—(1) simplicity; (2) propriety; (3) gravity—all three unpopular qualities enough nowadays, and, therefore, perhaps all the more worthy of study. (1) Simplicity, artistic simplicity, is a noble thing, and as rare as it is noble; it must be beyond and above ornateness; anciently, indeed, before literature had begun to knit her infinite combinations, it was more attainable; but now to be unstudied is to be thin. Art must now be "careless with artful care, affecting to be unaffected." Modern simplicity must show the sparseness of asceticism, not the leanness of anæmia. It must arise from the repression of luxuriance, not poverty of spirit; strict simplicity implies the rejection of all startling and glittering tricks of style, and consequently it implies a lordly patience in pursuit, with an indefatigable zeal for the selection of the precise, the majestic, the supreme.

I do not say that Keble was always successful in the pursuit of simplicity. But it was his object all through. Outside the "Christian Year," indeed, in the "Lyra Innocentium," the studied avoidance of the ornamental and the attractive, degenerated into rapid debility. But in the "Morning" and "Evening" poems:

and "Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above,
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray,"

"If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the Voice Divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin:
Let him no more lie down in sin,"

have the true note of pure directness; how, in the middle of so sweet and low a strain, such a stanza as

"The Rulers of this Christian land,
'Twixt Thee and us ordained to stand:—
Guide Thou their course, O Lord, aright,
Let all do all as in Thy sight "

could be intruded, shows us how uncritical, how helpless Keble could be.

Again, such a poem as that for the "Second Sunday after Easter," quoted above,

"O for a sculptor's hand," &c.,

and some of the stanzas on "St. Matthew's Day":

"There are in this loud stanning tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
Of the everlasting chime,
Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
Plying their daily task with busier feet
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat";

and again for "Septuagesima":

"There is a book who runs may read," &c.;

and what is perhaps the finest of all his lyrics, that for "Whit-sunday":

"When God of old came down from Heaven,
In power and wrath He came;
Before His feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame.
"Around the trembling mountain's base
The prostrate people lay,
A day of wrath and not of grace,
A dim and dreadful day."

These have the authentic note of grandeur. They are lines that take the heart and imagination captive and linger in the memory unbidden. It may be, of course, that some of them are consecrated by familiar use, by being connected with moments of emotion and resolution. What an immense, what a sacred power, these writers of

liturgical poems wield ! but, on the other hand, such familiarity is apt to blind us also to excellence of style. No, the claim of genuine, severe simplicity may be sustained for Keble.

(2) Propriety.—I am using the word, of course, in the extended sense of delicate appositeness, not as the reverse of impropriety. Keble has a wonderful power, without tricks of rhetoric, of touching in some natural homely feeling with exquisite grace. How could the instinctive dislike of change in familiar surroundings be more pathetically described than in the poem for Whit Monday ?

“ Since all that is not Heaven must fade,
Light be the hand of Ruin laid
Upon the home I love
With lulling spell let soft decay
Steal on, and spare the giant sway,
The crash of tower and grove.”

In such a mood it is so easy to be jealous, to be vindictive, to lose the central thought in invective or unconvincing particularisation.

Again, in a frame of mind that so easily drifts into morbidity and despondency, with what pure patience he delineates the vague languors, the unutterable discontents of the soft days of early spring, in the poem for the third Sunday after Easter:

“ Well, may I guess and feel
Why Autumn should be sad,
But vernal airs should sorrow heal,
Spring should be gay and glad.
Yet as along this violet bank I rove,
The languid sweetness seems to choke my breath,
I sit me down beside the hazel grove,
And sigh, and half could wish my weariness were death.”

And what could be more supremely delicate, more touched with a loving humiliation, than the exquisite line (in the poem on Gunpowder Treason, of all places !),

“ Speak gently of our sister’s fall.”

(3) Gravity.—This may be held perhaps to be almost a defect of quality ; but in Keble it has a positive value. He, a clerical Wordsworth, so to speak, moved through the world, not indeed without some simple merriment, but without a suspicion of the existence of that deeper and larger mood that we name humour. He never cared to note the odd, bewildering contradictions of humanity, its reckless absurdities, its profound and intimate mirth. Keble’s smile, and he is said to have had one, was the grave, bright smile of the contented and joyful spirit, not the secret and refreshing twinkle of the humourist. Indeed the spirit sickens to recall the pieces resolutely labelled humorous, which have been shamefully made public among his miscellaneous poems. If these were specimens of the wit in which

his talk is said to have abounded, it is a matter for deep thankfulness that so few reminiscences of his conversation have survived.

Life was far too serious and momentous to Keble for him to have enjoyed its pitiful contrasts. The only consolations indeed that can prevent a spirit, bounded by so petty a horizon, from becoming sullen or bitter, are perennial humour or intense seriousness. And Keble was as serious as Shelley or Wordsworth. It is not a quality that needs defining by quotation, for every single poem in the "Christian Year" is penetrated with it from the first line to the last. But in these days, when the issues of life and death, the intricacies of character, the logical truth of fatalism, are matters of after-dinner conversation, it is well to live a little with a mind to whom they were absorbing and fearful realities, too deep for laughter or tears. Keble's inmost instinct was not love, or the sense of beauty, but a resolute and puritanical sternness. He made the mistake, so common to religious spirits, of supposing that the religious instinct is universally implanted, and that whatever the varying quantities of intellect and capacity in an individual, the spiritual faculties are evenly distributed.

Well, such an attitude, if unsympathetic and statuesque, is noble and admirable. It is the temper in which great deeds are done and heroic resolutions formed. It seals Keble one of that honourable minority who clearly see the force of a moral ideal, maintain it in themselves, and demand it from others; and if it is difficult to sympathise with it, it is impossible not to admire it.

It may be urged, then, that on these three grounds Keble may be reckoned among English poets. It will not be on these grounds that he will be most read, but for his pure and sober religious spirit, about which indeed much might be said that would be foreign to the purpose of this essay. But it may be granted that he had a strong perception of beauty, moral and physical, in spite of a certain rigidity of tone; and that he had style, the gift of expression, an artistic ideal, without which no purity of outlook, no exultant sense of beauty, can make a poet. But even if his claim cannot be sustained, even if his writings were not poetry, we may be thankful that for more than half a century there have been spirits so high, so refined, so devoted, as to have been misled by his spiritual ardour, the lofty sublimity of his ideal, as to mistake his refined and enthusiastic utterance for the voice of the genuine bard.

ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON.

THE WILFUL ISOLATION OF ENGLAND.

WITHOUT being much aware of it, certainly without being much disturbed or even very curious about it, we are living amidst changes more sudden and profound than any which the world has known for centuries. To many readers of this REVIEW, no doubt, that statement will appear too loose and challenging. At the word "centuries" it will be remembered that for the French Revolution itself we have not to go back hundreds of years, but only one hundred. And of course there is no gainsaying that, nor that the French Revolution was partly the cause, partly the accompaniment, of vast changes and developments in the history of a very considerable portion of mankind. But the French Revolution itself can be outdone in consequence. From time to time, long-continued processes of change in things more rooted than forms of government and systems of thought rush to completion, and then there is one of those *bouleversements* in which empires and races fall or rise. The more we learn of the past, the more certain it is that such events have happened many times in the history of mankind; and though most of us go upon an unspoken assumption that the dominions and thrones of the world were pretty well settled for good by the time we came into it, a clean sweep will be made of the whole of them a hundred times before earth becomes an icicle or life retreats within the torrid zone. When that certainty is remembered I shall be patiently heard when I say that in my belief the world is now at the beginning of tremendous changes comparable with those which in other times have brought empires to the ground and transferred sovereign power from continent to continent. To make myself as safe as may be against the criticism which such statements of opinion have always to encounter, it is necessary to add that the fulfilment of this change is not expected

next week, nor even before the end of the century. But since there is little use in having opinions in matters that concern us all without courage enough to declare them, this also I will add—that in my firm belief the next great change in the government of the world is imminent; that it is already topping the brink of preparation, and before long will begin to descend at the usual surprising rate of speed. Usual, I say, because there is nothing more constant to such events than the rapidity of their accomplishment when once they begin to move.

It will be immediately understood, of course, that these anticipations of a no very distant future start from the fulfilment of the prophecy that one day the world would witness the portent of an “awakened East.” And so they do, and yet not altogether. Other considerations are largely contributory to the opinions ventured in the preceding paragraph; which, indeed, could not be wholly sustained by the appearance in the Far East of an eager and well-disciplined fighting people, portentous as that sudden apparition is. There is more in the matter even than the rise of Japan from the status of an amusing toy-kingdom to the position of a formidable island Power, almost of the foremost rank. Alone, no doubt, that would be quite enough to justify the prophets of whom Mr. Pearson was the boldest and best known, though not the first. A greater and a wiser man than he—Sir Henry Maine—was persuaded that the future held an enormous danger to the whole body of European civilisation from this same “awakening of the East,” which, though it has begun in Japan, will not end there, nor end as if the myriads of Mongols who neighbour Japan were of the same mind and character as the imitative and easily veneered Japanese. But though the rise of Japan is alone enough to justify the prophets, it would hardly be reasonable to raise upon this one event an expectation of speedy change in the distribution of empire. It would still be possible to regard or disregard all that as belonging to a distant future, taking comfort not only from the prospect of a long interval between that day and this, but also from the reflection that many things may happen between now and then. As matters stand, however, it is doubtful whether we can depend upon the enjoyment of the long interval. There is more uncertainty about that than there usually is when we say that there is no knowing what a day may bring forth. We have to remember that the consequences of the awakening of the East are not all Eastern, and that even those that spring from the East may be retarded or hastened according to the condition of things in the West. Looking into them a little, it might be found that already, unconsciously anticipating the movement from the East, the nations of Europe have thrown out stepping-stones, so to speak, by which those great events of the future may rush in upon us with all the speed and surprise of the Japanese

upstarting. It is even possible that other stepping-stones may now be thrown out, not unconsciously but with design.

Now whether that is so or not is the most important question that statesmanship can spend its thoughts upon ; and no nation in Europe is more closely touched by it than our own. This I say because it seems to me that the stepping-stones of the preceding paragraph are plainly visible ; though it must be added, in acknowledgment that there may be some delusion in the case, that I seem to have the sight of them pretty much to myself. There, however, I believe they are. Further, I believe that others will now be added to them—not unconsciously as hitherto, but with design and purpose ; and, lastly, that this would be commonly seen but for the excessive carefulness of English politicians to shun speculation and bring their views within the narrowest limits of space and time. In accordance with this habit, the whole discussion of the Japanese *imbroglio* has been carried on in a spirit which Lord Rosebery gave precise expression to in a sentence of fifty words. He said, the other day : “ We have hitherto been provided with one Eastern Question, which we have always endeavoured to lull as something too portentous for our imagination ; but of late a new Eastern Question has been superadded to that of which we were already aware, which—I confess—to my apprehension is, in the dim vistas of futurity, infinitely graver than the question we have hitherto known.” The sentence is more than fifty words long, I see, but in little larger compass we have here a full, true, and particular account of the way in which this new great question has been taken by the public mind in England. Nowhere is there any lack of perception that the new Eastern movement is graver than that which we have hitherto known. Yet everywhere there is the same disposition which Lord Rosebery professes to see nothing of immediate concern in the new portent, which is only allowed to be grave “ in the dim vistas of futurity.” And everywhere may be discerned an endeavour to lull the new question to sleep as “ something too portentous for our imagination.”

But this is an unfortunate mood for the country to remain in, if there be any cause at all to believe in stepping-stones that may bring trouble to these shores at a greater rate than seems reasonable to the British fancy. And there is good ground for fearing that the English of this generation, though still possessed of a certain measure of interpretative imagination for political portents, are too ready to shrink from what their interpreter reveals. Possibly, the interpretative faculty itself is running out. Certainly it does appear that Englishmen, shut up within their island security, unexercised in the apprehensions which so constantly employ the greater Continental nations, are losing vision. That they could once face whatever

portents disturbed them with a vigorous interpretative imagination unused to blink at anything, seems clear from their history; but it really looks as if long peace within "the silver streak" had dulled the faculty and softened it. Coming events are scanned with the enfeebled vision which clouds plain things and throws near ones to an indefinite distance.

But whatever the explanation, the fact is that this fateful new Eastern Question has been almost universally regarded after the manner described by Lord Rosebery. The armed rising of Japan, the sudden conquest of China (which means its awakening too) were never mistaken for small events, or as likely to be of merely passing consequence. That they were the beginning of a great change in the tides of commerce, and would probably end in a momentous transfer of dominion, was immediately apprehended. In one respect, indeed, the general imagination ran forward to meet the facts, unduly magnifying them. That Japan had nothing more to do to prove itself a first-rate Power was assumed with surprising promptitude, considering that its triumphs had been won against a foe who was at all points incapable of resistance. Yet though the war might almost have been a stage rehearsal for all the demand that it made on the higher military qualities, those qualities were so splendidly displayed as to be a clear presage of greatness. At the same time this conquering people was seen to be an apt and adventurous commercial people; and both discoveries were so enlarged by the staring vision of surprise that their proportions were almost ludicrously exaggerated here and there. Yet with all this, Lord Rosebery's half-ironical description of his feeling in presence of these new-sprung Eastern phenomena holds good for the whole country in every particular. Their lasting importance was understood, their ultimate significance duly apprehended; but imagination, too weak, too flustered and unwilling to test them for their present-day bearings, put their real importance and significance a long way off. They were infinitely grave—but not at present. They were infinitely grave as viewed in "the dim vistas of futurity."

To me it seems that he would do a good day's work who succeeded in showing to all and sundry the danger that lurks in these evasions, for evasions they are. The conclusion that the "awakening of the East" has no immediate, no pressing interest for the British Empire, could not have been arrived at, I think, by any one who steadily looked round upon our present situation to see what changed aspects it might possibly take under this new light from the Eastern skies. It was all the more needful to do this because the position of England in Europe had altered distinctly for the worse within a very recent period. That, too, is "something too portentous for our imagina-

tions," and is lulled away accordingly. The fact remains, however. The position of England in Europe had definitely changed for the worse before the other great naval Power arose in the China seas; and a candid glance at the why and wherefore of the change when the news of that event was confirmed by the Japanese victories would have been serviceable in two ways. It would have shown that in all likelihood the awakening of the East would have a direct and immediate effect on England's fortunes, and it would have given us a lesson in conduct which should have averted a most grave error. For the fact is—to touch upon a matter that we must return to again—England's outcast position was entirely due to that "policy of abstention" from alliances which really begins to look more like fatality than policy. We had confessedly depended in a great measure for peace and safety on the Triple Alliance. But many months ago the Triple Alliance practically came to an end—perishing from inadequacy because our golden rule of abstention forbade the only means of sustaining it. What necessarily followed was something worse than the disappearance of our "effective guarantee for peace," as we used to call it. If we fancy that we can live in friendless isolation amidst an armed Europe with importunate ambitions and imperative needs to satisfy, the great Continental nations have no such illusions. The Triple Alliance failing, so very much by our own act and deed, it became the dearest hope of Germany to come to a good understanding with the *other* allies, Russia and France. This endeavour had only to succeed (and there were signs of its succeeding, be it observed, before the Japanese ambitions and victories and treaties opened a world of new chances), and considering the natural rivalry of Russia with ourselves, considering, too, that disappointed Germany had become no less savage with England than the French, our position in Europe would have changed for the worse indeed.

Well, that was known, and therefore it became of the highest importance to consider whether and in what ways the Japanese *imbroglio* might diminish or increase, retard or precipitate, the likelihood of new alliances hostile to England. That I can say without fear of seeming to affect wisdom after the event. For, writing in this REVIEW nine months ago to expound our position when it was little known and not at all believed in, I said: "If this account of the new drift in foreign affairs is correct, we shall find that, whatever course the Czar chooses to take as the Korean difficulty goes on, or that the French may pursue in Siam, will be smiled upon from Berlin, no matter how unpromising either may be for England's safety in the East. We should look to see the predominant partner in the Triple Alliance (Germany, of course) admitted to terms of amity and service

by Russia, while at the same time it is allowed to give similar evidence of a desire to live amicably with France."*

There is nothing wonderful in that slight glimpse of prevision; but it is strange that, when the more startling events in the Far East were reported, it should not have been generally seen that our fortunes might be affected by them at no far time in futurity, but this year, this month even. For since it was quite impossible that Russia should put up with the pretensions of Japan, or permit the fulfilment of its treaty; since France also has a large investment of hopes and expectations in the region which the Japanese propose to dominate; and since Germany is not only willing but anxious, and not only anxious but impelled by something like a feeling of necessity, to make friends with these two great Powers—here was a grand opportunity for laying the foundation of that other Triple Alliance from which it is not enough to say that England would be excluded. That the attempt would be made ought of course to have been foreseen, and, being foreseen, ought not, I submit, to have been lightly met by a repetition of the policy of "standing aloof." The sudden rise of Japan might at least have stimulated that faded and timid vision of ours to look out for other surprises, if the growth of new Continental alliances can be considered at all surprising.

As a matter of fact, however, not only was the attempt unforeseen by the general intelligence of the nation (and perhaps by its Government too—there is really good reason to think so), but when the attempt was palpably made it was not believed in. It *couldn't* be credited. Every possible and impossible explanation of the prompt German advance to Russia's aid, except the one that was "too portentous for our imagination," was resorted to. That there was some appearance of European concert formed to control the development of events in the Far East was allowed. The German boast that the arrangement to interfere originated in Berlin, with the specific intention of *not* inviting England to join it, went uncontradicted for want of adequate means of denial. Neither could it be denied that France had allied herself to the coalition, spite of the reasons which ought to have withheld her from being seen in any company with Germany. But, for all that, we agreed that the coalition was entirely unsubstantial. In two of the three nations concerned, at any rate, it was a thing of vapours. If it originated in Germany, the Germans had already repented of the venture, as was plainly to be seen. France would certainly go out of it before long, from sheer inability to share the friendship of Russia with Germany in any undertaking. Besides, both of the more Western nations would presently discover that they had nothing to gain in risking their

* "The New Drift in Foreign Affairs," in the *CONTEMPORARY REVIEW* for September 1894.

warships against the unconquerable Japanese. Above all, no such coalition could be effective for its purpose without England's help; and therefore it must fall to pieces at the first touch of trial. Such and so extravagantly wayward were the exercises of a political imagination which could invent and advance anything rather than treat the beginnings of a Russian-German-French Coalition as lying within the bounds of possibility. Determined to lull away every disturbing portent as it arose, public opinion could not admit to itself the fact that in working together each of the three Powers had a paramount object to serve; that the responsibilities of combination do not affright them as they frighten us; and that almost to a dead surety action in concert would secure to each, at a very low rate of risk, advantages that would be lost to every one of them without it. All such considerations were suppressed to make way for a totally different set of views and speculations; and either in ignorance of or indifference to the mischances which our policy of abstention was exposing us to already, an ostentatious repetition of that policy was vociferously applauded, with many a jeer at the helpless unwisdom of those who dreamed of overawing the wonderful Japanese.

Timidity of thought, narrowness of view, a partial survival of the Manchester tradition, a sort of staggered and staggering admiration at the Japanese successes, may be supposed to have contributed much to this state of mind; but not an ounce of wisdom or even of common discretion. It is strong evidence of the absence of these qualities, that though at the time these pages are written the whole body of calculation on which the later policy of abstention was supported has broken down (the allies being completely successful, and all without spending a man or a cartridge), hopes are commonly expressed that this policy will yet be justified. These hopes are drawn from a fancied probability that, after all, the Japanese will not defer to the will of the European Powers; that, with their usual acuteness, they are merely affecting deference for a time, being not quite so well prepared as they could wish for defying the European Powers. In a little while, however, we shall hear the challenge, and then be witnesses of a war that we shall rejoice to be out of. To all such arguments as these, in whatever shape they appear, I would make one general reply. Nothing that the Japanese can do or leave undone, nothing they can fail in, nothing they can succeed in, will undo the mistake of our abstention policy or show that it was wise. That is a matter which is decided on European ground altogether. For a particular reply I would say that nothing could demonstrate more clearly the unwisdom of the policy, or more openly reveal its dangers, than the events which are expected to justify it. What is it that is to give England that gratification? It is that the Japanese do not consider themselves under a sufficient weight of coercion to submit. Therefore, while

pretending submission meanwhile, they will rapidly enlarge their armaments, turn upon the coalition, and put it to the choice of engaging in a costly and hazardous war or of breaking up and backing down. Now mark what the whole of this calculation rests upon. It is that the Japanese do not consider themselves under a sufficient weight of coercion to submit. But how is that explained? It is explained by our abstention policy; in other words, by England's refusal to join the three allies in concert. But for that, Japan could never have doubted for a moment the necessity of submission. It follows that if the Japanese do presently turn upon the allies, it will be England who puts them to the choice of engaging in a costly war or of backing down: England. And these are not Powers in the moon, or even in remote and half-awakened Asia. They are our neighbours; rivals or enemies, or both; possessing every means of making their anger felt and already acting in concert. And yet if they are put to risk, cost, and preconceived humiliation by an abstention policy of no real service to ourselves, we shall see how wise that policy was! In one sense, yes; but the opposite of what is intended.

This, however, is only set out by way of illustration. It will be seen before this REVIEW is published that the submission of the Japanese Government to the allies is as complete as they desire, and as thorough as such surrenders ever are. I only mention these anticipations of Japanese resistance, and the fancied proof that we should then have of the wisdom of our abstention policy, in order to show how little our position in Europe seems to be understood at a time when misunderstanding of it may lead to the gravest errors and misfortunes. To do that, indeed, is the main purpose of writing this article. As we have seen, the truth is that a policy of abstention—that is to say, a policy of absolute abstention from binding alliances—had already put us in a dangerous state of isolation before the Japanese *imbroglio* gave us an opportunity of making it worse. Of course that is not believed. England isolated is credible enough to all her sons, and according to some must needs be happiest in that situation; but that England, England, can be in danger on that account seems generally inconceivable. Now if this be not one of the things which fill the Japanese with the persuasion (so promising for us!) that England is “the China of the West,” the bettermost justification of that belief has been missed. I can think of nothing which so thoroughly likens us to the Chinese than the inveterate reluctance of the British mind to admit that what might imperil another country can endanger our own.

Time was, no doubt, when England could have wisely resolved to avoid the entanglement of Continental alliances. These present notions of ours descend from that time; the time—not so many

decades ago—when England knew herself the most commanding Power in the world. The condition of Continental Europe at that day, the possession of the only considerable navy on the seas, and a *prestige* incomparable though won by war, gave to England a diplomatic preponderance which could have dispensed altogether with standing alliances. The times have altered in these respects as well as many others; and, as a consequence, for years past our position has been this: with a readiness to enter into such alliances as lately bound Germany, Austria and Italy in a firm union conservative of peace, England might have retained—or a little while ago might have regained—the preponderance that has now passed to Russia. But with a determination to make no alliances *with* other nations, there was nothing to look for in the long-run but the alliance of other nations against her—practically, if not avowedly.

For years past it has been my main endeavour as a public writer to urge the absolutely imperative character of these alternatives; giving chapter and verse from the massing of armaments abroad, the struggle for colonial expansion, the fierce competition for trade, and much else besides, including the hatred which our policy of “standing aloof” (they give it a different name abroad) inspires all over Europe. It was ridiculous to suppose that we could vote ourselves out of the European system, and be suffered to live in peace and prosperity ever after—we with so much of that commerce in our hands which has now become the necessary daily bread of nations that hardly knew what commerce meant fifty years ago. “In the *Kriegspiel* of national ambitions we must either play or pay.” This the country—Government, Parliament, and people alike, seemingly—will not understand. It was because England would not understand it that the Triple Alliance, her own great safeguard, as we constantly said amongst ourselves from the time it was formed, has practically ceased to exist. It perishes, that alliance, because of the resolute abstention-policy of England, who profited almost as much from it as its sworn members. The natural consequence is seen in the eagerness of Germany to make friends with France, our most inveterate enemy and an ally of Russia. If these endeavours had no immediate success, the difference to us in the alienation of Germany and the rising animosity of France was felt so distinctly at the Foreign Office that what it is to be dangerously isolated was understood there at any rate. For proof of that, see the alacrity with which a Liberal Government, at a time of deep commercial distress, hastened to spend vast sums of money on the navy. That was not done when we were better off and the Triple Alliance looked robust. But “play or pay.” “Alliance or armament; strong alliance or enormous armament; the one or other we must choose, or go down.” That is how the matter looked to me six years ago and has looked ever since. And no longer able to find shelter

in the shadow of the Triple Alliance, itself become a shade, and seeing the country in a complete state of isolation made dangerous by the probable formation of other alliances, the Government took to the alternative of arming. Whether it began in time is another matter. There was some doubt about it when the work commenced; for special and totally unexpected reasons, it has now become a very anxious question.

Before we touch upon that point, however, we must again ask why it could have been thought wise—having a foe in France, having put Germany clean out of friendship with us, and knowing both to be extremely desirous of concert with Russia—to hasten a coalition so unpromising for England by offending Russia too? Why, it was only the other day that we were all in a dream of everlasting peace by means of Russian goodwill. Germany was then begging at the Czar's door for an alliance which could mean no good for us, being driven there by our policy of abstention; and then, just when it rejoices us so much that his Imperial Majesty will not listen, we send Russia frantic with rage at a really pedantic though seemingly menacing and positively unfriendly use of the same precious policy! The German Government having a certain reason for soliciting a Russian alliance, we put the two Powers in sympathy by giving the Russians the same reason, more offensively administered, for granting it! There was no advantage in standing out of the European concert, as now seems clear to everybody. We could take no benefit for ourselves, we could do no good to Japan; and it may even be said that we were under obligations of honour and interest, apart from the risk of making a third great enemy of Russia, to take part in controlling what will certainly have to be controlled. It is extremely difficult to understand how such a course of action could be pursued.

Is it possible that serious minds ever seriously thought that an alliance with Japan would be good business by-and-by, and therefore that it ought to be worked up to? We know that it was talked of. We know that the enormous value of the friendship of a strong naval Power in those distant seas was frequently dwelt upon as a reason, and the best of reasons, for standing aloof from the European concert. The idea was carried so far, indeed, that in a transport of enthusiasm over the commercial prospect suddenly opened out in the Far East, a joint-stock association of England, Japan, and the United States was proposed, to share the new empire of the world and hold it against Europe! Since the feasibility of this suggestion did not stagger the imagination of those who conceived it, it was not to be expected, perhaps, that its barbarity would be better understood. But it is unspeakably barbarous. And if the idea of exploiting "the awakening of the East" (which, as we remember, will not end in Japan, nor end as if the myriads of Mongols who neighbour that country were

as sweet-mannered and no more bloody-minded than the Japanese)—if the idea of exploiting that event did enter into the calculations for an exploiting policy, there is even less to be said in its favour. The minds that first foresaw what calamities may come upon the Western world when it has armed and drilled the East trembled at every step of the process, and most at the thought of a fighting partnership between any European State and the rising yellow races. So strong was the misgiving in Maine's mind, for example (in his later days he was a member of the India Council, be it remembered), that he received every approach to British understandings with the Chinese with the greatest repugnance. The immediate usefulness of such arrangements, as long as we were in difficulties with Russia on the Chinese borders, he could admit—how far, however, I do not pretend to know; but that being granted, he still flinched from anything like a compact with Chinamen against a European Power. He saw in it a furiously bad example, which might be followed in a more thoroughgoing way, and with the most sinister consequences. That, however, was not all. Maine was not solely or even chiefly occupied with empirical politics; and, looking above the expediencies, even the higher expediencies, of statecraft, he held that any European Power which allied itself in arms with the yellow races against another European nation would play traitor to the welfare of the whole human race. And why it would be a most treacherous, foolish, and wicked part to play becomes clear in a minute to any one who thinks for so long of what our world and its civilisation would suffer at the hands of hordes of Chinese, Japanese, Malays, equipped as were the captors of Port Arthur. It is an intolerable thought; and yet it appears to have been soberly proposed in England, and by Englishmen sufficiently versed in public affairs, to hasten a truly appalling prospect by going partners with the rising yellow races!

Of course it must have been done without reflection, both as to means and end; the characteristic, as it seems to me, of all the support that was given on this occasion to the abstention policy. Perhaps it was imagined that the British and American alliance with Young Mongolia would be a missionary alliance, expelling barbarism while instilling discipline; that new-born China would receive the Christian civilisation of the West as fast as it acquired the goose-step and the right use of repeating rifles. A delusion, of course, which in due time would have been demonstrated by the repetition, on a grand scale, of what has often happened to missionaries in the South Seas. Race-characteristics, inherent in strong-blooded people like the Chinese and Japanese for thousands of years, are not obliterated in a generation by learning to manage warships in the latest style. But as surely as there can be, or should be, no European partnership with these exterminating peoples, as surely must Europe keep them

in check. Why they must be checked shall go without further argument here; partly because my space is running out, but chiefly because argument seems quite unnecessary. The only question is as to the when and the how. For obvious reasons, it would be a serious mistake to begin too soon—still more serious an error to begin too late. Possibly it may be disputable whether the Japanese treaty with China announced that the time had come; but should it appear that by means of the grasp which the treaty gave, and by her own vigorous enterprise, Japan might have revolutionised a great part of China after her own fashion, interference was not premature. But premature or otherwise, the endeavour to control and keep in check did begin. Then why did England stand aloof from that endeavour? From fear of blood-shedding, it has been said, but that is absurd. Armed resistance would have been quite out of the question had she joined the coalition; the possibility came in with her abstention. Because it was no British business to pull Russia's chestnuts out of the fire? The Czar makes a certain arrangement with Germany and France, fatal (incidentally) to some British chestnuts, and his own are saved. These are childish answers. But it is also said that Russia was too sternly and imperiously hostile to Japan. Perhaps. But that is not the danger. The danger is in Russia becoming friendly with Japan; which nation is learning now that Russia, commander of European alliances and ceaselessly persistent in her aims, is a Power to be feared and "squared." And if as a consequence of such an arrangement England's interests suffer, how shall she complain after her policy of abstention, unfriendly to the Czar and palpably worthless to Japan?

I suppose it has occurred to most of us that, if there be any one nation in Europe which can naturally, decently, successfully traffic in friendship with Japan, that nation is Russia. It is true that the two countries have hostile interests; but they extend over so vast and diverse an area that mutual accommodation would aggrandise both enormously at the smallest possible outlay. And who but the Russians in Europe are themselves Asiatics—a radically Asiatic people, ever pressing eastward, and with a way of dealing with Asiatics which our own proconsuls do not match in some most serviceable particulars. If, then, Japan is not to be held in by Europe at the beginning of her new career, but is to be admitted into the European system as a sort of probationer, it is obvious that Russia has a great advantage here. For, to all appearance, admission into the European system is one of the strongest of Japanese ambitions; there can be no complete and manifest satisfaction of it till Japan figures as a member of some European alliance; there is nothing in the subcutaneous barbarism of that country to offend the Russians, who massacred at Geok Tepe for as many days, though not,

perhaps, with as much *sang-froid*, as the Japanese at Port Arthur; and, to go no further, there is the theory which we in England are so willing to blink, that nations are more disposed to make friends with those whom they fear and who can hurt them, than with those who love but do not help them. Knowing nothing about the Japanese beyond what may be gathered from books, I yet allow myself to believe that no people on the face of the earth is more likely to act upon that rule; and if so, it follows from these various circumstances that a Russo-Japanese understanding is the most probable result of admitting Japan to the European system as a probationer. If the unconvinced reader will carefully review these circumstances again, I doubt whether he will be able to remain in a different opinion. But how will that be for England, standing alone, quite without friends and choosing to have none? Of course I do not forget what talk there has been of a British alliance with the Japanese new world, the notion being, apparently, that there would be nothing "entangling" about that. But it is a waste of words to speculate on a fighting alliance with Japan. After the history of the last six months, such a coalition would be immediately faced by another nearer home; and what is more to the purpose, there is no likelihood whatever that Japan would take the risk of an English alliance unratified by the House of Commons, even if prudence, commercial ambition, and that idea of England as "the China of the West," did not suggest a different choice of friends.

This brings me to the last and most important part of my subject.

That Japan is already a strong naval Power, and that with her enterprise, her ambitions, her aptitudes, helped by a first-rate geographical position and magnificent harbourage, she will soon become more formidable still, has been vaunted in this country with very little recognition of its bearings on our own future. Of course it may be that the advancement of Japan as a Sea Power is exaggerated to our surprised imaginations; but if not, an entirely new chapter in the history of England begins. Her dominion, even her security, rests, of course, on her naval preponderance; nothing is better known either by those who love the country or by those who do not. If England has never been meddled with for generations after the manner which the French seem to be experimenting in just now, her navy explains the abstention. If alliance with her has been courted, it was for the sake of her navy, and perhaps of the credit for which her navy is the only substantial guarantee. But for that, fleetless Germany would not have spent so many anxious years in endeavouring to persuade, menace, manage English Governments out of the determination to avoid "entanglements." And if the re-establishment of a great French navy, and the appanage of a strong fleet to most Continental nations, have reduced the importance of

England as a sea Power, it has not been a very effective reduction; because these are European fleets, and because union of them has been forbidden by the mutual fears, hatreds, jealousies of the Continental States. Therefore England has maintained the *prestige* of the one great naval Power in the world; a Power which, if it refuses to join this or that group of allies, can in a moment turn the scale against either.

But now mark that when another true naval Power springs up *out of* Europe and beyond its complications, England's position in the world is immediately changed. The mere fact of the appearance of such a Sea Power in sudden but yet in full equipment would make a telling difference. But suppose the new-risen prodigy remote from the European Continent; free of European traditions; hampered by none of the obligations, sympathies, antipathies, memories, particularisms of Europe; not shy of alliances, but specially desirous of them; eager to show its prowess in fair fields of comparison, and already dreaming of commercial supremacy—what difference then is the rise of such a Sea Power likely to make in the relations of England with the rest of the world? A difference which, from certain points of view, amounts to supersession. England will grant no alliances. Now, here is a naval Power approaching to the first class with whom there is no such difficulty. Should the opening of a new era suggest a new Triple Alliance, to which a fourth strong naval Power would be a crowning addition, no need to stand hankering any longer for what cannot be obtained. Granted that there are hazards in a coalition with the gallant and enterprising upstart in the seas of Japan, arrangement with it is at least not impossible. It should even be easy, considering how entirely the interests of Japan lie out of Europe, how free it is from the trammels that embarrass the action of one European Power upon another, and how much there is to satisfy its commercial ambitions without damage to any Western nation—unless it be “the China of the West.”

We need not go far upon this line of speculation without seeing pretty much to the end of it. A hint or two is enough. No more need be said to show that if the whole future of the world will probably be changed by the “awakening of the East,” no nation in the world is likely to feel the change sooner than our own, or even as soon. It is not contended that the rise of Japan should have been foreseen, but that event clearly shows this: to persist in the error of no alliances *without* the protection of enormous armaments was to court the risk of a fall almost as sudden as the rise of that other naval Power has been. That is no longer a matter of speculation: it is proved on the grounds set forth in the preceding paragraph. It further appears that to continue the abstention policy *after* the rise of Japan, with the sure and certain consequence of alienating this

country still more from the Continental Powers and of throwing them together in a purpose hostile to England, was a grave aggravation of a very grave mistake. It seems grave enough when we confine attention to the useless, the totally uncompensated exasperation of Russia, at that moment the one great Power in Europe that we were looking to for friendship. But its full gravity comes into view when we think of what may be done by the avowed or unavowed alliance of the three Powers, or any similar group, with the newly-risen naval Power in the Far East. We have a deal to lose there.

In answer to these reflections, it will be said that there is no likelihood whatever of alliance between Russia and Japan, or between any group of European Powers and that country. The certainty is that, recognising the enormous danger to Europe of a well-awakened, well-armed, confederated East, such as the Japanese newspapers have been writing about too soon, the Continental Powers will continue to repress the adventure of the yellow races and keep it down. Very well. But if this be the right and wise course, as I for one think it, its wisdom and righteousness condemn our policy of abstention, and condemn it utterly. In that case, determination to "stand aloof" from the Three Allies was not only impolitic, but worse; and it cannot be maintained with honour or safety. And yet if England were now to seek admittance to the new League, it is possible that the Three Powers, conscious of being strong enough to deal with the future themselves, might decline to accord it: to our shame and to our well-deserved punishment.

FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

THE LATENT RELIGION OF INDIA.

INDIA has been the great battle-ground of religious beliefs; and without referring to early missions, Christianity has been in conflict with its faiths for more than 300 years. The modern missions of Roman Catholic Christianity were nobly supported by the Kings of Portugal and Algarve, and Xavier, De Nobili, De Brito, Beschi, and others, whose names will ever be illustrious in missionary annals, accomplished a great work in the sixteenth and two following centuries. In addition to their missionary successes, some of the early Roman Catholic missionaries distinguished themselves also by efforts to reveal in Europe the faiths and literary treasures of India. Father Pons wrote an account of the Vedas and Shastras: Paulinus wrote the first Sanskrit grammar, published at Rome, in 1790. Beschi discovered in Tamil, the Kural, the great ethical poem of Tiruvalluvar, and the first Malayâlim grammar was also printed at Rome in 1772. It was entitled, according to the opinion of that time, "*Alphabetum Grandonico-Malabaricum sive Samscrudonicum.*" The preface to this work, which lies before me, contains interesting references to the similarly praiseworthy labours of the early Protestant missionaries, Schultze and Ziegenbalg. The latter, especially, was an ardent student of the Hindu faiths, and besides his labours in Tamil grammar and Bible translation, wrote an admirable book on "The Genealogy of the South Indian Gods." He sent the MS. to Franke, the Director of the Mission at Halle, for publication. But Franke wrote informing him that its publication was out of the question, and that the missionaries were sent out to abolish heathenism in India, and not to spread a knowledge of it in Europe; so Ziegenbalg's MS. was left to sleep in German for more than 150 years. To the honour of Germany, however, it should be said, that

the MS. was printed in German in 1867, but in Madras, not in Germany. Another work by Ziegenbalg, entitled "A General Description of the South Indian Heathenism," appears to have fared still worse. It was sent to Halle, but has never been published, nor can the MS. be found. It is a work dealing with Hindu theology and philosophy, and containing many extracts from Hindu authors.

Since then many books have been written on the Hindu faiths. They have also been sketched for English people in reports and speeches, for more than a hundred years, yet our knowledge of them is still incomplete. They differ so widely from anything familiar to us in the West, that the work of understanding their nature and relations is specially difficult. To note and interpret the rites and ceremonies of their worship, to ascertain their doctrinal beliefs, demands the rare gifts of exact observation and accurate judgment. And since in India the whole area of life is religious, without such divisions as "sacred" and "secular," the tangled mass of social custom and usage must be separated and analysed, and its elements connected with the ideas of which they are the outcrop. All this demands much time and care. Those who by long residence have grown familiar with the outer aspects of Indian life continually need to guard against race prejudice and religious bias in the study of these faiths, and if to such this work be so difficult, it must be still more so to students in the West who would know their contents.

I have spent many of the best years of my life as a Christian missionary in India; and I wish especially in this paper to call attention to some of the truth contained in that country. In addition to this, there are good elements in Hindu personal and social life which well merit an extended reference. Social institutions, appearing to us to deserve the severest censure, have sometimes ideas underlying them, which, though they do not justify these institutions, explain to us why they exist, and these ideas should not be overlooked—*e.g.*, the idea underlying the practice of child-marriage, with its sad results, is, that Hindu female virtue should be scrupulously guarded. But I could not refer to these things within the limits of this paper. Lest any reader may hastily imagine that I am anxious to portray the faiths of India in colours which are too fair, I may remark that nothing is further from my thought. I know as well as any Englishman the dark and deplorable things connected with the popular idolatry of India, and far be it from me to whitewash these, or hold a brief for them. Evil things and evil doers must perish. Like many others, I have seen and thought of these with a sad heart. And I do not say that the evil and error in India have received too much attention; but I am sure that the truth and the elements of goodness that are there have received too little. I would call attention to these.

I proceed, therefore, to speak of Hindnism, warning the reader that many details must be omitted from so brief a sketch. Men often write and speak of the Hindu faith as if it were a unity. It is not one, but a congeries of faiths. The term "Hinduism" is misleading. Never during historic times has there been one faith for the 200,000,000 of Hindus, and there is not one faith now. If we think of Hinduism as consisting of the Vedas and Shastras, and of repeated privileges administered by a Brahman priesthood, these are a private monopoly. According to the Aryan laws, which fixed the privileges and duties of the people, these privileges are not transferable. They could not be universalised and thrown open to all Hindus. There is no "whosoever will." The castes termed "Sudras," "Pariabs," and others could lay no claim to the heritage of truth or salvation. If there be truth in the Brahmanical sacred books, these dare not read them, nor hear them read; if there be sacred rites which save from sin, the priests cannot teach what they are nor perform them for their salvation. The conclusions to be gathered from Brahmanical literature are that the gods cannot tolerate a religious Sudra, and that for the Pariabs and others no way of salvation is known to the orthodox priesthood. "The heaven of Trisanku" is a familiar Sanskrit proverb (*Trisanku swarga rôhanam*).*

Modern Hinduism consists of fragments of ancient non-Aryan cults which have survived conquest and coercion, and fragments of Aryanism—pieces of Vedic ritual and Brahmanical thought. The Aryan fragments are at the top, the others are below. It is to be regretted that the attempt has hardly yet been made to resolve modern Hinduism into its constituent elements, and show us where, in creed and worship, the Brahman elements end and the non-Brahman begin.† Those peoples who are submissive to the Brahman priests receive from them little beyond mere patronage, and for this they pay by substantial offerings and abject homage. Anything like union with the Brahmanical section would be resented.

If Hinduism be thought of as a series of sects, Saivas, Vaishnavas, and Saktis are the great divisions, and worship Siva, Vishnu, and the female deities. They have many subdivisions. Of Saivas alone, Tattwa Linga Swami‡ enumerates upwards of a hundred and fifty sects. Of Vaishnavas, Wilson enumerates twenty sects, but the number far exceeds this. Ancestor worship is practised by all Hindus. The great temples are originally tombs. Among the lowest classes worship is addressed to ruder deities, such as demons, animals, trees, stones, &c.

* Vide Longfellow's poem, "King Trisanku."

† *E.g.*, as to gods, these are fair and dark, and the fair-skinned (Aryan) race should worship the fair gods. The dark races have dark gods. Yet Krishna is black, and is worshipped by Aryans.

‡ Vide Tattwa Nijanubhōga Sara, pp. 31 ff.

If Hinduism be considered philosophically, from the standpoint of doctrine, we find (a) the dualistic (*dvaita*); (b) non-dualistic (*advaita*); and (c) modified dualistic (*visishtadvaita*) systems. These are associated with the names of (a) Mādhva, (b) Sankara, and (c) Rāmānuja. The six philosophical systems (*darshanas*) have still their students. A considerable number of books are now printed in the leading vernaculars, and intelligent non-Aryan members of important sects know the categories (*tattva*) they profess to venerate. But modern Hinduism is more strikingly ritual than doctrinal, and, speaking generally, the doctrinal knowledge of the people is inexact and often confused.

As a system of worship, Hinduism rests not on the Vedas, but on the Puranas, though Vedic fragments are still in use. It is well known that its idol-worship, existing caste arrangements, and degradation of woman have no Vedic sanction. In South India the Tamil poems of the eleven Alvars, who were famous devotees, constitute the sacred books of the Tamil Vaishnavas (Tenkaleis), and are printed under the name of the Dravida Veda. Nam Alvar is said to have put the essence of the Rig, Yajur, and Atharva Vedas into some two hundred verses of this work, but the statement is a mere euphemism. The first thousand verses are in praise of Krishna. The work is not Vedic, although held in high repute. The larger Vaishnava sects, dating from the eleventh to the sixteenth century, have each their specially honoured books. In Bengal, Chaitanya's Life (*Chaitanya Charitāmṛita*) is the gospel of the Vaishnava Gauriyas. The Saivas have in Tamil, the Dēvāram, a collection of hymns written by Sambandhar, Appar, and Sundarar, and speak of them as the Tamil Veda. All these popular works encourage the worship of idols.

The idolatry of India, at first sight, appears to leave no place for God and truth. A hundred and sixty years ago, when Schultze landed as a missionary in India, he wrote :

"Almost all heathens are as dull as the brutes. You may talk to them of God, or of virtue; they understand one as little as the other, and care nothing for either. Would you help these unreasonable people you must first preach their polytheism out of them, and annihilate the entire catalogue of their gods, before you can bring them to the One Eternal God."

And this has been substantially the first impression of many another Christian teacher. For in India error is noisy and demonstrative, and whatever of truth may be in the land is hidden away in obscurity. I am bound to say, as a witness, that, having interrogated multitudes, I have never known any of them worship an idol for spiritual benefit, or with the thought, "I must become a better man."

Two years later Schultze wrote: "It is known that the heathens

in India for the most part believe in one God. That, besides God, they venerate and pray to so many little inferior deities arises from several causes." So, also, Sartorius writes: "All general truths, such as the being of God, creation, providence, that it is the duty of man to know and worship God, the heathens admit, as well as that their deities are stone, and cannot help them." This final testimony of these men is true; idolatry, all too prevalent, does not constitute the whole of India's religion. We find much truth, both in books and men; so much as to surprise the student and delight the wise Christian teacher. But many, saddened by the pantheism and polytheism of India, have concluded that their religion has shown nothing but a process of deterioration, that religious knowledge has gradually darkened from Vedic times until now. We are told, for instance, that "religious history in India, as elsewhere, is a history of declension,"* that "its evolution has all been downward, incoherency has ever been on the increase; lower and wider diversities of superstition have sprung out of the system from age to age."† It cannot be denied that corruption has been at work in heathendom; everywhere evil elements are continually striving to mingle with the good. At the same time, statements like these are misleading and inaccurate, and I doubt whether any one can name a novelty in vice, or in low superstition, developed in India during the last eight hundred years,—let us say, since Alberuni's time. In Christendom also, corruption has been at work; men and churches have departed from its primitive ideals of worship and life, and Christianity, a pure theism among the cultured, is often heresy and idolatry among the illiterate. Yet no one would say that the centuries of Christian history have resulted only in deterioration, and it is just as untrue to affirm this of religious history in India.

In the South Indian vernaculars there are many books by Aryan and non-Aryan authors which contain a considerable amount of spiritual teaching. I do not say that the masses read them all, but many know them in part, and they are the real shastras of devout-minded Sudras. The philosophy of Greece was "one long protest against the popular mythology;"‡ in India also, poetry has often opposed idolatry. And besides denouncing errors of the popular faith, poets have scattered among the people fragments of spiritual truth which still remain. Among Hindus, priest and prophet (*i.e.* poet) are at opposite poles.

Here is a brief summary of religious truth held by the Saiva Siddhantists:

* "Christianity and the Science of Religion," Rev. J. S. Banks, p. 29.

† Rev. F. F. Elinwood, D.D.: "Centenary Conference Mission Report," vol. i. p. 53. Nisbet & Co. 1888.

‡ Mark Pattison's "Sermons," p. 160.

- a. The existence of God and souls.
- b. Creation and providence.
- c. "The fact of sin.
- d. That deliverance from sin may take place in this life.
- e. The soul, by its own power, cannot know God.
- f. God comes as teacher (*guru*) to instruct man.
- g. By grace, souls become united to God.
- h. Though united, the soul does not become equal to God.

I quote a few passages referring to these doctrines from vernacular works in my possession :

"God exists as all the world, and yet is other than the world. He is perfectly mingled with the world, filling the whole, and yet is without the least weariness of these things. At His command, souls are born and die in accordance with their destiny (*Karma*).—*Siva Gnana Potham*.

"He is the first; He has no evil; He is spotless, and those who know Him by the teaching of His grace have Him in their hearts."—*Nenjavidututhu*.

"The Lord took a sacred body, and came hither as Teacher (*guru*), and destroyed evil (*pāsa*), and lovingly gave us His grace, which is true wisdom."—*Irupāvirupahātha*.

"If in a precious stone there can be light apart from the sun, then without the help of the Teacher (*guru*) men can gain wisdom."

"There is a great light between the soul and God; in the way where He is readily found, there is nothing but light."—*Tiruvārutpayan*.

"Forget not His grace, which transcends ignorance and knowledge. That grace indeed is here. *Cast out sin."—*Tiruvanthiar*.

"The Guru removed my sin, and graciously made me His servant. He ever dwells in my thought. If my worship become perfect, He will be my glory, and in all that I behold He will be there."—*Tirukkalittruppāliyar*.

"However long man lives, death is certain; even Indru in the golden land is mortal. Before life pass, know (as a refuge) the True Teacher's (*sat-guru*) foot."—*Vallalar Shastram*.

"It was Nandi who said the Guru is God (*Siva*). That the Guru is God is plainly taught. The Guru is God and is the Lord. The Guru is the Lord, who makes us know the truth."

"The Guru and the Lord are one. His grace is one. He is the unspoken mantra, the form of the heavenly light; He is heaven; He is the substance of the sacred books; He is the altar of the firmament; those united to the Guru and Lord will obtain the blessed heavenly home."—*Tirumantra*.

"As blind men seek water when pained by the strong heat; as the calf seeks the cow; as men seek various things with strong desire, so seek the True Teacher (*sat-guru*) with a ripe and enlightened mind."—*Oliviloddukkam*.

"Those who have plunged in the sea of grace Thou hast lovingly taken and embraced, and hast immersed them in the boundless ocean of knowledge, and given them heavenly nectar as food. And since Thou doest this, take even me, and let me not again enter the evil sea of births; and remove all my sin, and give me a true form, and cause me to worship Thy glorious foot."—*Chithambara Svami*.

"O God, before I knew Thee, I went astray; but since I have come to know Thee, and been awakened, it is Thou only whom I desire, and no one else."—*Siva Vakkiyar*.

"Those who ignorantly say Love and God (*Siva*) are two, not knowing.

that Love indeed is God incarnate, when they come to know this, will rest in the thought that Love verily is God."—*Tirumular*.

"He who does not lovingly worship the Guru's foot that his family may be blessed, is a Chandala (outcast), a deformity, and a fool."—*Muttānauthu Swami*.

"O Light of Heaven, I will not forget the form in which thou camest as True Teacher (*sat-guru*) to remove all sin (*pāsa*)."—*Taiyumānavar*.

"O ye who, ignorant of the God who dwells in the heart, bow down to all stones (idols); ye mere animals, what is there in a stone superior to what is in a living body? Be thy creed or thy prayers what they may, unless thou have a little truth, thou shalt not attain the way. He who has the truth is twice-born (*dwija*)."—*Vēmana*.

"Friends' hearts His home, to Him nor land nor name;
The Cause of all, to cut false senses came.

And loveless men He loved, yea, He was love.
United to them, sin He did remove.

All openly His love He did me show,
Yea, in the daylight, that the world might know."—*Pattanattar*.

"The good works of him who knows not the Lord
Are but earth propping a dead tree."—*Tiruvalluvar*.

I have referred to the doctrines of the "guru" and "grace." The doctrine of the Sat-Guru is found both among Saivas and Vaishnavas; it is wellnigh universal. It is a doctrine of God manifest, and is quite apart from the ten incarnations. Among the Siddhantists, at its best, it is as follows: God is manifest as guru, or divine teacher. The guru is not one of the souls, *i.e.*, is not a man. He is God with a human form. His manifestation corresponds to the theophanies of the Hebrews. He is the giver of truth and grace. He enlightens man, saves him. He destroys the spell of the senses. He is the Shepherd of man, and his Lord. He conducts him to heaven. These are Hindu expressions which describe Him and His work. Here is a verse from Umapathi Sivāchariār, accounting for His form: "As people catch beasts and birds by presenting one of the same kind, so Grace has taken the human form to catch men, or make them draw nigh without fear."

The teaching concerning "grace" is that it is illumination, knowledge. "It reveals God, the source from whence it springs, and causes the soul to love Him, and unite with the divine feet." And again, "If thou thinkest the knowledge of God can be gained by reason, thine apprehension of it will make it a very different thing from what it really is. For he who has seen the Reality (God) by the aid of the gracious glance of the Sat-Guru, will understand God by His grace." These quotations are from the Tamil of Umapathi Sivāchariār.

The idolatry and error of India have been published in every village of the west by missionary advocates, but little has been said

of the best things in the life and thought of that country. For this silence, missionaries must not receive all blame; they have been anxious to deepen popular sympathy with missionary work, and have found this most practicable by depicting some of the hideous and pathetic aspects of Hinduism. They have not pretended to give to the churches a complete and carefully proportioned picture of Hindu life as a whole. Unfortunately, the churches have not understood, or always remembered this, hence the narrow and mistaken views of many good people. But if our curiosity be Christian, and not merely prurient, we shall desire to know the good as well as the evil.

If we give to the truths enumerated and illustrated above our careful consideration, we shall admit that they indicate a clear advance on the teaching of the Vedas, or the pantheism of the Upanishads. And we may do this without discussing their origin. But to estimate the progress of religious thought in India, the rise of sects must be noted as well as the appearance of truths. The philosophical teaching of Rāmānuja is surely an advance on that of Sankara, if judged from the Christian standpoint, and the doctrines of "devotion" (*bhakti*), "grace" and the "guru" exhibit religious growth of a definite and appreciable kind. So also the Vaishnava movement, and its teaching that all truly devout souls (*bhaktas*) are brothers, and must be respected as such, which gives to us a spiritual brotherhood transcending the limits of family, caste and race, must be regarded as a worthy development of religious thought. Let us by all means deplore the popular departure from the weightier matters of its teaching, and the unworthy wrangling of its two great sects in South India, but let us also remember that there are some Vaishnavas who venerate as well as know the best things in their faith. The work entitled, "Sri Vaishnava Tattwa," by Rāmānuja Nāvalar, published twenty years ago, illustrates this.

Other truths present in India, *e.g.*, the belief in a personal immortality, might have been referred to, but for my purpose the above will be sufficient. They show that there is much truth among Hindus, and that the estimates of Hindu religious knowledge formed by Hardwick, Trench, and others, should be revised and enlarged. To many men who have gone to India these truths have been a surprise, contradicting as they do the theory that Christianity alone contains "saving" truth. I have known men thus startled, attempt to believe and teach that somehow these truths are not the "real thing," but empty though clever imitations of the truth. But these are not the conclusions of frank and clear discernment, but of a bias which thinks the East God-forgotten, and we may doubt whether such men can clearly behold the truth anywhere. They cannot illustrate Christianity; but they injure it.

Others have reasoned thus: The truth in Christianity is divine. Its sacred books are inspired and authoritative. The truth in Hinduism is human and uninspired. God spake through Moses and the prophets, and through Christ, but as for this truth we know not clearly whence it is. But the Hindu answer is, that God spake through his fathers also, that God knows other languages besides Greek and Hebrew.

What are we to say, then, of these truths in non-Christian faiths? Shall we say "There is more of God in our world than we supposed," and sing a doxology? First, I think we should insist on the cordial recognition of these truths, and cheerfully acknowledge their kinship to Christianity, for all truth is akin. The Hindu poet knows what to say of it. He says, "The heart is made pure by the truth."* If I am asked whence these truths came, I would say from heaven, from Him who is the Truth. But whether they are the direct gifts of God to Hindus, or whether, as boulders, they have drifted and travelled to India, I cannot tell; the evidence on this point is incomplete. If any urge that, although Hindus recognise their authority, they are uninspired, and not really authoritative, I would say truth is authoritative because it is truth, not because it came in some particular way. And all truth is from God.

There is among Christians a natural tendency to minimise truth outside the Christian area. That missionaries have displayed it, that we discover it in books of forty or fifty years ago is not a surprise, but in recent writings dealing with other faiths this tendency is still manifest. It should be resisted. Phrases like the following—"unaided human reason," "unaided human resources"—are in themselves inaccurate, and cannot be used to describe the condition of men under non-Christian faiths. Nor is the statement that these other religions are "a preparation for Christianity" at all adequate to describe either their *raison d'être* or their contents. It is certain that if a missionary take up an attitude towards the truths known to Hindus, which tends to minimise them or lessen their authority, he will not thereby gain any advantage for Christianity. He should learn to view them as his friends and allies; and since they are the best things India holds, count it heartless and unkind to minimise them. The fact that God is manifest, and grace and truth distributed over a wider area than was formerly supposed, should be a cause of rejoicing to the whole of Christendom.

The questions may occur to some who read this paper, Why, since there is so much religious truth in India, the worship and life of the people are not more rapidly transformed by it? and, Why, if prejudiced against the teaching of Christian books, Hindus do not reverence the truth written in their own? Our English life illustrates the fact

* Tiruvalluvar's "Kural," chap. xxx.

that men may have truth in a book, and neither use it nor pay it thomage; that, like the coal which can light and warm our homes, it may lie buried and the house of life be dark and cold. And just because the Hindu is a man, he has a man's weakness and sin, he

"Conceives the circle, and then walks the square,
Loves things proved bad, and leaves a thing proved good."

Like ourselves, Hindus know more and better than they do. Truth does not receive fair-play at their hands. The ancient doctrine of the sacredness of truth is firmly held in India; truth is for the worthy, and these are few. It is a treasure to be guarded, a mystery to be concealed. Truth is not for the multitude; they desire other things—food, freedom from trouble and toil—but not truth. Attempt to give them truth, and you must dilute it—yea, distort and degrade it. It is a pearl; do not cast it before the swine. I once spent a few days with a fakir on his way to Rāmēswaram as a pilgrim. We travelled together, and having come to be friends, he told me how he had spent four years in the jungle as the disciple of a celebrated religious teacher (guru) and saint. "And what did he teach you during your first year?" I asked. "The sacredness of truth," was the reply. "How did he teach it?" "By teaching me nothing during the year. He was testing me to see if I was worthy to receive the truth." "And what did he teach you in the succeeding years?" "He spoke to me seldom, and taught me in all some twelve Sanskrit slokas."* The instruments of the disciple's culture were few and simple, and its area small. Half a page of Sanskrit does not seem an exhaustive college course. But the slokas stretched to infinity as the student gazed on them with the inner eye, and in a narrow space, and on the strong food of this small curriculum, he had grown to be an acute and strong thinker. But had he failed to show himself worthy to receive the truth, the guru would not have taught him.

Jesus Christ followed this doctrine of the sacredness of truth. He taught in parables, which to the crowd, ignorant, thoughtless, were fair pictures and pleasing stories, but that was all. Only the thoughtful and devout souls went through the parable as a gate to discover the truth within. To the doctrine of the sacredness of truth, Christ added that of the sacredness of man. Truth had been spoken in the darkness, whispered in the ear; and to the few, for it was sacred. It was *sruti*. But he told his disciples that man is sacred as well as truth, therefore the whisper in the dark must become a sound in the open day. Truth is to be the treasure of the many; hence our agencies for teaching it, and our Christian preaching. In Christian countries, the new doctrine of the sacredness and dignity of man receives increasing emphasis; but when I see truth thrown in the

* *I.e.*, twenty-four lines.

faces of listless crowds, despised and mud-bespattered, I wish we could remember that the old doctrine is still true and unrepealed, that truth is sacred as well as man.

In the East, truth is everything; man is nothing. It must not be popularised or preached. It has always been hidden away in obscure places, kept out of the reach of the multitude. Every one is familiar with the terrible penalties prescribed in the law-books (dharma shastras) for those who, without warrant, should come to know it. The publication of books containing it is a novelty, unsanctioned, indefensible from the orthodox standpoint. Before printing was introduced, the palm-leaf books belonging to saint and scholar were cast into the tank ere they died, lest they should fall into unworthy hands. It will be seen, therefore, that the truth which exists in India has not had a chance of gaining the acceptance and receiving the homage of the crowd. There has been no company, no agency of teachers, to scatter it far and wide, to proclaim it to the populace. Truly it has been "as treasure hid in a field."

Meantime the Aryan priests and others have had to provide something for the multitude, and the modern idolatry of India with its music, its festive splendours, its carnival, is that provision. But the crowds do not gather to the idolatrous festivals to seek and find the truth; it is not taught at the temples. They come rather to see a spectacle, and rejoice in a *tamasha*. Here and there, even amid such unhelpful surroundings, now and then, perchance, some worshipper may gain blessing: God knows. Yet it is far more true to say that Hindu idolatry is the substitute for truth than to affirm it to be truth's symbol. Truth is not there; it is ranged against idolatry in uncompromising hostility. It is the idolatry, the error, in India which appeals to the masses, and enlists popular sympathy and wealth on its side.

Ah, if the truth in India, now prostrate, trampled and held down in unrighteousness, as in ancient Rome, could rise up and speak with a prophet's voice! But it is buried in books, too often in men also, as in a grave. The guilt of India consists in this, that she does not obey the truth she knows. But the truth bides its time. At the call of God, as I believe, through Christian missions reorganised as they may and should be, it will come forth from its obscure hiding-places, and shatter and dispel the errors of the time. The old Sanskrit saying that "Truth conquers worlds" (*satyena lokān jayati*) will again be justified. But the truth waits for the Christian missionary, to be greeted and used by him, waits to bear witness for Christ, that India may be saved. In a word, the truth, as it is in India, waits to be lost in "the truth as it is in Jesus."

G. MACKENZIE COBBAN.

PREDOMINANT PARTNERS AND UNIONIST DISCORDS.

A CHARACTERISTIC remark made by Lord Beaconsfield, if I mistake not, to Sir Charles Dilke, in the spring of 1880, with reference to some early checks which at the moment the Gladstonian Cabinet seemed likely to receive, has not yet become hackneyed, and will profitably bear repetition here. "Your reverses," so ran the pithy aphorism, "threaten to arrive a little too soon. The course of Governments during their first year should be fairly prosperous. In the second there should be mistakes; in the third, Ministers should feel that they are mistakes; in the fourth, the country should begin to find them out; in the fifth, should come the crash."

Thus far the course of the Liberal Cabinet, as reconstructed by Lord Rosebery, has fulfilled practically the Disraelian conditions of progress. The Premier's reputation for sagacity, shrewdness, on the whole, for luck has been more than maintained. His second in command has shown himself a better leader of the House of Commons than Mr. Vernon Harcourt's critics in old days would have admitted ever to be practicable, and a Chancellor of the Exchequer who is gradually overcoming the original prejudices against him of "the City." As Foreign Secretary, Lord Kimberley has not failed to satisfy the demands of English patriotism, humanity, and material interest by his attitude towards the Porte in that section of the Turkish Empire in which English religion, sentiment, and even English commerce, are touched most sensibly. His subordinate, who represents our external affairs in the House of Commons, has shown higher than mere business capacities, and with mingled emphasis and courtesy has caused the French mind for the first time to realise the claims of England on the Upper Nile. Mr. Asquith has united all voices, save those of a chronically querulous bureaucracy, in praise

of his internal administration. Among the minor members of the Government, Mr. George Russell, himself a pre-eminently Gladstonian selection, has, to his party's not more than his own advantage, shown himself a capable official as well as a dexterous debater. Altogether, therefore, the close of the prologue constituted by the præ-paschal session to the real parliamentary drama's development, found Ministerial Liberalism in a position of parliamentary prosperity and popular promise which, if prophesied in February last, would have been declared incredible.

Before the centre of gravity is once more shifted from Westminster to the constituencies, or the echoes of senatorial strife are drowned in the clamorous notes of preparation for a general engagement at the polling-booths, it will not be amiss briefly to examine the statistics of Liberal progress and, *pari passu*, of a movement towards some measure of Liberal re-union which have been actually made during Lord Rosebery's premiership. The best way of doing this will be to take *seriatim*, first, the constituencies that in 1886 declared for Liberal Unionism or Conservatism; secondly, the individual members of Parliament who, having ten years since refused to follow Mr. Gladstone in his Irish policy, have subsequently re-considered their position, and either returned to their earlier allegiance, or, whatever their past sympathies, have proclaimed themselves converts to the Liberal propaganda.

Beginning in the north, and travelling southwards gradually, we shall indeed find that Barrow-in-Furness, Liberal in 1885, Liberal Unionist in 1886, at a bye-election Liberal, returned in 1892 to its former Liberal Unionism; but this case is only the exception which appears to prove the rule. To descend from Lancashire to Lincolnshire, Boston, Liberal in 1885, became Liberal Unionist in 1886, but took the first opportunity at a bye-election of returning to its original Gladstonian allegiance, and was cordially anti-Unionist at the general appeal to the country ending in the overthrow of Lord Salisbury's second Administration. Similarly, the metropolis of worsted in the West Riding of Yorkshire, formerly represented by Mr. W. E. Forster, parting company with Liberalism in 1885 and 1886, subsequently recanted its apostasy at a bye-election; while on the last dissolution this recantation was confirmed. Elsewhere, the same vicissitudes were experienced: in Lancashire at Burnley; in Cambridgeshire at Wisbeach; in Derbyshire at Chesterfield; in Cheshire at Norwich; in Durham at Houghton-le-Spring; in Essex at Malden; in Central Finsbury; in Mid-Glamorganshire; in Gloucester at Cirencester, as well as at Stroud; in West Islington, within the metropolitan area; or, again, in the provinces at Hartlepool, Hereford, and at East Hull; while in the extreme south-west of England, that portion of the kingdom least accessible to the influence of fresh political ideas, Barnstaple,

South Molton, West Tavistock, in Devonshire, exhibit a similar record. To make this list complete there must be added to it, in Lancashire, Accrington, Rossendale, and Middleton; in Leicestershire, Harborough and Loughborough; in Lincolnshire, Gainsborough and South Lincoln; in Western Anglia, the Monmouth boroughs; as well as, again more to the northwards, Newcastle-under-Lyme; in Lancashire, Oldham; in the Midlands, Woodstock; in Somerset, Frome; in the Principality Pembroke; in East Anglia, Mid and North-west Norfolk, Stowmarket and Woodbridge; Swansea in Wales; Cricklade in Wiltshire; North Worcester; and to revert to Yorkshire, Skipton on the one hand, and Colne Valley on the other. Scotland tells a similar tale and points a like moral. Argyleshire, South Ayrshire, Ayr itself, Falkirk, the St. Rollox division of Glasgow, Inverness-shire, Inverness, and Roxburghshire, all seceded from Mr. Gladstone a decade since; all returned to him after an interval of six years' absence. These results will be the more easily comprehended and remembered if they are displayed in the tabulated form given on the next page.

From the figures there set forth it will be seen that exactly sixty-two constituencies of a typically representative kind in all parts of England—north, south, east, and west—which during the great falling off of ten years ago went with the majority against the Gladstonian programme, have since cancelled that aberration and recovered the historic complexion of their parliamentary representation. These facts sufficiently explain the eagerness of the Liberal Unionists to secure, on Speaker Peel's retirement, the Leamington and Warwick seat. In 1886 the followers of Mr. Chamberlain and the Duke of Devonshire amounted to ninety-six; to-day they have been reduced to a maximum of fifty; while of the seats, whose total wanted only four of one hundred, which they held nine years ago, they have lost some two-thirds, possessing to-day only thirty-eight. Of their gains, amounting in all to ten seats, six have been taken from Liberals—North St. Pancras, Bordesley, and Lichfield; while three—the St. Stephen's Green division of Dublin, South Londonderry, and South Tyrone—have been won from Nationalists. The single Irish seat now in Liberal Unionist keeping, formerly in Conservative occupancy, is West Belfast. As, therefore, it cannot be said that the Cavendish-Chamberlain propaganda makes much progress on the other side of St. George's Channel, so it would appear that in all, during the last decade, the Liberal Unionists have lost fifty-eight seats and gained only ten. It had, therefore, become vital for them to retain the constituency vacated by Mr. Peel's retirement.

If we now pass from places to individuals, the *personnel* in the processes of political transformation which gradually have accomplished themselves since the catastrophe of 1886 points the same moral not less significantly. Thus, in West Edinburgh Mr. T. R. Buchanan was

List of Constituencies, Liberal in 1885, Unionist or Conservative in 1886, which have since returned Liberal Members.

NOTE.—It may be that though Liberal since 1886, the constituency has again returned to Unionism or Conservatism.

CONSTITUENCY.	1885.	1886.	Bye-Election.	1892.	Bye-Election.
Barrow-in-Furness	L.	L. U.	L. U.	L. U.	...
Bedfordshire, Biggleswade	L.	L. U.	...	L.	...
Bristol, North	L.	L. U.	...	L.	...
Buckingham, North	L.	C.	L.	L.	...
Burnley	L.	L. U.	L.	L.	B.
Camberwell, North	L.	C.	...	L.	...
Cambridge, Wisbeach	L.	C.	L.	L.	L.
Carnarvon	L.	C.	L.	L.	...
Cheshire, Northwich	L.	C.	L.	L.	...
Denbighshire, West	L.	L. U.	...	L.	...
Derbyshire, Chesterfield	L.	L. U.	...	L.	...
Devon, Barnstaple	L.	L. U.	...	L.	...
" South Molton	L.	L. U.	L.	L.	...
" West Tavistock	L.	L. U.	...	L.	...
Durham, Houghton-le-Spring	L.	C.	...	L.	...
Essex, East Malden	L.	C.	...	L.	...
Finsbury, Central	L.	C.	...	L.	...
Glamorganshire, Mid	L.	L. U.	L.	L.	...
Gloucestershire, Cirencester	L.	L. U.	...	L.	Tie and L.
" Stroud	L.	C.	...	L.	...
Grimsby	L.	L. U.	...	L.	L. U.
Hartlepool	L.	L. U.	L.	L.	...
Hereford	L.	C.	...	L.	C.
Hull, East	L.	C.	...	L.	...
Islington, West	L.	L. U.	...	L.	...
Lancashire, Accrington	L.	C.	...	L.	L.
" N.E. Rossendale	L.	L. U.	L.	L.	...
" Middleton	L.	C.	...	L.	...
Leicestershire, Harborough	L.	C.	L.	L.	...
" Loughborough	L.	C.	...	L.	...
Lincolnshire, Gainsborough	L.	C.	...	L.	...
" South	L.	C.	...	L.	...
Lincoln	L.	C.	...	L.	...
Monmouth Boroughs	L.	C.	...	L.	...
Newcastle-under-Lyme	L.	L. U.	...	L.	...
Norfolk, Mid	L.	L. U.	...	L.	...
" N.W.	L.	C.	...	L.	...
Oldham	L.	C.	...	L.	...
Oxfordshire, Woodstock	L.	L. U.	L. U.	L.	...
Pembroke	L.	C.	...	L.	...
Portsmouth	L.	L. U.	...	L.	...
Somerset, Frome	L.	C.	...	L.	...
Southwark, Bermondsey	L.	C.	...	L.	...
Stafford	L.	C.	...	L.	...
Suffolk, Stowmarket	L.	C.	L.	L.	...
" Woodbridge	L.	C.	...	L.	...
Swansea District	L.	L. U.	...	L.	L.
Tower Hamlets	L.	C.	...	L.	...
West Ham, North	L.	C.	...	L.	...
Wiltshire, Cricklade	L.	L. U.	...	L.	...
Worcester, North	L.	L. U.	...	L.	...
Yorkshire, Skipton	L.	L. U.	...	L.	...
" Colne Valley	L.	L. U.	...	L.	...
SCOTLAND—					
Argyleshire	L.	C.	...	L.	...
Ayrshire, South	L.	L. U.	...	L.	...
Ayr	L.	L. U.	C.	L.	...
Falkirk	L.	L. U.	...	L.	...
Forfarshire	L.	L. U.	...	L.	C.
Glasgow, St. Rollox	L.	L. U.	...	L.	...
Inverness-shire	L.	L. U.	...	L.	...
Inverness	L.	L. U.	...	L.	...
Roxburghshire	L.	L. U.	...	L.	...

returned during the disastrous season as a Liberal Unionist. In 1892 he had reverted to Gladstonianism, and though defeated in that year in the Scotch capital was elected as a Liberal in 1893 for West Aberdeenshire. Mr. W. S. Caine sat as a Liberal Unionist in the Parliament of 1886. Since then, having lost his Lancashire seat, he has renewed his loyalty to Liberalism, and to-day represents East Bradford. To the same category, although at this moment outside St. Stephen's, belongs Sir T. F. Grove, of the Wilton division of Wiltshire. Wales has, unfortunately, lost Lord Swansea; but it is worth noticing that before his elevation, Sir Hussey Vivian, whereas he had been returned under the Unionist colours in 1886, after having proclaimed his repentance in 1892, held his own with ease as a follower of Mr. Gladstone. In Worcester, again, Sir Benjamin Hingley, returned as a Liberal Unionist without opposition in 1886, continued to keep the seat after, as in 1892, he had once more ranged himself on the Gladstonian side. The two most conspicuous instances of this process remain to be mentioned, and are, of course, Sir G. O. Trevelyan, who, defeated as a Unionist in the Hawick burghs in 1886, was subsequently, first in 1887 then in 1892, returned as a Home Ruler for the Bridgeton division of Glasgow; secondly, Mr. A. B. Winterbotham of Cirencester, who, first returned as the opponent of Home Rule in 1886, was six years later re-established in Parliament as Home Rule's supporter. If to these names is added that of Mr. W. Jacks, who having unsuccessfully, as Mr. Chamberlain's follower, stood for Stirlingshire in 1886, retrieved this failure by loyalty to Mr. Gladstone at the last General Election, the list will be found tolerably complete; and for the purposes of clearer apprehension, as in the previous case, shall be given in a tabular form:

List of Members (and their Constituencies) who in 1886 voted against the Second Reading of the Home Rule Bill, but who were subsequently returned to Parliament as Liberals.

- Buchanan, T. R. (West Edinburgh). Elected in 1886 as a Liberal Unionist, and, having resigned, in 1888 as a Liberal. Defeated again, 1892, but elected (Liberal) for West Aberdeenshire, 1893.
- Caine, W. S. (Barrow-in-Furness). Elected in 1886 as a Liberal Unionist. Resigned 1890, and stood again as Liberal Unionist, but defeated. Elected for East Bradford in 1892 as a Liberal.
- Grove, Sir T. F. (Wilts, Wilton). Elected in 1886 as Liberal Unionist, became a Liberal, and defeated (as a Liberal), 1892.
- Hingley, Sir B. (North Worcestershire). Elected unopposed in 1886 as Liberal Unionist; re-elected as a Liberal in 1892.
- Jacks, W. (Leith) Defeated in 1886 as Liberal Unionist, but elected for Stirlingshire as a Liberal, 1892.
- Talbot, C. R. M. (Glamorgan, Mid). Elected in 1886 as "a Liberal." "Dodd" says, "did not vote on Home Rule Bill." This was not the case, as he voted against the Bill. Now deceased.

Trevelyan, The Right Honourable Sir G. O. (Hawick Burghs). Defeated in 1886 as a Liberal Unionist. Afterwards (1887 and 1892) elected for Glasgow (Bridgeton) as a Liberal.

Vivian, Sir H. H. (Swansea), afterwards Lord Swansea; now deceased. Elected as a Liberal Unionist in 1886, but afterwards became a Liberal. Elected as Home Ruler in 1892.

Winterbotham, A. B. (Cirencester). Now deceased. Elected in 1886 as a Liberal Unionist. Afterwards turned Liberal, and elected as a Liberal in 1892.

With rumours of dissolution in the air on the eve of a new instalment of the parliamentary year, the facts and figures immediately before us do not indeed suggest any national reaction in favour even of the modified Home Rule inherent in Mr. Dalziel's recent motion, as accepted by the House of Commons, but do, on the other hand, point to the gradual operation of a process steadily going on since 1885—only more recently continued in the return of Mr. Fitt-Lewis to Liberalism, and the withdrawal of Mr. T. W. Russell from Irish Unionism; which seems likely to bring back in yet larger numbers the seceders of a decade since to the Liberal camp.

This, though the most tangible feature in the situation, is perhaps not in reality the most significant. During the present year, Mr. Chamberlain, the actual—even though the Duke of Devonshire may be the titular—leader of the Liberal Unionists, has, it may be, less of set purpose than in recognition of facts which he cannot ignore, though he is unable to control them, modified his attitude towards his old associates generally, and the legislation at present before the country in particular. His silence on popular platforms is more suggestive than could have been his speech. He has, with every reasonable pretext for issuing a fresh oral manifesto, abstained from anything like a repetition of the Fenton declaration in favour of a Unionist Government, which attracted so much attention and excited so wild speculations during the past winter. The nature of the Birmingham statesman is not one of those that shrinks from publicity's fierce light, or that refuses to be in evidence when notoriety is the condition of practical success. No more humorous apologies for the political escapades of his unregenerate youth have followed those with which the Duke of Devonshire's colleague introduced the New Year. As a consequence, the applause that he elicited from the Tory claque has begun to die away. From persecution to apotheosis the Conservative stages are not usually very long. Towards the close of the forties, the Tapers and Tadpoles in "Coningsby" were beginning to find out that the Nonconformists, whose vote they thought there was a chance of securing, were, after all, "very respectable sort of persons." A similar course of repentant conviction with reference to the statesman whom for decades they conspired to denounce, repeats itself perpetually among Conservative wire-pullers at a later day.

Mr. Bright lived to find himself acclaimed as a Nestor of statesmanship by the men who, twenty years earlier, would have liked to see his head decorating Temple Bar. Within the House of Commons, an analogous experience has fallen to the lot of Mr. Gladstone himself. When the late Sir Walter Barttelot expressed from his place in Parliament his admiration for Mr. Bradlaugh's later developments, and his fervent prayers for the Northampton member's restoration to health, the chivalrous Sussex baronet was unconsciously uttering a parable which aptly illustrates the vicissitudes of opinion that a capable and prominent member of the popular Chamber, on whatever side, is tolerably certain to encounter before a prolonged and unselfish career comes to a close. Mr. Chamberlain began where poor Lord Randolph Churchill may be said to have left off. All the Tory obloquy which, soon after his first entrance to St. Stephen's, the member for Birmingham attracted to himself, was expended upon the man without whom Unionism would not have existed,* when in 1887 he criticised the Conservative Land Bill. The perfectly just tributes paid with such dangerous iteration to Mr. Courtney robbed Liskeard's representative of the Speakership. The Birmingham statesman is not perhaps unaware that the too demonstrative eulogies of Conservative admirers threaten to inflict upon himself an analogous loss. From the first it was obvious that the Tory canonisation of Mr. Chamberlain could not be accomplished without provoking to dangerous activity more than one "Devil's advocate" among the Conservative rank and file.

The whirligig of time works curious revenges, and Mr. Bright's erewhile colleague, who with undisguised delight witnessed poor Randolph Churchill's revolt against his titular leaders, runs some risk of being the victim of a movement on the Conservative benches, reproducing exactly the spirit and approximately the tactics of the insurrection against official authority which a decade and a half ago found expression and organisation in the "fourth party." Mr. Balfour, at that epoch an occasional colleague of the departed *Frondeur*, is in effect to-day called upon to restrain just such a rising against his own influence with respect to Mr. Chamberlain as he himself was sometimes inclined to encourage against the conciliatory tactics of Sir Stafford Northcote ten or fifteen years ago.

There is, indeed, no sufficient reason for assuming that any *entente cordiale* between the dual controllers in the House of Commons of the Unionist army will be imperilled seriously by the explosion of a few grumbling humours against the Birmingham statesman's influence. Mr. Disraeli described as "proud and ancient" the party which he had to educate up to household suffrage. Notwithstanding the progressive strides which they have made steadily since then, Mr. Disraeli's

* See Manchester speech, March 3, 1886, suggesting the Union party. L. J. Jennings' edition of "Lord R. Churchill's Speeches," vol. ii. p. 15.

latter-day successor has not yet quite educated the Conservative Opposition up to Mr. Chamberlain. That is all; and one need indulge no apprehensions that, sooner or later, the task will not perfectly be accomplished. The *ci-devant* author of the Radical programme, who was a Home Ruler long before Mr. Gladstone's conversion, made so important a concession to his new ally's scruples in going into the lobby against Mr. Dalziel as to render it certain that he will not be held to have sinned unpardonably in exercising the right of private judgment with reference to the Welsh Church. For the present he and his actual associates find themselves mutually necessary; and so long as this reciprocal exigency continues, that which, tropically enough, has been called the "new coalition" will endure.

The really novel and important element in the position is not that cleavage among the Unionists disclosed by the division list on Mr. Asquith's Bill, but the appearance of a schism within the very select ranks of the Liberal Unionists themselves, parliamentary evidence of which will be furnished at a later, though not indefinitely remote, day. In his recent speech at Bodmin, on the succession to Mr. Peel, the honest politician whom his Cornish compatriots do credit to themselves by sending to Westminster, with equal good humour and truth let the world into the secret of his withdrawal from the competition for the vacant chair. As he then made it plain, that judicial quality which Mr. Courtney facetiously termed "sententiousness" excited against him the opposition of those, some among them very dear to Mr. Chamberlain, who had received a disagreeable taste of the quality for which so convenient a name was coined. Nor should it be forgotten that upon all those matters, hereafter to be referred to the arbitrament of the predominant partner long since mentioned by Lord Rosebery, Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Courtney stand at opposite poles. There is really no more resemblance between these two capable and conscientious men to-day than there was a couple of decades since between the then Member for Woodstock and Lord Salisbury's *ci-devant* House of Commons vicegerent, to each of whom respectively the Birmingham and Liskeard M.P.s present certain points of likeness. Between 1886 and 1893, the Midland tribune, employing Lord Hartington's and Lord Salisbury's very syllables, pledged himself to resist any settlement of the Irish difficulty proposed by the Gladstonians on Home Rule lines. Upon the eve of Mr. Gladstone's explanation of his second Irish scheme, the gentleman who might, but for Mr. Chamberlain, to-day have been Speaker, declared that if the Irish autonomy provisions should prove good, they ought to be impartially considered.

Between these two diametrically opposed attitudes—that of unconditional antagonism by Mr. Chamberlain, and that of hypothetical

acquiescence by Mr. Courtney—there can obviously be no compromise nor *via media* of any kind. Nothing in the interval has occurred warranting the inference of any subsequent change in the respective dispositions of the two gentlemen, now spoken of, towards legislative schemes, at one time described as dead, at another said to be only sleeping.

Mr. Courtney, at Bodmin, dwelt playfully, and no doubt accurately, upon his own overflowing universal *bonhomie*. But the saintliest temper in this mortal state cannot well be additionally endeared to the individual who has stood between itself and the fruition of a coveted honour. Mr. Chamberlain in 1889 had made up his mind that the erewhile Fourth Party's leader should not have the chance of dividing with himself the representation of Birmingham. Subsequently, Lord Salisbury and Lord Hartington acceded to that view. Similarly, in 1895, Mr. Chamberlain, to say the least of it, clearly perceived the inconveniences of the Cornishman's occupation of Mr. Peel's chair. But, while Lord Randolph Churchill is dead, Mr. Courtney is alive; nor is there any reason to suppose he has lost much of the exuberant vigour and vitality which prompted the great editor, Mr. J. T. Delane, to say of him that after having worked for three hours, and walked for three hours more, his best leader-writer was sometimes toned down to the level of ordinary energies.

With all his loyalty to the Unionist cause, with all his personal regard for Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Courtney can hardly be expected to sacrifice his honest convictions in the department of Irish statesmanship or of Unionist organisation, and to efface himself in order that the Midland statesman's predominance may be without challenge.

The analysis of the polling at two recent bye-elections, that at Oxford and that in Mid Norfolk, shows the support of both these distinguished men to be indispensable for a Unionist triumph. In other words, the detachment of any section among Ministers' opponents will practically annihilate all organised antagonism to the Liberal party. If, therefore, the Ministerial majority is numerically slight, or practically sometimes precarious, the Unionist connection opposed to it is held together by a chain which, if not of sand, is no stronger than the weakest of its exceedingly fragile links. Although, as has been observed, Mr. Chamberlain, notwithstanding his carefully studied retirement of late into the background, has neither said nor done anything which would warrant the inference of his actively favouring a solution of the Irish problem on the Imperial Home-Rule-all-round principle; he has no more power of disposing events than less considerable personages. It does not rest with him whether the next Government, titularly Unionist or frankly Conservative, shall in conformity with his known wish, dedicate its energies chiefly to social legislation and industrial reform. As in the long

run, according to Mr. Disraeli's sagacious dictum, the constituencies choose not only the leader of the House of Commons, but the Opposition's chief as well, so the subject matter of parliamentary business generally, and of Ministerial exertion in particular, is itself prescribed by the householders, expressing themselves through their representatives.

The facts and figures set forth at the beginning of this paper prove the existence of a progressive movement, making for Liberal re-union and Unionist disintegration. That it will soon issue in the former's completion no one believes. These developments have always hitherto been and must continue a work of time. When, upon the secession of the Portland and Fitzwilliam sections, the Whig party just one hundred years ago was shattered, it took nearly forty years—namely, till 1832—before the fragments came together again effectually. Similarly, during the period subsequent to the Liberal-Conservative disruption under Canning in 1827, rather over three decades elapsed ere Lord John Russell first, and Mr. Gladstone afterwards, were able to dissipate the centrifugal influences and rally the friends of progress upon the platform of social and economical reform. Nor have corresponding consummations been achieved more rapidly on the other side. Twenty-one years had passed before the Conservative units, dispersed to the four winds of heaven by the disruption under Sir Robert Peel, became amenable to the centripetal forces of Disraeli's genius, and formed themselves into a compact army, with Household Franchise inscribed on their banner. Even thus, more than another lustrum was required previous to the Conservative command of a working majority; nor was it till 1874 that Mr. Disraeli, for the first time in his life, secured the fruitful possession of power as distinguished from the barren honour of place.

All analogies, therefore, which in politics, as in other things, are the only indications of probabilities or possibilities, admonish us that the process which appears to have begun will be tantalisingly slow, and not perhaps more perceptible from day to day than the growth of vegetation itself. Some time since,* by the courtesy of the editor of this REVIEW, I was permitted to suggest that the difficulties in the way of a fusion between the two Unionist wings were impracticably great. Since then, this view has received more than one striking illustration of its accuracy. The electoral difference at Leamington and Warwick has shown the indisposition of the Conservative rank and file—first, to identify themselves, whether in name or organisation, with their allies; secondly, to accept the parliamentary nominees imposed upon them by the party chiefs at Westminster.

* CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, October 1894: "Cabinet Counsels and Candid Friends."

This, it may incidentally be mentioned, is an interesting commentary on the acuteness of the Tory free lance who founded the Primrose League, and who maintained consistently one principle, at least, that Conservative organisation could never be successful, save so far as it was decentralised, and independent of any dictation by the Tory caucus in the capital.

Mr. Courtney is not the man to have modified his attitude towards the Rosebery Cabinet without calculating the possibilities which can have alone prompted the change. Mr. Chamberlain, however opposed to the details, would not by his vote have sanctioned the principle of Welsh Disestablishment if he had remained in quite the same mood as when at the close of last year he forecast hopefully, in his Felton speech, the combination in a single Government of moderate and reasonable men on both sides. Although to-day the Duke of Devonshire's lieutenant may have placed on record no word from which it can be inferred that he regards Home Rule all round as anything but a foolish device for restoring the Heptarchy, he has refrained from uttering or writing a sentence that can be construed as hostile to the principle of parliamentary devolution with which in the past he has so closely and usefully associated himself.

With the constituencies, then, generally disposed to return to their old colours, and with individual members of Parliament inclined to renew their former allegiance; with such a parliamentary power as Mr. Courtney prepared impartially to consider any reasonable solution; with Mr. Chamberlain no longer an actively militant colleague of Mr. Balfour; one is obliged to admit that a substantial step in the direction of Liberal reunion has been taken. Seasons of political lethargy, like that perhaps now being experienced, have never lasted long in this country. The gradual pressure of incidents individually slight, but collectively considerable, has often proved, as during the Reform agitations, 1866-8, a political force, practically not less powerful than the rising tide of popular passion. The return of the rank and file among the Liberal seceders proceeds steadily. With the dissentient leaders, the tendency is less strongly marked. Some of these gentlemen will, of course, not advance beyond the point they have already reached, and the Liberalism of 1868-80 can be known no more.

But how far in the direction now spoken of any of those prominent dissentients, who have not wholly broken with all their former traditions, may go, not even they themselves can yet say. At this moment the political barometer points seemingly to dead calm. When the breeze begins to rise and ruffle the surface, as sooner or later it must, none can foretell from what quarter it will blow. It may, however, be said with confidence that if the point whence the elemental commotion proceeds be associated directly with that Irish

autonomy which is only a mode of delegating parliamentary business to local bodies, neither Mr. Courtney nor Mr. Chamberlain is pledged to meet the scheme with a *non possumus* ; while the same pressure of popular opinion and political expediency which make themselves felt even by the philosophic member for the borough so long represented by Mr. Horsman, cannot be without some influence on the statesman who owns a more direct responsibility to the intimations of the popular will, the erewhile Radical leader, who was during so many years the colleague and who still calls himself the disciple of Mr. John Bright.

T. H. S. ESCOTT.

THE LETTERS OF COLERIDGE.*

“**T**O the same enthusiastic sensibilities which made a fool of Nelson with regard to his Emma, his country owed the victories of the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar.”

Thus Coleridge wrote in 1814, and in reading his newly published Letters one is often reminded of his remark on the great sailor. “Enthusiastic sensibilities”—these, too, were Coleridge’s own familiar moods. If one wearies of enthusiasm, if those tears of sensibility which he is for ever shedding seem rather maudlin, yet we owe to his excitements the poems of “The Ancient Mariner,” “Christabel,” and “Kubla Khan.” To be sure Tom Jones weeps quite as much, and we think Tom no puler.

Like Nelson’s letters to Lady Hamilton, Coleridge’s Letters, to everybody almost, are not always agreeable reading. One lesson of Mr. Carlyle’s, a lesson which he preached by precept rather than example, we have partly learned. “Consume your own smoke,” said the sage. Coleridge, in his private correspondence, blew abroad the vapour of smoke which rose from, and often dimmed, the fire of his unexampled genius. On that sacred flame it is no metaphor to say that he poured too many drugs, heaped “poppy buds and labdanum.” Hence ascended the smoke which he did not restrain or consume, but allowed to take its free way through heaven and earth. It may be said that there is an affectation, now, of reticence, and an affectation of manliness. Affectations if they be, these at least are imitations of virtues which Coleridge did not possess. He had a kind of mania for confessing himself, and crying *mea culpa*. Like the bad man in Aristotle, he is “full of repentance,” or of remorse. He is an erring creature, and knows it, and his confessions occasionally

* Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge. Heinemann : London, 1895.

suggest, in a sense, the Scotch proverbial policy of "taking the first word of flying." One would rather see him more hardened, less "sensible." To moralise about Coleridge is temptingly easy and absolutely useless.

To myself, the new volumes of his Letters, painful in many ways, are most painful because to moralise over them is so futile. As we read, we are tempted to doubt the freedom of the will. So fluent and so flabby, at what point had Coleridge a chance to pull up to be stronger and more silent? He seems to be the victim of a destiny inherent in his constitution, and imposed on him from his infancy. Yet he did make efforts, finally he made the most difficult effort, perhaps, of all, to be strong in the strength of others. He had joys as well as sorrows, in which we common men are not partakers. He had depth, tenderness, and constancy of affection: he could love, and, beyond the usual course of nature, could make himself beloved. He had a large and generous faculty of admiration in presence of what was admirable. Again, as Scott says in his admirable letter to Maturin, "Coleridge has some room to be spited at the world." Coleridge had assailed a work of Maturin's, who was as angry and voluble as Coleridge himself was when Hazlitt (as he believed) had attacked "Christabel" in the *Edinburgh Review*. Not having Sir Walter to advise him, Coleridge retorted by an assault on Jeffrey. "A man," says Sir Walter, "will certainly be vexed on such occasions, and I have wished to have the knaves *where the muircock was the bailie* . . ."; but reply to "the knaves," never! From these natural reflections, Sir Walter passes to a verdict on Coleridge, "a man of genius, struggling with bad habits and difficult circumstances." In half a dozen words, here is all that we can say of Coleridge's unhappiness. The "struggles," often foiled, the repentance, often too fluent and facile, are as real as the genius. "No man," says Scott elsewhere, "has all the resources of poetry in such profusion, but he cannot manage them so as to bring out anything of his own on a large scale at all worthy of his genius. He is like a lump of coal rich with gas, which lies expending itself in puffs and gleams, unless some shrewd body will clap it in a cast-iron box, and compel the compressed element to do itself justice. His fancy and diction would have long ago placed him above all his contemporaries, had they been under the direction of a sound judgment and a steady will." Once more, Scott styles Coleridge "our own imaginative poet," and what can we add? To Coleridge more was *given* by his genius than to any of the rest.

"He on honey-dew bath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise."

(Both in voice and in vision he is unrivalled.) But he had not moral balance, he had not moral control, or at least he too often

lacked them, as his Letters inform us or remind us. We study them, rather vainly trying to discover how much of his strength came from, or was indissolubly associated with, his weakness, how far his gift was the inevitable complement of his nocturnal agonies, of the too vivid and too terrible emergence of pictures and of ideas from the submerged self which (in genius) rather controls men than is by men controlled.

I have consulted and quoted Scott for the purpose of bridling the impatience wherewith too much of Coleridge's correspondence affects myself, and probably affects many readers. The Letters are not all new and unpublished; indeed those already familiar we require to elucidate those which we peruse for the first time. Mr. Ernest Coleridge (the grandson of the poet) has been well advised in presenting some old with much new material. In his List of Contents, the *provenance*, as archæologists say, of the various pieces is carefully indicated. The notes are excellent, careful, and not too long. Perhaps a place might have been found for a thread of biography by omitting a number of rather uninteresting passages. Readers who come for the first time to a study of Coleridge's life will certainly be of this opinion. To myself it would have seemed that Coleridge's long letter on the occasion of his quarrel with Wordsworth might have been omitted. *Vous abusez d'explications*, says a character of Gyp's. Coleridge was far too fond of many and long "explanations." Had he quarrelled with me, I could have forgiven him anything rather than read one of those long argumentative epistles! In the quarrel referred to, the unpleasant facts were already public property, so that it may be no more than fair to let Coleridge state his own case.

"In the name of God," Coleridge exclaims, "what have we to do with Lord Nelson's mistresses or domestic quarrels?"

What indeed! And I would very fain have nothing to do with Coleridge's quarrels, domestic or not domestic. All this is "chatter about Harriet." However, the world has chattered, and will chatter; Mr. Ernest Coleridge has enabled them to chatter with knowledge of the case. Submitting myself, as but a casual reader of Coleridge, to the judgment of the Church Coleridgian, I venture to think that, with the exceptions already noted, Mr. Ernest Coleridge has done his task as well as it could be done. It may, however, be suggested that more copious selections from Coleridge's letters to Allsop (written from Mr. Gillman's) might have been made. These letters show how much of the Old Man was left in Coleridge, even during his respectable retirement. One valuable quality, I may add, Mr. Ernest Coleridge possesses. He has more humour than is conspicuous in his great ancestor, and consequently can write with

an un-Boswellian fairness. Let him not procrastinate, but give us at length a complete biography of Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

My object is not the hopeless endeavour to estimate, in a few pages, a genius who was so much mankind's epitome. To myself, Coleridge's philosophy and politics seem interruptions of his unique poetic vein; nay, even his reflective and self-analytic poems look like flaws in the rich ore of his rarest imaginations—silver among the gold. If we could only, by examining his case, find any light on the origin of the most precious intellectual metal! But the problem evades us.

Coleridge's autobiographical account of his childhood was already known; it occurs in letters to Thomas Poole. As he remarks, but without any snobbish pride, he was not of gentle birth. His learned and simple father died when he was still a child, but already "a character—lonely, studious, fanciful, haunted by spectres whenever he was in the dark." "Armies of ugly things burst on him in the dark," and he saw the four angels of the nursery rhyme keeping them off. Already (like so many children who do not become geniuses) Coleridge was a visionary. He saw and feared viewless shapes; these visions and these terrors haunted him through life, and this undesired power was, no doubt, an element in the imagination which later beheld the slimy sea, and the Death in Life of the "Ancient Mariner." So much of genius, with its pains in undue measure, was born with him, and was indefeasible. The opium of which we hear so often may have stimulated and protracted, but did not cause, and possibly mitigated these experiences. They are not unusual in childhood. Mr. Louis Stevenson's account of his own "Pains of Sleep" in early youth, corresponds very closely with what Coleridge reveals; and in each case these spectres were like the figure of the man sweeping, which, in the ink-mirror of the Egyptian wizard, opens the way to higher and more significant visions.

Sensitive, imaginative, vain, slothful, and proud (as he describes himself), the boy Coleridge was the father of the man. Born in 1772, he went to Christ's Hospital at the age of ten. His very scanty diet was an ill preparation for the struggle of life. Lamb has described in words familiar to everybody the inspired schoolboy Neoplatonist. If he got any metal worth keeping out of Iamblichus (whom few read) he had indeed the gift of mental alchemy. Probably he never was a Greek scholar in the technical sense, but Mr. Ernest Coleridge thinks that his lifelong misrendering of *ἐστῆσε* (S.T.C.) was a mystification.

Leaving Christ's Hospital in 1791 for Cambridge, he was already in love with Miss Mary Evans, one of three sisters who are said to have been "with a milliner." His letters to the Evanses are now

printed for the first time, except for certain newspaper publications by the editor himself. In writing to the mother, he speaks of Mary's "beautiful little leg," which already argues a considerable amount of intimacy. He soon (1792) avows his taste for gardening, which broadened into a desire to be a *durus arator*, and to live in a Virgilian manner by his industry in raising the simple fruits of the earth. This aspiration took form in the famous Pantisocratist dream, and Coleridge actually did play the husbandman at Stowey. In all this there was a good deal of Rousseau. Coleridge was not meant for a farmer, as Lamb remarked.

Coleridge's early letters to Mary Evans may be described as cousinly; they certainly are not love-letters. The last, printed here, is of February 7, 1793. On December 2, of the same year, he enlisted in the Fifteenth Light Dragoons. Was there any connection between his love affair and his addiction to the profession of arms? 'Tis woman, as Thackeray remarks in a poem, who drives man to follow the drum. Nothing is certainly known. Coleridge cannot have been in a very bad scrape. Returning to Jesus College, after four months, he was merely common-roomed, gated for the rest of term, and, as an imposition, was set to translate an appropriate author, Demetrius Phalereus. The first draft of his poem, "Lewti," was written at this time, for Mary, or about her. "To-morrow Lewti may be kind," that is, Mary Evans may be kind. In one early draft, a Sara takes the place of Lewti and of Mary. Sara was, probably, Miss Fricker, *the other person*, whom Coleridge married.* This affair is rather mysterious. On July 15, 1794, Coleridge writes from Wrexham to Southey, whose acquaintance he had just made at Oxford. Coleridge talks of an unexpected meeting with Mary Evans, *quam afflictim et perditè amabam*, and "I knew she loved me." He nearly fainted, and evaded the young lady. "But love is a local anguish," and, when a few miles distant, Coleridge felt much better. Nevertheless, as he remarks in a confusion of figures, "her image is the sanctuary of my heart, and never can it be torn away but with the strings that grapple it to life." Now, in 1836, Southey said that Coleridge, in 1794, had come to Oxford (making for Wales), had devised Pantisocracy; had returned from Wales (where he was so moved by Miss Evans) to Bristol, and had then, to Southey's surprise, engaged himself to Miss Sara Fricker. Yet, in December (?) 1794, we find Coleridge writing an impassioned letter to Mary Evans!—"Is she betrothed to Mr. —?" On December 24, he exonerates her from all blame.

The whole business is curious. In July, 1794, Coleridge nearly faints on meeting Miss Evans, whom he loved, and who loved him. On September 18, 1794, he exclaims to Southey, "America, Miss Fricker! . . . I certainly love her." In October, Miss Evans tells

* Another Sara there was!

him that "there is a God," and that his American scheme is absurd. He, meanwhile, is flirting with Miss Brunton. In December he is pouring out his heart to Miss Evans again. It is clear, from a letter of September 19, 1794, that Southey had been remonstrating with Coleridge about his behaviour to Miss Sara Fricker. In December, 1794 (after writing to Miss Evans), he confides his misery to Southey: "To marry a woman whom I do *not* love . . . to be perhaps not displeased with her absence. Enough! Mark you, Southey, *I will do my duty.*"

On October 4, 1795, Coleridge married Miss Sara Fricker. Through a great part of his life he "was not displeased at her absence," and, indeed, kept out of her way.

In Mr. Traill's brief biography of Coleridge, he cites De Quincey's account of this arrangement. According to De Quincey, Coleridge assured him that "the marriage was in a manner forced upon his sense of honour by the scrupulous Southey, who insisted that he had gone too far in his attentions to Miss Fricker for any honourable retreat." On the other hand, a looker-on protested that he had never seen a man more desperately in love than Coleridge was with Miss Fricker. He certainly enjoyed his honeymoon; witness his "Lines on Leaving a Place of Retirement":

"Such, sweet girl,
The unobtrusive song of Happiness."

The truth probably is that Miss Fricker caught his heart on the rebound, in September, 1794; that he "fell to his old love again," like Lancelot, in December; that, though *she* was out of reach, his affections returned to their ancient sanctuary; that Southey appealed to his honour; that he made the best of not a good business, and that the end was something not unlike lifelong unhappiness.

It is not a new story, nor an uncommon; we have read of Clive and Rosey, and Ethel—not that Mrs. Coleridge was a pretty nincompoop, like poor Miss Mackenzie. Coleridge might tell Poole (October 7, 1795) that he was "united to the woman whom I love best of all created beings." But it was not so, and it would not be so.

Conceivably Coleridge's irritation against Southey in this affair may have increased his wrath about Pantisocracy. The young men had devised that scheme of Every Man His Own Socialist, in the summer of 1794. It was a generous plan, "a devout imagination," as Lethington said of a dream of John Knox's. Man's crimes and sorrows come of temptation; remove temptation, and they will vanish. Property is a temptation, therefore let us go to the banks of the Susquehanna, live on the fruits of two hours' daily husbandry, do without property, rear an angel brood, be happy and be virtuous. As early as October, 1794, Coleridge began to find in Southey a traitor to Pantisocracy. One Shad—"Shad is my brother"—a menial, was to

accompany the party. Southey took rather a feudal view of Shad. He was to be "an unequal equal," a "*Hélot Egalité*." Coleridge could not stand this—nay, not even if the young Fitz Shads were all to grow up real equals. By November 13, 1795, Coleridge was chiding Southey as an "apostate." "You are lost to *me* because you are lost to Virtue." Coleridge recapitulated the history of their friendship, and, in the Bower of Bliss and the arms of Sara, returned to "the convulsive feelings I underwent, and the sacrifices I made. . . . You remember what a fetter I burst, and that it snapped as if it had been a sinew of my heart." *Hæret lethalis arundo!* But now, "I love, I am beloved, and I am happy"—with the wrong woman!

Behold, then, Coleridge, the rewarded martyr of Duty and of Honour! Meanwhile the recreant Southey insists on keeping his own private property. Where is duty? where is self-denial? where, *enfin*, is Pantisocracy? *Autant en emporte le vent*. Where are the sentiments expressed by Southey in his "Joan of Arc"? For Southey, and Coleridge too, had turned the most ardent of Legitimists, the most faithful Daughter of God, into "a Tom Paine in petticoats." To be sure, Coleridge later decided that the Maid was "a fanatic virago."

In short, there was a great quarrel with Southey; and, ah, how fresh and absurd and inspired these young men were! *Ah, le beau temps, quand nous n'avions pas le sens commun!*

Till we reach the series written in the year 1797, or perhaps 1798, I cannot say that Coleridge's poems appear, to myself, of much promise. "Lewti" has a charming melody, but Bowles and Gray inspire most of the others, when they are neither inspired by metaphysics nor by politics, nor by pity for the fortunes of the poor. The lines on that theme, in "Religious Musings," are, indeed, nobly vehement, but Coleridge's blank verse was still without charm and distinction. It is not till 1797 (according to his recollection), or till 1798, if Mr. Ernest Coleridge is right, that we arrive at "Kubla Khan." On Mr. Ernest Coleridge's system, "Kubla Khan" did not precede, but followed, in 1798, the "Ancient Mariner," which was begun on November, 1797. The dream poem was written after a quarrel with Lloyd, who had "domesticated" with Coleridge, and that quarrel was of 1798. Thus the "Ancient Mariner" must precede "Kubla Khan," in date, and, as Mr. Ernest Coleridge thinks, in natural order of development. "It would have been altogether miraculous if"—before 'Christabel' and the 'Ancient Mariner'—it had been 'given to him' to divine the enchanting images of 'Kubla Khan,' or attune his mysterious vision to consummate harmony."

But all these poems are "miraculous"; all seem to have been "given" by the dreaming "subconscious self" of Coleridge. The earliest pieces hold no promise of these marvels. They come from

what is oldest in Coleridge's nature, his uninvited and irrepressible intuitions, magical and rare, vivid beyond common sight of common things, sweet beyond sound of things heard. The years in which such gifts were given to Coleridge are few. The beautiful "Dejection, an Ode" (whence the inspiration of the "Ode to Immortality" manifestly came), is of 1802, and has been called a swan song of a dying muse. Yet of the man who could write "Youth and Age" (vaguely dated 1822-32), we may deem that his muse was not dead but sleeping. Occasionally, he himself was of this opinion; the "heaven-sent moment," only, was needed "for this skill."

The genesis of the "Ancient Mariner" is well known; every one has heard how Wordsworth and Coleridge premeditated a poetic "pot-boiler"; how "The Brownies" gave the initial idea, in a dream of a friend of Coleridge's; how Wordsworth hit on the Albatross, and the crew of the dead, and how Coleridge wrote the poem. It is unique among his works, and among the works of men. We learn nothing new about the poem from the Letters, the "Table Talk" lends a note on the origin of "grinning for joy." Coleridge promised, but never wrote, an essay on the function of imagination in such works as his famous ballad. About "Christabel," he said what he had to say, nineteen years after 1797, when he began the piece.

"In the very first conception of the tale, I had the whole present to my mind, with the wholeness, no less than the liveliness, of a vision." When did the "vision" appear to him, and where? Coleridge talks, in one of the new letters (October 9, 1800) about "Christabel" "running up to 1300 lines," or again, "1400 lines"; but where are the missing seven hundred? His expressions, in 1816, suggest that "Christabel," like "Kubla Khan," flashed on him in a dream, beautiful, sudden, complete, "as Ilium, like a mist, rose into towers." The aid of "an anodyne" to "Kubla Khan" is confessed. Conceivably similar help was lent to "Christabel." But psychology, or pathology, will never have any information on this point. Coleridge, it is probable, even at school, had been dosed, or had dosed himself, medicinally, with anodynes. Not till 1801, it seems, did the habit become his master. We cannot tell certainly whether what was "given to him" in 1797 was partly given by the *φάρμακον ἰσθλόν* of Helen. On a less mysterious question, Coleridge writes, "I did not overhugely admire the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' but saw no likeness whatever to 'Christabel,' much less any improper resemblance." Three years later (1810) a letter signed S. T. C. in the *Courier*, accused Scott of plagiarism. This letter Coleridge disavowed, through Southey. Lockhart admits Scott's adoption of "something like the cadence" of "Christabel." Scott frankly calls himself Coleridge's "pupil," and Coleridge's own view of the affair wavered with his mood.

As to "Kubla Khan," I see no reason to doubt that Coleridge dreamed the poem, and only wrote down, when awake, what he remembered out of his dream. "The images rose up before him as *things*, with a parallel production of the corresponding expressions." It is not unusual to dream verses, to remember them is rare, to find them worth remembering is rarer yet, but this might occur—to Coleridge. I am acquainted with a case in which a very great poet, producing a piece inconsistent with his natural character, afterwards declared that he had written unconsciously, and did not know what he had written! The story reaches me from the person to whom the poet told it. Again, a well-known writer has a composition among his works, of which his first conscious knowledge was obtained when he saw the piece, with his name above it, in print. This corresponds with what Thackeray and Scott tell about "The Bride of Lammermoor," and part of "Pendennis." These anecdotes are at least as strange as the dreaming of "Kubla Khan" in a non-natural sleep. But by Coleridge only could it have been dreamed.

The intercourse with the Wordsworths displays Coleridge in the happiest light. The Wedgwoods had made him free from some cares by an annuity of £150, half of which was later withdrawn by Josiah, in a manner little to his honour. Coleridge had now in Wordsworth a friend on whom he could bestow all his faculty of reverent admiration. How alluring and attractive he himself was, Miss Wordsworth tells us. Coleridge could always win a kind of adoring affection, by personal qualities which his letters hardly reveal.

In the spring of 1798 he quarrelled with Lamb: tattlers caused the breach, a sonnet also intervened. On July 29, 1801, Coleridge speaks his mind very freely about his wife to Southey. "Never, I suppose, did the stern match-maker bring together two minds so utterly contrariant in their primary and organical constitution." The poor lady promises "to fight against her inveterate habits of puny thwarting and unintermitting dyspathy. . . ." At the moment they were happier, but the end was plain from the beginning. We meet the first melancholy notes of "good resolutions," of swollen knees, of opium; and the tour in the Highlands sees the first composition of "The Pains of Sleep." He had dreams from which it was bliss to waken with a yell, though his yells did not add to the happiness of his hosts and neighbours. His stomach, like Mr. Carlyle's, was the home of mysterious woes. It is just as likely that opium was taken to lull these troubles, as that opium caused them. He sought relief in travel: he did not answer letters, or his answers did not arrive. He ominously turned over a new leaf on January 1, 1809. But the death of Dr. Beddoes a few days before would rob

Coleridge of a newly found support, and "take out of his life the hope of self-conquest." He lived a wanderer, flitting from place to place. His intention of dwelling with Mr. Basil Montagu was the occasion of a painful quarrel with Wordsworth. A long letter of May 4, 1811, to the poet, contains Coleridge's statement of his case. The trouble began in October, 1810. Wordsworth, not judiciously, had thought it right to give Mr. Montagu his opinion about Coleridge as a guest, and Montagu, most mischievously, repeated the remarks (probably inaccurately) to Coleridge, who may have heard them incorrectly. Wordsworth acknowledged that he might have said Coleridge's habits were a nuisance to the family. No doubt they were, and, of all people, Coleridge must choose poor Mary Lamb for his confidences: and then indulge "in long weeping."

Poets, as Mr. Arthur Pendennis truly remarks, do feel more acutely than other people, and when they feel they do not groan soft, they groan loud: like another hero of fiction. And then Mr. Sharon Turner, dining at Mr. Longman's, "trumpets abroad" the story of the dispute. Finally to-day the wretched story is published afresh, and we are to moralise the tale. Wordsworth made a mistake. Montagu was an ass. Coleridge, really wronged, was too free in his lamentations. But the general result was to keep him at a distance from the salubrious influence of Wordsworth, as he was already remote from his wife, and from the charming children to whom he was warmly attached.

A genius unexampled, both in volume, diversity, and distinction, a fond heart, a fascinating manner, all were given to Coleridge, and all actually, by some malignant spell, wrought against his happiness. He had more genius than half a dozen men could have used, and with it a mysterious martyrdom of pain. His first true love was thwarted, and his ardent friendship made him feel a breach as a less affectionate man could not have felt it. There came a new rupture with Wordsworth, or the old was revived. The success of his play, "Remorse," was a transitory gleam on a dark chaos of lectures, brilliant but unpunctual. Even Poole was "unkind," and the Wedgwood annuity was diminished by one-half. We see Coleridge, as he says in a letter long since published, "beating pain by a constant recurrence to the vice that reproduces it." His self-accusations (p. 624) become maudlin and incredible. He had Tantalus-dreams of books to be written which were never written. Nay, as Scott, in his last days, had fancies that his debts were already paid, Coleridge believed (or said) that these books *were* written. He retained sense enough to discourage Wordsworth from translating Virgil into verse. "To read page after page without a single brilliant note depresses me."

Finally, in 1816, Coleridge really did achieve self-conquest in manner, for he put himself into the charge of Mr. Gillman. This indicates unusual resolution, for such unhappy tendencies (generally accompanied by an angry pride (as in Prince Charles's case), and a conviction that the patient is in the right, and every else in the wrong. His passions of repentance, though trying, were not wholly false, his religious emotions were genuine, and with Mr. Gillman he found "a welcome which lasted to the day of death." As Mr. Ernest Coleridge finely says, "their patience may have been inexhaustible, their loyalty unimpeachable, their love destructible." A note to p. 658 shows in the editor an honourable candour.

As to Coleridge's later oracular days, his metaphysics, his "abyssal A-seity," it would ill become one to speak who is invincibly ignorant of the subject. Probably he was a great philosopher, as he was a great poet, a great if discursive critic, and (so Mr. Traill bears witness) almost a heaven-born political journalist. Only those who saw and heard him can have any conception of his "involuntary speech from involuntary brain action," as Miss Martineau calls his talk. Of this talk we have Carlyle's famous description. It began anywhere and ended nowhere, Carlyle thought. Keats has left a brief synopsis: two miles of monologue on Dreams, with a ghost story. Carlyle's verdict is, of course, *narquois*, but it is certain that Southey, too, was disgusted by Coleridge's "loquacity." Southey had seen too much and heard too much of his brother-in-law. But the living incarnation of Coleridge seems to have been a phenomenon as extraordinary as the best of his actual works. Like Burns's, Byron's and Poe's, his life was a lesson in the pains and sorrows of genius, but, lest we should think these essentially and inevitably allied with the highest powers, we have the examples of Shakespeare, Molière, Wordsworth, and Scott. Thus the interconnection of dread dreams with poetic vision, absent self-control with poetic inspiration, remains as it was and will be—a riddle. The genius can exist without the aberrations, and the aberrations, unluckily, without the genius.

The Letters and notes contain a good deal of information about Coleridge's pecuniary affairs. These could not be prosperous. Had he steadily lectured, steadily contributed to the press, steadily finished his poems, and sent them direct to the printers, had he fulfilled almost of his literary schemes, he might have supported himself and his family in comfort. None of these things he did; he never took example by Southey, and he was aided again and again by friends and kinsmen. If he accepted money, at least he did not despise or detest the donors. He certainly had the contempt of wealth, which could give him nothing. For him life and the Muse were sufficient. I have

not thought it necessary to go into these financial details minutely. But Mr. Ernest Coleridge displays an acquaintance with his ancestor's life so complete and accurate, that one can only end by adjuring him to write a full and authoritative biography, full, but not too long! His freedom from undue partiality, his candour, and family affection, fit him for the task, in which probably his philosophic studies enable him to dispense with the aid of a specialist in metaphysics.*

ANDREW LANG.

* Readers interested in Miss Mary Evans will find, in the *Athenæum* of May 18, an interesting letter from Coleridge to that lady. They first met, after their parting, about 1808. "Truly happy does it make me to have seen you once more, and seen you well, prosperous, and cheerful, all that your goodness give you a title to." Miss Evans was now Mrs. Todd.

THE CANADIAN COPYRIGHT ACT.

A CANADIAN REPLY.

IT is a trite saying that half the quarrels of the world would vanish if each side would try and understand the other's position. Never was the truth of the aphorism better exemplified than in the Canadian copyright question, which has for half a century been a constant source of contention between British copyright holders and the Canadians.

At this moment the discussion centres in the Canadian Copyright Act of 1889, whereby Canada, as a self-governing colony, seeks to regulate all copyrights within her own territory. In protest against this claim there have for months past been long and angry letters from authors and publishers in the public press of the United Kingdom. In March, a most influential deputation representing the same interests lodged a formal protest with the Colonial Secretary, and in the April number of the *CONTEMPORARY REVIEW*, Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. Lecky, and Mr. Rider Haggard, speaking for British authors, and Messrs. John Murray and Macmillan & Co., speaking for British publishers, made a final, and at times impassioned, presentation of their case. In all these statements we look in vain for any serious effort to understand the grounds on which Canada bases her claim. Yet that effort must be made if a mutually satisfactory solution of the difficulty is to be reached.

What, then, does Canada ask? In a sentence, she asks for self-government. There is no need to use strong language, but it is hardly too much to say that she insists upon self-government. She does so for reasons which have not been and, we may now fairly assume, cannot be controverted.

Of all the colonies of the British Crown, Canada is the foremost in

the art of self-government. By a long series of concessions she has obtained unfettered control over her own affairs. She has absolute power of taxation, and not all the protests of British manufacturers sufficed to induce the Imperial Government to attempt to prevent heavy duties being placed upon British goods imported into Canada. No foreign treaty which Great Britain may negotiate comes into force in Canadian territory without her assent: the Anglo-Japanese treaty is now before the Canadian people to accept or reject. She has furthermore been granted treaty-making rights on her own account, as witness the new Franco-Canadian treaty negotiated with French Ministers by the Canadian High Commissioner, acting with British plenipotentiary powers in concert with the British ambassador. In all matters of foreign policy affecting her interests she has an effective voice; at times, when these matters specially concern her, as in the case of the Behring Sea dispute, her voice may almost be said to be a predominating voice. Is it to be expected that a people which possesses so great a control over their internal and external affairs will be content with a denial of rights over copyright within their own territory?

Statesmen of every shade of opinion in British politics agree that this liberal policy towards the colonies is wisely conceived in the interests of the whole Empire—is, indeed, essential to its continued unity. They realise that the day has gone for ever in which the colonies could be held to exist primarily for the benefit of British producers, and could be forbidden to have interests opposed to those of the people of the mother-land. The child has come to man's estate, and, willingly bearing its burdens and responsibilities in an ever-increasing degree, expects to share in the privileges of manhood. When the other day Lancashire besought the House of Commons to deny India the right to tax Lancashire cotton goods, the House of Commons refused the request, and the colonial press rejoiced at this further evidence that though the outlying parts of the Empire had no representatives at Westminster, their interests would not be sacrificed at the bidding of a small section of the English people. "Imperial interests," said one leading Canadian journal, "have a stronger hold upon British public men than local interests, even though local interests may have a handful of votes in the House." Is the confidence which it has been the consistent endeavour of British statesmen to create in the colonial mind, through long and at times anxious periods of Imperial government, to be weakened at the call of another small English section?

This, then, is the broad ground of principle upon which Canada bases her claim to a complete fulfilment of the grant of self-government which has been made to her, piece by piece, during the past half-

century, with increasing security for Imperial interests. When we come to apply the claim to the question of copyright a special urgency attaches to it. The Canadian Copyright Act of 1889 does not stand alone. It is the sequel of a long series of negotiations and pledges. By the Imperial statute of 1842, copyright in Great Britain was extended to all the colonies and dependencies of the Empire. In 1846, we find the Legislature of Nova Scotia representing to the Colonial Secretary that "the practical effects of the Copyright Act were to deprive the people of the colonies of literature, whose means rendered them unable to purchase costly books issued from English publishing houses, to diminish the revenue, and to encourage smuggling, without producing any corresponding benefit to the author." Thereupon Mr. Gladstone, as Colonial Secretary, represented to the publishing trade in England that "they must be induced to modify any exclusive view which might still prevail with regard to this important subject;" and in November 1846, as the outcome of correspondence between the Board of Trade and the Colonial Office, Earl Grey sent to the governors of the North American colonies a circular despatch, wherein her Majesty's Government gave this formal assent to the colonial demand:

"Relying upon the disposition of the colonies to protect the authors of this country from the fraudulent appropriation of the fruits of labours upon which they are often entirely dependent, her Majesty's Government propose to leave to the local Legislatures the duties and responsibilities of passing such enactment as they may deem proper for securing both the rights of authors and the interests of the public. Her Majesty's Government will accordingly submit to Parliament a Bill authorising the Queen in Council to confirm and finally enact any colonial law or ordinance respecting copyright, notwithstanding any repugnancy of any such law or ordinance to the copyright law of this country, it being provided by the proposed Act of Parliament that no such law or ordinance shall be of any force or effect until so confirmed and finally enacted by the Queen in Council, but that from the confirmation and final enactment thereof the copyright law of this country shall cease to be of any force or effect within the colony in which any such copyright law or ordinance has been made, in so far as it may be repugnant to or inconsistent with the operation of any such colonial law or ordinance."

This explicit and formal pledge to leave copyright legislation to the colonial Legislatures remains unfulfilled. If it was right that Canada should be entrusted with the task in 1846, when self-government was in its infancy, how imperative becomes the claim now that the test of fifty years has proved Canada's capacity to manage her own affairs and her readiness at all times to deal justly with the interests committed to her care. The Imperial statute of 1847, known as the Foreign Reprints Act, permitted the entry of cheap foreign reprints into Canada, and applied a temporary palliative to the Canadian grievance; but the pledge still remained unfulfilled, and as new conditions of trade arose with the industrial growth of Canada

it was naturally felt to be intolerable that the business of publishing British literature for the Canadian reading public should be done almost exclusively in the United States, to the serious detriment of native Canadian industry.

Thus matters stood when, in 1867, the Canadian provinces united in one confederation. By the Imperial statute confirming that union—the British North America Act—copyright was expressly placed among the subjects over which the Federal Parliament was given power to legislate. Thus, for a second time, Canada seemed to have secured her claim to self-government in this matter. But again she was to be disappointed, for the lawyers found that under a previous Act of 1865, the Colonial Laws Validity Act, any colonial law which is in any respect repugnant to the provisions of any Act of Parliament extending to the colony is read subject to the Act, and remains void “to the extent of such repugnancy.” In view of the formal pledge of 1846, it cannot be supposed that the Imperial Parliament really intended to confirm the right to legislate upon copyright with one hand and withdraw that right with the other. Again Canada called for a fulfilment of the pledge of 1846, and in 1874 we find Lord Carnarvon reaffirming the justice of her contention, and expressing his “confident hope that we may without difficulty be able to agree in the provisions of a measure which, while preserving the rights of owners of copyright works in this country under the Imperial Act, will give effect to the views of the Canadian Government and Parliament.”

Two years later, in 1876, the Copyright Commission carried the Canadian claims a step further, and recommended just the legislation for which Canada now seeks the Imperial assent. In section 207 of its report the Commission says :

“We recommend that, in case the owner of a copyright work should not avail himself of the provisions of the copyright (if any) in a colony, and in case no adequate provision be made by republication in the colony, or otherwise, within reasonable time after publication elsewhere, for a supply of the work sufficient for general sale and circulation in the colony, a licence may, upon application, be granted to republish the work in the colony, subject to a royalty in favour of the copyright owner of not less than a specified sum per cent. on the retail price as may be settled by any local law.”

And it was added, in section 208, that the settlement of details should be left to “special legislation in each colony.” The representative on the Commission of the Copyright Association of Great Britain seems to have made no dissent to this recommendation. Yet it was never carried into effect, and the Canadian Act of 1889, which is based upon it, is still hung in mid-air. How, in the face of all this, can Mr. John Murray say that “Canada has had her full share of consideration”?

This, then, is Canada's case in brief outline, and it may be summed up in the words of Sir John Thompson, the late Canadian Premier, who spent his last days in urging the justice of Canada's claims upon the Imperial Government :

"Your lordship," he said, addressing Lord Knutsford in 1890, "cannot be surprised that after Earl Grey's promise of more than forty years ago, and after more than twenty-two years of agitation on the part of Canada, by addresses from both branches of our Parliament, by memoranda from our Ministers of Finance and Agriculture, by Minutes of Council, and by statutes passed unanimously in both Houses, introduced by three successive Governments, representing opposite political opinions, and with encouragements held out at every stage of the agitation, to expect a reasonable and favourable consideration of our representations by her Majesty's Government, the Canadian Parliament believed in 1889 that the Act then passed to give effect to what had so often been asked for, to what had never been refused, and to what had been recommended by the highest authorities in Great Britain after most mature deliberation, should receive a favourable consideration at the hands of her Majesty's Government when the Government of Canada asked for the assent of her Majesty's Government to the issue of a proclamation to bring it into force."

Now let us try and understand what reply British authors and publishers make to this case.

First, as to the plea of self-government, it is simply ignored. Mr. Hall Caine talks of Canada as a "child" asking to be "indulged in a whim" from which a paternal hand must protect it. To that it is enough to say that the "whim" has commended itself to successive British Ministers as an inherent right, the justice of which has never been denied. Mr. Hall Caine is surely much nearer the mark when he says, "We contend against a mighty force"—the force of self-government.

The *second* reply is, that Canadians in the mass do not want this power over copyright. Messrs. Macmillan put the agitation down to "a very few Canadian printers"—"chiefly dry-goods men," adds Mr. Hall Caine. The equivalent proposition would seem to be that if Canadians in the mass do demand this right of legislation it should be conceded. And if this be not a national claim, what can be? Canadian Parliaments past and present have been a unit on the question. Canadian journals—Tory, Grit and independent—in every province have persistently supported the Legislature; and boards of trade, trades and labour councils, and other representative bodies have done the same. If this be not a fair test of public feeling, what is?

Thirdly, it is said that the Canadian Act is, in the language of the petition to Lord Ripon, "subversive of the principle which has hitherto governed copyright legislation in this country and on the Continent of Europe." "It undermines," says Mr. Hall Caine, "the whole general recognition of copyright in literary property." Beyond

doubt the Canadian Act does not proceed upon British lines. Nor does the Canadian tariff, but no one talks seriously now, whatever may once have been said, of coercing Canada into Free Trade. Beyond doubt too the Canadian Act is not as great a step as we may some day hope to see taken in the direction of international copyright, "without," to quote Mr. Hall Caine, "registration, without simultaneous publication or any similar mummery." That is a splendid ideal. So is international freedom of trade, but they must both be the outcome of enlightened conviction, and it is for Canada's powerful neighbour to take the next step towards their realisation. Deny Canada her admitted right of legislation, and instead of helping on the cause of unhampered international copyright you place another barrier in the way. As it is Canada is further on the road than the United States. Before a British subject can obtain copyright in the United States his book must be printed from type set within the limits of the United States. Under the Canadian Act type may be set in England, and the plates imported to Canada, and one month's time is allowed for publication in the Dominion; failing such publication the British copyright-holder is secure in his 10 per cent. royalty on each copy issued should the book be republished under licence in Canada. Yet in the face of this time allowance, and this royalty, Mr. Lecky talks of "legalised plunder."

But we are told, *fourthly*, this "limit of time is grudging and the month's grace is folly." "A month is not enough to make arrangements under such conditions," says Mr. Hall Caine; "we want six months, twelve months, in fact no limit of months at all." If Mr. Hall Caine is serious in this suggestion, he must know that before the twelve months were completed a flood of United States reprints would have put all Canadian copyright out of the question. But on this, as on all questions of detail, Canada has again and again declared that she is open to reason, and has given assurances that "a most respectful consideration will be given to any suggestion for the improvement of the measure which your Lordship may think proper to make after hearing all that may be advanced on both sides" (*Sir John Thompson to Lord Knutsford, July 14, 1890*).

The same applies to the *fifth* objection, that the royalty is inadequate and delusive. If this can be shown to be so Canada will amend the Act accordingly. The suggestion that this royalty provision is delusive—"completely deceptive" is Mr. Lecky's term—is clearly based upon experience of the customs duty upon imported reprints which Canada has sought to collect for the benefit of British authors. Mr. Murray quotes an instance, and many more might be quoted, which goes far to prove that this customs duty has brought very small returns to the author's pocket. But that is not necessarily

Canada's fault. The method is a roundabout and most ineffective one, and Canada claims that she has always made the collections vigilantly and in good faith. The important point is that the Canadian Act does away with this clumsy collection through the customs on wholesale rates, and puts in its place a definite 10 per cent. royalty on the retail price of each book. The Inland Revenue Department at Ottawa would stamp the title page of each copy issued (not sold but issued), and the value of that stamp would stand to the credit of the author. Unless it is suggested that the Canadian Government means to steal this money, it is difficult to understand Mr. Rider Haggard's belief that in practice the 10 per cent. will never reach the author. Sir John Thompson shows how the royalty would operate in favour of the author as compared with the present arrangement. A book issued in 1893 cost, when imported from the United States, \$22 for 100 copies. The duty at 12½ per cent. was \$2.75. The retail price of the book being 50 cents, the royalty therefrom at 10 per cent. (as it would be if the book were republished in Canada) would be \$5. Thus a gain of nearly 100 per cent. would be secured to the copyright-holder.

The *sixth* objection is that the author loses control over his work. "We may," says Mr. Murray, "Bowdlerise Shakespeare, but there are not many authors who would care to have their works 'amended' or revised by unknown editors." "It would be competent," Messrs. Macmillan contend, "for a Canadian publisher to bring out a book with the text inaccurately printed, abridged, or purposely mutilated, with illustrations of which the author strongly disapproved, or with additions or annotations which were entirely repugnant to him." The Canadian Act is not so interpreted in Canada. It is believed that under it authors and copyright-owners may by complying with its requirements retain entire control. If it is shown not to be so, amendment in this respect is an easy matter.

But passing from the details of the measure it is objected, *seventhly*, that the Act implies Canada's withdrawal from the Berne Convention. Certainly it would; and why not? When Canada assented to that convention her right to withdraw from it on a year's notice was placed on the face of the Treaty, and Sir John Thompson declares that "she would not have consented to enter without that condition." Canada's right of withdrawal has never been doubted; indeed, the Committee of 1892 admits (par. 50) that "if Canada presses for withdrawal her request cannot well be refused." She does distinctly press for withdrawal.

It alone remains to consider the Canadian Act in its bearing upon the United States; and herein lies the real, though not always the

avowed cause of objection. If Canada stood alone we should hear little against the Act of 1889. She would be free to legislate on copyright as she is free to legislate on patents, and everything else affecting her welfare. But Canada and the United States parallel one another across a whole continent. Hence it is said the Canadian Act would flood the United States with cheap Canadian reprints, and tempt the United States to repeal its Copyright Act of 1891. Further it is said England is pledged to the United States.

Let us dispose of this alleged pledge first. "When," says Mr. Hall Caine, "America gave us copyright we pledged ourselves that in return America should have copyright throughout the British Empire." And adds Mr. Hall Caine: "England had a right to throw her colonies into her Copyright domain; it was an Imperial principle, and it did not interfere with Colonial home government." "Not interfere with Colonial home government" to calmly barter away, without saying one word to her, Canada's freedom of action in a matter which, by the very terms of the Berne Convention, was made subject to her consent! "Not interfere with Colonial home government" to secretly give to the foreigner the permanent right to lock Canadian presses so that the foreigner's presses may be kept busy doing the work of those Canadian presses in supplying Canadian readers! Really, Mr. Hall Caine must be having a sly joke with us!

But what are the facts about this "pledge"? They are set forth at length in Sir John Thompson's Report of January 1894. Mr. Lincoln, United States Minister in London, asked Lord Salisbury what was the state of the Copyright law in the United Kingdom at that time. Lord Salisbury told him that as the law then stood foreigners could obtain copyright running, not only in the United Kingdom, but throughout the Queen's dominions, on mere publication in Great Britain, without any condition as to type being set within British territory. Is that statement of the law at the moment to be taken as a binding agreement never to alter the law, and as compelling Canada to come under that binding agreement, though she was never consulted, and whether she will or not? The absurdity of such a contention is self-evident. All that Lord Salisbury desired to do was to show the United States that Great Britain allowed to citizens of the United States the benefit of copyright on substantially the same basis as to her own citizens. And under the Canadian Act United States holders of copyright in Great Britain would still be on the same footing as British copyright-holders.

Then as to the expected flooding of the United States market by Canadian reprints. In Canada it is stoutly denied that there is any danger of this, inasmuch as the United States Copyright Act prohibits, under heavy penalties, the importation and sale of unauthorised editions. But alas! laws are not always obeyed. A similar prohibi-

tion exists in England, and yet a distinguished English author told the writer the other day that Tauchnitz's editions of his works were in circulation from a certain public library in the United Kingdom! The truth is that in America, as here, this question of smuggling is a very difficult one. Both Canadian and United States interests have suffered severely by it. The difficulty as it arises in England is about to be made the subject of representations to the British Government by British authors, and some better means of protection may perhaps be devised. A solution should be less difficult now that the ingenuity of United States publishers has been ranged on the side of the British copyright-holder. In any case the existence of this smuggling is undoubtedly an evil to be remedied, but it cannot be justly made a reason for denying the claim of Canada as a British possession to a smaller right than has been conceded to the United States, a foreign country.

There is, however, another aspect of this question of Canada's proximity to the United States, under which Canada has long suffered, and is still suffering, without a word of commiseration from British authors and publishers. How does Canada stand now, and how would British authors and publishers have her remain? She is an exile from her own market. British authors and publishers simply sell the Canadian market over Canada's head to United States publishers that these United States publishers, having killed the Canadian printing trade, may keep Canadian presses closed, and maintain, with British aid, their foreign monopoly in a British dominion.

"Have British authors and publishers," asks the *Canadian Week*, a literary journal which still retains the impress of Mr. Goldwin Smith's influence—have they "ever stopped to ask themselves whether it is exactly accordant with any very high conception of right to invoke the aid of the British Government to enable them to take advantage of the accident of location to compel the readers of their books in a British colony to purchase them from a foreign people, thereby compelling their patrons and fellow-subjects to aid them in building up the industries of that people at the expense of their own? Have they ever considered how exasperating it is for them to say virtually to five millions of their fellow-countrymen, 'You must purchase our books from the American publishers or you shall not be permitted to read them at all?'"

No; the British author and publisher have never thought of that, unless we are to suppose that Messrs. Macmillan were thinking of it when, in this REVIEW they say, "English authors would be better off if Canada were absorbed into the United States." As to that all one need say is that the remedy does not commend itself either to the Canadian or the British people. If Canada is ever forced to make a change in her flag, all the signs of the times suggest that it will not be to float the stars and stripes; and how would the British author and publisher be benefited by the creation of an independent nation-

ality, feeling aggrieved at a want of consideration, and possessed of full liberty of action?

Just one word of final summing up. Canada claims the fulfilment of the right of self-government—the right to enact and control her own copyright legislation—which has been repeatedly acknowledged and never denied. If in its details the Act of 1889 can be shown to be unfair to the British copyright-holder she will discuss those details with an earnest desire to reach some mutually satisfactory arrangement, but she cannot and will not leave her interests, as now, at the mercy of the United States.

Is it too late to ask that instead of calling Canada hard names the British author and publisher will look fairly and frankly at Canada's case, and seek by friendly discussion to close an unhappy quarrel? To perpetuate that quarrel is the surest way to postpone indefinitely the ideal of unfettered international copyright for which Mr. Hall Caine and his colleagues are striving.

PERCY A. HURD.

PROFESSIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

II.—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

ALREADY, in Chapter II of the preceding part, have been given illustrations of the general truth that in rude tribes it is difficult to distinguish between the priest and the medicine-man. Their respective functions are commonly fulfilled by the same person. In addition to the instances there given, here are some others.

According to Humboldt, "the Caribbee *marirris* are at once priests, jugglers, and physicians." Among the Tupis "the Payes, as they were called, were at once quacks, jugglers, and priests." Passing from South America to North, we read that "the Carriers know little of medicinal herbs. Their priest or magician is also the doctor;" and, of the Dakotahs, Schoolcraft says—"the priest is both prophet and doctor." In Asia we meet with a kindred connection. In Southern India, the Kurumbas act as doctors to the Badagas, and it is said of them—"the Kurumbas also officiate as priests at their marriages and deaths." So is it among peoples further north. "Native doctors swarm in Mongolia . . . They are mostly lamas. There are a few laymen who add medical practice to their other occupations, but the great majority of doctors are priests." It is the same on the other great continent. Reade tells us that in Equatorial Africa the fetich-man is doctor, priest, and witch-finder; and concerning the Joloffs and Eggarahs, verifying statements are made by Mollien and by Allen and Thomson.

This evidence, reinforcing evidence given in the preceding part, and reinforced by much more evidence given in the first volume of this work, shows that union of the two functions is a normal trait in early societies.

The origin of this union lies in the fact before named that the primitive priest and the primitive medicine-man both deal with supposed supernatural beings; and the confusion arises in part from the conceived characters of these ghosts and gods, some of which are regarded as always malicious, and others of which, though usually friendly, are regarded as liable to be made angry and then to inflict evils.

The medicine-man, dealing with malicious spirits, to which diseases among other evils are ascribed by savages, subjects his patients partly to natural agencies, but chiefly to one or other method of exorcism. Says Keating of the Chippewas, "their mode of treatment depends more upon the adoption of proper spells than the prescription of suitable remedies." Among the Nootka Sound people,—

"Natural pains and maladies are invariably ascribed to the absence or other irregular conduct of the soul, or to the influence of evil spirits, and all treatment is directed to the recall of the former and to the appeasing of the latter."

So, too, of the Okanagans we read:—

"But here, as elsewhere, the sickness becoming at all serious or mysterious, medical treatment proper is altogether abandoned, and the patient committed to the magic powers of the medicine-man."

Sequent upon such beliefs in the supernatural origin of diseases are various usages elsewhere. It is said of the Karens that "when a person is sick, these people [medicine-men], for a fee, will tell what spirit has produced the sickness, and the necessary offering to conciliate it." Among the Araucanians, the medicine-man having brought on a state of trance, real or pretended, during which he is supposed to have been in communication with spirits, declares on his recovery—"the nature and seat of the malady, and proceeds to dose the patient, whom he also manipulates about the part afflicted until he succeeds in extracting the cause of the sickness, which he exhibits in triumph. This is generally a spider, a toad, or some other reptile which he has had carefully concealed about his person."

Speaking of the Tahitian doctors, who are almost invariably priests or sorcerers, Ellis says that in cases of sickness they received fees, parts of which were supposed to belong to the gods: the supposition being that the gods who had caused the diseases must be propitiated by presents. A more advanced people exhibit a kindred union of ideas. Says Gilmour—

"Mongols seldom separate medicine and prayers, and a clerical doctor has the advantage over a layman in that he can attend personally to both departments, administering drugs on the one hand, and performing religious ceremonies on the other."

Hence the medical function of the priest. When not caused by angry gods, diseases are believed to be caused by indwelling demons, who have either to be driven out by making the body an intolerable

residence, or have to be expelled by superior spirits who are invoked.

But there is often a simultaneous use of natural and supernatural means, apparently implying that the primitive medicine-man, in so far as he uses remedies acting physically or chemically, foreshadows the physician. Yet the apparent relationship is illusive; for those which we distinguish as natural remedies are not so distinguished by him. In the first volume, in the chapter on "Plant-Worship," it was shown that powerful effects wrought on the body by plants, and the product of plants, are supposed to be due to spirits dwelling in the plants: Hence the medicine-man, or "mystery-man," being concerned solely with supernatural causation of one or other kind, foreshadows the physician only to the extent of using some of the same means, and not as having the same ideas.

As we shall presently see, it is rather from the priest properly so called, who deals with ghosts not antagonistically but sympathetically, that the physician originates.

While the medicine-man is distinctive of small and undeveloped societies, the priest proper arises along with social aggregation and the formation of established government. In the preceding division of this work, Chapters III, IV, and V, we saw that since originally propitiation of the ghosts of parents and other members of each family is carried on by relatives, implying that the priestly function is at first generally diffused; and since this priestly function presently devolves on the eldest male of the family; and since, when chieftainship becomes settled and inheritable, the living chief makes sacrifices to the ghost of the dead chief, and sometimes does this on behalf of the people; there so arises an official priest. And it results that with enlargement of societies by union with subjugated tribes, and the spread of the chieftain's power, now grown into royal power, over various subordinated groups, and the accompanying establishment of deputy rulers in these groups, who take with them the worship that arose in the conquering tribe, there is initiated a priesthood which, growing into a caste, becomes an agency for the dominant cult; and, from causes already pointed out, develops into a seat of culture in general.

From part of this culture, having its origin in preceding stages, comes greater knowledge of medicinal agents, which gradually cease to be conceived as acting supernaturally. Early civilisations show us the transition. Says Maspéro of the ancient Egyptians:—

"The cure-workers are divided into several categories. Some incline towards sorcery, and have faith in formulas and talismans only Others extol the use of drugs; they study the qualities of plants and minerals and settle the exact time when they must be procured and

applied The best doctors carefully avoid binding themselves exclusively to either method their treatment is a mixture of remedies and exorcisms which vary from patient to patient. They are usually priests."

Along with this progress there had gone on a differentiation of functions. Among the lower classes of the priesthood were the "pastophors, who practised medicine."

Respecting the state of things in Babylonia and Assyria, the evidence is not so clear. Says Lenormant of the Chaldeans:—

"Il est curieux de noter que les trois parties qui composaient ainsi le grand ouvrage magique dont Sir Henry Rawlinson a retrouvé les débris, correspondent exactement aux trois classes de docteurs chaldéens que le livre de Daniel (i. 20; ii. 2 et 27; v. 11) énumère à côté des astrologues et des divins (*kasdim* et *gazrim*), c'est-à-dire les *khartumin* ou conjurateurs, les *hakamin* ou médecins, et les *asaphin* ou théosophes."

With like implications Prof. Sayce tells us that—

"The doctor had long been an institution in Assyria and Babylonia. It is true that the great bulk of the people had recourse to religious charms and ceremonies when they were ill, and ascribed their sickness to possession by demons instead of to natural causes. But there was a continually increasing number of the educated who looked for aid in their maladies rather to the physician with his medicine than to the sorcerer or priest with his charms."

But from these two statements taken together it may fairly be inferred that the doctors had arisen as one division of the priestly class.

Naturally it was with the Hebrews as with their more civilised neighbours. Says Gauthier—

"Chez les Juifs la médecine a été longtemps sacerdotale comme chez presque tous les anciens peuples; les Lévites étaient les seuls médecins Chez les plus anciens peuples de l'Asie, tels que les Indiens et les Perses, l'art de guérir était également exercé par les prêtres."

In later days this connection became less close, and there was a separation of the physician from the priest. Thus in Ecclesiasticus we read:—

"My son, in thy sickness be not negligent: but pray unto the Lord, and he will make thee whole. Leave off from sin, and order thine hands aright, and cleanse thy heart from all wickedness. Give a sweet savour, and a memorial of fine flour; and make a fat offering. Then give place to the physician, for the Lord hath created him; let him not go from thee, for thou hast need of him." (xxxviii. 15.)

Facts of congruous kinds are thus remarked on by Draper:—

"In the Talmudic literature there are all the indications of a transitional state, so far as medicine is concerned; supernatural seems to be passing into the physical, the ecclesiastical is mixed up with the exact: thus a rabbi may cure disease by the ecclesiastical operation of laying on of hands; but of febrile disturbances, an exact, though erroneous explanation is given, and paralysis of the hind legs of an animal is correctly referred to the pressure of a tumour on the spinal cord."

Concerning the origin of the medical man among the Hindoos, whose history is so much complicated by successively superposed governments and religions, the evidence is confused. Accounts agree,

however, in the assertion that medicine was of divine origin: evidently implying its descent through the priesthood. In the introduction to Charaka's work, medical knowledge is said to have indirectly descended from Brahma to Indra, while "Bhâradvâja learnt it from Indra, and imparted it to six Rishis, of whom Agnivâsa was one." The association of medical practice with priestly functions is also implied in the statement of Hunter, that "the national astronomy and the national medicine of India alike derived their first impulses from the exigencies of the national worship." The same connection was shown during the ascendancy of Buddhism. "The science was studied in the chief centres of Buddhist civilisation, such as the great monastic university of Nalanda, near Gayâ."

Similar was the genesis of the medical profession among the Greeks. "The science [of medicine] was of divine origin, and the doctors continued, in a certain sense, to be accounted the descendants of Asklepios." As we read in Grote—

"The many families or gentes called Asklepiads, who devoted themselves to the study and practice of medicine, and who principally dwelt near the temples of Asklepius, whither sick and suffering men came to obtain relief—all recognised the god [Asklepius] not merely as the object of their common worship, but also as their actual progenitor."

In later times we see the profession becoming secularised.

"The union between the priesthood and the profession was gradually becoming less and less close; and, as the latter thus separated itself, divisions or departments arose in it, both as regards subjects, such as pharmacy, surgery, &c., and also as respects the position of its cultivators."

Miscellaneous evidence shows that during early Roman times, when there existed no medical class, diseases were held to be supernaturally inflicted, and the methods of treating them were methods of propitiation. Certain maladies ascribed to, or prevented by, certain deities prompted endeavours to propitiate those deities; and hence there were sacrifices to Febris, Carna, &c. An island in the Tiber, which already had a local healing god, became also the seat of the Æsculapius cult: that god having been appealed to on the occasion of an epidemic. Evidently, therefore, medical treatment at Rome, as elsewhere, was at first associated with priestly functions. Throughout subsequent stages the normal course of evolution was deranged by influences from other societies. Conquered peoples, characterised by actual or supposed medical skill, furnished the medical practitioners. For a long time these were dependents of patrician houses. Say Guhl and Koner—"Physicians and surgeons were mostly slaves or freedmen." And the medical profession, when it began to develop, was of foreign origin. Mommsen writes:—

"In 535 the first Greek physician, the Peloponnesian Archagathus, settled in Rome and there acquired such repute by his surgical operations that a residence was assigned to him on the part of the State and he received the freedom of the city; and thereafter his colleagues flocked in crowds to

Rome . . . the profession, one of the most lucrative which existed in Rome, continued a monopoly in the hands of the foreigners."

Opposed to paganism as Christianity was from the beginning, we might naturally suppose that the primitive association between the priestly and medical functions would cease when Christianity became dominant. But the roots of human sentiments and beliefs lie deeper than the roots of particular creeds, and are certain to survive and bud out afresh when an old creed has been superficially replaced by a new one. Everywhere pagan usages and ideas are found to modify Christian forms and doctrines, and it is so here. The primitive theory that diseases are of supernatural origin still held its ground, and the agency of the priest consequently remained needful. Of various hospitals built by the early Christians we read,—

"It was commonly a priest who had charge of them, as, at Alexandria, St. Isidore, under the Patriarch Theophilus; at Constantinople, St. Zoticus, and after him St. Samson."

Concerning the substitution of Christian medical institutions for pagan ones, it is remarked :—

"The destruction of the Asclepions was not attended by any suitably extensive measures for ensuring professional education The consequences are seen in the gradually increasing credulity and imposture of succeeding ages, until, at length, there was an almost universal reliance on miraculous interventions."

But a more correct statement would be that the pagan conceptions of disease and its treatment re-asserted themselves. Thus, according to Sprengel, after the sixth century the monks practised medicine almost exclusively. Their cures were performed by prayers, relics of martyrs, holy water, &c., often at the tombs of martyrs. The state of things during early mediæval times, of which we know so little, may be inferred from the fact that in the twelfth century the practice of medicine by priests was found to interfere so much with their religious functions that orders were issued to prevent it; as by the Lateran Council in 1123, the Council of Reims in 1131, and again by the Lateran Council in 1139. But the usage survived for centuries later in France, as probably elsewhere; and it seems that only when a papal bull permitted physicians to marry, did the clerical practice of medicine begin to decline. Says Warton—"the physicians of the University of Paris were not allowed to marry till the year 1452."

In our own country a parallel relationship similarly survived. In 1456 "the practice of medicine was still, to some extent, in the hands of the clergy." That ecclesiastics exercised authority over medical practice in the time of Henry VIII, is shown by a statute of his third year, which reads :—

"It is enacted that no person in London, or seven miles thereof, shall practise as a physician or surgeon without examination and licence of the Bishop of London, or of the Dean of Paul's, duly assisted by the faculty;

or beyond these limits, without licence from the bishop of the diocese, or his vicar-general, similarly assisted."

And it is alleged that down to the early part of our own century there remained with the Archbishop of Canterbury a latent power of granting medical diplomas. So that the separation between "soul-curer and body-curer," which goes on as savage peoples develop into civilised nations, has but very gradually completed itself even throughout Christian Europe.

This continuity of belief and of usage is even still shown in the surviving interpretations of certain diseases by the Church and its adherents; and it is even still traceable in certain modes of medical treatment and certain popular convictions connected with them.

In the minds of multitudinous living people there exists the notion that epidemics are results of divine displeasure; and no less in the verdict "Died by the visitation of God," than in the vague idea that recovery from, or fatal issue of, a disease, is in part supernaturally determined, do we see that the ancient theory lingers. Moreover, there is a pre-determination to preserve it. When, some years ago, it was proposed to divide hospital patients into two groups, for one of which prayers were to be offered and for the other not, the proposal was resented with indignation. There was a resolution to maintain the faith in the curative effect of prayer, whether it was or was not justified by the facts; to which end it was felt desirable not to bring it face to face with the facts.

Again, down to the present day epilepsy is regarded by many as due to possession by a devil; and Roman Catholics have a form of exorcism to be gone through by a priest to cure maladies thus supernaturally caused. Belief in the demoniacal origin of some diseases is, indeed, a belief necessarily accepted by consistent members of the Christian Church; since it is the belief taught to them in the New Testament—a belief, moreover, which survives the so-called highest culture. When, for example, we see a late Prime Minister, deeply imbued with the University spirit, publicly defending the story that certain expelled devils entered into swine, we are clearly shown that the theory of the demoniacal origin of some disorders is quite consistent with the current creed. And we are shown how, consequently, there yet remains a place for priestly action in medical treatment.

Let me add a more remarkable mode in which the primitive theory has persisted. The notion that the demon who was causing a disease must be driven out, continued, until recent times, to give a character to medical practice; and even now influences the conceptions which many people form of medicines. The primitive medicine-man, thinking to make the body an intolerable habitat for the demon, exposed his

patient to this or that kind of alarming, painful, or disgusting treatment. He made before him dreadful noises and fearful grimaces, or subjected him to an almost unbearable heat, or produced under his nose atrocious stench, or made him swallow the most abominable substances he could think of. As we saw in the case cited from Ecclesiasticus, the idea, even among the semi-civilised Hebrews, long remained of this nature. Now there is abundant proof that, not only during mediæval days but in far more recent days, the efficiency of medicines was associated in thought with their disgustingness: the more repulsive they were the more effectual. Hence Montaigne's ridicule of the monstrous compounds used by doctors in his day—"dung of elephant, the left foot of a tortoise, liver of a mole, powdered excrement of rats," &c. Hence a receipt given in Vicarie's "Treasure of Anatomy" (1641)—"Five spoonfuls of knave child urine of an innocent." Hence "the beliefs that epilepsy may be cured by drinking water out of the skull of a suicide or by tasting the blood of a murderer;" that "moss growing on a human skull, if dried, powdered, and taken as snuff, will cure the head-ache;" and that the halter and chips from the gibbet on which malefactors have been executed or exposed have medicinal properties. And there prevails in our own days, among the uncultured and the young, a similarly derived notion. They betray an ingrained mental association between the nastiness of a medicine and its efficiency: so much so, indeed, that a medicine which is pleasant is with difficulty believed to be a medicine.

As with evolution at large, as with organic evolution, and as with social evolution throughout its other divisions, secondary differentiations accompany the primary differentiation. While the medical agency separates from the ecclesiastical agency, there go on separations within the medical agency itself.

The most pronounced division is that between physicians and surgeons. The origin of this has been confused in various ways, and seems now the more obscure because there has been of late arising, not a further distinction between the two but a fusion of them. All along they have had a common function in the treatment of ordinary disorders and in the uses of drugs; and the "general practitioner" has come to be one who avowedly fulfils the functions of both. Indeed, in our day, it is common to take degrees in both medicine and surgery, and thus practically to unite these sub-professions. Meanwhile the two jointly have become more clearly marked off from those who carry out their orders. Down to recent times it was usual not only for a surgeon to compound his own medicines, but a physician, also, had a dispensary and sometimes a compounder: an arrangement which still survives in country districts. Nowadays, however, both

medical and surgical practitioners in large places depute this part of their business to chemists and druggists.

But the apparent nonconformity to the evolutionary process disappears if we go back to the earliest stages. The distinction between doctor and surgeon is not one which has arisen by differentiation, but is one which asserted itself at the outset. For while both had to cure bodily evils, the one was concerned with evils supposed to be supernaturally inflicted, and the other with evils that were naturally inflicted—the one with diseases ascribed to possessing demons, the other with injuries caused by human beings, by beasts, and by inanimate bodies. Hence we find in the records of early civilisations more or less decided distinctions between the two.

“The Brahmin was the physician ; but the important manual department of the profession could not be properly exercised by the pure Brahmin ; and to meet this difficulty, at an early period, another caste was formed, from the offspring of a Brahmin with a daughter of a Vaishya.”

There is evidence implying that the division existed in Egypt before the Christian era ; and it is alleged that the Arabians systematically divided physics, surgery, and pharmacy into three distinct professions. Among the Greeks, however, the separation of functions did not exist : “the Greek physician was likewise a surgeon”—was likewise a compounder of his own medicines. Bearing in mind these scattered indications yielded by early societies, we must accept in a qualified way the statements respecting the distinctions between the two in mediæval times throughout Europe. When we remember that during the dark ages the religious houses and priestly orders were the centres of such culture and skill as existed, we may infer that priests and monks acted in both capacities ; and that hence, at the beginning of the fifth century, surgery “was not a distinct branch of the practice of medicine.” Still, it is concluded that clerics generally abstained from practising surgery, and simply superintended the serious operations performed by their assistants : the reason being perhaps, as alleged, that the shedding of blood by clerics being interdicted, they could not themselves use the operating knife. And this may have been a part cause for the rise of those secular medical practitioners who, having been educated in the monastic schools, were, as barber-surgeons, engaged by the larger towns in the public service. Probably this differentiation was furthered by the papal edicts forbidding ecclesiastics from practising medicine in general ; for, as is argued, there may hence have arisen that compromise which allowed the clergy to prescribe medicines while they abandoned surgical practice into the hands of laymen.

Along with this leading differentiation, confused in the ways described, there have gone on, within each division, minor differentiations. Some of these arose and became marked in early stages. In ancient India—

"A special branch of surgery was devoted to rhinoplasty, or operations for improving deformed ears and noses, and forming new ones."

That the specialisation thus illustrated was otherwise marked, is implied by the statement that "no less than 127 surgical instruments were described in the works of the ancient surgeons;" and by the statement that in the Sanskrit period—

"The number of medical works and authors is extraordinarily large. The former are either systems embracing the whole domain of the science, or highly special investigations of single topics."

So was it, too, in ancient Egypt. Describing the results, Herodotus writes:—

"Medicine is practised among them [the Egyptians] on a plan of separation; each physician treats a single disorder, and no more: thus the country swarms with medical practitioners, some undertaking to cure diseases of the eye, others of the head, others again of the teeth, others of the intestines, and some those which are not local."

Though among the Greeks there was for a long period no division even between physician and surgeon, yet, in later days, "the science of healing became divided into separate branches, such as the arts of oculists, dentists, &c."

Broken evidence only is furnished by intermediate times; but our own times furnish clear proofs of progress in the division of labour among medical men. We have physicians who devote themselves, if not exclusively, still mainly, to diseases of the lungs, others to heart-diseases, others to disorders of the nervous system, others to derangements of digestion, others to affections of the skin; and we have hospitals devoted some to this, and some to that, kind of malady. So, too, with surgeons. Besides such specialists as oculists and aurists, there exist men noted for skilful operations on the bladder, the rectum, the ovaria, as well as men whose particular aptitudes are in the treatment of breakages and dislocations; to say nothing of the quacks known as "bone-setters," whose success, as has been confessed to me by a surgeon, is often greater than that of men belonging to his own authorised class.

In conformity with the normal order of evolution, integration has accompanied these differentiations. From the beginning have been shown tendencies towards unions of those who practised the healing art. There have arisen institutions giving a certain common education to them; associations of those whose kinds of practice were similar; and, in later times, certain general, though less close, associations of all medical men. In Alexandria—

"The temple of Serapis was used for a hospital, the sick being received into it, and persons studying medicine admitted for the purpose of familiarising themselves with the appearance of disease, precisely as in such institutions at the present time."

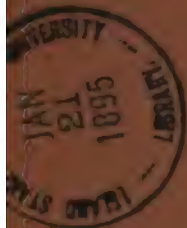
In Rome, along with the imported worship of Æsculapius, there

went the communication of knowledge in the places devoted to him. During early mediæval times the monasteries, serving as centres of instruction, gave some embodiment to the medical profession, like that which our colleges give. In Italy, there later arose institutions for educating physicians, as the medical school of Salerno in 1140. In France, before the end of the thirteenth century, the surgeons had become incorporated into a distinct college, following, in this way, the incorporated medical faculty; and while thus integrating themselves they excluded from their class the barbers, who, forbidden to perform operations, were allowed only to dress wounds, &c. In our own country there have been successive consolidations. The barber-surgeons of London were incorporated by Edward IV, and in the fifteenth century the College of Physicians was founded, and "received power to grant licences to practise medicine—a power which had previously been confined to the bishops." Progress in definiteness of integration was shown when, in Charles I's time, persons were forbidden to exercise surgery in London, and within seven miles, until they had been examined by the Company of barbers and surgeons; and also when, by the 18th of George II, excluding the barbers, the Royal College of Surgeons was formed. At the same time there have grown up medical schools in various places which prepare students for examination by these incorporated medical bodies: further integrations being thus implied. Hospitals, too, scattered throughout the kingdom, have become places of clinical instruction; some united to colleges and some not. Another species of integration has been achieved by medical journals, weekly and quarterly, which serve to bring into communication educational institutions, incorporated bodies, and the whole profession.

Two additional facts should be noted before closing the chapter. One is the recent differentiation by which certain professors of anatomy and physiology have been made into professors of biology. In them the study of human life has developed into the study of life at large. And it is interesting to see how this specialisation, seemingly irrelevant to medical practice, eventually becomes relevant; since the knowledge of animal life obtained presently extends the knowledge of human life, and so increases medical skill. The other fact is that along with incorporation of authorised medical men, there has arisen jealousy of the unincorporated. Like the religious priesthood, the priesthood of medicine persecutes heretics and those who are without diplomas. There has long been, and still continues, denunciation of unlicensed practitioners, as also of the "counter-practice" carried on by chemists and druggists. That is to say, there is a constant tendency to a more definite marking off of the integrated professional body.

HERBERT SPENCER.

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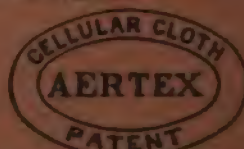
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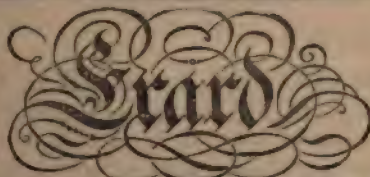
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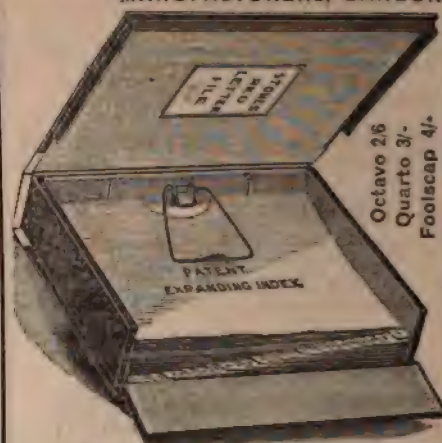


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